

796

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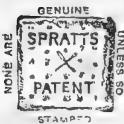
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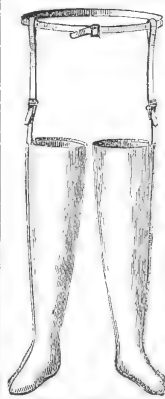
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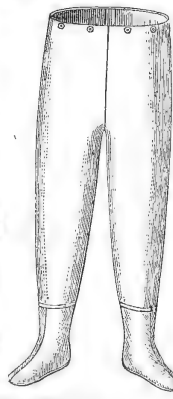
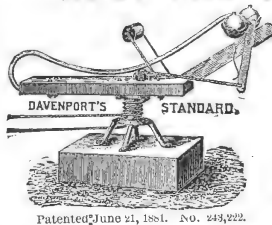
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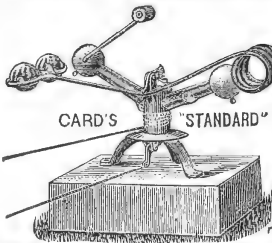
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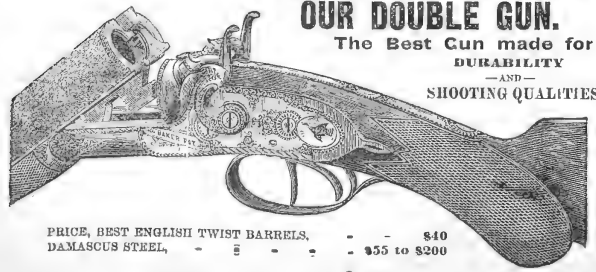
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.
Thursday, August 4.

Specimen copies of this paper will be sent free upon application. We will esteem it a favor if our readers will call the attention of their friends to the merits of the FOREST AND STREAM.

JORDAN'S MANUAL OF THE VERTEBRATES.

A THIRD edition of this valuable work has been issued, and those who wish to identify beasts, birds, reptiles or fishes which may be found in the district east of the Mississippi River and north of North Carolina and Tennessee, exclusive of marine species, cannot afford to be without it. It has been enlarged and improved, and all species which have been added to the fauna since the former additions appear here.

The fishes include forms found beyond the lines mentioned and include the Salmonidae of the Pacific coast and many Southern forms. Professor Jordan is too well known to our readers to need any introduction and his work needs no praise. Former editions have been thoroughly reviewed in our columns, and we have said that we use it constantly as a book of reference, especially in the department of fishes. Each edition improves upon the former ones and is therefore welcome. The author is a constant worker and embodies the results of his recent labors in a new edition of his "Manual." It is published by Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago. Price, \$2.50.

THE NOVA SCOTIA LICENSE FEE for non-residents has been reduced from \$50 to \$30.

HOW FISH EGGS DIFFER.

THE communication from Mr. John A. Ryder, Embryologist of the United States Fish Commission, which we publish to-day, will be found to be of interest to the general reader as well as to fishculturists and zoologists. It will give the general reader who has no knowledge of fish-culture an idea of the troubles that may beset the fish-culturist when he attempts to hatch a fish whose embryology is new to him.

That fishes differ in their modes of reproduction as widely as birds and mammals do is not generally known outside of those who have given special attention to it. The facts are that the treatment which will hatch a trout egg will not do at all for the egg of the shad, and each family of fishes, and sometimes each species in a family, require to be studied and special devices discovered whereby they may be hatched. To bring this forcibly to the mind of those who may have supposed that the eggs of fishes were as nearly alike as those of birds, and might therefore receive the same general attention, we will say that young shad placed in a trough where trout are reared would probably not live an hour, or longer than a young cod would if it were placed under ground where the fox is reared.

Mr. Ryder's investigations are very valuable to the student of embryology and to naturalists in general, and his notes on viviparity of the cyprinodonts (the common "killy-fishes" of brackish water) are of a nature to stimulate our anxiety to learn more of these curious fishes.

BOOK OF THE BLACK BASS.

DOCTOR HENSHALL has given the angler a book which, as the oystermen say, is "a full measure and solid meat."

It is a large 12 mo. of 460 pages, all of which are filled with both scientific and practical information, and none are given to fancy writing or the poetry of the art. Part I. includes the terminology, morphology and physiology of the species; part II., tools, tackle and implements, and part III., angling and fly-fishing. In the first part a change is made in the nomenclature. The small-mouthed bass is called *Micropterus dolomieu*, instead of *M. salmoides*, and the latter name is transferred to the big mouth, which has been recently called *pallidus*. This raises questions of priority which we had hoped were definitely settled, but it need not affect the angler in the least. The names of "big mouth" and "small mouth," which are so descriptive, will stand for ages, while the learned men wrangle about which fish Lacepede, Cuvier and Valenciennes intended the name for half a century and more ago. The reasons for these changes are too long to give here, and we will carefully watch to see what naturalists say on this subject and who are inclined to follow the Doctor.

This book will have a large sale in all parts of the country and will help to kill off those abominable local misnomers which obtain in some parts for these fishes, as "trout," "chub," "Oswego bass," etc., as well as that other notion that one is a "true" black bass and the other a false or fraudulent one. These things are dying out among the better informed anglers, but still feebly live in isolated sections. Two original figures are given by which any observant angler can distinguish which species he has caught, if he will notice the relative extension of the mouth to or beyond a line dropped from the posterior portion of the eye. As an angler Dr. Henshall is enthusiastic on the subject of his favorite fishes, and regards them as the great fresh water game fishes of the future, after the trout streams are depopulated, which he thinks will be before long. He gives as a reason for the black bass having been ignored so long the fact that we have derived our notions of game fish and fishing from British writers who, not having the subject of our story in their land, naturally class the salmon and the trout as the best of game. Dr. Henshall boldly proclaims the bass to be the peer of any fish for game qualities, and whether one agree with him or not he cannot help admiring the manner of his entering the lists as a champion of the one on whom he pins his faith.

Book of the Black Bass [comprising its complete Scientific and Life History] together with a practical treatise on Angling and Fly Fishing; and a full description of Tools, Tackle and Implements [by] James A. Henshall, M. D. 1—141 am. 81r, a brother of the angle.—Isaac Walton [et al.] Fully Illustrated [Chicoutin] Robert Clarke & Co. [1881]

The angling portion of the book is without doubt the best thing ever written upon these fishes, for there are two distinct fishes, although the Doctor usually speaks of them as "black bass" without distinguishing them. It is clear and covers the whole ground of the different modes of fishing, and is accompanied by cuts of the manner of holding the rod, casting, and diagrams of the mode of throwing the fly, that it seems to us as if the merest tyro could soon become an expert by carefully reading this book and following its instructions. Not only is it a book for the beginner, but it is one that no angler can afford to do without. It fills a place too long vacant and one that we would not allow to remain vacant long on our own shelves.

The Book of the Black Bass will be found to contain much that is new and original on these fishes, and we have long believed with Dr. Henshall that the big mouth, when under three pounds weight, is just as gamey and as hard a fighter as his brother, although popular prejudice declares that this is not so. A great charm in the book is the author's freedom from conventionality and from the echoing of sentiments which have become in sort orthodox opinions of angling writers. Taking it as a whole we cannot speak too highly of it.

THE SALMONIDÆ OF THE UPPER COLUMBIA.

FROM advance sheets of "Proceedings of the United States National Museum" we learn that our correspondent, Capt. Chas. Bendire, U. S. A., has published notes on the salmon family of the Upper Columbia.

Our readers will remember that Capt. Bendire was foremost in working up the so-called "red fish" of Idaho, figures of which we published. He has recently sent the National Museum a fine series of fish from the neighborhood of Fort Walla Walla, which is pronounced by Prof. Jordan to be by far the most valuable collection of fishes ever made in the waters of the Upper Columbia. The series shows that the blue-backed salmon or "red fish," which was supposed to be a land-locked species and described as *Oncorhynchus kennerlyi*, is merely the young breeding male or grilse of the *Oncorhynchus nerka*, a fact not before suspected, according to Jordan.

Capt. Bendire says that every one out there now concedes that the red fish is not a resident of the lakes wherein it is found, and he is perfectly satisfied that they are anadromous and not land-locked. How they get rid of the hump and hooked nose, after going back to salt water, troubles him, as he thinks they can't all die after spawning, for many of them are of ten pounds weight and must have made more than one trip to sea. A cut of the male fish accompanies the report and shows a moderate hump and an enormous looking of the jaws.

THE WARWICK CLUB.

A LARGE party of gentlemen left Jersey City on Saturday morning last to attend the flag raising at the new club house of the Warwick Club, in the Warwick Woodlands, Greenwood Lake. The officers of the club are: C. Olcott, M. D., Brooklyn, President; Mr. A. S. Roe, of Chamberlin, Roe & Co., New York, Vice-President; Mr. H. C. Cooke, of Cooke Bros., New York, Treasurer; Mr. Wm. O. McDowell, of McDowell Bros. & Co., bankers, New York, Secretary. Prominent among the numerous members are Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, Hon. Frederick A. Potts, of New Jersey; Hon. Gennett A. Hobart, of New Jersey; Rev. Dr. Chas. F. Deems, of New York; Hon. John W. Taylor, Newark, N. J.; Mr. P. W. Millsap, New York; Mr. Bird W. Spencer, Treasurer Erie Railway, N. Y.; Mr. C. N. Jordan, Treasurer New York, Ontario and Western Railroad; Mr. B. V. W. Taylor, the well known architect, Newark, N. J., and Dr. J. A. Osborn, of Newark, N. J.

The club house is a very handsome Gothic structure, situated on a rocky bluff about fifty feet above the lake, and about one-eighth of a mile north of the landing. The dimensions of the two-story building are 64x42 feet, with handsome piazzas and projections, which give it a frontage of 80 feet on the lake with a depth of 48 feet.

The party upon their arrival scattered through the rough imbered grounds of the famous Warwick Woodland to ad-

mire the scenery and the model structures in process of erection. Dinner was served in the large tent of the hotel which has a seating capacity for 300, the President at the head of the centre table with the Secretary opposite. It certainly was a rare sight to see such a number of talented gentlemen of mature years, many of them gray-haired veterans, but all bearing a healthy and substantial look. The bill of fare was carried out to the letter.

DINNER.
Saturday, July 30, 1881.

SOUP.		Cousonne.	
Mock Turtle.	FISH.	Greenwood Lake Bass.	
	BOILED.		
Mutton (caper sauce.)	Chicken (paraley sauce.)		
Spring Chicken.	ROAST.	Han (champagne sauce.)	Veal.
	GAME.	Cantra-back Duck.	
	COLD.	Pickled Lamb Tongues.	
Filet de Boeuf (brazied).	ENFRES.	Lamb Chops (breaded, Italian sauce.)	
Macaroni (au gratin.)		Calves' Head (brain sauce.)	
	VEGETABLES.		
Plain Potatoes.	Beets.	Mashed Potatoes.	Peas.
Green Corn.		Stewed Tomatoes.	
Mixed Pickles.	RELISHES.	Worcestershire Sauce.	Cucumbers.
	RAW TOMATOES.		
Pineapple Pie.	PASTRY AND DESSERT.	Snow Pudding.	
Plum Pie.		Fruit Pudding.	
Chard Pie.		Cabinet Pudding.	
Almonds.	LAYER RAISINS.	Lemon Pudding.	
	Pecan Nuts.	Cheese.	Milk.
		Tea.	Coffee.
Chocolate.	ICE CREAM.	Strawberry.	Vanilla.

The after-dinner speeches in response to the following toasts were as happy, witty and brilliant as might have been expected from the gentlemen present. The following toasts were responded to as called for by the President: "Wm. Henry Herbert, better known as 'Frank Forester.'" Dr. J. D. Osborn, in response to this, recalled his acquaintance with "Forester," and gave many incidents of his worth as well as of his amusing escapades. Judge D. L. Titzworth was next called with the toast "Greenwood Lake." He gave the history and many interesting reminiscences of that locality. Next, "Gentlemen sportsmen," T. C. Banks, followed with "Warwick Woodlands," by Mr. McDowell; "Literature and sport, twin sisters," by Mr. J. A. Beecher; "Long life and success to the club," by Mr. E. L. Joy; "New York and New Jersey linked together by Greenwood Lake and the membership of the Greenwood Lake Association," by the Hon. Wm. A. Righter.

This closed the pleasing ceremonies, which consumed about three hours, after which the party repaired to the boat and sailed for the Brandon House, where they were well entertained for half an hour in the dining-room. The first toast was to the "Brandon House," which was responded to by Mr. Brandon and afterward by the present proprietors. "The Press" received a hearty response from Col. Edwards, of Orange County. The boat whistled for a return, and nearly the whole party took the train for home in the best of spirits.

THE ENCAMPMENT HOTEL.

The hotel of canvas at the Warwick Woodlands, Greenwood Lake, is a new and novel feature of camp life. Upon nearing the landing, on a recent visit, we noticed a large number of pure white tents and supposed that a camp meeting was in progress. The office of the hotel is a tent, with all the paraphernalia of an ordinary hotel office. Upon inquiry as to where the hotel was the answer was that those tents were the rooms of the house and could accommodate two hundred guests. The idea was new and novel. We were assigned to room 10, a cosy tent on the margin of the lake, which was so very comfortable that our stay was prolonged an extra day. The hotel has upward of fifty tents 14x14, with a fly over each one to keep out the rain and the heat of the sun. They are all furnished with clean beds, and are neatly kept. The dining pavilion is a large striped tent near the office, with a seating capacity for three hundred persons. The kitchen is over 40 feet long, and a marvel of neatness; it has a very large hotel range, with an abundant corps of cooks, who understand their business, as the meals served bore ample evidence.

The proprietor and manager of the hotel, Mr. L. Y. Jenness, is a veteran in that line and has done a large business in Florida during the winter for the past four years. We urged him to take all his tents to Florida and start a hotel there on the same principle, which he may do, as this is an assured success. Families get the full benefit of camp life, with the table d'hôte attendance of a first-class hotel at less expense than in the usual hotel.

The Warwick Woodlands are owned by the Greenwood Lake Improvement Company and consist of 1,000 acres of rough timber land. They were first brought into notice by Frank Forester's book, the "Warwick Woodlands," published in 1846, in which he says:

"This is the Greenwood Lake, called by the monsters here Long Pond; in my mind prettier than Lake George by far, though, known to few except chance sportsmen like myself. Full of fish, perch of a pound in weight, and yellow bass in the deep waters and a good sprinkling of trout toward one end! Ellis Ketchum killed a five-pounder there this spring! and heaps of summer-duck, the loveliest in plumage of the genus, and the best, too, me ju-

dico, excepting only the inimitable canvas-back. There are a few deer, too, in the hills, though they are getting scarce of late years. There, from that headland, I killed one three summers since: I was placed at a stand by the lake's edge, and the dogs drove him right down to me: but I got too eager, and he heard or saw me and so fetched a turn; but they were close upon him, and the day was hot, and he was forced to soil. I never saw him till he was in the act of leaping from a bluff of ten or twelve feet into the deep lake, but I pitched up my rifle at him, a snap shot! as I would my gun at a cock in a summer brake, and by good luck sent my ball through his heart."

Mr. James R. Boyd, the Manager, gave us much more information about present and future accommodations. Suffice it to say that the tract is in the hands of capitalists who intend making it one of the finest resorts in the State, regardless of cost. The elevation is 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, and it is only forty-two miles from Jersey City. They have already constructed an auditorium which will comfortably seat five hundred people. The building is about sixty-five feet square and forty feet high, built in the Queen Anne style. The timbers are of yellow pine, stained, and the windows in either end are of fine stained glass, and the sides will be covered by elegant lattice work so as to give plenty of air. The finish will be polychrome style, and the large roof supported by four trusses, leaving the main floor entirely clear. The first concert given there this season brought nearly five hundred persons from New York and New Jersey combined, and some two hundred who remained over night were carefully provided for at the Encampment Hotel. With the lavish expenditures now being made it certainly must become a favorite resort.

BYE-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

SECOND PAPER.

NO one can pass through Echo and Webber Canions, on the Union Pacific Railroad without being greatly impressed by their grand beauty, but I think that to fully appreciate their magnificence one must have seen them a number of times. Like most scenes of great natural beauty the first view gives one only a general impression, and subsequent study is needed for any just appreciation of the grandeur of these canions. To satisfactorily take in all the details of these natural wonders it would be necessary to travel through them on horseback or by wagon, and examine them at leisure as one passes slowly along under the overhanging cliffs. As one flies through them by train many of the most fascinating bits of scenery escape the eye, and others are passed so quickly that the mind fails to receive more than a blurred and indistinct impression of something beautiful, missed now and to be looked for more carefully on a succeeding journey.

I shall not attempt to give any description of the beauties of the ride, which have been so often detailed in the exuberant language of guide-books. I may, however, say a few words about the very great attractions of the Salt Lake Valley, for in this spot we are shown very clearly what our Western country—no matter how barren it now appears—may become whenever it shall have been supplied with water. I do not mean to say that the Salt Lake Basin furnishes the only instance of this kind, for there are certainly many others, but nowhere else in the sage "deserts"—so far as I know—has the raising of large crops been so extensively carried on as here.

The Basin of the Great Salt Lake was, when first settled, nothing more than a sage plain. In some places it is flat, in others gently rolling, and its level is approximately the same up to the benches of the mountains by which it is surrounded. In many respects it reminds one of the "parks" of the Rocky Mountains, these being in fact nothing more than extensive plains surrounded by a wall of mountains.

The Salt Lake Basin, of which the Great Salt Lake now occupies but a comparatively small portion, is simply the bed of that older and grander sheet of water, called by geologists Lake Bonneville; and the terraces, which show the level at different periods of the waters of that ancient inland sea, can still be seen, by whoever cares to look for them, running along the mountain sides, hundreds of feet above the level of the plain. Lake Bonneville was far larger than any body of water now existing on this continent. Its outlet was in Idaho, toward Snake River, and it extended southward for several hundred miles.

The plain of the Salt Lake Basin, as I have said, was formerly, and is still, in some places, a mere sage desert. At some points, where the land is but slightly higher than the lake, the low flats are covered with saline and alkaline incrustations, which whiten the ground, and of course render it wholly infertile. But a large portion of the soil which is not subject to overflow by the lake has been so thoroughly irrigated by water brought down from the surrounding hills, that it produces crops which the most highly cultivated farms of the East might be proud to acknowledge. Far-extending fields of wheat, rye, barley and oats, bright green stretches of graceful corn, and long rows of potatoes, now just commencing to blossom, carry one back, in imagination at least, to the well-tilled prairies of Iowa or Illinois. Every farm has its orchard of thrifty fruit trees, and its hay and pasture fields, where the clover and the timothy grow thick and high. The air is filled with the fragrance of the new-mown hay and the scent of the clover. One hears the familiar song of many of the birds of the timber, and sees their graceful forms and bright colors as they move among the trees. The clear, fresh

water which hurries down from the snow-clad peaks to make a garden of the parched prairies, shines and glistens, and its murmur and rush as it dashes onward make music delightful to the ear. Sights and sounds such as these are inexpensively grateful to the weary traveler, and he cannot fail to wonder at and admire the indomitable industry and perseverance which have built up in the desert an oasis. The most careless observer can gain—by comparing this region with the country through which he has just passed—some slight conception of the change which has been brought about in the Salt Lake Basin. To fully appreciate it, however, one must be an old mountain man; must have spent days, weeks and months in riding over prairies such as this one was, have been parched by the hot winds and scorched by the blazing sun of summer, have looked longingly at the eternal snows of the loftier peaks of the mountains, which, visible but unattainable, told him their story of cool airs and icy waters. To one who has been through these experiences Salt Lake City and its environs tell their own story, and for such a one they have an unspeakable charm.

Every one who stops here goes to the Tabernacle, the Temple and the Museum. The two former are both very wonderful in their way, but of the Museum perhaps the less said the better. It is by no means so interesting now as it was some years ago, though it contains some very interesting specimens of ores from various Utah mines. A visit to the Warm Springs ought by all means to be made, and then, after a dip in the lake, one feels ready to resume his journey. A little narrow-gauge railway—the Utah Western—runs bathing trains daily to Black Rock and Lane Point, which wait for a couple of hours, affording ample time for a bath and the lounge one feels like indulging in after his immersion in these extremely buoyant waters, which are so dense that it is almost impossible to sink in them. One can float without any effort with the whole head out of water, and diving to any considerable depth is almost an impossibility. Most bathers avoid submerging the head, as, if the water reaches the mucous membrane, the effects are extremely unpleasant for the time being. It is necessary after leaving the lake to take a *douche* of fresh water, otherwise one finds one's self coated with a crust of salt. During our excursion to the lake a number of interesting birds were observed, some of which were new to the Eastern eyes of our party. High in the air and rosy in the light of the setting sun a number of great white pelicans were slowly fanning their way southward, directing their course, no doubt, to some distant breeding place. In the marshes which border the lake we saw long-billed curlews, willets and great blue herons, while on the mountain, at whose base the track runs, were various magpies and a number of hawks.

I made some inquiries while in this place with regard to the California quail, liberated here some years ago, but was unable to obtain any very definite information as to how they are doing. I was told, however, that they were numerous to the south of the city, and they seemed to be well known to the inhabitants, some of whom did not seem to be aware that the birds had been introduced, but regarded them as indigenous.

If one desires, during the overland journey from New York to San Francisco, to stop off and visit the famous Comstock mines of Nevada, he should stop at Reno. From there the Virginia and Truckee Railroad will take him to Carson City, Gold Hill and Virginia, all of which places are worth a visit. We chose the last-mentioned town, and, through the kindness of Mr. W. H. Patton and Mr. Lannan, of the Consolidated Virginia, were enabled to make a most interesting tour through the mills and mine. The process of reducing the ore is so well known that I will not go into it, but the descent into the mine afforded me a novel experience.

It is not every day that one has an opportunity to spend an hour in a temperature not far from 120 deg. Fahrenheit, and knowing that the mines in question are unquestionably the hottest places "on or about" the surface of the earth, we were all anxious to go through them. The lowest level yet worked in the C. and C. V. mine is 2,550 feet below the surface of the earth. The temperature varies greatly in different parts of the same level, but it may be safely asserted that everywhere it is hot. At these great depths the men can only work for a few minutes at a time, and are then obliged to retire to the cooling rooms. They drink great quantities of ice water, and pour it over their bodies continually. Of course they perspire enormously. The water which trickles from the roofs and walls of the tunnels is hot, so hot that one cannot bear the hand in it; the air is full of steam given off by this almost boiling water, and every object that one touches feels warm or hot. We were told that the hottest place through which we passed had a temperature of 120 deg., but there is said to be a place in the 2,200 feet level where it is 155 deg. No one who has not been through something of this kind can quite appreciate what such a temperature means, and what it means to be surrounded by air so hot as this. It is one thing to stand for a moment at the door of a blast furnace and feel the glow of the molten metal on your unprotected face and hands, and quite another to be enveloped in and to breathe air at 120 deg. The heat is intense and all pervading; at first it is difficult to breathe, and one feels suffocated; the perspiration pours down like rain. I heard one of my companions, as we passed along, express his sincere commiseration for Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Now that he was going through what they had experienced he could understand what their feelings must have

been and sympathize with them. The cold bath which immediately followed our return to the regions of day was delightful and refreshing, but the debilitating effects of the great heat did not pass away until the following day.

Returning to Carson City we took the stage for Glenbrook, a little settlement on the shores of Lake Tahoe, from which a steamer crosses the lake to Tahoe City, eleven miles from Truckee. The stage ride from Carson to the lake was hot and dusty, and the sight of the mountains, absolutely stripped of timber, was to me a very sad one. From miles and miles of mountain the timber has all been cut off, until now there is nothing left standing but a few dead and rotting tree-trunks. Springs have dried up and brooks gone dry, still the work goes on, and unless some steps are at once taken to check this wholesale destruction of our forests, the day will surely come when the water supply of the region, now none too large, will be materially decreased. It is not as if the timber were cut with judgment, the older sticks being taken and the younger left to increase in size, and in the meantime to shade the earth and diminish evaporation: everything is cut down and in the most wasteful manner. Let us hope that this will not continue.

Lake Tahoe has been well called the "Gem of the Sierras." It is indeed a beautiful lake with beautiful surroundings, but already they have commenced to strip the mountains of their timber and to defile these pure mountain waters with sawdust and the refuse of the lumber mills. Nevertheless, as a whole, the spot is still most lovely. The waters, long famous for their wonderful purity, reflect the blue of the clear sky above or mirror the dark-green hills and snow-clad mountains which on all sides surround them. Near the shore, where the water is forty, fifty, or sixty feet deep, one can distinguish very minute objects on the bottom, and can see the trout swimming or resting quietly near the bottom. These fish are caught for the most part either by trolling or by hand lines, using minnows for bait. They are said to run up to twenty-nine pounds in size, and captures of fish of over seventeen pounds seem to be well authenticated. I was unable, owing to engagements in San Francisco, to try the fish with a fly.

The ride from Tahoe to Truckee is a delightful one and, being taken in the evening when the sun is low and the shadows long, we enjoyed to the full the lovely scenery through which we passed. The road follows the Truckee River and runs for the whole distance through a beautiful pine forest. The destruction of timber, so noticeable on the other side of the lake, has begun here also, and before long the magnificent forests through which we now pass will give place to an arid waste, on which no green thing larger than a manzanita bush will have been left standing.

From Truckee to San Francisco is only about twelve hours and, unfortunately, the most beautiful scenery on the ride is passed during the night. We thus lose many of the most interesting features of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and find ourselves, when daylight breaks, on the level plains of the Sacramento Valley, in a country which, though fertile and in many respects interesting, presents to the eye no striking beauties.

Our stay in San Francisco is short. There are certain things, of course, that one feels bound to do. A visit to the Cliff House, taking by the way the beautiful Golden Gate Park, should be made at once, and there are, near the city, a number of places which should be seen. But San Francisco in summer is not nearly so attractive as at some other seasons, and besides, we have seen all this before, so taking steamer we sail swiftly out of the Golden Gate and are fairly on our way to the North.

Victoria, B. C.

THE DOG ON THE ISLAND in the rapids at Niagara has been joined by three other unfortunate curs, which, it is claimed, have been purposely put there as an advertising dodge by enterprising hotel proprietors. It is reported that a recent attempt to rescue the unhappy dogs, which would have been entirely successful, was frustrated by the interference of a gang of roughs, who openly blustered that the dogs should not be released, as they were a good lure for the curiosity-seekers. An indignant visitor to the Falls writes to the *Buffalo Courier*: "As a member of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, I have to ask you, sir, whether it is allowable that these helpless animals should be imprisoned on a barren heap, bereft of all the liberty and domesticity to which they have been accustomed and brought to the verge of madness in order that a set of showmen, guides and hack-drivers may reap benefit from the credulity of a defrauded public?" If this is the truth in the case the sooner the yelping canine castaways are released the better it will be for all concerned in the cruel fraud.

PERSONAL.—Mr. T. B. Mills, of the firm of Wm. Mills & Son, sailed last Saturday in the Baltic for Europe. He will remain abroad several weeks and proposes to try some of the famous salmon streams on the other side.

Among those who called at the office of the *FOREST AND STREAM* during the past week were Messrs. J. B. Graham, Secretary of the Toronto Gun Club; A. McGregor, R. Morrison, G. A. Burns, John Dill and S. Stangeland, all of the Toronto Gun Club and enthusiastic devotees of the sports of field and flood. We are always glad to welcome our old friends and the latchstring of this office is always out; in fact, the door is wide open for visitors from out of town. Give us a call.

THE SAVAGE BLOODHOUNDS of the playbills, in the "only original Uncle Tom's Cabin" are inoffensive beasts on the stage. Just now we are reading of a hunt for human prey in the northwestern forests of Wisconsin, where the genuine article of bloodhound is employed to track the game. This is savage business, although the exigencies of the case appear to call for rough measures. But imagine the predicament of an unsuspecting sportsman in those forests, mistaken by the dogs for the outlaws. We shall take our turn for game in some other section of the country if Wisconsin woods are to be overrun with bloodhounds. Let us hope that the outlawed wretches may be cleared out, and the dogs with them, before the deer season opens.

THAT 'POSSUM promises to be perennial. The interest is still alive, and when it shall have decreased we shall for a long time be in uncertainty as to whether it is really dead or only pretending to be. We had no thought when we broached this culinary query that the topic would prove so fruitful of racy and entertaining writing. The lawyers especially appear to have taken kindly to the argument of 'possum hot and 'possum cold. Two-thirds of the letters on the subject have come to us from the legal fraternity. It speaks well for the disciples of Blackstone that a large part of our general correspondence is with them. We will trust our case every time with a lawyer who has an intelligent appreciation of the dignity and value of field sports.

Dr. J. H. HENSHALL and our correspondent, Mr. C. L. Jordan, of Texas, are contemplating a Florida angling campaign next winter, when the latter, we understand, will take lessons in the art of fly-fishing for the black bass. He is the enthusiast referred to, if we mistake not, by Dr. Henshall in his "Book of the Black Bass," who dubbed a bass-fly "a fish-hook poetized," and thought the fish "should take it through a love of the beautiful, if nothing else."

THE LEONBERG DOG has gained much esteem among the residents of St. John, Newfoundland. In our issue of July 21 we published a warm commendation of the breed, written by our correspondent at that place; and the high opinion expressed by the writer of that article is shared by other owners of the huge animals.

PRAIRIE CHICKEN SHOOTING is the sport toward which many scores of shooters are now turning their eyes. The season opens shortly in the West and the reports of the game supply are very encouraging. Elsewhere will be found notes of some good centres for the sport. We shall be pleased to receive regarding other resorts any information which will be of practical benefit to our readers.

THE CAR "CITY OF WORCESTER" starts West on a shooting trip the sixth of next month. Mr. Jerome Marble, of Worcester, accompanying the party. There is room, we understand, for four more in the company, and those desiring to join the car should make early application to Mr. Marble, at Worcester, Mass.

ILLUSTRATIONS of many of the localities mentioned by Mr. Fay, in his itinerary of a trip from Moosehead Lake to the Main St. John, are to be found in Mr. Steele's book, "Canoe and Camera." A map of the country is also contained in that volume.

PRAIRIE CHICKEN SHOOTING.—A correspondent wishes to secure, about the first of next September, board in farmhouse or hotel in Iowa, where prairie chickens are numerous and of easy access from the house. Address A. P. V., this office.

THE ILLINOIS STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION is holding its tournament at Kilmannan Park this week. A report of the proceedings will be given in a succeeding issue.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S lecture on "The Herring," which we print to-day, is worthy of careful study.

THE WOODCOCK SEASON in this State opened last Monday.

WE are obliged to defer the sparrow poem until next week.

AN ENDORSEMENT WE VALUE.

THAT we have the approval and good will of the seafaring and nautical portion of the community in our efforts to have the sailing machine displaced by a healthier style of craft and yachting elevated from baby's play on a mill-pond to the same manly standard of amateur seamanship which the sport occupies in British waters, we have been convinced from the start. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we give space to the following endorsement, coming from one of the most experienced captains who ever sailed a fisherman out of the port of Gloucester, Massachusetts. To draw from a practical seaman such lines of fellow-feeling is enough to counterbalance a hundred adverse opinions from sources far less qualified. Men who "have been there" in earnest we have never known to hesitate in the choice between a ship and a sham:

Editor *Forest and Stream*: I have a great desire to write something for your fishing columns. I would like to "shake the teller's hand" who writes those articles in favor of deep boats, whoever he may be, and assure him that his efforts to have coxswains substituted for skiffs are appreciated by one who has had the unpleasant experience of seeing his vessel sprawled out on her beam ends more than once in a gale and who feels that there is as much need for a change of model in our fishing vessels as there is in our yachts. A GLOUCESTER CAPTAIN.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE PROSPECTOR'S DINNER.

IN CAMP ON JAMES' PEAK.

BY JEROME BURNETT.

WAIT, pard, until I load my pipe again
And stir the fire. The cook's a mile the winner
It's the tenth of June; I'll tell you, then,
What old Bill Jow and I had once for dinner.

The lay-out wasn't big, but all the same
We had a meal, and more'n we intended—
A dozen eggs withouten toast, and game
And trout, the grub that makes a man feel splendid.

And we was hungry for it, Bill and me;
'Prospectin' keeps the appetite a-riisin',
And when we find such truck as that, you see,
The way it kind of 'fades is just surprisin'.

Here's how it was: We'd come across the range
And took the trail that leads you down to Boulder,
For we was off to tackle, just for change,
The carbonates before we'd got much older.

'Bout twelve o'clock Bill dashed a mountain quail,
And found a nest with eggs, as I'm a sloner;
And then we caught some trout, and near the trail
Corralled a grouse! You bet we had a dinner.

You oughter seen Bill play his fork and drisk,
A-flirtin' up his engine like a sucker,
Until, to keep along, I had to work,
And draw to him, as players do at poker.

We worked the lead as long as color showed;
Cashed every egg, and all the best and fitters;
Then ambled on to strike the Boulder road,
And stopped at Jake McCallin's to get some bitters.

For on the search we never drink a drop;
It doesn't help in this yer kind of 'tracin';
But back among the ranches, then we stop
And smile a little, 'cause it's kinda of bracin'.

Jake took our measures, then he hustled round,
To get up what we wanted, strong and pleasant,
The while we told about the eggs we found
And had for dinner, 'long with his fish and pheasant.

A tenderfoot was snoozing in a chair,
And when he heard us talk of eggs it raised him;
He seemed to think we had 'em then and there,
'Tween me and you the racket kind o' dazed him.

"Beg pardon, men," he said, and stopped a spell;
'It 'pears to me, sirs, if I unders-and you,
You have some mountain quails' eggs here to sell;
If so, I've got the ready cash to hand you.

"These quails, the parmagins, ar' scarce, you know,
And scintille men down East, they want to rate 'em
As very curious birds, they want to show
That by some carce they may domesticate em.

"And now, if you've the eggs, here's what I say:
I'll give you—well, ten dollars each to set 'em,
For that's the price I'm authorized to pay."
Then put in Bill: "Way, darn it men, we've 'em!"

"Taint any use to tell you how we swore,
Nor how we laughed, altho' it wasn't funny,
Then Bill declared he'd go and get some more,
Bur, sir, he's never called to get the money.

In fact, we haven't seen him since that day,
And though at dinner he was no beginner,
It's my opinion, pard, he's gone to stay,
And all because we had them eggs for dinner.

A JOPLY FISHING PARTY ON KEUKA LAKE.

THE true time to go to a "summer resort" is when nobody else is summer resorting, and therefore it is the knowing ones junket "all in the merry month of May" or saunter in September. Curled calmly up in home hammocks during the fiercely beating heat of July and August, they can placidly smile at the antics of the "maddening crowd" who wildly tear from pillar to post, sweating in steam-boats, baking in Pullman cars or luddled in hotels, making half-burnt offerings of themselves on the red-hot altar of the insatiable "fun." There is a monorch-of-all-I-survey feeling, too, in being the first or last guest at a country hotel, a certain distinction in being the only one. You have a desolately grand sensation as you kick your heels through marble corridors haunted by the rustling ghosts of last season's Worth gowns and the phantoms of dead flirtations. The exquisite flavor of this feeling is intensified if you arrive a few days ahead of your own small and select party who are coming to fish with you, and you get well acquainted with the clever captain of the smart little steamer which runs upon the lake, and you find out just where the best fishing is, and you learn the first names of all the boys on the dock, and get all the local fish stories pat on the end of your tongue, and "know the ropes" generally, and have a heapstore store of shiny bait in an old starch box with lumps of ice to keep it dead and dainty for that twenty-pound salmon-trout you're going to haul in sure as fate to-morrow, when the best and jolliest fish commissioner in the world arrives, with his spectacles and his tackle and his jovial comrades.

The first guest is like the first swallow, the first baby, the first flower. He is a conquering hero. He doesn't know exactly whether he feels more like Christopher Columbus stepping ashore on Adam I. in the garden. Unconsciously he takes the pose he has seen Christy adopt in the drop curtain of the Grand Opera House where he is "shooting" the Indians into the precession boxes and planting the flag in the sand. The first guest is as the long-lost brother of the cheery landlord, and the pretty hostess smiles kindly and even graciously pauses at his table to be that he is well served. On him the waiter beams and widely grins; on his honor the shiner polych comes upon the burnished glass; in his honor the shy chambermaid crimpeth her long locks by candle-light in the silent watches of the night; and as with lordly tread he leads the way to the dining-room through the echoing halls, his now newly arrived friends patterning meekly after him, why, for the moment he is "a bigger man than old Grant."

The first week of fragrant May last saw Seth Green the

pioneer guest at the Fairchild House—a most homelike hostelry, by the way—in Hammond's Point, N. Y., a little hamlet which dabbles its feet in the lovely waters of Keuka Lake, and is just as delightful a place for your money as you could find, only it is, alas! four hundred miles from Broadway. Seth of the rods does not fit my fancy sketch of the specimen first guest at all, for he has known every one around here for thirty years or more, and he never saw the drop-curtain of the Grand Opera-House, and is too simply genuine to know how to feel theatrical under any provocation. While to the inhabitants of this quiet, far-away section he is "a bigger man than old Grant" all the year round. Everything was ready for the fray in fine style. Two enormous spotted beauties, weighing 12 pounds apiece, flanked the hotel register on the office counter to greet the coming guests. Indeed, one of the guests, Miss Pansy, vowed they were made of rubber, and stuck surreptitious hairpins in both, but was confounded and convinced when she perceived the identical pin-holes in a choice morsel on her plate at supper.

Next morning very early we set out to try our luck. Imagine this glass-clear lake, stretching away and curving in and out for twenty-two miles—a nice skin beauty of a lake, only one mile butt measure. It is glided by many-breasted, modestly, softly sloping hills, mantled with six thousand acres of lovely vineyards smiling at the sky. Imagine the soft sweet air and the misty haze, not hiding but enhancing the beauty of the country, and leading to the most mystic loveliness becoming its splendor, as a veil becomes a bride. Imagine a great quiet and hush as if all the roaring cities were dead or not yet born—no sound save the lip-lip, lap-lapping of the water flirting gently with the flower-spangled shore. Imagine the jaunty little scumers Lulu cuddling close to the dock, and painted so smartly in divers colors that she looks like a bright shoulder-knot on the gray silk garment of the lake. She is now coyly waiting to take us away to the happy fishing grounds far from the fertile loam of old Keuka. Imagine, I imagine, seventeen hard-boiled eggs, twelve sandwiches and a luscious rube pie in the hunch-basket—and please don't forget the salt nor the tackle nor the waterproofs, pillows, shawls and other impedimenta. We are all ready. Suddenly the shrillest and most unexpected shriek you ever heard leaps from the tiny turret of the Lulu, wounding the holy silence grievously and reverberating along the shore in piteous echoes, as if every bill held captive a baby Lulu and all the water birds of old Keuka. Imagine, I imagine, the fertile loam of old Keuka. All the water bubbled on the dock to wash us luck, lady fingers waving blue veils from the piazza and their gudemmen smiling in the doorway, while the white apron of the waiters shines spotless in the dining-room window.

We landed at Urbana dock and look at the famous wine-machinery or fermentory which sends us the famous "Gold Seal and lovely, sweet, insidious still wines that taste like nectar, and are soft as dew and seductive as a siren's breath. We are offered the freedom of the cellar in a tumbler, and there is given a lively discussion as to whether, after all, there would not be more solid enjoyment to the square minute to be got out of the day by going over to the factory and seeing the bottling process, etc., than could be extracted from dawdling in a rowboat, waiting for surly fish to bite. The superintendent is very handsome and gallant, and the ladies strenuously wish to stay, but Seth says, doggedly: "We came to fish, and we're going to fish." That settles it. Good-bye, "Gold Seal," thou many-medalled nectar; there isn't a headache in a dozen bottles of thee. Conversation gallops away as the little glide by us, unrolling their beauty as they pass, all garlanded with delicate pale vines, like an elegant roll of rich-ribbed stuff embroidered in every hue and shade of green, from the faintest yellowish tinge to the darkest melancholy myrtle; the pattern broken at intervals by stripes of dun-colored cultivation and seamed by little clefts or gullies worn by rushing mountain streams which in the spring hasten to hide their sorrows in the lake. One tiny stream, whose trouble was deeper than the rest, was heavily laden with myrtle, beautiful to see the silver tear-drops trickling faintly and monotonously from rock to rock.

Alice's note-book bristles with facts and figures. Pansy is gloating on the pretty bait. We can hear her earnestly discussing the vexed question of sawbills versus whitebait. "You know, Mr. Green, as I was saying, Greenwich is in England, you know; a place where they make latitudes and longitudes and things, and every one goes there in the season to eat whitebait, and it is counted as a delicacy, and is awfully swell; and you know, Mr. Green, they are exactly like these, so please don't call the dear little things 'sawbills' any more. It is a perfectly horrid name anyhow. Why, don't you know even prime ministers go to Greenwich to eat whitebait?" This last clincher ought to have settled the matter, but Seth stuck to his point and wouldn't say whitebait, though in deference to his antagonist he called them alewives for the rest of the day. All of thirty years before he had caught white—no, say—no, alewives, and it is beautiful to see the silver tear-drops trickling faintly and monotonously from rock to rock.

The captain's fish stories have been growing out of all proportions. He has now arrived at the point where the "photographer" fell over there in Pen Yan" made a picture of the boy who caught an eight-pound fish on the end of his nose! Sure enough, there was the photograph, and sure enough, the boy had a nose! Evidence can go no further. This boy is supposed to be in a boat with his mother—mark that well, gentlemen of the jury—with his mother near the shore. She is fishing. Her back is turned to her boy, who is leaning over the edge of the boat paddling his little arms in the blue water. A large fish is jumping, a yell, and the mother turns round to find a large fat eight-pound trout squirming in the bottom of the boat and her son standing up, bellowing, with a bloody nose! "The name of the boy and the boat, and the age of the infant, please; the date of the occurrence, the color of the mother's hair, and was her dress cut with a basque or a polonaise?" hurriedly demands Alice, with pencil poised and note-book gaping, while Pansy sardonically hums a line or two of a once popular song, and Seth is the only one who looks at the cat. With unctious the captain dwells on the gory details: "The hull front of his shirt was all blood. Oh, you should have seen that boy's shirt!"

We disembarked and Lulu steams away. Now for three sultry, silent hours in the rowboat. Jock's coat off now and the glory of his yellow gloves forever gone to limps; Mr. Fish Commissioner quiet and watchful; Pansy furtively

cranking out of Black's "White Wings," so as to know the correct thing to ask when anybody gets a bite. She has seen "above her butt" repeated scores of times in this delicious yachting idyl, but any direction on Mrs. Cleopatra's needle would be equally intelligible to her, and she is ashamed to ask for information. The others nurse their fishing-rods. Alice's face is clouded, for she has forgotten the name of the game constable who was shot at from the shore by a fish poacher last autumn, though she took down the dimensions of the bullet hole in the deck of the Lulu, and even stuck her little finger in it with awe. The constable's name shall never go down to posterity, not even when somebody finds her note-book some day in a Sixth avenue car, with its wild muddle of memoranda of table-linen, lists of things to buy at Macy's, things to be put in the chamber trunk, notes of travel, receipts for puff-paste, bits of song, the ice-man's new address, when Mary's mouth is up, in fallible smugness wash, etc. One of our gentlemen secures the first bite, and every one in the boat is instantly on his feet to land the fish, the ladies standing up and endangering their lives in their eagerness. Jock rows rapidly. "Kee! in! reel in!" cries Seth; "steady, steady!" "Give him plenty of line!" "Don't jerk!" "That's it, keep it stiff!" "Don't be too rough!" "She's a fighter!" "Faster, faster!" "Slow, slow!"—were a few of the directions showered volubly on this genial novice, who has only been catching fish for about forty odd years or so. Deliberately and scientifically our fishermen, however, were all ready to reel in their catch. Seth has the scarp-net ready in his hand for the final capture. "Acts kind of queer," quietly comments the observant Jock. "Hurrah! haul him in, haul him in!" He, she or it is hauled in, and proves to be a fine, healthy, inoffensive-looking stick about five feet long, the hook embedded in its soft bark. Amid the general laughter poor Pansy's face wears a comical look of woe. In the intense excitement of the moment she had never once thought of saying, "Shove her butt!" This was a good thing to say to a young woman who talks of deep near blue for weeks after she has been out on the bay for a day, and who is apt to call her bosom friends "land-lubbers" when she returns from a visit to the schoolship. However, she landed a five-pound trout herself almost immediately, which was a slight consolation. A native, trolling along patiently, passes near our boat. "What luck?" "Didn't have a bite!" "Don't say—nuther did I, not a sign of a bite," and we rowed along in parallel paths. Seth and the passing fisher smile at each other, and talk of the end of their lines. "Guess you've got a bite." "Hullo, so have I," Seth reels in. The casual person reels in. Everybody directs, encourages, scolds and "bosses the job," as before. Again does Jock mutter, "Acts kind of queer." Dead-lead. Each with lifted rod poised stiffly, and the lines reeled taught to the verge of snapping. "You've touched bottom, perhaps." "No, it's more'n 200 feet deep here, and I've only paid out 50 feet of line." Awful pause, after which the lynx-eyed Pansy shines at the face of her brother. "Oh, you've tangled my line in your line, you bet," which was strictly true. Next day Seth caught nineteen beauties, weighing from three and a half to twelve pounds, but one of our party beat him by five fish and four pounds. Seth says now he doesn't believe in going out fishing with ladies anyhow.

The tag-end of an unofficial note received from Mr. Green yesterday reads thus: "Caught seventeen salmon-trout in Keuka Lake yesterday. There were no ladies in the boat!"

POST-PRANDIAL 'POSSUM.

Owl's Cove, Ark., July 28, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I find I am indebted to you in the extent of a letter in the nature of a personal explanation, or apology. You must bear in mind that I am away up here in the Ozark Mountains—"Bosting Mountings," as they are sometimes termed by the natives—in search of health. One day late in June I received a letter from you, asking "How they do it in Arkansas." I did not understand the question, and of course could not answer it. It occasioned a good deal of perplexity. At first I had a suspicion that it might relate to a discussion concerning certain disputable fishes of Northern lakes and streams, which day the fly into the mouth with the tail. But reflection satisfied me it could not be that. Our fishes are more sedate, will hardly take a fly at all, and when they do, they do it in a straightforward way. They do not use their tails to fill their mouths. Then possibly it might mean, how we protect our game; but we don't do that at all. As to any other question whatever, it can only be said that we are not agreed among ourselves, and do it in various ways, each according to the best light he has.

A later mail brought me a bundle of back numbers of the Forest and Stream, remailed from home; and now, when it is too late, I find that I have missed the opportunity to sit down to a dish of 'possum with such distinguished company as Senator Garland, "Guyon," and the inimitable Col. "Bob" Crockett—too late even to sit down to the second table with the "children and niggers." Too bad!

For your own private information, however, I will give you the result of years of experience boiled down: for if there is one thing above another which an editor ought to possess, it is accurate information. Now, in catching a "possum" you need a dog. But that is too long, and life is too short. You should, if in Arkansas, go to a persimmon orchard, for in the production of this fruit this State ranks second in the Union—the supremacy of North Carolina in that industry being, of course, beyond dispute. Moreover, when the persimmon is in season the 'possum is ripe, and *vice versa*; the hard frost which softens the fruit also "pulls" the 'possum from the persimmon, and best reason of all, you are sure to find your game there than elsewhere. The best way, I think, is to hunt him with a gun. The dog trees the game, you shine his eyes with a torch or jack-lantern, and aim at the two little fireballs that reflect your light. If you fail to "hear something drap," as you shoot, you may know that it was "nothing but a coon," or "wasn't fat."

Will he sham, make as if he pretend he's dead, play 'possum? He will. Find one alive, strike at him, but don't hit him. He will counterfeit a dead 'possum "to a fault." Go off a little ways and watch. First one eye will open just a little; then if he fails to see you the other opens; his head moves, slowly at first; he looks all about him; then gets up slowly, and looks all around. If he fails to see you, he makes off. If he sees you, he's dead again. There's nothing involuntary about it. It is willful, deliberate and premeditated. If in doubt whether the animal is dead or shamming, pick him up; straighten the tail; then pretend to let him

drop. If alive he will coil the tail around the arm or hand, and save himself a fall. If he fails to do this, he is dead or mortally hurt.

There is a great deal of poetry on the subject of the 'possum. One solitary verse endures in the recollection, which I quote as illustrating the "shamming" trait in his character. It is as follows:

"I met a peewissim in the road,
And hauled he dead seem to be—y—y—
He curled his tail and squirmed a tail,
And swore the road was free—y—y—"

There would seem to be some difference in opinion as to the manner in which this Southern dainty ought to be dressed. I don't quite like that conceit of Col. Bob Crockett—the resemblance to a young baby. To my mind he should be dressed to resemble a well-dressed pig. It is more appetizing somehow that way.

And that is easy. Ashes and hot water; hold him in by the tail—which is ready dressed—till the hair slips, then slip it all off; rub with a corn-cob; scrape with a knife then draw, then put on a little salt, and throw him on some low floor to freeze for one or two nights.

To cook him you don't need a stove. Every well-regulated Arkansas family has an open fire-place, and an oven-and-lid, and a skillet-and-lid. The oven is a deep baking kettle, the skillet a shallow one. This is not unfrequently the entire cooking outfit. To fry the 'possum you need have a luscious fry oil gne to cook. The 'possum should parboil for half an hour; if a few spoonfuls of sharp vinegar, a little soda, or a red pepper be boiled with it all the better. When parboiled throw all the water away; prepare the oven by putting one layer of sweet potatoes, medium sized, sliced lengthwise on the bottom, then put in the 'possum; season only with salt and black pepper; use no other dressing or device whatever, then fill the oven with sweet potatoes sliced as above; put on the lid, set it on the coals, cover over with glowing coals, and let it cook until both the potatoes and 'possum are tender. Have the skillet filled with corn dodgers made up with corn meal, water and salt only. Serve all hot. This is the correct thing. No sauce of any kind is admissible. For the matter of a drink your correspondent recommends water first, last and all the time.

Is it good food? It is. Never tried it, but know it must be. I have never seen any that was properly cooked left to get cold, and have never seen any who had never tried it. *Dides pygmaea* is of a modest and retiring disposition, and must be sought to be found. It is perhaps but natural that the great public should entertain many misconceptions concerning one whose front name is based upon an erroneous notion. At another time I may ask a further hearing in his behalf.

FROM MOOSEHEAD LAKE TO THE MAIN ST. JOHN.

IN THREE PARTS—PART II.

WHEN I was awakened on the morning of May 30 it was by the beating of the rain upon our tent. The fire which we left burning just outside when we retired the night before went out, and it was cold and cheerless. I got up and looked out into the forest.

The wind was hushed; the tall trees moved not a branch; but all was still, save the almost noiseless current, and the patter of the rain drops upon the leaves. The rain came down easily and still, and a sense of desolation stole over one in the great wilderness.

I awoke the guides; and soon a cheerful fire was blazing, notwithstanding the rain; and as long as the forest trout were spluttering in the pan. After breakfast the crews broke a little; and we decided to strike our tent and move forward on our journey. Two of the guides took a birch and paddled down to 'Suncook to engage a team to take our boats and luggage across Mud Pond Carry, while the rest packed up and paddled down to the "Meadows," at the head of 'Suncook, now completely flowed over. Later in the season the water falls off and nothing but a narrow, shallow, very crooked rapids, where the lake sets up four or five miles, with a width varying from one-half to three-quarters of a mile. This tributary is called the

UMBAGOZOOKUS RIVER

and is the outlet of the lake of that name. Having got again upon our course (for we had gone out of it to camp) we rested on our oars to await the return of our guides.

After half an hour's delay we resumed our paddles, our guides having found the men who were to be had across Mud Pond Carry, but it must be made on foot. Now the occupants of 'Suncook Farm pretend to furnish teams for that service; so while we were pitching our tent, Sam and John went back about four miles to assist the teams across a small creek, which empties into 'Suncook on the east bank, to enable them to reach us at our camp at the foot of Little Carry, near which is the west terminus of the carry when made by teams.

Until within ten or twelve miles we have no teams to be had across Mud Pond Carry, but it must be made on foot. Now the occupants of 'Suncook Farm pretend to furnish teams for that service; so while we were pitching our tent, Sam and John went back about four miles to assist the teams across a small creek, which empties into 'Suncook on the east bank, to enable them to reach us at our camp at the foot of Little Carry, near which is the west terminus of the carry when made by teams.

While awaiting their return we found some very good fishing on the river near our camp. About 6 p. m. our guides returned with the intelligence that they could not get the horses across the creek, as the owner would not swim them unless we would stand security, fearing they might drown—hence they abandoned the team, put it back and hired three men, paying them \$5 each to assist in getting us across the carry.

The next morning—May 31—we made an early start, for we had the hardest battle of the route before us for this day's work. Our guides paddled up the pitch (some forty rods), where we walked "Short Carry." Resuming our boats, an hour's paddle against a stiff current took us a matter of two miles into

UMBAGOZOOKUS LAKE,

half a mile across the lake to the east shore and you land at the west end of the famous or infamous

MUD POND CARRY.

It is two miles long and from one of the worst out of doors. To the westward the water empties into 'Suncook and pays tribute to the East Branch of the Penobscot; to the eastward into Mud Pond and thence into Chamberlain, till it finally reaches the St. John—hence

it is of the head waters of the St. John, there being many tributaries to that river. A well-defined road crosses to Mud Pond, but the soil is light and springy, with a frequent admixture of solid mud, so that you often sink from two to three feet into the mire. Having made the carry before, however, we were provided with long-legged rubber boots and were able to get over it without great discomfort. Our birches and other luggage were transported with little difficulty or delay. A matter of two or three hours suffices to make it with light luggage and canoes, but taking across a bateau weighing from 600 to 800 pounds is quite another matter; it was accomplished, however, in about six hours. Our guides now numbered eight men and, by means of yokes roughly improvised for the occasion, they raised the bateau to their shoulders, carrying it from ten to fifteen rods at a pull. Although it was not yet June the black flies swarmed about us in great numbers and annoyed us exceedingly.

At four o'clock, however, we were safely across, our three extra men were dismissed, and we resumed our journey.

MUD POND.

is a small sheet of water, very shallow, but deep in mud, nearly round, with a circumference of about two and a half or three miles. Fifteen minutes took us across to the outlet; this the guides ran, while we walked to the foot of shoal water, a distance of about eighty rods, where the outlet is sufficiently deep to admit of safe passage. Three-quarters of a mile further took us to

CHAMBERLAIN LAKE.

into which the outlet empties. As is usually the case, the mouth of the outlet was choked up for a distance of some forty rods with "dry kic," a mass of broken trees, old stumps and branches, and all sorts of drift wood closely interwoven and packed together. By the aid of setting poles we worked our way through it in twenty minutes, and were upon the broad bosom of Chamberlain, a charming stretch of water, some twenty miles long by two to three wide. Nearly opposite on the east shore is

CHAMBERLAIN FARM.

where sportsmen always find a hearty welcome, a good bed, and a satisfactory fare. Quite a sale of wild game was effected here; we were welcomed upon the lake, and our little birches bobbed merrily up and down upon the heaving billows, but they rode the white caps beautifully, and at about six o'clock we made a safe landing at the farm.

June the 1st was a most delightful morning, the air was fresh and bracing, with a stiff breeze from the north. About 8:30 we got under way, our larder restocked, and everything provided for a three or four days' sojourn in the wilderness. Our course lay northward along the east shore. A stiff head wind rendered our progress slow, and it took us a matter of an hour and a half to reach

THE LOCKS.

Three miles distant. The locks were built several years ago, at a considerable expense, to form a communication of Eagle with Chamberlain Lake, and thus take the logs from the surrounding territory into Chamberlain, thence into East Branch, and finally into Maine, instead of in the other direction down the St. John. To carry out this project three dams were built, two at Chamberlain and one at the foot of Chamberlain, just at the head of Chase's Carry. Parties interested in aiding them down the St. John, however, would not tolerate this new thoroughfare, and shortly after a fire mysteriously destroyed every dam.

The dams at the locks are about eighty rods apart. The first is at the beginning of the outlet, and the second just below on the same outlet. The remains of the dams are sufficient to bar the progress of passing through in boats, so we had to carry by the first into the water below, and also do this at the second dam. Our bateau was the only thing that promised trouble, but by means of the "painter" we dragged it upon the top of the first dam and let it down below. At the second dam we cleared a passage to the sluiceway through a mass of "dry kic," and our guides ran it through expert, jumping the apron into the water below. An hour's delay did the business, and we found ourselves floating calmly upon the bosom of

EAGLE LAKE.

At the upper end of Eagle Lake, on the west shore, we visited a beaver house, which we found to have been recently built, and noted fresh tracks of beaver thereon. A "beaver house" is built of earth in the form of a mound, resembling a small cock of hay. Over the top and about the sides are placed small round sticks or poles from three to six feet in length. Communication with it is made by means of a narrow passage or channel from the bed of the river, and as you gaze down you will distinctly note the pathway. They feed principally upon the bark of trees, such as birch and poplar, and when they are in luck they will cut wood out in short sections for fuel. All around in the forest adjoining they had left traces of their handiwork in the shape of "beaver cuttings," i. e., stumps of trees from two to ten inches in diameter, standing out from the ground as though shorn of their trunks by an axe. These trees they cut down with their teeth, and so intelligent are they that they know instinctively which way a tree will fall, and never cut one unless it will fall where they wish it. They cut entirely around the tree, and when it falls the top of the stump breaks off in the centre and leaves a cone-shaped point, while the work, to the uninitiated, has the appearance of having been done with an axe.

They also build extensive dams reaching entirely across a river, and thus dam the current at pleasure. For this purpose they also fell trees, fill in the interstices with small stones, which they carry by forming a loop of their broad, flat tails, taking the end in their mouths, and in this way drag the stones where they want them, then a masonry of mud completes the dam.

At the beaver house we saw tracks of moose and caribou. We were now in a wild and seldom visited region, where moose, caribou, deer and beaver abound in great numbers, and where, if the reader will spend a week with a good guide, he will find game to his heart's content. Last winter Capt. Cole trapped eighty-four beaver in this region.

LEAVING THE BEAVER HOUSE, we found our way to

PILSBURY'S ISLAND,

three miles from the head of the lake, where we pitched our tent on the old camping ground of Capt. Cole. It is located on the east side of the island, near the north end. Nearly opposite, and on the east shore of the lake,

SMITH'S BROOK

comes in. This is a favorite haunt of moose, caribou, etc. As our trip was not planned for hunting, we were not fully provided with shooting arms, having only one rifle, a repeater and a shot gun for small game.

Onward night we took a birch, with Sam for a guide, armed with my Winchester, and paddled up Smith Brook or game. As the law was on, I will tell no tales out of

school. Let it suffice the reader's curiosity, however, that he saw both a moose and caribou within shooting distance, and, if called into court to testify, I shall truthfully depose that I distinctly heard the crack of said rifle four times during his absence. The next morning he tried his luck again, but saw only a black bear. He had patiently waited for half an hour for game and saw nothing; then it occurred to both him and his guide, Ned, that a smoke would not come amiss, so, laying down his rifle, first removing the cartridge, he commenced filling his pipe; ere it was half filled, however, a black bear got up within two rods of him (probably had been taking a nap), and before he could get his rifle in readiness said bear took the alarm and galloped off. F— set three or four bullets after him, but Bruin did not tarry, and that was the last seen of him. This was all the hunting for large game done on our trip. Further up the river is a beaver dam, where the fishing is usually excellent. We, however, caught only a few there.

June the 3d we resumed our journey. About three miles from Pilsbury's Island our journey comes to Peet's Island, neither of which are named upon any map I have seen, although both are located properly in Eagle Lake.

It was near this latter island that "Dirty Donald," the hermit, resided for several years, and finally starved to death a few years ago in mid-winter. Having got ten out of provisions, a companion (who had lately joined him) went away after some, but was gone several days, and upon his return found him dead. His hut was located on the west side of Eagle Lake, upon a point of land that makes out into the lake about two miles north from Peet's Island. This point in the lake is known as

THE NARROWS,

and is scarcely half a mile wide.

Before entering the Narrows the lake makes off westerly into a deep bay, at the extreme point of which is

ROSELL BROOK,

which we did not visit, but which affords good fishing in the summer and fall, especially at the mouth.

At the lower end of the Narrows

SMITH'S BROOK

empties in from the east, and affords fine fishing later in the season.

After leaving the Narrows the lake widens up to about two miles, when a fall of about two miles takes you to the head of

"THOROUGHFARE."

a narrow neck of water which unites Eagle with Churchill Lake. A mile and a half to the westward is the foot of Eagle Lake, into the extreme point of which empties

CHASE'S BROOK,

which is classed with the other streams for good fishing. Pursuing our journey we passed through the "Thoroughfare," a distance of five miles, at the foot of which empties in

THOROUGHFARE BROOK,

from the west, which not only affords the best of fishing, but is to be classed with Smith's Brook for large game. As time was an important consideration with some members of our party, we did not tarry at any of the places above-mentioned after leaving Pilsbury's Island. Leaving Thoroughfare Brook you immediately enter

CHURCHILL LAKE,

through which we passed, covering a distance of about six miles, without delay. This brings us to

CHASE'S DAM,

heretofore spoken of as having been burned, and forming one of the most interesting features of the trip. The dam, although so far destroyed as to be rendered useless as a dam, still maintains the appearance of one. The timbers mostly remain, although partly burned and weakened. It is situated at the head of a long sharp pitch of water, which increases in velocity and terror for a mile and a half. For the first half-mile it is rapid, running like a mill-race down a sharp declivity, broken here and there by sharp rocks and boulders. Now it changes its course westerly and tumbles fearfully for the next half mile down a steeper grade, and among sharper and more frequent rocks and ledges, exalting itself into milky foam and dashing spray, as it frots and plunges along its rocky course. Now again its bed regains more nearly its level, and sharp rocks disappear, but it is answered to the cue, and it still tumbles with decreasing velocity for the next half mile, when, like a spent projectile, it settles quietly again into its bed.

Around this rush of waters there was formerly a well-defined road, known as

CHASE'S CARRY,

which was cut out years ago by loggers, but after they had finished decimating the forest, and retired their shadows after them, the road was suffered to grow up again, and we were only able to find it after a most convenient passage. Sam and John had determined to "run" the rapids with the bateau, and Ned and Alf the birches, while Joe was detailed to guide us over the carry. I shall not detail the trials of six men, who tore their way through a tangled mass of bushes and grapevines, headed by Joe, who told Sam he knew the road perfectly. If he did, and we went by the "road," God pity that poor sportsman who has no guide and has to go across lots. The distance by road is supposed to be about half a mile, and we were about three quarters of an hour making it. W— and M— did most of the exploring for the party, while Newt, laughed; S. compromised between the two; and I— well, I had a rifle on my arm, a heavy rod case on my shoulder, and— and big words in my mouth. However, when we reached the foot of the carry it was not many minutes ere we saw a birch rounding the bend of the river above us, some sixty rods away, but, such was the velocity of its coming, that scarcely did it appear in sight ere it was abreast of us, and in a few moments its conical came to harbor upon a safe, although the presence of water in their bottoms told of rough seas they had encountered. The grand spectacle of our whole voyage was now to be witnessed, and one that will ever linger in our memories so long as woods and waters preserve their charms. Our bateau has now rounded the bend and is bearing down upon us with the velocity of an eagle darting for its prey. Capt. Cole stands firmly in the stern, occasionally shifting his paddle from side to side and boxing out the element that would trifle with the course of the bateau, while John, bare-headed, his hair blowing in the wind, stands firmly like a statue in the bow, his paddle poised in mid-air and his settling-pole at hand, watching with an eagle's eye every motion of the current, piercing sharply and quickly here and there for treacherous rocks, lest in a twinkling the gliding craft become a mass of broken fragments; but he is master of the situation, a hero in our own cherished microcosm, as he battles the waters, and with a dexterous sweep of his paddle wards off an approaching danger. Round about dashes the spray as the white water gracefully curves and

divides beneath her bow. Now riding gallantly upon a heaving and throbbing swell, now falling coyly off into the trough of the current, she attains a point opposite us, when, with a few well-timed strokes from both paddles, she obeys their dictate like a thing of life, and gracefully comes to rest upon the bank at our feet.

Running Chase Rapids is no boy's play, and none but the most experienced guides can thoroughly familiar with the quick water ever attempt it, and never, so far as I can learn, with a passenger. Many times, said our guides, while making the transit with the bateau, they could not see each other through the mist and spray which enveloped them, and frequently they could not see the course before them and could only judge of the safety of the passage from their general knowledge of the set of the water. Of course the run is more or less dangerous to be made at different seasons of the year, dependent upon the quantity of water, which increases or diminishes its velocity. In very low water it is more safely made, though less easily perhaps, as part of the bed is nearly dry, and one can pick his way along with a setting pole.

In water like the present, a canoe can run it with less danger than a bateau, as it can keep more out of the swiftest current, being smaller, lighter and having less draft.

At the foot of the carry we all resumed our places, and made rapid progress down the quickened current.

About half a mile below, the river suddenly narrows up and turns to the west again for a short distance, and we have another short pitch called

"THE DEVIL'S ELBOW"

which parties usually carry around as being somewhat hazardous to run, but as there was plenty of water between the rocks we ran it.

It is a nasty spot, however, and must be run with great care, although safe enough in good water to an experienced guide. It is choked with sharp rocks and massive boulders, and the water rushes like a mile-race through its narrow channels. We passed through it without adventure—"killing."

Although you are in the same stretch of water from the time you leave Chamberlain Lake, yet different sections take different names. The bulges are dignified as "lakes" and the smaller sections as a river. From Chase's Carry to Umsaskis Lake, this water is called

ALLEGASH RIVER

and is nine miles in extent. There is nothing worthy of note along the river, which is only some forty rods in width, varying of course in places, save that there is much quick water and the running of it is exciting and exhilarating. Perhaps I ought to add, however, that fishing in it is good at times, and game is abundant along its shores. Ducks were quite plenty when we ran it, although we seldom got near enough to get a good shot. We, however, had one good square meal off white-winged teal. The species of ducks we saw were mostly black, wood, teal and old squaw. About 5 P. M., we entered the waters of

UMSASKIS LAKE

a small lake some four miles long by two wide which forms the head of

LONG LAKE

which, including Umsaskis, is about nine miles long, by some it is called Long Lake. We were advised by Sam there was a good log camp on the east shore of Umsaskis near its head, and we searched it out. It is about one and a half miles down at the foot of or rather midway in a long curve or bend just east of a round point of land which one will readily perceive. Here we tied up for the night, highly pleased with our day's adventure, in which we had accomplished about thirty miles. Should any reader have occasion to propel a sled, or to find an excellent spring of water about forty rods north of the camp or northwest near the old logging road.

GEORGE A. FAY.

Natural History.

(From Appleton's Journal.)

WHY DOES THE CRAB GO SIDEWAYS?

BY ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

THE language of the heading to this article seems trivial and beneath the dignity and importance of the question, and the learning which will be displayed in answering it. The word "go" sounds particularly weak and feeble, but it is used in the broadest and fullest amplitude of significance, and covers the ground of "walk, run, swim, crawl, creep, climb, advance, retreat, progress, travel, propel, slide, glide, ramose" and every other method of motion, implied, intimated, or suggested by that small but really strong and expressive word. It is, therefore, no trifling inquiry. Crabs are curious creatures; their ways are not like the ways of other living things, whether of the earth, air, fire or water, and their whole characters possess a side-long quality, like their mode of progression. Most animals move directly forward; others, like the lobster, "advance backward;" a few, like the scallop, are irregular and lightly, unable to control their direction; some fly, some run, some crawl, some hop, some bound, but to the crab and the chess-bishop alone is it permitted to advance or retire at an angle to themselves, as if a cross-eyed man were to attempt to follow his eyes. Pursue a crab with a view to dinner; thrust the net in front of him, and how like a flash of lightning he will dart away to one side or the other, as he thinks escape the easier; place it before his line of flight, and with what incredible speed will he withdraw in the contrary direction, his rear claw "lagging," by no means "superfluous," but with steel-like pincers ready to receive the foe! Endeavor to intercept his retreat, and instantly he changes his course to the opposite one, and again leaves the net far behind. Now, the problem which we propose to solve is why he thus indirectly slides off "on his ear," as it were, and why he does not move as other animals, why, in other words, he is to be an exception to all animated nature.

To obtain a satisfactory answer we must investigate both the moral and physical conformation of our subject. The moral nature can be understood with but casual study, and may be summed up in the two words "stupid" and "perverseness," as the jocose writers puts it, "pure casualness." There is so much positive, active and aggressive ill-temper in a crab that there does not seem to be room for much else, even of negative traits. He has more cruelty and wickedness to the square inch than a Comanche brave with his war-paint on. He is a crustaceous concentration of rage, and would quarrel with himself should the world fail to furnish him sufficient other objects for a perpetual war. He surpasses in appetite for fights the Arkansas "roarer" of ancient celebrity, who

grew low-spirited and fed of heart if a week had gone by without his gouging out somebody's eye or biting off somebody's ear. He will accommodate any one who happens to be looking for a disturbance with the utmost willingness and on the shortest notice and generally without regard to difference of sex. In fact when he gets "mad," which he does on the slightest provocation, he is the maddest thing on earth. His method of carrying on warfare, also, is peculiar, and trying both to his adversary's eyes and feelings. Most times, he allows the latter to approach within a certain distance, when, suddenly and without warning, he springs up and lashes at him with his claws, which, if they miss their mark, clash together like the old-time clank of sword on helmet. The length of these attacks is prodigious; a little baby, as big as a cent piece, can draw blood like a leech, and a full-grown crab can cut through the latter of a boot with ease. When the claws have once fastened on their prey, no power that does not break them can force them apart. It is supposed the word *crustacean*, which the scientific gentry apply to these animals, is only a learned reference to their crusty disposition, so active is their original sin. Another idiosyncrasy maintains their evil reputation. So long as one of them is held by any part of its person, it will lash out at anything else it can reach, and will let go only when itself is released. So, if the enterprising reader should catch a crab by the hind-flipper, he may make a quaint and amusing experiment. There is a little danger attending the attempt in the outset, for these independent crustaceans act on the *non ne laqueo motto*, and do not allow strangers "fooling round" their hind-flippers any more than that other animal of an allied spirit, the turtle, and are apt to reach down for you as you reach out for them. But it is a dangerous duty, they are expected to fate, and fold their arms resignedly against their breasts, like a good man when his hour has come. This subversive state of mind is no deep-seated, however, and if, after getting one at such a disadvantage, you hold it where it can reach the flipper of a brother of the same race, it will feel for him with instant dispatch, and, having once clinched its claw, will cling fast with noble resolution. Then the second crab can be approached to a third, and will seize it in the same manner, and so on till a string of ards long, or as high as the experimenter can reach, will be formed, each crab fastened to the one below, with a death-grip that never relaxes until some limb breaks, or you let go of the first in line—a chain of obstinate ferocity that the student of morals could have much pleasure in investigating provided he did not approach it so closely as to come within reach of a disengaged claw. The purely unscientific person would probably only wonder why a crab should apparently be entirely satisfied to be pinched itself, provided it could pinch some one else, passing along an injury as the great are expected to transmit a favor. Crabs have, however, a means of escape which is peculiarly crustacean. The good book says, "If a limb offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee, for it is better to lose a limb than that the entire body should fall into hell-fire." Men rarely act on this excellent motto, although it was addressed to them, but the crab community has taken it up with enthusiasm. When a crab is restrained by one claw until the position grows irksome, or its "dander gets rized" beyond restraint, he subdues the offending member, and, leaving it to his more powerful adversary, slips away and escapes the rest of his carcass. If humanity could kick off its legs whenever there was a twinge of gout in a big toe, or could fling away its arms when it had no further use for them, and arms and legs would grow a pain, as quickly as crustacean claws, the practice suggested by the Bible might be more generally followed, and certainly the police force would have much difficulty in manacled its prisoners. Who could properly deride the feelings of one of our guardians of the peace if a criminal whose arms are expected to be cut off, "losing his limbs," as the veracious bath it, should suddenly "leave his hands behind" and arms as a parting gift, and dash down the street with feet made more active by the lessened weight they had to carry? But to man is not given such a precious privilege; he cannot even imagine how he should go about to shake himself clear of his bones; but the crab makes no bones about it; he does not strain after an effect, does not dash around nor strike the offending member—he simply drops it as a fashionist drops a button, with unostentatious quietude. It seems to be an act of mental rather than of physical effort. Having no further use for that limb he drops it off, or, finding himself overcome by his enemy, like a brave but vanquished foe he surrenders his arms, and thus saves life and honor. And then, having got rid of a member in this easy fashion, he recovers it with equal facility. The e are no on-armed pensioners on the crustacean pay-roll, no empty sleeves going about the sanguine streets playing on aqueducts and organs, or appealing to the sympathy of the crabdons; one-ended heroes are left to stump it through life in a feeble search for daily provender. No sooner has the claw been cast aside than another proceeds to grow, hardly off with the old before he is on with the new, and a few months sees the cripple as sound and whole and stout and hearty as ever. All ye who have toothaches, caraches or headaches, all ye who have felons on your fingers or gout in your toes—who have had arm or legs on the altar of your country—all, in fact, who have a limb too few by consequence of its loss, or a limb too heavy by virtue of its bad behavior, go to the crab, observe his ways, and be sad that you cannot do so likewise; that you cannot shut your miseries or recover from your misfortune as easily as he.

Nature has done much for this lively and energetic crustacean; among other favors, it has conferred on him a complete suit of armor. He not merely carries his house but his castle on his back; he is invariably armed *cap-a-pie*, so that enemies cannot break in and steal his *prop-riety*, and he may engage his naturally feeble power without the least apprehension. He is the knight-errant of the watery world, and backs down from no danger; his nearest initiation of a retreat being to slip off sideways. But this comfort of a coat of mail has its disadvantages; the crab grows, but his castle does not. There comes a time in the life of every crab, and it comes very often, at least once a year, and perhaps much oftener, when he has not only grown too big for his boots, but too large for his iron skin, when he must swell or burst when the very weight of his best and his chest-protector, crushes him, and he is cabined, cribbed, confined, within a limit all too small for his swelling proportions. In plain words, he fluids himself in a very tight place and many a less enterprising animal would give up the struggle, and perish like the old-time State criminal who stood mute at his trial under the *peine due et forte*. But not so the crab, who is always equal to the occasion, whatever the occasion may be. He does not cut his coat to his cloth, he does not shrink within himself, nor give up hope of ex-

pansion, nor surrender the confidence of a grander and broader future—he simply sheds that skin. He moves from that house, he leaves his armor for a smaller man; he casts off all that he has worn, and he enters a new and more comfortable one when he enters Fifth Avenue as a leader of society. To an ordinary mortal, endowed with no more capacity than an ordinary mortal possesses, the withdrawal of a crab from its shell would seem an impossibility, but the crustacean certainly performs the feat. The claws and legs and flippers are much larger at the extremities than they are at the joints, the claws especially being often a half-dozen times as large as the body. The crab, however, passes the narrowest of the yielding tube of compression or forcing an enlargement of the smaller portion. The eyes are under protuberances, like knobs placed at the end of delicate filaments one quarter as thick as themselves, yet they are pulled through the unyielding tube which incloses the filament between them and the body. Every portion, even the finest and most delicate, not thicker in places than a hair, is safely and successfully withdrawn, and the case is left with all its parts and armor in perfect, as complete and unincumbered as if the animal had been a deacon, and its flesh had been washed away. The act completed, and to one side lies the shell, to the other lies the crab, alive, but feeble, helpless and unresisting, a prey to any foe, even the miserable little minnow, who can bite a piece out of his exposed sides or run off with the end of one of his claws. The armor is gone and the warrior knows it, his courage and pluck have gone with it; he can now only "suffer and be still." There is danger every ripple of the wave, in every motion of the water, in the approach of every living thing, bird, beast or fish. Death hangs over him like a pall, and he cannot even make an effort to escape. His limbs are too feeble to support him, he cannot run, walk, crawl nor swim; he is aware of this, and makes no attempt to move, either to fly, or to fight, but allows himself to be picked up, or crushed, or eaten, without the semblance of a protest—and just then how good he is to eat; how other fishes love him, what bait he makes, what a delectable manna he provides for the birds, how the birds look for him, and the little fishes "go for him!" His days of power have for the moment passed, and it is no wonder his nature is perverted, for in those hours of helplessness he suffers wrongs and cruelties enough to curb the temper of a race of angels. Every creature's fangs are turned against him, and it is only natural that when he recovers his strength he turns his pincers against every creature.

At this point another serious question presents itself, as serious in many respects as that at the head of the article, and that question is: Which is the best to eat, a soft or a hard crab? So important and far-reaching a matter, a matter that affects the happiness of every man, woman and child who eats crabs (and what man, woman or child fails to eat crabs if he, she or it can get crabs to eat?)—on so tremendous a question it will not do to make any mistake. And yet who can tell? When cooks disagree, who shall decide? And so hard a problem it will be if after we have all eaten soft crabs as the "notion" further of gustatory bliss, have sighed for soft crabs, have sung of soft crabs, have sorrowed after soft-crabs plots, if after all this pride of stomach a future Soyr, or Blot, or Savarin shall arise and tell us we were mistaken, that a soft crab does not compare in flavor, in delicacy, in excellence, with a hard crab; that we have all erred and lived our lives and ruined our digestions in vain! When such undeniable authority shall prove to us that our entire treatment of the crab was a miserable error, that we should have continued our industries to convert the hard shell into the soft, that our distinctions between a "shedder" and a "burster" and a "buckram" were but wasted learning. What shall we say and do then; how turn the hands of time back and make up for our lost crabbed opportunities? Yet there are those among us who believe that such will be the final fate of all who prefer soft crabs to hard.

But let us return to our crab, leaving his comparative excellence aside for his comparative position. The moment he is out of his old house he swells himself; he assumes all the rotundity that the utmost possible consumption of water will attain. This is not out of pride at the extraordinary feat he has just accomplished, but as a precautionary measure for the future. Upon his size now depends the size of his new coat which Nature is making and fitting for him, and he must leave room for all the good dinners he intends to eat for the next many months. As he incased again in his fresh garments, he has no further chance to expand except by another revolution like the one he has just gone through. Having swollen, he lies still till his coat hardens into mail, which it does in a few days. At this time occurs another strange event which no man has successfully explained. A hard crab is very frequently seen swimming with a soft one in his arms; now, the reason for this is something that "no fellow has found out." It may be love or it may be hunger, it may be that the hard shell means to make the soft shell a part of his armor, or it may be that the soft one holds the crab strained to his ear or breast, so that when one is captured the other is taken also, and it has been observed that the two are generally, if not invariably, of different sex. So this strange romance may be founded, like so many human ones, on "the old story," or it may be but a repetition of a still older story reaching way back to the days of Adam immediately on his expulsion from paradise, the struggle for life. As our great poet Joaquin Miller so beautifully sings:

"O master dear, I greatly fear
Our crab will come to harm,
For I saw last night the 'hard crab'
With the 'soft crab' on its arm!"

This eccentricity may therefore signify the end of that soft crab, or it may signify the beginning of a new one, but soft and hard crabs extend far down through all the generations. For, after all, crabs are but mortal, and are dominated by the power of love and hunger like human beings; they may have wonderful gifts, but they are subject to a common fate, and food and folly fill as much of their lives as they do of man's.

We all know the famous definition of a crab, that it was a "red fish that went backward"—and the criticism to the effect that there were only two errors in the explanation, as a crab was neither red nor a fish nor did it go backward! But this is over-true. The best part of a crab's existence, if not of his life, is when he is red—for only after he is cooked do most of our race know him. By heat he turns from a yellow-green to radiant red; he is purified and improved by fire. The most skeptical will admit that, if he is not absolutely a fish, a scale-fish, with the flesh outside and the bones inside, he is a sort of fish, a "variation," as science terms it, a shell-fish, which, in its eccentric and perhaps

as noble nature, prefers to wear the bones outside and keep the flesh safely housed within. Moreover, if the ichthyologically learned were required to define accurately and positively what a fish is, and to determine if a crab would include whales equally with stick-backs and the voracious plaice of the California coast with the flying-fish and the dolphins, and if they would accept the curious double-eyed species of the West Indies, which have one-half of the optic lens adapted to looking through the atmosphere and the other half for use under water, they would certainly experience trouble in keeping out of so large and liberal a class our persevering and interesting subject, the crab. And, as to his mode of progression, did not so great and fishy an authority as the "mely choly Dine" in *Simpson* say, "If it be a crab, you could go backward?" Taking all this together, therefore, it is not surprising that a crab should carry some of his obliquities with him, even into a dictionary. He often gets into strange places, and does strange things when there. For the length of the muddy salt-water creeks of our coast he digs holes and makes narrow but comfortable houses, where he lies and gazes out all day long upon the interest of the placid scenery of his watery realm, waiting, possibly, for a careless minnow to come within reach of his claws, and with apparently as little on his mind as a fashionable New York loafer, hanging around the doors of a city hotel, or staring vacantly, with feet higher than head, from its sitting-room window, on the passing Broadway pedestrians. In the bays where the mud of the creek is replaced by sand, he digs similar holes on the shallow flats, and, backing down into them, passes the days peering into the sky and waiting till the clouds shall fall into the sun, or raise the temperature of the water to boiling heat, so that he can be ready cooked for the salamander who is to take the place of man when that interesting event shall have occurred. At least this is all that we know that he does, except when we walk about barefooted in his neighborhood, when we discover that, in taking to housekeeping, he has not surrendered his predatory propensities. It may be that he retires in doors, like a mode-t animal, to change his shirt—anything may be, or may not be, in the matter, but it is certain that he does not, if he does, the difficulties of the operation must be greatly increased by the closeness of his quarters. There is scarcely room for himself, and certainly not for himself and his shell, when he has cast off the latter, and his struggles to get out of his covering, which at the best are severe and exhausting, would be rendered twice as hard in so limited a space. Still, he has an odd way of getting into odd places for odd purposes. What could have induced the subjects of Pharaoh when, three thousand five hundred years ago, they were erecting a monument to the glories of their pharaoh, to dig under the monument four crabs? They were doubtless an intelligent and civilized people; but what connection could the highest intelligence and most perfect civilization discover between a crab and an obelisk? There are few points of similarity between these objects, and the most casual observer will note many differences. An obelisk does not seem, by any natural process, to suggest a crab, nor a crab an obelisk. Our American predecessors, the wise Indians of our coast, must have captured, killed and eaten crabs for the time during which "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and yet there is no evidence that they were in the habit of erecting obelisks. Possibly the engineers of the ancient Egyptians were a jocular and sarcastic race, and thus covertly conveyed to future times an all-gorical intimation of the cruel and crabbed character of the Pharaonic government. Or the great kings themselves may have said, in their plenitude of pride, that the world is changed on the back of a tortoise—as all the world knows—their kingdom should be torse on the back of that far nobler and higher animal, the crab.

But these speculations are carrying us away from the main purpose of this paper, and leaving us almost to forget the question that was to be answered. For our better enlightenment we have taken a casual and cursory look into the moral and physical conformation of the creature. We have curd the reader's mind, and we grow, but it is necessary to draw a line somewhere, and we cannot enter the vast field of the idealistic, symbolical, and imaginative. What we want is a simple answer to a plain inquiry, and can scarcely be expected to look back three thousand years and search through all the realms of fancy to find it. We desire to keep the reader to the point, and not allow him or her to stray off into byways and roundabout lanes, enticing and attractive as they may appear. The question is, Why does the crab go sideways? And we are prepared to give it up by this time, and will furnish the only and correct reply, that is, the only reply which the present state of science accepts as correct—for, as to the future, science reserves to itself the right to change its views as freely as it has changed them about every other problem on every other conceivable question concerning the "heavens and the earth and the wars under the earth," and every living, moving, breathing or inanimate thing therein or thereabout. But at present science and experience unite in saying that a crab goes sideways for no reason, and no other, and for a good reason it seems to be that a crab can go in no other way. For, judging by what we know of a crab's disposition, if there was any other way in which it could go, it would go that way. That's all. And if any one has a better reason let him present it, or "forever after hold his peace."

THE HOOP SNAKE.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Suppose that you now open a discussion on the natural and mythical history of the hoop snake. It has been my custom when traveling through any part of the country to talk with the people on all natural history subjects, and the snakes have no sooner been brought forward than the hoop snake invariably comes rolling in.

No one has ever seen one of the animals in question, but few men are so far behind in the knowledge of the ways of serpents as not to have "heard of" some wonderful fables connected with this cousin of the sea serpent.

I do not believe there is a town in the United States that does not contain innumerable believers in the hoop snake, and where the various legends have originated is as much a mystery as the creature itself.

The naturalists all know that this snake is an utter impossibility, but the people in general are equally certain that their great uncles and brother-in-laws have had experiences with the species.

Let all persons who are familiar with any points relating to the hoop snake contribute their knowledge to *FOREST AND STREAM*, and we shall have some interesting matter.

MARK WEST.

Game Bag and Gun.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE.

OPEN SEASONS.

The seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table.

States.	Deer.	Woodcock.	Quail.	Ruffed Grouse.	Pinn. Groose (Prairie Chickens).	Wild. Goose.	Wild Turkey.
Ala.	Oct. 29.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 29.
Ariz.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Cal.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Conn.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 1.	Prohibited.
Del.	July 1.	Nov. 1.	Nov. 1.	Nov. 1.	Nov. 1.	Nov. 1.	Nov. 1.
D. C.	Aug. 15.	Nov. 1.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 1.
Idaho.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Ill.	Sept. 1.	July 4.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Aug. 15.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 1.
Ind.	Sept. 1.	July 10.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Aug. 15.	Aug. 15.	Oct. 1.
Iowa.	Sept. 1.	July 10.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Aug. 15.	Aug. 15.	Oct. 1.
Kan.	Sept. 1.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Ky.	Sept. 1.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Me.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Mass.	Nov. 1.	Aug. 15.	Oct. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Mich.	Sept. 1.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Minn.	Sept. 1.	July 4.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Miss.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Mont.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
N. H.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
N. J.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
N. Mex.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
N. Y.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Ohio.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Ore.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Pa.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
R. I.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
S. C.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Tenn.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Texas.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Va.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Wash.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Wis.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Wyo.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.

Antelope.—Col., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.
Goatsuckers.—Cal., Sept. 1; Del., Sept. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1.
Partridge.—Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1.
Doves.—Ala., Aug. 1; Cal., July 1; Ga., Oct. 1; Kan., Aug. 1; Miss., Sept. 15; Mo., Aug. 1; N. H., Sept. 1; N. J., Sept. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Or., July 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.
Geese.—Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1; Ore., July 1.
Mountain Sheep.—Cal., Sept. 1; Nev., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.
Pronghorn.—Cal., Sept. 1; N. Mex., Aug. 1; Mo., Aug. 1; Nev., Sept. 1; N. H., Aug. 1; Pa., July 15; R. I., Aug. 1.
Rabbit.—Del., Sept. 1; N. J., Sept. 1; N. S. J., Aug. 25; Pa., Sept. 1.
Squirrels.—Del., Sept. 1; D. C., Sept. 1; N. J., Sept. 1; N. C., Oct. 15.
Squirrels.—Dakota, Aug. 15; D. C., Sept. 1; Nev., Sept. 1; N. C., Oct. 15.

In the States there are special county laws. A deer law applies to sale or possession. A wildcat not protected on the coast. A Upper Peninsula deer season opens Aug. 15. A California quail protected to the 1st of Sept. in the season of 1891 on the prairie. A wild goose, Sept. 1. First open woodcock season began July 1. A wild turkey, Sept. 1. Quail shooting prohibited to Nov. 1, 1891, in counties of Washington, Schuylkill, Saratoga, Albany, Wildford. A wild turkey in Long Island waters opens Oct. 1. Woodcock shooting in Dutchess County prohibited during August. A deer law relates to female deer only.

THE MINNESOTA PRAIRIE CHICKEN SEASON does not open until Sept. 1.

PRAIRIE CHICKEN SHOOTING.

THE reports which have come to us of the pinnated grouse, or prairie chicken, shooting in the West this season are very promising. Our correspondents are uniformly of the opinion that the season of 1891 on the prairie will be all that the sportsman could ask. The law is in Dakota, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and Wisconsin August 15, and in Indiana, Kansas and Minnesota Sept. 1. Reports have come to us during the past week as follows, and we hope that our friends at the West may supplement these letters with news of the game supply in other localities:

POINTS ON THE CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY.
 THE CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY CO.,
 CHICAGO, Ill., July 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am advised that chickens are plentiful on our Winona and St. Peter line, west of Rochester, and on our Iowa Division, west of Des Moines. I give the names of some of the towns where sportsmen will find hotel accommodations, and in some cases I have the names of the principal hotels. Where the names of the hotels are not given sportsmen will find good accommodations without any trouble. I do not know the exact rate in any case, but most of the best Western hotels charge transients from \$1.50 to \$2 per day.

Our rule is to make a rate of one and a half for the round trip for hunters. No charge is made for carrying guns and traps and hunting tackle in baggage-cars, nor are baggage men allowed to make any charge for the same.

Iowa.—Des Moines, Cedar Rapids (hotels: Grand Hotel, Northwestern Hotel, Coleman Hotel), Tama, Nevada, Ames, Boone, Ogden, Marshalltown, New Jefferson, Denison, Dunlap, Wall Lake, Sac City, Battle Creek, Mapleton.

Minnesota.—Rochester (hotels: Cook House, Pierce House), Owatonna (hotels: Arnold House, Park Hotel), Waseca, Mankato, Kasson (hotels: Raymond Hotel), St. Peter (hotels: Nicollet House, Chamberlain House), Northwestern, Redwood Falls (hotels: Commercial Hotel, Exchange Hotel), Tracy, Marshall, Lake Benton.

Dakota.—Watertown, Brookings, Volga, Desmet, Huron.

Truly yours, W. H. STERNETT, G. P. A.

GAMER IN KANSAS.

MANHATTAN, Kan., July 26.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The chicken season in Kansas does not open until Sept. 1, the last Legislature having given this bird one more month holiday than it formerly enjoyed. The season closes December 1. Quail cannot be shot until October 1, and the season extends until the first of January. One good act the Legislature did, however, was to remove their protection from the destructive crow. This was done in spite of the protests

of one granger member, that if the crow was driven away the country would be visited by a small white worm that would reduce the State to a howling desert. The crow had to go, however, and our sportsmen are awaiting him in migration to the best of their ability. Some think they must have heard of the law, as they are more careful to keep out of gunshot than before their exemption from him.

This season promises to be a good one for the sportsman in this vicinity. Quail are very numerous, comparatively few being killed last year. Even on the outskirts of this city the voice of the Bob White may be heard in the evening, and in the course of an evening's ride numerous broods will be flushed.

The chicken makes its home on the high prairie during the summer months, and parties in from those sections report them very numerous.

The blue and Kansas rivers unite at this point, and large sloughs are numerous, so it may well be imagined that there is high sport during the fall and winter. Geese and ducks are very numerous, the former on the rivers, and the latter both on the rivers and sloughs.

When the season fairly opens I shall give you some further notes. Just now there is nothing to hunt except squirrels, and they are not very numerous. AMATEUR SPORTSMAN.

THE PROSPECTS IN IOWA.

MORNING SUN, Iowa, July 27.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The chickens are here in fair numbers, and as the law is off the 15th of August, we expect some sport in that line soon. Plover are beginning to come in, and there are said to be some snipe in the Iowa bottom.—M. S. I.

LINCOLN, Neb., July 27.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is good plover shooting in the vicinity of the city. Two of us went out the other afternoon and bagged between thirty and forty. One can hear quail in every direction when outside the city limits, and twice I have heard them near the State house within the last two weeks. Reports from the country are to the effect that prairie chickens are plentiful. The shooting season opens Aug. 15. I fear the game laws here are not very strictly observed. The city club offers a premium of \$50 for the conviction of a member of any club for violating the law, and \$10 for the conviction of any other person. Still I apprehend chickens are being shot all the same. Thermometer 51 this A. M.—BRIE H. POLK.

THE MINNESOTA SEASON.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 28, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The open season on prairie chicken in Minnesota commences Sept. 1. The Legislature changed the date to Sept. 1 at its last session, 1880-81. Let me quote from the Revised Statutes approved Feb. 20, 1891: "No person shall kill or pursue with intent to kill any prairie chicken, nor any white-breasted or sharp-tailed grouse or prairie chickens, saving only during the months of September, October and November; nor any quail or partridge, nor any ruffed grouse or pheasant save only during the months of September, October and November."

Prairie chicken are reported quite plenty in this vicinity, and we anticipate good sport, if the coveys are not broken by farmers' boys and unprincipled gunners who style themselves sportsmen.

I saw a party from the Rice Lakes (about fifteen miles or less) here, and famous for its grand "pass" shooting) who says there is more rice in the lakes this year than there has been for fifteen years. This argues well for some excellent sport among the rice ducks this fall. If any of your correspondents want any wild rice, I think I could make arrangements for getting some this year. F. V. H.

MORRIS, Minn., July 28, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Chickens are more plentiful than before for years. Ducks also in large numbers. SUBSCRIBER.

OUR DETROIT LETTER.

THERE is consternation in the camp of the pigeon shooters. The place where the Michigan State Medical Association does its shooting is a part of the Hamtramck race track inclosure called deer-shooting Park. Of this G. O. Voorhees is lessee and he rents to the Medical Association. The law of this State, under which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals operates, contains this clause: "Any person who shall rent any building, shed, room, yard, ground or premises for the purpose of * * * shooting any animal, fowl or bird, or shall knowingly suffer or permit the use of any * * * ground or premises belonging to him or under his control for any of these purposes shall, on conviction thereof be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor."

The penalty is imprisonment in jail not exceeding three months, a fine not exceeding \$100, or both such fine and imprisonment as the Court shall determine.

Mr. Voorhees yesterday received from James Forsyth, Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a letter notifying him that the Society had finally resolved to enforce the law with respect to pigeon shooting. In consultation with some of the leading men of the Medical Association, Voorhees has said that he will make a test case in the courts if the Association will stand by him. In my opinion it is extremely doubtful if the men who shoot will undertake anything of the kind. They think the easiest way is the best way. They are not anxious to go into a wrangle with the law, and some of them are more than half inclined to think that after all they deserve the appellation of "pigeon murderers," which has frequently been applied to them heretofore. That is to say, there is in the minds of some of them a half-defined notion that it is not the manifest thing in the world to trap and kill half-played-out birds after the fashion of bushwhackers, and I think I begin to observe signs of disintegration in the pigeon shooting clubs in the West. In respect to the present controversy, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty occupies the van, and ground, having put the shooters on the defensive and being right in the strength of law and the undoubted drift of public sentiment. I do not quite know how this will strike the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, but if facts are what they want, they may possibly thank me for writing and this journal for publishing the naked truth. I express no opinion of my own on the merits of the case. What I have written here is to-day history.

The law in relation to woodcock shooting takes effect in this State August 1, but in the meantime the sportsmen are bawling away, and woodcock are selling at \$4 to \$4.50 a dozen. Even at these figures they are very scarce, and the market is not especially eager for them. I have detected some signs of conscience among sportsmen here, and it is a genuine pleasure to record the fact that most of them have steadily refused to pull a trigger, though July is, in theatrical parlance, an "open date" in Michigan.

At Point Mouillee Marsh, President Colburn informs me, and the promise for September 1 is uncommonly gorgeous. At the St. Clair Flats ducks are plentiful already, but rascals are killing them at an outrageous rate. They do not bring them to town, nor let it be known who they are, else the genuine sportsmen would invoke the law upon them in a half minute.

That bear, which two hunters of Rogers' Lake presented to E. H. Gillman a few months ago, and which was sent over to Belle Isle by the latter, escaped soon after its arrival. Yesterday a policeman, going through a woods on the island, found the poor bear dead. It had fouled its chain in a log, and unquestionably starved to death.

The fourth annual tournament of the Howell Gun Club will be held at Howell, Mich., on the Detroit, Lansing and Northern Railroad, August 9, 10 and 11. It is to be a tournament with glass balls, open to the world and one or two counties of New Jersey. There will be a no pro rata purse each day, and in addition to the regular purses, the management announce a citizen's purse of \$150 in gold, after purse No. 8, on August 11. EYE-OPENER.

HINTS IN THE ART OF DUCK SHOOTING.

BEING A FAMILIAR LETTER TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN A GREENHORN.

My Dear Fellow:

Of course not; you will not own up that you were ever what you now style a "greenhorn." Oh, no; you never hired a punter and paid him two dollars per day to locate you on some old root or point over deep water where he could position all day, with an ocean of high or wide-winged duck to stare him out if he happened to fly in front of you, where you could "swing" on him without losing your balance, while the said punter went off "to scare him up," which scaring up consisted in locating himself on some good feeding ground in shallow water, where he did scare them up—without shooting—well knowing that the ducks were "wounded," and would straggle along back all day to the crack of his old muzzle loader, and the loading of his old dug-out to its utmost, with "green heads," "hen mallards," "grants," etc. Toward which he pushed a long back, asks, "How many you got?" and picks up your "ge," which consists of one that fell behind the point of deer-tongue, one or two in the high grass and one or two that can be retrieved. A few days later you are surprised to learn that Old Smith—with this same punter—"killed ninety-seven ducks and was in at three o'clock."

How many seasons did it take you to learn that the best places were saved by these punters for just such good fellows as Old Smith, and that Old Smith gave the said punter that che-p single-barreled breech-loader, with which he kills crabs and Old Smith and ducks for the market when he engaged in finding the best places for Smith or guarding the same against encroachments of "greenhorns" and others that are not up to the dodge of fees and perquisites?

How many seasons did it take you to learn to depend on your own judgment, to watch the flights and go where the ducks were, and where they would come back, and to get a good blind if it took till noon? You must well remember how you were prone to stop at the first point where you saw a few ducks flying over, and how after getting partly blinded you would think you saw greater numbers over some other point where you would pull up stake and move. Of course you don't remember in your early days "racking a cap" at a duck at least three gun shots high, and then saying "Gosh! if that gun had gone off I'd a-killed him sure!"—and you wondered why I laughed.

And you don't remember getting vexed at a man because he called you "Mark" when your name is George. Oh! no. You were never a "greenhorn." You never jumped up when a duck was 200 yards from you, and coming straight on? Why, I've seen you do it, to wit, after time, soon after season, and you remember how you would occasionally throw up your gun when the duck was within thirty or forty yards, take it down again, and then regret that you did not shoot, as you imagined he was too far away? Also, how much time was wasted while pulling or pulling across the flat or other open water by stopping and crouching every time a duck could be seen within half a mile.

Again, how long did it take you "to learn the marsh?" And not to be lost by the time you had pulled 500 yards from the open channel? You had it the slightest idea of making your surroundings? It took years to learn to note things in the distance; to mark the risings and depressions of wood-tops, hills, curious y-shaped trees, house tops, etc., against the sky—things that can be seen long after twilight. You were always obliged to leave the shooting grounds by four o'clock for fear of being caught out after dark.

It is I, you were all "greenhorns." It takes years upon years of active ducking to get half an education in that line; to learn the effects of winds of varying force and direction, stages of water at which to visit after time, the color of the clothing you should wear and of the boat you use. How many times I've seen your old black hat or coat blowing up and down when you were a mile from me across the marsh, while I would scarcely catch a glimpse of either hunters at one-quarter the distance, who had had and out of "dead grass" color late in the fall, or the proper shade of green in September, or of brown if blended in the deer-tongue.

How smart we feel and how we pity the green one in his great yawn, with perhaps a half-standing keel that prevents his going into shallow water—his splashing, noisy ways, back splashes, etc. And yet, let us strike one of those old "natives"—"marsh rats"—that have been market shooting and "putting" all their lives; then how green we feel and how fully we appreciate the impossibility of our ever learning half his craft—a knowledge that seems to be a second nature, although acquired during a life-time in the "marsh."

We go out with our parent decoys, our patriguns, our improved boats, our fancy blinds, and get thoroughly hid in the high grass on the point. After awhile along comes your old "marsh rat." His old eyes peer under the bottom of his old skin. He pulls ashore, never noticing the occasional duck that may fly past; cuts a small armful of canes; locates

in the shallow water between two points; sticks the few canes in the mud around his boat and binds down the tops. This makes a "blind" that does not seem to hide him or his boat, any more than the traditional ladder did the girl who undressed behind it; still the ducks do not seem to see him. The course shot, that he always uses, go out of his old gun with a kind of "swish," caused by his two drams of powder and one cut wad, but the duck comes down, be it anywhere under sixty yards, and he seldom shoots further unless he "chances" a long shoot at a canvas back or goose.

Perhaps you never noticed the difference between the "swish" of his gun and the bang, roar and reverberation of the ten-pound, ten-gauge, five-dram breech-loader, with two pink-edge wads over the powder. And speaking of targets, his gun won't make one. Why, a thirty-inch circle, at forty yards, wouldn't have a dozen pellets in it—but then there would be four or five near the centre.

Our native is not out this time for profit. Fowl are not plenty enough. He gets half a dozen in a half hour just enough for a "mess"—pulls up and goes home, with his old gun again in the bottom of the boat. He makes no false motions, but if a duck comes within range of that skiff it falls down, perhaps only winged, and of course dives. Does our "marsh rat" shoot at his flattened head on the surface of the water? Not much. He picks up his paddle, and there is a lively race for the grass, with strokes at the duck every time his head pops out of the water, not giving him time to "get his wind." Long before the grass is reached the head collides with the paddle, and a dead duck is added to the pile in the skiff.

Now, we will go over to Blue Hill Point, where this same "native" shot all last week, and the week before. See here, now! If you want to get out of the boat, get out over the bow. Don't you see the grass is not disturbed at all, except just where his boat was shoved in, and one or two little trails where he has gone in after ducks dropped in the grass. Now, supposing this same point had been shot off from by some of the members of the "Winnettsville Gun Club," it would look as if it had been run over by a herd of cattle, and you could not get any well-appointed wild fowl within fourteen gun shots of the place. Oh, my boy, there's many a point to be learned, many a wrinkle not dreamed of in your philosophy—not in mine, for that matter—not in any man's who can only hunt two or three weeks in the course of a year.

MR. HUNT-ABLE.

Cleveland, Ohio.

RABBIT TAKING TO WATER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If any readers of this paper have ever seen a rabbit take to the water when pursued by dogs I should like to hear from them.

I witnessed one instance of it one day in February, 1863, while stationed as ordnance sergeant at Fort Banks, ten miles above New Orleans on the Algiers side of the river.

The planters use a half-breed hound and setter for rabbit-hunting; they run faster, but don't follow as true as the beagle, and, consequently, run over and take up time in picking up the trail. We were running a pack of six or eight of these dogs. They had started a rabbit, and were coming toward me at a good pace, every dog giving tongue that made the woods fairly ring with the exciting music. I saw the cotton-tail just flying over the ground, some of the pack were running, I think, by sight. He suddenly stopped in an old ditch or drain. There was about ten or twelve inches of water in the ditch into which my long-eared friend settled himself, leaving above the surface his eyes and nose only.

The pack came up, jumped the ditch pell-mell and, as the last dog cleared the bank, the rabbit crept out and took his back trail. Talk about tail-sailing! Why he went like a streak of lubricated lightning, and by the time the pack got through fighting over their hinder and straightened out on the new direction the cotton-tail had ten minutes' start and the whole State of Louisiana for a race-course. H. L. M. Lynn, July 22.

SHRIMP SHOOTING OFF COBB'S ISLAND.—Parties direct from the Virginia coast report huge bags of bay birds at Cobb's Island, though at Cape Charles Light and vicinity fine sport has been had. Dr. George Williams, P. Savage, Capt. Sturgis of Northampton County, left on Monday for an extended hunt off the broadwater. As each man carried one hundred pounds of shot, a keg of powder, and a sack of salt to preserve the game, the hunt must be immense. If they get back alive I will send you an account of their trip. The Doctor has just bought a new gun from New York. It's a choke bore, and made by —. Well, as this ad. isn't paid for I won't mention makers.—CHASER.

THE CLUBS OF WESTMINSTER, Md.—We have a Forest and Stream Club of Carroll County at this place in addition to the Carroll County Rifle Association. The Forest and Stream Club is now in camp on the banks of the Menocacy, some nineteen miles west of this place, on the Western M. R. R. The camp consists of a frame structure 12 by 20 feet, containing twelve bunks, each 40 inches wide; a tent 14 by 22, and a bunk for the cook. Some very nice struts of bass have been taken already, particularly with crawfish and tadpoles, but the fishing promises to be better later in the season. W. H. R.

GILROY ROD AND GUN CLUB.—The officers of the Gilroy, Cal., Rod and Gun Club for the present year are: E. H. Farmer, president; Geo. Holloway, vice-president; H. M. Briggs, treasurer; E. Levesley, secretary. The club is in a flourishing condition, and a field trial of dogs in the fall is proposed.

GOOD GROUND, SHIMMEECK BAY.—Bay snipe shooting continues to be good. Parties bringing in good bags every day. The best bag of the season, so far, was brought in by Horace Waldo and son, July 26, sixty-four in a half-day's shoot. We are looking for a flight of willet every day.—WILLIAM N. LARK.

WILKINSON'S CHARLIER for filling rifles and shot shells is a simple, accurate and perfectly satisfactory tool. We have carefully tested its merits, and find that its manufacturer's claims for it are well founded.

BEAVERS IN GEORGIA must be in goodly numbers if the report is true that a Greene (Ga.) County trapper made \$700 trapping them last season.

A good excuse for sickness of yourself and family is that you don't use Hop Bitters.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

FRESH WATER.		SALT WATER.	
Salmon, <i>Salmo salar</i> .		Starletfish, <i>Ammodytes americanus</i> , &	
Brown Trout, <i>Salvelinus fontinalis</i> .		gracilis, etc.	
Rainbow Trout, <i>Salmo trutta</i> .		Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .	
Dolly Varden Trout, <i>Salmo malinche</i> .		Striped Bass, <i>Morone chrysops</i> .	
Grayling, <i>Thymallus tricolor</i> and <i>T. montanus</i> .		White Bass, <i>Ambloplites</i> . (Two species).	
Bass, <i>Micropterus salmoides</i> and <i>M. paludis</i> .		War-worm, <i>Chonobryttus gulosus</i> .	
Muscalonge, <i>Esox nubilus</i> .		Crappie, <i>Pomoxis nigromaculatus</i> .	
Pickereel, <i>Esox reticulatus</i> .		Bachelor, <i>Pomoxis annularis</i> .	
Pike or Pickerel, <i>Esox lucius</i> .		Shad, <i>Alosa sapidissima</i> .	
Pike-perch (walleye) pike)			

SALT WATER.	
Sea Bass, <i>Centropristis atrarvis</i> .	
Striped Bass or Rockfish, <i>Roccus</i>	
White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .	
Burgfish or Taylor, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .	
Scup or Sheepshead, <i>Stenotomus argenteus</i> .	
Pollack, <i>Pollockus carolinensis</i> .	
Tautog or Blackfish, <i>Tautoga onitis</i> .	
Maskerel, <i>Cybinus macrochirus</i> .	
Weakfish or Squeteague, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> .	
Spot or Spot, <i>Leiostomus xanthurus</i> .	
Channel Bass, Spot, or Redfish, <i>Sciaenops ocellatus</i> .	
Sheepshead, <i>Archosargus probatocephalus</i> .	
Kingfish or Barb, <i>Menticirrhus undulatus</i> .	

BOTTOM FISHING, ground-baiting with the float and sinker, and the like, are doubtless all very well in their way; and will, perhaps, in many instances, even with sporting fishes, be found the most killing, as they are clearly the easiest methods; while, with other varieties they are the only modes that can be adopted; still they are to fly-fishing, or spinning the minnow, what shooting sitting is to shooting the quail; and the fisher who is proud of lugging out of their element a trout by main force, aided by a job-worm or roe-bait, stands in the same relation to him who baits his three or four baits with the artificial fly and single gut artistically cast, as the gunner who pot-hunts his bagful of birds—treating his ruffed grouse, and butchering his quail in their luddies on the ground—does to the crack shot, who stops his cock in a blind brake, with the eye of faith and the finger of instinct, or cuts down his wild-fowl, skating before the wind at the rate of a mile a minute, deliberately, rapid and unerring.

—FRANK FORESTER.

NEW FISIES IN NEW PLACES.

I HAVE read with much interest several articles on food fishes, their true names and classifications; also a desire expressed that any new development in new localities might be promptly forwarded to the FOREST AND STREAM.

Primarily, I would that you might be assured I am no antiquary in my hobby, although I claim from a former residence of years on that noblest of rivers of our continent, the St. Lawrence, to know the muscalonge, pike, pickerel, black and rock bass, perch, sturgeon, eels, catfish and bull-heads (the last in particular, when I see a Frenchman deftly separating the head and hide from the toothsome flesh). I, too, have seen and relished those "shiners," so called, which did so abound in years gone by in the lumbering regions of Canada; and here in our beautiful Lake Madison, just a pleasant ride from our city, we have, besides our excellent fishes, the black bass lifting the steelyard bars at 5 lbs., a very striking resemblance to those Rideau "shiners" (not them—"fellahs," who, years ago, played such adroit tricks on Her Majesty's customs officials, giving to smugglers from the American side that aid and comfort which is so refreshing to the fraternity in a tight place, and when hotly pressed), but that excellent fish which your correspondent has so filly portrayed. Here the people call him bass, and thus are so aptly and so grandly deceived, I believe them to be of the veritable family of shiners whereof your correspondent speaks.

Here I will end my rambling introduction, and give to you and your readers something new to us here in the Minnesota river. Three years ago, while passing along the streets of our city with a friend, who is regarded as a good fisherman and a mighty hunter within, we met a lad with a string of fish, three of which were so singular in looks and so unlike anything known to inhabit our waters that he asked the lad where he caught them. "Just below the slaughter-house" was the reply. I was nonplussed, although I spoke of their strong resemblance to the shad. They were a little like the whitefish of Lake Ontario, with some resemblance to what we call the sheepshead. After a careful examination, participated in by others who came along, it was agreed by all to be an entirely new comer to our river.

No more of the kind were reported until one year ago last fall when a resident of this city going to his stone quarry on the opposite side of the river in his boat, noticed large numbers of fishes going down stream, several of which he struck with his paddle and secured. Just below where this occurred the river widened out into a kind of amphitheatre of sand with very shallow water, the main channel being quite narrow. Ice had begun to form on the shoal water the thickness of window glass, and, casting his eye down stream, he saw numerous fish turned on their sides, the white of which was distinctly reflected through the ice. Running his boat as far as the draft of water would permit he jumped overboard, paddle in hand, and here commenced the "slaughter of the innocents," who, having mistaken the channel, kept on till they had to turn on their sides, and so on till they grounded, being fairly wedged between the sand below and the ice above. His catch, with nothing but his paddle to break the ice and shove them was large, and characterized by the Norwegian grit that defied the ice-striking out with his paddle as often as he saw the dead re-enforced by the living. That evening he filled a large wheelbarrow full from his morning's catch, and on his way to his home he stopped to show me his lad and for counsel as to the kind of fish, whether good, bad or indifferent. They varied in size from one pound to two pounds. I saw at a glance they were of the same family as those caught by the lad the year before, though somewhat larger. In the absence of Goldsmith's Animated Nature, Agassiz being dead, as a dernier resort, I took Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and there, on page 1,143 I found the "roach" almost a facsimile of the barrow load before me in size and description. But Webster says they are "inhabitants of fresh water, silver white color with greenish back, of the carp family." Why were they in such vast numbers making toward the Mississippi if they were not also visitors to the salted seas? The drift of these fishes continued with little abatement for three

days, and our Norwegian friend needed no pork barrel to resort to that winter.

Almost simultaneously with this incident which I have but imperfectly described there appeared in the Ogdensburg, N. Y., *Republican*, an account of the appearance and take in the large bays of the River St. Lawrence above that city of a similarly described fish much smaller in size than those taken here, and the statement was made that the name and classification of this new species of fish which so nonplused the Ogdensburghers was referred to a man who pretends to know much about fish, who pronounced it a cross between the shad and white-fish. I will only add that my Norwegian friend gave me my pick out of several consecutive barrow loads, and that I found the flavor much like that of the shad, as fat as they, while the small bones (their principal objection), like those of the shad, were innumerable in multitude and infinite in places, but with plenty of time and true patience, duplicated with baked snowflake potatoes, there never recurred a "dead lock" in satisfying the demands of a healthy empty stomach.

F. B. H.

BLACK BASS FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.

THE guests of Stockbridge's Hotel, Central Valley, N. Y., have enjoyed unusual fine black bass fishing this season. Messrs. Geo. Andreae and Walter Hendricks took yesterday in all eighteen bass, nine of them with the artificial fly. Mr. Andreae took one weighing 8 1/2 oz., with a 9 oz. Conroy split bamboo fly rod—a very handsome brace of fish and hard to match anywhere.

Mr. Fred Malleson, of the firm of Conroy, Bisset & Malleson, 65 Fulton street, took, two days before, fourteen bass weighing 28 lbs. Mr. Malleson will be happy to furnish directions to any anglers wishing a good day's sport. H.

IS IT TARPON OR TARPUM?

WE refer to the common name of the *Megalops thersoides*. We notice that Dr. Gill, in his list of east coast fishes, gives its common names as "jew fish" and "tarpum," as used in Bermuda. Prof. Goode, in his catalogue of the fishes of the Bermudas, gives its name as "tarpum." We have noticed that our Floridian correspondents spell it "tarpum." Who knows what the name is derived from and what its orthography should be?

We have written to our correspondent "Al. Fresco" on this subject, and he writes as follows:

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., July 29. I cannot post you regarding the word "Tarpum." It is used on the S. W. coast. I never heard any one say "tarpum." Until I corrected the error they were called jewfish by the fishermen at the Bar. They are being hooked daily, but not landed. They can only be described as "greed lightning," acrobats *par excellence*. AL. FRESCO.

FISHING IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

OSWEGO, N. Y., July 20. BLACK BASS are in full season here. Within the past three days more than 200 fish have been taken with fly and minnow from our river within the city limits. Two days since a two by ten man with two friends in a sloop rigged yacht from this river made Stony Island, thirty miles north-east from here, and in three hours fishing with the fly upon Cat Island bar took forty bass, five of which weighed over three pounds each.

In Lake Neautawau, distant twelve miles from this city, on Friday last, five bass were taken with the minnow, weighing, respectively, five, four and one-half, three and two of two pounds.

The above record is authentic. The Governor has signed the law authorizing the expenditure of funds necessary to erect fishways upon various rivers of the State, and the Superintendent of Public Works has promised to put the ways into the Oswego immediately upon receipt of plans. Next season, we shall, I believe, be able to offer salmon fishing to the sporting public, even as now we claim to offer the finest bass fishing in the State. F. E. H.

BLUEFISH IN GREAT SOUTH BAY.

IN the early part of the season the bluefish did not enter the bay freely, and no large catches are reported. Now the fish are more plenty and enter the bay, but are immediately captured by the pound net's which are set in the channel.

We are also informed that drift nets are used at night to capture these fish. The use of pound nets is distinctly prohibited by law in these waters, and also the use of the drift nets. Notwithstanding this the law has been publicly violated for years past by the fishermen, and the people who live on the bay hesitate, for some reasons best known to themselves, to complain of them. This netting destroys all other fishing, and renders the bay a place to be avoided by anglers, who would spend more money among the towns located on it than the worth of the fish taken, ten times over.

It is surprising that the hotel keepers and others interested allow this violation of the law to go on. We now call on the Game Protectors of the State to take action on this evil and abate it at once.

SALMON IN CANADA.—Metropedia, July 28.—We have had continued rains of late. The river is in flood, and nothing being done at present. Mr. Wm. N. Habersham, who is fishing the upper waters of the river has had fine sport, killing twenty-two fish, all very large, in five days.—G. F. H.

SCARCITY OF SALMON IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—ST. JOHN, New Brunswick, July 29.—Samuel Whitson, of the Fisheries Department, has gone to Grand Falls to look after the fish-hatching there. He finds the greatest difficulty in procuring eggs for the hatching, and speaks very despondingly of the prospects of salmon-fishing in the river. The catch of salmon has been so enormous during the last few years that the supply of parent fishes is almost exhausted.—B.

SALMON IN FRASER RIVER.—Advices from New Westminster, B. C., July 20, say: The run of salmon on the Fraser River surpasses all precedent or calculation. Steamers and towboats laden to the gunwales with fish are arriving at the canneries faster than they can be packed, hands being scarce and labor high, causing many fish to be thrown away. One steamer has just arrived with over nine thousand fine salmon. The "catch" will be enormous, as eight canneries, representing \$500,000 are in full blast.

A LARGE ADIRONDACK TROUT.—Mr. Edward Everett Eames, of the firm of H. B. Claffin & Co., caught in Lake Mechem, in the Adirondacks, on June 26, a trout weighing two and one-half pounds, and safely landed him. His guide was Al. Burr. This is the largest trout caught there this season.—A.L.

TROUT KILLED BY A CLOUD BURST.—On July 24 a cloud burst in the head of Mill Creek Cañon, San Bernardino County, Cal. It tore trees up by the roots and moved huge boulders from their beds, sending them crashing down the cañon. An innumerable quantity of trout was killed.—*Virginian City Enterprise*.

THE HERRING.

BY PROFESSOR T. H. HUXLEY.

(Abridged from "Nature.")

LIKE most fishes, the herring is propelled mainly by the sculling action of the tail-fin, the rest serving chiefly to preserve the balance of the body, and to keep it from turning over, as it would do if left to itself, the back being the heaviest part of the fish.

The mouth of the herring is not very large, the gape extending back only to beneath the middle of the eye, and the teeth of the upper and lower jaws are so small as to be hardly visible. Moreover, when a live herring opens its mouth, or when the lower jaw of a dead herring is depressed artificially, the upper jaw, instead of remaining fixed and stationary, travels downward and forward in such a manner as to guard the sides of the gape. This movement is the result of a curious mechanical arrangement by which the lower jaw pulls upon the upper, and I suspect that it is useful in guarding the sides of the gape, when the fish gulps the small living prey upon which it feeds.

The only conspicuous teeth, and they are very small, are disposed in an elongated patch upon the tongue, and in another such patch, opposite to these, on the forepart of the roof of the mouth. But, if the mouth of a herring is opened widely, there will be seen, on each side, a great number of fine, long, bristle-like processes, the pointed ends of which project forward. These are what are termed the gill-rakers, inasmuch as they are fixed, like the teeth of a rake, to the inner sides of those arches of bone on the outside of which the gills are fixed. The sides of the throat of a herring, in fact, are, as it were, cut by four deep and wide clefts, which are separated by these gill arches, and the water which the fish constantly gulps in by the mouth flows through these clefts, over the gills and out beneath the gill-covers, aerating the blood, and thus effecting respiration, as it goes. But, since it would be highly inconvenient, and indeed injurious, were the food to slip out in the same way, these gill-rakers play the part of a fine sieve, which lets the water strain off, while it keeps the food back. The gill-rakers of the front arches are much longer than those of the hinder arches, and, as each is stiffened by a thread of bone developed in its interior, while, at the same time, its sides are beset with fine, sharp teeth, like those on a brier, I suspect that they play some part in crushing the life out of the small animals on which the herrings prey.

Between these arches there is, in the middle line, an opening which leads into the gullet. This passes back into a curious conical sac which is termed the stomach, but which has more the character of a crop. Coming out from the under side of the sac and communicating with it by a narrow opening, there is an elongated tubular organ, the walls of which are so thick and muscular that it might almost be compared to a gizzard. It is directed forward, and opens by a narrow prominent aperture into the intestine, which runs straight back to the vent.

The chief food of the herring consists of minute crustacea, some of them allied to the shrimps and prawns, but the majority belonging to the same division as the common *Cyclops* of our fresh waters.

Everybody must have noticed the silvery air-bladder of the herring, which lies immediately under the backbone, and stretches from close to the head to very near the vent, being wide in the middle and tapering off to each end. In its natural state it is distended with air; and, if it is pricked, the elastic wall shrinks and drives the air out, as if it were an india-rubber ball. When the connections of this air-bladder are fully explored, it turns out to be one of the most curious parts of the organization of the whole animal.

In the first place, the inflated end of the sac or crop into which the gullet is continued runs back into a very slender duct which turns upward and eventually opens into the middle of the air-bladder. The canal of this duct is so very small and irregularly twisted, that, even if the air-bladder is squeezed, the air does not escape into the sac. But, if air is forced into the sac by means of a blowpipe, the air passes without much difficulty the other way, and the air-bladder becomes fully distended. When the pressure is removed, however, the air-bladder diminishes in size to a certain extent, showing that the air escapes somewhere. And, if the blowing up of the air-bladder is performed while the fish is under water, a fine stream of air-bubbles may be seen to escape close to the vent. Careful anatomical investigation, in fact, shows that the air-bladder does not really end at the point where its silvery coat finishes, but that a delicate tube is continued thence to the left side of the vent, and there ends by an opening of its own.

Now, if the air-bladder of all fishes is, to begin with, an outgrowth from the front part of the alimentary canal, and there are a great many fishes in which, as in the herring, it remains throughout life in permanent communication with the gullet. But it is rare to find the duct so far back as in the herring; and, at present, I am not aware that the air-bladder opens externally in any fishes except the herring and a few of its allies.

There is a general agreement among fishermen that herrings sometimes make a squeaking noise when they are first taken out of the water. I have never heard this sound myself, but there is so much concurrent testimony to the fact that I do not doubt it; and it occurs to me that it may be produced, when the herrings are quickly brought up from some depth, by means of this arrangement. For under these circumstances the air which the air-bladder contains expands to such a degree, on being relieved from the pressure of the water, that deep-sea fishes with a closed air-bladder which are brought to the surface rapidly are sometimes fairly turned inside out by the immense distance or even bursting of the air-bladder. If the same thing should happen to the herring the like misfortune would not befall it, for the air would be forced out of the opening in question, and

might readily enough produce the squeak which is reported.

At the opposite end of the air-bladder there is an even more curious arrangement. The silvery coat of the air-bladder ends in front just behind the head. But the air-bladder itself does not terminate here. Two very small canals, each of which is not more than a two-hundredth of an inch in diameter, though it is surrounded by a relatively thick wall of cartilage, pass forward, one on each side, from the air-bladder to the back of the skull. The canals enter the walls of the skull, and then each divides into two branches. Finally, each of these two dilates into a bag which lies in a spheroidal chamber of corresponding size and form; and, in consequence of the air which they contain, these bags may be seen readily enough shining through the side-walls of the skull, the bone of which has a peculiar structure which surrounds them. Now, these two bags, which constitute the termination of the air-bladder on each side, are in close relation with the organ of hearing. Indeed, a process of that organ projects into the front chamber on each side, and is separated by only a very delicate partition from the terminal sac of the air-bladder. Any vibrations of the air in these sacs, or any change in the pressure of the air in them, must thus tell upon the hearing apparatus.

There is no doubt about the existence of these structures, which, together with the posterior opening of the air-bladder, were first described by two very able and sixty years ago, by the eminent anatomist Weber; but I am afraid we are not much wiser regarding their meaning than we were when they were first made known. In fishes in general there can be little doubt that the chief use of the air-bladder is to diminish the specific gravity of the fish, and, by rendering its body of nearly the same weight as so much water, to render the business of swimming easier. In those fishes in which the passage of communication between the air-bladder and the alimentary canal is closed, the air is no doubt secreted into the air-bladder by its vessels, which are often very abundant. In the herring the vessels of the air-bladder are very scanty; and it seems probable that the air is swallowed and forced into the air-bladder just as the loach swallows air and drives it into its intestine. And, as I have already suggested, it may be that the narrow posterior canal which leads from the air-bladder to the exterior is a sort of safety-valve allowing the air to escape, when the fish, rapidly ascending or descending, alters the pressure of the water upon the contained air.

The hypothesis may be put forward with some show of plausibility, but I really find it difficult to suggest anything with respect to the physiological meaning of the connection between the air-bladder and the ear. Nevertheless such an elaborate apparatus must have some physiological importance; and this conclusion is strengthened by the well-known fact that there are a great many fishes in which the air-bladder and the ear become connected in one way or another. In the carp tribe, for example, the front end of the air-bladder is connected by a series of little bones with the organ of hearing, which, in the fish, is very sensitive to such vibrations. In the case of the fish, it is probable that these bones in the hinder end of the skull. But here the air-bladder, which is very large, may act as a resonator; while in the herring the extreme narrowness of the passages which connect the air-bladder with the ear renders it difficult to suppose that the organ can have any such function.

In addition to the singular connection of the ear with the exterior by the roundabout way of the air-bladder, there are membranous spaces in the walls of the skull by which vibrations can more directly reach the hearing ear. And there is no doubt that the fish is very sensitive to such vibrations. In a dark night, when the water is phosphorescent, or, as the fishermen say, there is plenty of "merfire," it is a curious spectacle to watch the effect of sharply tapping the side of the boat as it passes over a shoal. The herrings scatter in all directions, leaving streaks of light behind them, like shooting-stars.

Probably 10,000 is an under-estimate of the number of ripe eggs shed in spawning by a moderate-sized female herring. But I think it is safer than 30,000, some estimators, which appears to me to be made in forgetfulness of the very simple anatomical considerations that the roe consists of an extensive vascular framework as well as of eggs; and, moreover, that a vast number of the eggs which it contains remain immature, and are not shed at the time of spawning.

Herrings which have attained maturity, and are distended by the greatly enlarged milt or roe, are ready to shed the contents of these organs, or, as it is said, to spawn. In 1862 we found a great diversity of opinion prevailed as to the time at which the operation takes place, and we took a great deal of trouble to solve the question, with the result which is thus stated in our report:

"We have obtained a very large body of valuable evidence on this subject, derived partly from the examination of fish-men and of others conversant with the herring-fishery; partly from the inspection of the accurate records kept by the fishery officers at different stations, and partly from other sources; and our clear conclusion from all this evidence is, that the herring spawns at two seasons of the year, in the spring and in the autumn. We have hitherto met with no case of full or spawning herrings being found in any locality, during what may be termed the solstitial months—namely, June and December; and it would appear that such herrings are never (or very rarely) taken in May, or the early part of July, in the latter part of November or the early part of January. But a spring spawning certainly occurs in the latter part of January, in February, in March and in April; and an autumn spawning in the latter part of July, in August, September, October, and even as late as November. During all parts of the British coast, therefore, February and March are the great months for the spring spawning, and August and September for the autumn spawning. It is not at all likely that the same fish spawn twice in the year; on the contrary, the spring and the autumn shoals are probably perfectly distinct; and if the herring, according to the hypothesis advanced above, come to maturity in a year, the shoals of each spawning season would be the fry of the twelve-month before. However, no direct evidence can be adduced in favor of this supposition, and it would be extremely difficult to obtain such evidence."

I believe that these conclusions, confirmatory of those of previous careful observers, are fully supported by all the evidence which has been collected, and the fact that this species of fish has two spawning-seasons, one in the hottest and one in the coldest months of the year, is very curious.

Another singular circumstance connected with the spawning of the herring is the great variety of the conditions, apart from temperature, to which the fish adapts itself in performing the function of spawning. It is found that the herrings spawn at depths of from ten to twenty fathoms, and even at greater depths, and in a sea of full oceanic saltness. Nevertheless, herrings spawn just as freely not only in the narrows of the

Baltic, such as the Great Belt, in which the water is not half as salt as it is in the North Sea and in the Atlantic, but even in such long inlets as the Södel in Schleswig, the water of which is quite drinkable and is inhabited by fresh-water fish. Here the herrings deposit their eggs in two or three feet of water, and they are found, along with the eggs of fresh-water fish, sticking in abundance to such fresh-water plants as *Polypogon*.

Nature seems thus to offer us a hint as to the way in which a fish like the shad, which is so closely allied to the herring, has acquired the habit of ascending rivers to deposit its eggs in purely fresh water.

If a full female herring is gently squeezed over a vessel of sea-water, the eggs will rapidly pour out and sink to the bottom, which they immediately adhere with so much tenacity that, in half an hour, the vessel may be inverted without their dropping out. When spawning takes place naturally, the eggs fall to the bottom and attach themselves in a similar fashion, but at this time the assembled fish dart wildly about, and the water becomes cloudy with the shed fluid of the milt. The eggs thus become fecundated as they fall, and the development of the young within the ova sticking to the bottom commences at once.

The first definite and conclusive evidence as to the manner in which herring-spawn is attached and becomes developed that I know of was obtained by Professor Allman and Dr. MacBain in 1862, in the Firth of Forth. By dredging in localities in which spent herring were observed on the 1st of March, Professor Allman brought up spawn in abundance at a depth of fourteen to twenty-one fathoms. It was deposited on the surface of the stone, shingle and gravel, and on old shells and coarse shell-sand, and even on the shells of small living crabs and other crustacea, adhering tenaciously to whatever it had fallen on. No spawn was found in any other part of the Forth; but it continued to be abundant on both the east and the west sides of the Isle of May up to the 13th of March, at which time the incubation of the ovum was found to be completed in a great portion of the spawn, and the embryos had become free. On the 25th scarcely a trace of spawn could be detected, and nearly the whole of the adult fish had left the Forth.

Within the last few years a clear light has been thrown upon this question by the labors of the West Baltic Fishery Committee, to which I have so often had occasion to refer. It has been found that artificial fecundation is easily practiced, and that the young fish may be kept in aquaria for as long as five months. Thus a great body of accurate information, some of it of a very unexpected character, has been obtained respecting the development of the eggs and the early condition of the young herring.

It turns out that, as is the case with other fishes, the period of incubation is closely dependent upon warmth. When the water has a temperature of 53 deg. Fahr., the eggs of the herring hatch in from six to eight days, the average being seven days. And this is a very interesting fact when we bear in mind the conclusion to which the inquiries of the Dutch meteorologists, and, more lately, those of the Scottish Meteorological Society appear to tend—namely, that the shoals prefer water of about 55 deg. At 50 deg. Fahr., the period of incubation is lengthened to eleven days, at 46 deg. to fifteen days, and at 38 deg. it lasts forty days. As the Forth is usually tolerably cool in the month of March, it is probable that Professor Allman's estimate came very near the truth for the particular case which he investigated.

The well-known "whitebait" of the Thames consists, so far as I have seen, almost exclusively of herrings under six months old, and as the average size of whitebait increases, from March and April onward, until they become suspiciously like sprats in the late summer, it may be concluded that they are the progeny of herrings which spawned early in the year in the neighborhood of the estuary of the Thames, up which these daily little fish have wandered. Whether it is the general habit of young herrings, even of those which are spawned in deep water, to migrate into the shallow parts of the sea, or even into completely fresh waters, when such are accessible, is unknown.

Fishermen distinguish four states of the herring. Fry or sile, when not larger than sprats; maties, when larger than this, with undeveloped roe or milt; full fish, with largely developed roe or milt; and spent or shotten fish which have recently spawned.

Herring-fry of the size of sprats are distinguished from full fish not merely by their size, but, in addition, by the very slight development of the milt or roe, and by the accumulation of fat in the abdominal cavity. Bands of fat are found in the mesentery alongside the intestine, and filling up the interspaces between the pyloric ceca.

Maties (the name of which is a corruption of the Dutch word for a maiden) resemble the fry in these particulars; but, if they are well fed, the deposit of fatty and other nutritive matter takes place, not only about the abdominal viscera, but also beneath the skin and in the interspaces of the flesh.

As the fish passes from the matie to the full condition, the milt and roe begin to grow at the expense of the nutriment thus stored up, and as these organs become larger and occupy more and more space in the abdominal cavity the excess of nutritious substance is transferred to them. The fatty deposit about the intestine and pyloric ceca gradually disappears and the flesh becomes poorer. It would appear that by degrees the fish ceases to feed at all. At any rate there is usually no food in the stomach of a herring which approaches maturity. In all these respects, therefore, the development and balance between the history of the herring and that of other fishes, such as the salmon—the parr corresponding to the herring-fry or sile, the grilse and the "clean fish" of larger size to the maties.

At length spawning takes place, the accumulated nutriment, transformed into eggs or spermatid fluid, is expelled, and the fish is left in that lean and depauperated state which makes a "shotten herring" proverbial. In this condition it survives for a short time, and the milt and roe are now exhausted and the fish can be blown up with air like empty bags. If the spent fish escapes its myriad enemies, it doubtless begins to feed again and once more passes into the matie state in preparation for the next breeding season. But the nature of this process of recuperation has yet to be investigated.

When they have reached the matie stage, the herrings, which are at all times gregarious, associate together in conspicuous assemblages, which are called shoals. There are sometimes of prodigious extent—indeed, eight or nine miles in length, two or three miles in breadth, with an unknown depth, are dimensions which are credibly asserted to be sometimes attained. In these shoals the fish are closely packed, like a flock of sheep straying slowly along a pasture, and it is probably quite safe to assume that there is at least one fish for every cubic foot of water occupied by the shoal. If this be

so, every square mile of such a shoal, supposing it to be three fathoms deep, must contain more than 500,000,000 herrings. And when it is considered that many shoals approach the coasts, not only of our own islands, but of Scandinavia and the Baltic and of Eastern North America, every spring and autumn, the sum total of herrings which people our seas surpasses imagination.

You read any day and some new books on the natural history of the herring, you will find a wonderful story about the movements of these shoals: how they start from their home in the polar seas and march south as a great armada which splits into minor divisions—one destined to spawn on the Scandinavian and one on our own shores—and how, having achieved this spawning raid, the spent fish make their way as fast as they can back to their Arctic refuge, there to repair their exhausted frames in domestic security. This story was started in the last century, and was unfortunately adopted and disseminated by our countrymen, Pennant. But there is not the least proof that anything of the kind takes place, and the probabilities are wholly against it. It is, for example, quite irreconcilable with the fact that herring are found in cods' stomachs all the year round.

In the matter of its migration, as in other respects, the herring comes abreast with the salmon. The ordinary habitation of both fishes is no doubt the moderately deep portion of the sea. It is only as the breeding-time draws near that the herring (and the salmon) leaves the deep and approaches the shore toward the surface and approach the land in great shoals for the purpose spawning in relatively or absolutely shallow water. In the case of the herring of Schlei we have almost the connecting link between the exclusively marine ordinary herring and the river-asalming salmon.

In 1864 we had to listen to dolorous prophecies of the coming exhaustion of the Scotch herring-fisheries. The fact that the returns showed no falling off was ascribed to the improvement of the gear and methods of fishing, and to the much greater distance to which the fishermen extended their operations. Yet what has really happened? The returns of subsequent years prove, not only that the average catch of the decade 1869-78 was considerably greater than that of the previous decade, but that the years 1874 and 1880 are absolutely without parallel in the annals of the Scotch herring-fishery, 1,000,000 harrs. having been cured in the first of those years, and 1,600,000 in 1880. In the decade 1859-68 the average was 670,000 barrels, and the highest 859,000.

In dealing with questions of biology, *a priori* reasoning is somewhat risky, and, if any tells us "it stands to reason" that such and such things must happen, I generally find reason to doubt the safety of his standing.

It is said that "it stands to reason" that destruction on such a prodigious scale as that effected by herring-fisheries must tell on the supply. But again let us look at the facts. It is said that 3,500,000,000, or thereabout, of herrings are every year taken out of the North Sea, and that the Atlantic. Suppose we assume the number to be 3,000,000,000, so as to be quite safe. It is a large number undoubtedly, but what does it come to? Not more than that of the herrings which may be contained in one shoal, if it covers half a dozen square miles—and shoals of much larger size are on record. It is safe to say that, scattered through the North Sea and the Atlantic, at one and the same time, there must be scores of shoals, any of which would go a long way toward supplying the whole of the great Scotch herring-fishery. I do not believe that all the herring-fish taken together destroy more than one per cent. of the total number of herrings in the sea in any year, and I see no reason to swerve from the conviction my colleagues and I expressed in our report, that their destructive operations are totally insignificant when compared with those which, as a simple calculation shows, must regularly and normally go on.

Suppose that every mature female herring lays 10,000 eggs, the fish are not increased by by man, and that their numbers remain approximately the same year after year. It follows that 9,998 of the progeny of every female must be destroyed before they reach maturity. For, if more than two out of the 10,000 escape destruction, the number of herrings will be proportionately increased. Or, in other words, if the average strength of the shoals which visit a given locality is to remain the same year by year, many thousands times the number contained in those shoals must be annually destroyed. And how this enormous amount of destruction is effected will be explained by the consideration that the shoals of the fish-wales, the porpoises, the gannets, the gulls, the codfish and the dog fish, which accompany the shoals and perennially feast upon them: to say nothing of the flat-fish, which prey upon the newly-deposited spawn; or of the mackerel, and the innumerable smaller enemies which devour the fry in all stages of their development. It is no uncommon thing to find five or six—nay, even ten or twelve—herrings in the stomach of a cod fish, and in 1863 we calculated that the average of the great Scotch herring-fishery is lost the number of herrings which would in all probability have been consumed by the cod fish captured in the same waters if they had been left in the sea.

Man, in fact, is but one of a vast co-operative society of herring-catchers, and the larger the share he takes, the less there is for the rest of the company. If man took none, the other shareholders would have a larger dividend, and would thrive and multiply in proportion, but it would come to pretty much the same thing.

As long as the records of history give us information, herrings appear to have abounded on the east coast of the British Islands, and there is nothing to show, so far as I am aware, that, taking an average of years, they were ever either more or less numerous than they are at present. But, in remarkable contrast with this constancy, the shoals of herrings have elsewhere exhibited a strange capriciousness—visiting a given locality for many years in great numbers, and then suddenly disappearing. Several well-known shoals of the herring have been attributed to an imaginary cause, from fishing on a Sunday to the offence caused to the fish by the decomposing carcases of their brethren dropped upon the bottom out of the nets. The truth is that absolutely nothing is known on the subject, and that little is likely to be known until careful and long-continued meteorological and zoological observations have furnished definite information respecting the changes which take place in the temperature of the sea, and

the distribution of the pelagic crustacea which constitute the chief food of the herring-shoals. The institution of systematic observations of this kind is an object of international importance toward the attainment of which the British, Scandinavian, Dutch and French Governments might wisely make a combined effort.

A great fuss has been made about trawlers working over the spawning-grounds of the herring. "It stands to reason," we were told, "that they must destroy an immense quantity of the spawn." Indeed this looked so reasonable that we inquired very particularly into a case of the alleged malpractice which was complained of on the east coast of Scotland, near Pittenweem. Off this place there is a famous spawning-ground known as the Traith hole, and we were told that the trawlers worked vigorously over the spot immediately after the herring had deposited their spawn. Of course our first proceeding was to ask the trawlers why they took the trouble of doing what would be of little or no benefit to them. Their answer was reasonable enough. It was that the previous abundance of flat fish which were to be found on the Traith at that time. Well, then, why did the flat-fish congregate there? Simply to feed on herring-eggs, which seem to be a sort of flat-fish's caviare. The stomachs of the flat-fish brought up by the trawl were, in fact, crammed with masses of herring-eggs.

Thus every flat-fish caught by the trawl was an energetic destroyer of herring arrested in his career. And the trawling, instead of injuring the herring, captured and removed hosts of their worst enemies. This is how "it stood to reason" when one got to the bottom of the matter.

I do not think that any one who looks carefully into the subject will arrive at any other conclusion than that reached by my colleagues and myself—namely, that the best thing for governments to do in relation to the herring-fisheries is to let them alone, except in so far as the police of the sea is concerned. With this proviso, let people fish who like, and they will prosper. At present I am sure I repeat the conviction we expressed so many years ago that there is not a particle of evidence that anything man does has an appreciable influence on the stock of herrings. It will be time to meddle when any satisfactory evidence that mischief is being done is produced.

Fish Culture.

THE FILAMENTOUS APPENDAGES OF THE OVA OF BONY FISHES AS A CONTRIVANCE FOR THEIR SUSPENSION AND PROTECTION DURING INCUBATION—VIVIPARITY OF CYPRINODONTES.

By JOHN A. RYDER.

It has been known for a long time that the eggs of certain cartilaginous fishes were encased in a tough, horny envelope of a somewhat quadrangular form, which has four long processes or tendril-like filaments produced from each angle of the ovarian covering, the whole thus appearing as a sort of four-pronged fork-like object in the sea, to support the egg while it incubates, so that it is prevented from being buried in the mud or sand of the sea bottom and smothered. While this appears to be the undoubted function of the filamentous appendages of the eggs of cartilaginous fishes, there is no longer any doubt about the existence of eggs of bony fishes provided with filamentous appendages which have a similar function.

In July of last year, while on an experimental trip down the Chesapeake on behalf of the U. S. Fish Commission, and while the steamer *Albatross* was lying at anchor in the Bay, near the Virginia shore, Messrs. Satterthoff and Hamlin, two of the most experienced spawners employed by the Commission, noticed great numbers of a small fish playing about the vessel, attracted by the lights and the noise. On examination these proved to be a species of the *Atherinidae*, commonly known as silversides or friar-fish, or *Chirostoma nola* of the systematists. Many of them were found to be sexually mature females, from which an abundance of ova were obtained for study, but unfortunately no more than a few of the eggs were secured, and in impregnating any eggs so as to watch what must be a very interesting type of development. The eggs, however, after lying for a short time, showed the germinal disk developed independently of impregnation.

The singular feature about them, which is of considerable interest in this connection, is the presence of four long filaments which are attached to one pole of the egg and coiled around the egg-membrane in a spiral manner, completely enveloping the ovum, which is held in the center of the spiral. These filaments, when in the sea water these filaments twined from the surface of the ovum and become entangled with those of their neighbors, so that a number of ova would soon be found hanging together by the filaments. The use of these appendages seems clearly to be that of a support in the water while the egg is undergoing incubation, for it was found that not only would the filaments of adjacent eggs become entangled, but also that of bits of grass or stout seaweed was drawn through the water among the filaments of the eggs, and that to avoid this it was necessary to restrain the eggs with a fine net to free the ova from their newly acquired support. The ease with which such filaments might become supporting organs may be supposed from the fact that they are nearly half an inch in length and are attached to an egg about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter.

During the present season of 1881, in conducting some investigations for the U. S. Fish Commission at Olney, Northampton County, Va., in company with Col. McIlwain, Commissioner of Fisheries for the aforementioned State, we obtained an abundance of impregnated ova of the silverside or *Atherinidae* (*Chirostoma nola*).

These eggs were provided with a vast number of filamentous appendages scattered over the whole surface of the egg, which measures one-seventh of an inch in diameter. They are at first coiled close around the surface of the egg-membrane, but when after oviposition they free themselves from contact with the membrane and become twisted and entangled among the filaments of the adjacent eggs so that large clumps held together in this way are soon formed. The filaments differ from those of *Chirostoma* in having an enlarged base, or attachment, to the egg-membrane, which becomes abruptly smaller as it is prolonged into the filament. Professor Haeckel, of Jena, first described the eggs of *Bellone* in 1855, but stated that the filaments were internal. Prof. Kolliker in 1858 described the eggs of *Aplocheilichthys*, and he, too, regarded them as internal. But he still regarded them as one of the layers of the membrane, which our observations show is not the fact, and that their function is essentially as described by us, i. e., to attach the egg to foreign objects while incubating in the water. A similar evidence of this is found upon the pond snail, *Lymnaea*, in the vicinity of Cherrystone, to which Col. McDonald tells me great numbers of gar eggs are found attached by the filaments with which they are covered. Haeckel states that strong acids will not dissolve the filaments, but that they eventually undergo solution when immersed in strong alkalies.

An investigation of the ovaries of *Chirostoma* and *Bellone* shows that these filaments are already far developed when the eggs are less than half grown or mature. *Scomberops* has also been shown to be provided with these filaments, and we are here furnished with a tolerable degree of probability to finding them present on the eggs of the flying fish, *Ereopneustes*, *Hemirhamphus* and allies, and not improbably in *Labridæ* of Cope, a fresh-water fish allied to *Chirostoma*. In fact the whole of the *Peregrines* should be ex-

amined with regard to this point, comparing the *Myglidae* and *Tetragonuridae*. Among the *Hemirhamphidae* (*Chirostoma* and *Aplocheilichthys*), the eggs are found to be provided with minute button-shaped appendages at one pole attached to the egg-membrane. May it not be that the thread-tails have similar ova? This is certainly the case in the case of the thread-tails, where they float like the eggs of the Spanish mackerel, the moonfish, cod, haddock, pollock, bonito and certain clupeids; where they are carried about by the male in some special receptacle in the pipelashes and secured and guarded by the male, and in the case of the thread-tails, or carried in the mouth, where incubation is known to occur in a few days.

Even these are not the only ways in which the ova of bony fishes are developed, for the *Embiotocidae* of the west coast, *Zoarces* and the cyprinodonts are more or less completely viviparous. The latter have been recently studied by the writer in association with Colonel McDonald, and it has been found that they develop in a manner similar to that of *Zoarces* as described by Little, but it is still a matter of doubt with the writer whether the young do or do not leave the egg before the latter is extruded by the parent through the tubular prolongation of the oviduct at the anterior border of the anal fin.

CHERRYSTONE, Va., July 23, 1881.

SHAD EGGS WILL NOT HATCH IN SEA WATER.

THERE is a theory among the fishermen at the mouth of the Connecticut River that many of the shad spawn in cold water of Long Island Sound, and do not go into fresh water. This theory is based on the fact that they catch fish which they call "roozers," and which they claim are spent fish before the run in the river begins.

Acting on this theory Mr. James Rankin, a former fish commissioner of Connecticut, and Mr. Robert D. Chalker, a pound owner, attempted to confine the fish in salt water last year until they were ripe, and then tried to hatch the eggs. This would not prove or disprove the theory. Unfortunately the shad were not netted and released the fish. We were glad to see that they did not abandon their attempt for, although we had no faith in the hatching of either shad or salmon eggs in salt water, we were open to conviction if it could be done. Over 200 shad were placed in the young ponds, and when ripe the eggs and milt—both in good condition—were placed in the salt water. Death was observed in from four to seven hours. It was then decided to try fish which had not been panned up. A net was put in, and from ten to a dozen were taken. These were placed in the ponds, and the shad were taken from them. Several ripe females were found, and a variety of experiments made. The eggs were taken from a female into a pan, were impregnated with milt from the male, and Mr. Rankin observed the result with a microscope. In only one case were any signs of life noticed, and these were in the eggs of a female but recently captured. Twelve hours or more after impregnation the eye spots of the little fish were visible under the microscope, and later the hatching. There was life, but it never advanced beyond this first stage.

Four hours after these good eggs were immersed in salt water. They showed under the microscope to be covered with minute punctures. These increased in size and number until the eggs burst. Supposing that this result was due to the severe agitation of the surface water, another portion were placed in a box which was covered tightly, and which was sunk to the bottom, but with no better result. These eggs were visible under the microscope to the shore, supposing that the motion of the boat might have caused the difficulty, but another failure was recorded.

The brackish water experiment has not been fully tried, but Dr. Hudson said, "I am satisfied that shad will not hatch in brackish water, and I have no reason to doubt that the same experiment made in that direction would be no more successful than those made in salt water."

Stuffer on, Groan on, Sicken on, Die on, if you will not use Hop Ditters and be cured.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

September 21, 22 and 23, at Fran'lin, Pa., Franklin Sportsmen's Club and Game Protective Society Bench Show. Entries close September 15. Thos. D. Adams, Superintendent; P. O. Box 61, Franklin, Pa.

September 27, 28, 29 and 30, at London, Ont., London Dog Show. Entries close September 12. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent; Teanach, Ont., Canada.

October 5, 6, 7 and 8, at St. Louis, Mo., St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Bench Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

August 30 and 31, and September 1 and 2, at Norfolk, Neb., Nebraska Field Trials second annual meeting. J. P. McCartney, Secretary, Norfolk, Neb.

September 14 and 15, at Pittsburgh, Pa., Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. I. H. Staiton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September 13 and 14, at Pittsburgh, Pa., Collie Trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Entries close September 9. E. Bridge McConkey, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa.

October 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, at New York City, New York City Dog Trials commencing on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Peatz, Secretary, P. O. Box 274, New York City.

November 25, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 15. Edward Odell, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November—at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:—Since sending you my last letter doggy matters have been at a standstill on this side of the water; only a few unimportant shows have taken place and no new dogs have appeared at any of them. I will, therefore, without further delay, revert to the subject which I alluded to at the end of my last letter, and let you know what has been taken by our authorities against the tricks of unprincipled exhibitors when showing their dogs. Unfortunately I am not in a position to inform you at present of the result of the inquiry which has been requested to investigate the conduct of our Kennel Club, although I am positively assured that the sub-committee in connection with dog shows, and for the simple reason that no decision has yet been arrived at by that body. I can, however, state that the sub-committee some time ago issued a circular to all our leading *philosophes* and requested them to answer the questions which it was requested they would answer in writing. These interrogatories had reference to most of the principal breeds, and in certain instances, the gentleman to whom they were addressed was requested to give his opinion on every variety of dog which he held up to sale as closely identified. This certainly appears to be a sensible way of conducting the inquiry, and I believe it is the first occasion upon which the Kennel Club has appealed to the intelligence of those outside its own immediate circle. Still, I understand that this

an English setter dog puppy, out of Fly by Junius (Leicester-Petrel)
from Mr. D. O'Shea, London, Ont.
Gladstone-Deila whelp.—Mr. Jas. K. Boyd, Hempstead, L. I., has

bought from Mr. J. W. Foster, Leesburgh, Va., a bitch pup, out of Lella (Leicester-Kirby) by Gladstone.

Lake-Mr. Eugene Powers (Cortland, N. Y.) has sold to Mr. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., the bitch and the bitches to her dog, Olroy, by Wildair out of Hollis Bitch.

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Handicap Match—200 yards.

A. J. Burl. 4554545454-46 C. D. Curtis. 455454444-44
B. A. Nelson. 45544454-46 D. F. Carter. 45544444-42
C. A. White. 45545454-44 S. C. Sampson. 45544444-41

BOSTON—MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY.—The work done by the leading competitors in the Amateur Rifle match has been very exciting. The

G. H. Brown. 46 46 47 47 47-233 S. Fogg. 44 44 44 45-221
M. N. Norton. 46 46 47 47-233 Harry Stanley. 41 41 43 43-213
L. M. Pratt. 46 46 46 47-229 W. S. James. 43 44 45 45-212
S. M. Marshall. 45 45 46 46-222 W. Gardner. 45 45 45 45-212

All Comers' Match.

J. H. Smith. 45 46 46 46 47-230 J. B. Tyne. 45 45 46 46-228
Experts' Pistol Match.

J. Ames. 71 75 79-225 J. P. Babbert. 64 68
Wm. B. Eaton. 73 75 79-225

Amateur Pistol Match.

Wm. B. Eaton. 73 75 79-225 Wm. B. Eaton. 73 75 79-225
S. C. Sampson. 69 69 74-202 J. P. Babbert. 64 68

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 25.—The new rifle range of the Rod and Gun Club just back of the Belden House in West Springfield was auspiciously dedicated to-day by the match between the River-

crades, of Pittsfield, and the local team. The Pittsfield team came out for victory, having collected the best shots in Berkshire, but the way in which the Rod and Gun Club and "ground their

selves" makes the latter feel that they are almost invincible. It is not unlikely that the match may lead to another. The totals were 702 for the Rod and Gun Club team and 721 for the Pittsfield team, out of the regular Mass. target 222 yds. off-hand, W. F. Mosley being scorer, and the individual scores are as follows:

Rod and Gun.

Mayott. 11 7 11 9 11 8 10 9 11-96
Buck. 8 12 11 12 10 11 10 11 10-107
Whipple. 10 9 10 10 11 11 12 10 11-108
Phillips. 8 10 10 12 12 11 10 9 10-102
Coley. 10 10 9 11 10 9 8 8 8-90
Burbank. 12 11 11 9 11 10 9 11-101
Wilson. 8 11 11 11 11 11 8 10 12-92
Eames. 8 11 10 10 11 8 8 9 12-88

Pittsfield.

Wood. 9 11 10 9 9 8 10 9 10-99
Whipple. 10 9 10 10 11 11 12 10 11-108
Phillips. 8 10 10 10 9 8 10 10 9-86
Smith. 12 5 9 9 9 11 10 9 9-80
Faulkner. 10 9 10 10 10 10 10 10 10-100
Van Buskirk. 9 10 10 10 9 8 9 8 8-88
Burbank. 8 4 10 9 9 8 10 10 9-80
Tracy. 7 10 7 9 10 11 8 11 9-88-721

BAYSHOOTERS CORPS, Mass.—The weekly meet of the Schuetzen corps at the靶場 on the 24th inst. was a very successful one. The number of riflemen, who succeeded in placing excellent figures to their credit. The scores:

Massachusetts Target (1st) J. H. Max 106, J. W. Strider 102, S. Feltton 101, J. C. Barrett 99, H. Schormsch 97, G. W. Copeland 93, F. L. Smith 91, C. A. Bels 91, A. Bels 91, H. Smith 89, W. H. Harrington 88, C. Smith.

Massachusetts Target (off-hand)—C. M. Gueh 101, C. Orth 99, J. H. Max 87.

MEDFORD, Mass., July 25.—This afternoon was a fine one for the riflemen, the weather conditions being all that could be desired, yet, owing to the fact of some being at the seashore, the attendance was not so large as usual. The following were the scores below the 200 yards standard:

C. H. Russell. 5 5 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 6-67
Whipple. 5 5 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 6-67
C. Hartwell. 5 5 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 6-67
H. W. Huntington. 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 5-64
W. W. Wood. 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 5-64
W. Arthur. 5 5 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 5-64
H. C. Russell. 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 5-63
W. Henry. 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 5-62

ALBANY, N. Y., July 28.—This being a re-entry match, and a liberal allowance being given to military rifles, both classes of rifle-men took part on the 28th inst. The day was a bright light was the only impediments, and the scores will show that the veterans were overcome by good holding. The match occupied nearly the entire afternoon, and the competition was won by Mr. Oliver Dexter, of Troy, with the best possible 34 out of the 35, the score in detail being as follows:

Oliver Dexter, N. Y. 4555555-34
Theodore Mosher, B. S. 3454545-32
H. W. Huntington. 3454545-32
J. C. Charles, S. M. 3454545-32
W. F. Pitch, B. S. 3454545-32
C. E. Wendell, S. M. 3454545-32
James I. Miles, S. M. 3454545-32

"Allowance to military rifles."

The eighth competition in the Winchester match was also on the 28th inst. The match was a purely military match, all military rifles, at the usual military distances. For some reason the military men do not care to shoot, or to be able to use their arms as they were intended to be used. As a consequence the competitors in nearly all the competitions have been small bore men, who occasionally shoot on profit on the 28th inst. The day was a bright light was the only impediments, and the scores will show that the veterans were overcome by good holding. The match occupied nearly the entire afternoon, and the competition was won by Mr. Oliver Dexter, of Troy, with the best possible 34 out of the 35, the score in detail being as follows:

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Becker	6	Fahnestock	M
.....

Byers	6	Fahnestock	14
Pfeifer	10	Lyons	10
Skinner	9	Korvolink	10
Talbot, W. H.	10	Kennedy, T. P.	10
Jones	10	Woodring	10
Lincoln	10	Wright	10
McLaughlin	5	Smith, J. G.	5
Powers	5	Long	10
Kennedy, M. F.	10	Murphy	10
Gifford	5	Skinner, C. M.	10
Engels	10	Asser	10
Krimm	10	Gifford	10
Brien	10	Chasen	10
Dugham	10	Talbot	10
		Van der	10

Hobbs	9	Van Slyke
Mason	9	Mason

Steffens	10	Lincoln	10
Steuarn	10	Marshall	10
Fulton	7	Cory	9
Cory	9	True	9
Knapp	9	Tyler	10
Boyd	9	Hitchcock, M	9
Smith	9	Hitchcock, J II	9
Knud	10	Emery	9
Blackwell	9	Essery	9
Harrisbo	7	Dow	9
Stock	10		
McMullin	8		
Ties on 10—Pfeister 5, Talbot 5		Jones 19, Kennedy, M F, 4, Engle 1	
Ties on 9—Pfeister 5, Talbot 5		Stuhl, D Stock 1, Fahnsteeck 1	

1, Brown s, Boyd 0, Kumble 20, Lyons 1, Long 2, Murray 1, Misner 12
Emery s. Hanson s and Kimble divide.
Ties on 3—Colford 0, Cory 0, Harrison 1, McMullin 4, Woodring 1
Skinner. C M. 0. Clausen 4, Tainter 1, Lincoln 0, Hitchcock, J H. 5

Ties on 7—McLaughlin 8, Fulton 10, Blakeley 2, Kennedy, L F, 2
Smith, J G 8, Van Slyke 5, Hitchcock, M, 5, Essery 10. Essery and
Fulton divide.
Hitchcock fifth and Rogers sixth prize

SOUTH ABINGDON, MASS., JULY 29.—The South Abingdon Sportsman's Club and the Port Rosaway Club, of Stoughton, shot a match at golf balls at this place to-day. Card single trap, 18 yards rise, 21 balls each. The following is the score; teams of five, one from each club:			
Port Rosaway.		South Abingdon.	
W. Harrison.	16	W. Edison.	1
T. Howard.	26	W. Gayles.	1
F. Mann.	29	F. Bates.	1
H. Francis.	17	W. Lincoln.	1
C. Wilbur.	17	J. F. Whitcomb.	1
C. Wales.	18	Matt Lincoln.	2
M. Willis.	16	Chas. Nute.	1
E. Ross.	20	Thos. Fish.	1
J. Edwards.	11	S. H. Norton.	1
H. Loring.	19	S. E. Riting.	1
J. Wales.	18	A. H. Wright.	1
B. Woodward.	15	Geo. Edison.	1
O. Whitten.	15	E. Bates.	1
L. Blanchard.	15	F. Bryant.	1
L. Gay.	16	N. Dickerman.	1
D. Jarvis.	16	W. Alden.	1
J. Brunker.	15	L. W. Farrar.	1
Total	292	Total	39

A 36-rod speake was next shot, in which members of both clubs participated. The shooting was close in this match, the honors being about equally divided between the two clubs.

ROCHESTER, July 28.—The weather rather favored the Genesee Sportsmen's Club this afternoon, and the several hours of sport on the lower river flats comprised one of the most pleasant trap and trigger contests that has taken place in and about Rochester this season. There was a slight breeze blowing, the air was cool and invigorating, the trap worked finely and everything passed off in a most pleasant manner. The sport with the mips opened with

First Match.—Dittmer 5, Miller 5, Griswold 5, Fieischer 3, Orange 4.
Hazard 5, Evershed 6.
Ties on 5.—Griswold 5, Miller 1, Hazard 4, Dittmer 0.
Second Match.—Dittmer 6, Miller 6, Griswold 4, Fieischer 4, Orange 5.

Dittmer.....	1
Miller.....	1
Evershed.....	0-0 Ford..... .0-

[illegible]

prizes, much to the discomfure of our boys, who seemed to have "lost their grip," notably our two crack shots—Messrs. Ritter and Wertner, who last season were invincible. Want of practice this season is presumably the cause of their poor scores in this match. Messrs. Willard and Wroten made very creditable scores and will, with practice, make fine shots. Mr. Mills contemplates attending the Howell, Mich., glass-ball tournament, Aug. 9, 10, 11, and if he can get a good number of spectators he will probably have one of the prizes.

Mills	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111-2
Mills-re-entry	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111-2
Wertsner	01001	00110			
Wertsner-re-entry	10111	11110	11111	11111-2	
Willmer	01111	11111	10101	01110-1	
Willmer-re-entry	01010	11111	11111	11111-2	
Winter	11111	11111	11111-2		

Written	11111	01111	01110	11111	11011	-20
Written-re-entry	11001	00011	10111	11111	01101	-17
Ritter	11100	00111	01010	10011	11010	-1
Ritter-re-entry	11111	11111	00110	00111	10100	-1
Blackiston	11011	11111	10101	11101	01111	-20
Blackiston-re-entry	11011	11111	10101	11101	01111	-20

Shaffer.....*	11111	11011	10111	10111	11011	11011-20
Helmling.....	01110	10111	10111	01111	11111	11111-20
Helmling—re-entry.....	11110	11011	11001	11101	11101	11101-19
Sharretts.....	01110	11111	01111	11011	11111	11111-21
Sharretts—re-entry.....	10011	01000	11011	11000	11111	11111-16
Class.....	10100	10011	11110	10011	10110	10110-18

Engle.....	01111	11000	10101	01111	11110-1
Dobson.....	11110	01100	11100	11001	10101-1
Todd.....	10011	00110	01011	00111	W
King.....	11110	00100	11001	0	W
Felie.....	11001	10100	10000	11110	10101-1

1st prize, silver ice-pitcher, won by Mr. Mills; 2d prize, silver cake basket, won by Mr. Mills; 3d prize, silver butter-dish, won by Mr. Wertsner. Ties on 21 for 4th prize:

Sharretts.....	11910-3	Willmar.....	11111-4
Wroten.....	11111-5		

Divided. Ties on 20 for 6th prize:
 Wroten11011-4 11111-5 Blackston10100-
 Shaffer.....11011-4 0 W
 Won by Wroten.

Miscellaneous

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Number of Pellets to the oz. Filled.
on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

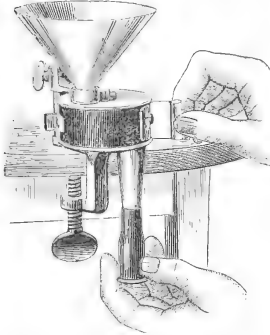
No. of pellets to oz. 733 478 858 3066 5-oz.
945 406 718 1180 Chilled.

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52 BECKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

WILKINSON'S CHARGER!

FOR FILLING RIFLE AND SHOT SHELLS.

RELIABLE, SIMPLE, ADJUSTABLE TO ANY
DESIGNED CHARGE.Recommended by the Officers of the N. R. A. and
leading marksmen throughout the States. Send
for circular to F. R. JOHNSON, Gen. Sec.,
Pittsburgh, N. Y.

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Now offer their instruments for general use. The
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plier. NO ELECT. TOLLY. NO BATTERY! OP-
ERATED BY ACOUSTIC VIBRATION and works
in all kinds of weather. Especially adapted for
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AGENTS, with full outfit and instructions, for \$1.00
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n pots. Quantities of other Strawberries. Send
for prices. BUTHES NURSERIES (founded
1849), W. L. FERRIS, JR., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

For Sale.

FOR SALE.—The well-known Gun and Sporting
Business, 564 Fulton street, Brooklyn. Stock,
good-will, &c. A splendid stand to the right man,
as a large trade can be done. Apply to E. H. MAD-
ISON. July 25

THE DAVIS GUN.



Price, with fine twist barrels, without checking or engraving, \$30.

Guns sent by express, C. O. D., and satisfaction guaranteed.

Send for Illustrated Price List and Terms to the manufacturers,

N. R. DAVIS & CO., Assonet, Freetown, Mass

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JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St.

A FILE OF N. Y. HERALD, 1847, and TIMES,
TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,
Open to all pups whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, \$100; second, \$50, and third, \$50.
Forfeit, \$5; \$10 additional to till. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 3, 1881.

PECONIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES.

Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, \$500; second, \$150; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; with \$20 addi-
tional to till. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 3, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a
special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing
in the stakes.

MEMBERS' STAKES.

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the
nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN
FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881. J. OTTO DOWNER, President.

JACOB FENTZ, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City.

Special prices to follow others according to their value.

SIMPSON'S NEW FISHING-TACKLE CASE.

A want long felt for by Sportsmen. All Anglers will
acknowledge that the most vexatious thing that can hap-
pen him is to have his spoons, hooks and lines all tangled
up. This case will prevent any such disaster, as it is
so arranged that the most careless fisherman can keep
his tackle in shape. They are made of the best material
and handsomely ornamented and furnished with a lock
and key. This case is approved of by the practical pisci-
cultural professors who have investigated its perfections.
Size—box: Length 12, width 1½, depth 4½ inches; trays
(6): Length 1½, width 4, depth 1 to 1½ inches; top tray:
Length 12, width 1½, depth 1½ inches. Three parts long in
each small tray, eight in large tray, two compartments in
box, making twenty-four places for lines, hooks, sinkers,
spoons, reels, fly-book, and each case packed in a neat box
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a at one time, \$24.00. Send for Catalogue of FISHING-TACKLE AND SPORTSMAN'S GOODS.
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That stand unrivalled for PURITY. Warranted Free from Drugs or Medication.

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Each having Distinguishing Merits.
HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING.
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THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO CLUBS: 1st, \$100;
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particulars see "Kiddle and Trap Shooting" in FOREST AND
STREAM of last week.

[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 448.]
This might so nearly resembles the actual
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practice for wing shooting. We commend all sportsmen
to test its merits."

B. F. NICHOLS & CO.,

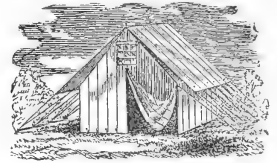
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BEST HEXAGONAL SPLIT BAMBOO FISHING RODS,

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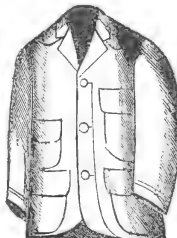
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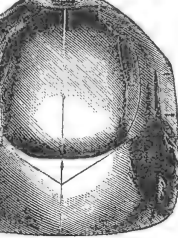
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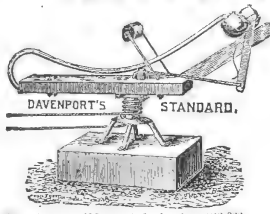
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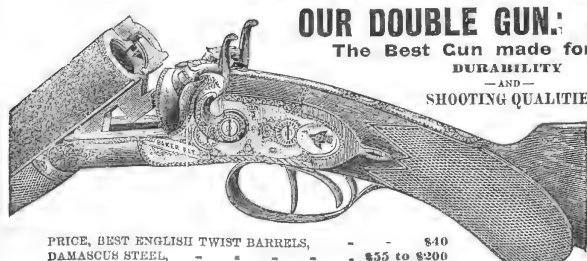
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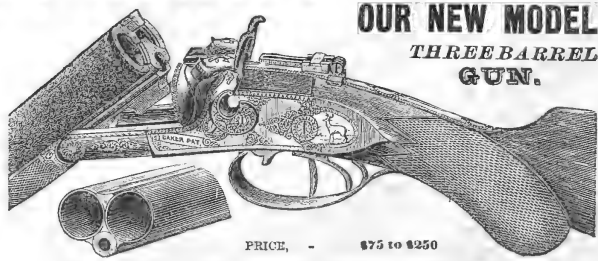


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ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.
Thursday, August 11.

THE SNAKE CLIMBING QUESTION.

THE original question broached in FOREST AND STREAM was whether our venomous serpents could climb perpendicular trees. It is well known that all constrictors do so. None of our correspondents in relating their experiences say whether the black snake circled around the tree, went up it with the same serpentine motion which it uses on land, or whether it adopted a vermicular movement and pushed itself straight up by contraction and expansion, its abdominal plates holding into the roughness of the tree.

We have seen the water snake nearly helpless on a platform of hemlock boards used to cover the raceway of a trout pond. It wriggled with an eel-like motion, but the slivers of the boards pointed the wrong way for it to get hold. On turning it around it went off rapidly, the plates of the abdomen holding in the wood enough to give it a point to push against.

We have seen the black snake ascend a sapling by twining about the trunk and going up with a spiral motion, but we have never seen them climb large tree trunks, although we have seen them in the trees. Will our Washington correspondent describe the motion of the snake he saw climb up a perpendicular wall? and will our Eldred correspondent tell us how the snake descended from the tree?

A MATTER OF MORALS.

MESSRS. WM. B. MERSHON, the Secretary of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, and A. H. Mershon, the President of the East Saginaw Game Protection Club, recently attempted, by due process of law, to punish three men, Amos Coon, Charles Cary and John Hatfield, of Harrison, Mich., for having killed and had in possession venison out of season. It was positively proved in the trial that the deer had been killed out of season, and the case was a clear one, but the jury, after a short deliberation, brought in a verdict of "not guilty," and afterward explained that "it might have been a tame deer; didn't prove it was wild."

The game clubs are naturally disgusted with such a farcical administration of justice, and are taking pains to report abroad the laxity of local morals in the county where men can kill tame deer all the year round in the woods. It seems that for one of the most brutal and outrageous of indecent crimes in the calendar the Clare County penalty is, as fixed by a jury recently, a fine of twenty-five dollars. This is clearly a matter of morals. Before the sportsmen of Michigan can hope to secure any respect for the game laws among these people they must mend the morals of the community, and instill into it some more healthy regard for the ordinary decencies of life than the verdicts of their juries indicate that they now possess.

A POT-LUCK DINNER.

THE "POT-LUCK CLUB" dined in honor of the birthday of its President. Its President is Hon. R. Barnwell Roosevelt. The name is familiar to our readers. He is suspected of being a Fish Commissioner of New York. He is accused of belonging to the fish-eating club with the jaw-breaking name. It is whispered that he presides at the Fish-cultural Association. And he is guilty of writing on the lateral motion of crabs. See our last issue.

Therefore we are not going to tell you who he is. The Pot-Luckers are literary. They boil over with wit. Its Secretary is a gifted *literatessa*. She gave the spread. She is called the Queen of the Pot-Luckers. The pot was in luck on August 6. It was a full pot. All had full hands. No one was high.

The President was a year older than he was ever known to be before. His age was announced. We won't tell it. We don't think him as old as he claims. He wants to overawe us by a claim of priority. Appearances are deceitful and we judge by acts. By this standard he is twenty-one.

Journalists, poets, and artists comprise the Pot-Luckers. Essays and claims. Poems and lobster salads. Pictures and chowders. Speeches and chicken fixings. Songs and green seal. This is the impression left by a pot-luck dinner. A President who don't preside too much. A hostess who entertains royally. These are the after-thoughts.

FISHCULTURE FOR LONG ISLAND.

AT a meeting of the New York Fish Commission, on the 4th inst., at the office of Mr. R. B. Roosevelt, it was decided to establish the long-talked-of station on Long Island. Our readers may remember that Mr. Blackford was added to the Commission because he favored the placing of a station for both fresh and salt water work on the island.

It is much to be regretted that the Legislature did not make a special appropriation for this purpose, but, as it did not do so, the Commissioners set apart \$3,000 to begin the work. This is a small amount to establish new works with, but it shows a disposition to begin. There is much that might be done on the island in the way of breeding and of observation of the habits of our sea fishes. It is the best place in the State of New York to establish a carp pond, from whence young could be distributed to those fishless portions of the State where only little turtles and pollywogs grow. It is the home of the trout, which can be bred in most of its streams, and its bays formerly swarmed with valuable food fishes.

We hope that the Commission will take up the oyster, the scallop, the clam, lobster and crab and do for them what it has been done for the fishes—increase them and study their habits. In fact Long Island offers many facilities for fish-

culture and for investigations, which have been neglected. A site for operations will soon be selected, and we invite those having knowledge of suitable locations to send them to this office. The Commissioners want a stream of good trout water, which never fails, near where it comes into clean salt water. They cannot buy such a place and must depend upon leasing it; or, better still, upon the offer of it by some public-spirited citizen, or of some village which would like such an institution near it. They would like to begin work next month, if possible.

TRANSPORTATION OF SHAD EGGS.

MANY of our readers will recollect that there have been several attempts to transport the eggs of shad, and to keep them at a low temperature in order to retard their hatching for a period long enough to get the fry across the Atlantic before they starved to death. The first attempt was made in 1874, by Mr. Mather, who lost his fish from starvation on the tenth day, just as the steamer reached Southampton. The impossibility of feeding shad fry and the lack of natural food in water which has been stored in the dark tanks of ships, renders a sea voyage much more difficult than one on land, where fresh supplies of river water containing infusoria can be obtained daily.

There has been great difficulty in handling shad eggs with a view to their transportation and the can designed for carrying them in water and securing aeration by motion of the car, planned by Mr. Mather and tried by Prof. Milner the above mentioned year, did not work. Since then but little has been done in this direction except to experiment to determine how long the fry could live without food. This year, however, one of the most important results of the shad work has been an improved method of transporting the delicate shad egg, which cannot bear the rough treatment to which the ova of salmon and trout can be subjected, and which will certainly lead to great economy in the production of this valuable fish.

Heretofore the usual method has been to keep them in pans or buckets of water, which is frequently changed, after they are impregnated and have passed through the stage which fishculturists technically call "coming up"—i. e., a hardening from an absorption of milt and water. The quantity of water required to be changed necessitated not only much labor but constant watchfulness, especially if, as often happened in the work of the U. S. Fish Commission, they had to be so kept from eight to twelve hours in this way before reaching the hatching station.

Col. McDonald, who has had charge of this work on the Virginia rivers, often found that there was a serious loss of eggs during this time, and set about to remedy it. He took one of the ordinary salmon egg trays, with a wire cloth bottom, such as is in general use, and on this placed a sheet of wet muslin. On the latter he put from one to two layers of shad eggs after they had remained long enough in the pans to "come up." A dozen of these trays were then placed in a stack and crated up, after which they were transported at convenience by the Launch to the Washington Navy Yard, a distance of twenty-one miles, during which time they received no attention whatever, only being kept out of the sunshine. They uniformly reached the hatching house in first-rate condition and sometimes were not placed in the hatching cones until twelve hours, and in one case seventeen hours, after impregnation. This would allow plenty of time to place them on ship board just before sailing, thereby making a gain of several days over those which started across the ocean in 1874 which were hatched at Holyoke, Mass., on Friday, and were delivered at Hoboken on the ship next morning. Eggs so treated could be hatched on the ship the fourth or fifth day out and might reach England before they suffered for want of food.

Under this plan the work under Col. McDonald was conducted upon a new principle. Instead of taking the stations to the eggs, as has been done, he now, and in future will, bring the eggs to the stations. These stations may now be placed at points convenient for the distribution of the fry instead of in inaccessible locations. For example; all the eggs taken on the Potomac River can be brought to Washington and hatched in the old Armory building, at no extra cost for engineers or machinery, and the young fish can then

be loaded on the cars almost at the door, which are to carry them to their destination.

Now that it is known that shad eggs can be so simply and cheaply transported it will greatly simplify the work of hatching, which can be done at a central point convenient to railroad, or other transportation.

A LOBSTER LAW NEEDED.

NEW JERSEY and Rhode Island need a law prohibiting the sale of lobsters under a certain size. The lobsters are getting smaller year by year, and the catching of them when young cannot be stopped as long as there are markets open to the violators of the laws whose catch is not seen until thrown upon the market.

In former years, lobsters of five and six pounds weight were plenty, but now are rare. Maine, Massachusetts and New York have laws forbidding the sale of them when less than ten and one-half inches in length. This is very well in its way, but the catchers sort out the smaller ones and send them to other States. The Newark, N. J., *Advertiser* sent a reporter to the market for information, and he learned from a large dealer there "that the great demand for this fish has induced fishermen to take, within the last two years, too many young ones from their pots, and as a consequence this has produced a depopulation of the lobster fishing grounds." The fact is that New Jersey gets those that dare not be offered in New York.

The Rhode Island Fish Commissioners say in their report:

The capture of small lobsters has gone on in Rhode Island since the first lobster pot was put in Rhode Island waters, the larger ones sent to market, and the smaller ones used for bait for black-fish. Now, our lobster fishery is a very valuable one. Very many men make out a living with their lobster pots, and all know the luxury of an abundance of fresh and cheap lobsters in our cities. For a number of years past the catch of lobsters has been steadily decreasing, not as to numbers but as to size. "All is fish that comes to the net" is the rule with lobster catchers. Those that are of a fit size to send to market, from half a pound upward, are sent, the balance, from five to six or seven inches in length, are sold for bait for tautog fishing, save a few that go to those most delicate palates that delight in chicken lobsters.

The Commissioners recommend the passage of a law forbidding the sale of lobsters less than twelve inches in length, and suggest that it would be admirable if a provision could be made forbidding the sale of female lobsters loaded with spawn. So far as the limit of size is concerned, the Commissioners are assured the law will be most popular.

The State of Rhode Island is at present the market for undersized lobsters from Massachusetts. They are sent here in barrels, the catchers on the Massachusetts coast and dealers in Boston, knowing that it would be unsafe to offer them for sale in Massachusetts, send them to us, and we get the full benefit of such poor and illegal supply.

It would be for the general welfare if all the inland States would pass a law regulating the sale of lobsters, for certainly Western cities are as much interested in this source of food supply as those on the sea coast.

OTAGO ACCLIMATIZATION SOCIETY.

WE have received the report of this New Zealand Society for 1881, and are pleased to note that it is upon a sound financial basis from money received from sporting licenses, particularly from fishing licenses, which have increased. The society has recommended a gun tax to the Government, but no reply to it has been received. They err in saying that such a tax exists in the United States.

The society not only introduces and protects beasts, birds and fish, &c, but extends its protection to native species. Among the birds and animals introduced were "black game," four cocks and six hens; pheasants and partridges bred well, but are becoming scarce where shot. The poisoning of the rabbits, which had become a pest to agriculture, has proved fatal to many pheasants. California quail are reported numerous about Queenstown and Goodwood. Last April eighty Australian quins were purchased and liberated. Starlings are now numerous, as well as blackbirds. Thrushes are not plentiful, but are occasionally seen, and many other imported birds, as goldfinches, greenfinches, house sparrows, hedge sparrows, yellow hammers and chaffinches, are numerous. Deer, both the red, fallow and axis, continue to thrive, while hares are plenty enough for coursing.

Of fish, the English and Californian salmon, introduced from 1876 to 1878, there is no reliable information, although there are reports of their being seen. American whitefish, *Coregonus albus*, were introduced, but it is too soon to look for results. Sea trout are illegally taken before they have become firmly established, but the brown trout are increasing, and English perch and tench are thriving.

We have also received from the Secretary of the Society, Mr. W. Arthur, his "No on Some Species of Migratory Salmonidae," read before the Otago Institute. In this paper he quotes Professor Hind, in *FOREST AND STREAM*, on the use of the hook on the male salmon's jaw in breaking the hymen and thereby forcing the eggs, and suggests that the milk might also be liberated through the fighting of the males. Mr. Arthur gives plates showing the forms of the different species, and also the shape of the operculum.

Another paper, "On the Brown Trout Introduced into Otago," by the same author, is at hand, wherein he says: "In no river of Otago have these fish grown so rapidly, are so fat, or have become so heavy as in the Shag, some in-

dividuals having been seen in Mr. Rich's property supposed to be 20 lbs. in weight."

A SENSIBLE expression of sentiment was embodied in the resolution of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association at Chicago, last week, to the effect that trap-shooting should hold its place as an incident only of the annual conventions. Let other associations follow the example. All true sportsmen will agree that the pigeon-shooting contests absorb so much time and attention at the meetings of some of our "game protective" societies that there is no opportunity nor inclination to attend to the legitimate purposes of the conventions. The time has come for a change of programme. It ought not to happen again, as it did at Coney Island, that such valuable and suggestive papers as were prepared to be read and discussed in the meetings of the sportsmen should go without a hearing because there was no time to attend to such matters. At one meeting Mr. Ira Wood, of Syracuse, moved that these papers be brought before the convention. The gentleman was ruled out of order. If the gentlemen who have control of the next convention of the New York Association will follow the spirit of this Illinois resolution, and act upon it, we can assure them of the cordial support of all the best sportsmen of the State, in the Association and out of it. Now is a good time to begin.

SOME SOUTHERN SCENERY.—It is our opinion, after a somewhat extensive series of travels over this big country, that in the mountain regions of Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and Tennessee is to be found some of the finest mountain scenery in the country. It is a great pity that more Americans do not travel through their own land instead of running off to Europe; it is a shame that so many Northern people are strangers to the charms of the natural scenery at the South. Some of the Southern railroad managers are making praiseworthy efforts to make known the attractions of their land; and while we are not inclined to puff the railroad, we are very earnest in our hope that sportsmen who go to the States named invariably return with glowing reports of both land and people. The "Associated Railways of Virginia and the Carolinas" have published a handsomely illustrated hand-book, giving needed information about routes, distances, fares, etc. This may be had on application at the office of the Piedmont Air Line, 229 Broadway, this city.

MR. HENRY BERGH might with reason devote his attention to the museum at the corner of Broadway and Ninth street, this city. In a cage in the basement of that institution are confined three monkeys, two pigeons, a bob-tailed hen and two rabbits, with a pair of young. The monkeys vary the usual indecent antics, which are common to their kind in captivity, by worrying and tormenting the other inmates of the cage. They pull the feathers out of the pigeons, gouge the eyes of the old rabbits and pinch and claw the young ones. The old hen has no tail feathers, knows how to use her beak and appears to be unmolested by the monkeys. A number of tortoises stolidly hold the fort within their shells, the monkeys evidently thinking them too hard nuts to crack. The small boy—outside the cage—enjoys the mimic wild beast show; and an eagle perched in a wire coop near by gazes fiercely at the sea lion and longs to take a hand in the fun. Six days in the week Mr. Bergh, or one of his agents, may find this show in progress, the monkeys gouging, the eagle glaring, the sea lion growling and the small boy grinning.

THE YELLOW DOG, which followed President Garfield's carriage in the inauguration procession last March, has come to the front again; this time, too, in a sensational way. According to the Alexandria, Va., *Gazette* the dog went to that city after the inauguration, where he remained until the Thursday before the President was shot, when he disappeared from Alexandria, to return one week later with a bullet wound in his back. The course of the ball, says the *Gazette*, was distinctly marked, and an examination has revealed the fact that the animal still carries the bullet. All the circumstances point to the bullet as the first one shot by the assassin at President Garfield, and of which all trace has been lost. The Washington papers chronicled the yellow dog's appearance at Washington just before the would-be assassin's assault on President Garfield. The famous and mysterious animal now wears a brass collar and enjoys immunity from the wiles of the Alexandria dog-catchers, Miss W. A. Penn, of that city, having paid his license fee.

THE NIAGARA DOGS.—In a letter published elsewhere our Suspension Bridge correspondent tells us how "Old Bull" was out to welcome his new companions on the island in the Niagara, and how the two castaways fought it out over their Sunday dinner. In a later note Mr. Lewis says that there is no truth in the report, to which we referred last week, that the dogs were purposely placed on the island, nor that attempts to rescue them have been interfered with by interested parties; but any one who wishes to capture them is at perfect liberty to do so. Well, a New York dog-catcher would have those dogs off the island and into his wagon before a crowd could collect to see the fun; and he would yank them up in much quicker time if he could be induced to believe that he was stealing them. The dog-catcher works quickly when he is also conscious of being a dog-thief.

THE PARADISE FISH.—We give this week a life-like cut of this Chinese fish. In Guenther's Catalogue of the Fishes of the British Museum we find it described as inhabiting the fresh waters of China and Cochin-China, with a note saying, "This may prove to be a domestic variety of a species of *Polycaanthus*." It is described by Lacepede under the name of *Macropodus viridi-auratus*. Mr. Mulertt has reared this fish and gives a most interesting account of their habits in the department of fish culture. From his long acquaintance with pet fish he is naturally observant of the habits of them, and he regards the paradise fish as a great addition to our ornamental fishes. The plant which accompanies the fish in the drawing is claimed by Mr. M. to be superior to *Valisneria spiralis* as an aquarium plant.

THEY NAILED HIM.—A correspondent writes to us of the exploit of two country boys which deserves a niche in our columns: In the fall of '45 or '46, near Mr. Robertson's, twenty-two miles west of Catskill, two lads saw a bear in the woods and shot him with fine shot, of which he took no notice; and when they came to load again, they found that they had lost the shot bag. Having been to the store, they had bought a paper of heel nails (country boys had to, then), and after putting in a good charge of this novel shot, one of them blazed away and bagged the bear. This recalls the story told in these columns some months ago of the buck, in whose head were found some copper and silver coins, evidently having served as ammunition.

A RARE SPORTSMAN'S VOLUME was shown to us the other day. It was a book made up of the papers on sporting topics which have appeared in *Harper's*, *Scribner's* and *Lippincott's*; the series extending back for many years to the time when Mr. Charles Hallock wrote his famous sketches from Canada and Labrador—examples of tourist sketches which are perfect in their way. The papers collected and bound in this novel book cover a wide variety of subjects, and are written by many different authors, most of them illustrated, and all readable. Why cannot the publishers of *Scribner's*—or the *Century*—give us such a volume from their magazine?

THE SKETCH OF A SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA DEER DRIVE, published in another column, the writer tells us is a transcript from life, a faithful picture of just the experience narrated. Into it is woven some of the quaint superstition and some of the slang of the Southern backwoods' hunter, and many of the phrases will be recognized as more firmly fixed in the common vocabulary of the people than are the more scientific terms affected by the sportsmen of some other localities. The story is thus something more than a mere recital of sport—it is a study of peculiar idioms and of some peculiar notions.

PLAYED 'POSEUM.—It will be conceded that that one particular 'possum has been played—to use a slangy expression—for all it is worth. The original seeker after truth on the subject expresses himself as fully satisfied, and returns thanks to us; we are satisfied, and also return thanks to those of our friends who have so acceptably responded to our call. One or two communications on the subject are still unpublished, but they will be given in due time—

When the 'possum
Is in blossom.

OLD FORT McPHERSON, Neb., was sold at auction the other day, and so passes away another landmark. Many of our readers will remember the fort, and many a romantic story is connected with its history since it was built fifteen years ago. The town of McPherson will still preserve the name and memory of the gallant officer who fell before Atlanta in 1866. There is much of romance and of local history in the names of our towns in America, and an inquiry into the origin and meaning of such names will almost always repay the study.

In last week's issue we published in our kennel column a paper from an old and esteemed correspondent relative to the castration of dogs. Since the first article of this writer appeared in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, June 6, 1878, he has never lost an opportunity of observing the effects of castration on the dog. He now says that he is fully persuaded that what he then presented is a truth, which, if put in practice by those interested and influential, would save for the country thousands of dollars annually.

RIFLES AND GLASS BALLS.—A correspondent suggests that when a club has become so expert at shooting glass balls with a shot gun that there is no longer much excitement about the sport, they take up a 22 calibre rifle and try the balls with that. Rifle shooting at the trap has been practiced to some extent, and many of the Boston marksmen are experts. It is an excellent form of practice for quick shooting. We endorse the suggestion of our correspondent.

"THE MAGIC NORTHLAND" is the title of a manual of information about the health, pleasure and game resorts of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Dakota. It is handsomely illustrated, and is full of practical directions for the sportsman tourist. Published by Hopkin, Palmer and Dimond, Minneapolis, Minn.

ANOTHER VICTIM to the fatal "thought-it-wasn't-loaded" delusion. Last Saturday a thirteen-year-old boy in Bridgeton, N. J., picked up a gun and playfully pointed it at his mother, assuring her that it was not loaded. The gun went off and the mother was shot through the heart and instantly killed. This is a peculiarly distressing case. How many more warning examples must be recorded before people will use a grain of common sense when handling firearms?

AN EXAMPLE WORTHY OF IMITATION is set by the Messrs. Gillman Bros., of Detroit, Mich., who issue as a card of their restaurant an epitome of the game laws of their State. They are not numbered among the slayers of the goose that lays the golden egg, and their praiseworthy attitude as intelligent sportsmen deserves the recognition of their many Michigan friends. Their friends, by the way, are not confined to the Peninsular State—the fame of mine hosts is spread abroad.

WILD CELERY.—Mr. D. W. Cross, of the Winous Point Shooting Club, kindly volunteers, in a letter published elsewhere, to supply buds of the wild celery for planting next fall, and it is to be hoped that some of our wild fowl shooters who are in a position to make the experiment will do so. If wild celery can be cultivated it will very materially increase the ducking territory. Can any of our readers give us further information on the practicability of cultivating the plant?

A LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT will be held at Newport, R. I., August 31 and September 1, 2 and 3. The Secretary's address is Clarence U. Clark, Germantown, Pa. The game of lawn tennis is the fashionable sport of the day for ladies and gentlemen.

THE FOREST AND STREAM takes this opportunity of thanking the numerous correspondents who have so kindly called attention to the change in the Minnesota prairie chicken shooting season.

THE MICHIGAN ARCHERY ASSOCIATION will hold its second annual target meeting at Battle Creek, Sept. 6, 7 and 8. The Secretary is Mr. C. C. Beach, at Battle Creek.

THE ANTI-PIGEON SHOOTING BILL introduced at Albany during the last session failed to be made a law.

OUR POLITICS.

A valued friend of the FOREST AND STREAM writes: "I congratulate you on the excellence of your every issue, but especially upon your successful concealment of your political complexion. May it be ever thus! Consistency is a slippery jewel, but an accomplished angler has bagged a few eels knows the necessary grip."

The Sportsman Tourist.

A SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA DEER DRIVE.

"GEORGE, go the old 'Spring,' she'll be in the woods in an hour; she's playin' round the pup and leadin' him by the ear, tryin' now to git him to follow," said old Pat Bowman, our hunter host, a long, crane-like biped, standing six feet two inches in his boots; long, grizzily gray beard under his jaw-bones; hair hanging around his coat collar, combed sleek and flat on his head; his clothing of homespun jean, and his trousers inside of a huge pair of cow-leather boots; but with all of his homilies as kind hearted a creature and as good liver as ever enjoyed the world. Sure enough, "Spring," a nimble, beautiful, blue ticked deerhound, was capering and fondling with her apparently over-grown, awkward-looking black-and-tan pup, and in dog language beseeching him to the hunt.

"Boys," said Pat, "we'll have a right day to hunt to-morrow. Look how the moon shines. Deer will roam round all night."

This was in the middle of the month of October. We were lounging around the doors after supper, commenting on the hounds. It was late twilight; a full grown moon was swinging gracefully through a clear, blue sky, rendering nearly as light as noonday the bottoms which gather in prairie-like profusion around the noiseless waters of Clinch, forming the boasted "Richlands." And well may the possessors of this choice land boast! On the surface of the mountains which encircle it stand boundless forests of gigantic timber, and these are the haunts of deer and other game. Beneath the surface of those mountains there is coal enough to give summer heat to New York city for a century. The soil of its lowlands is bottomless. The game birds revel in the "fruitful fells." Clinch has its fish and water fowl. It has all a generous soil and climate could have.

Old Pat, who through life had, in the proper season, been a hard worker and an excellent farmer, had withal been an improvident wretch—had always been a tenant of the best farmers and graziers; loved hounds and horses; cat all he made except what he drank—and paid all his honest debts.

Gathered around the free and easy board of this jolly hunter was this group of half a dozen young men—cheerful to steal, after a long summer's work, a few days for a "deer drive." This group was of the village businessman and country farmer; as congenial, however, as if their shops adjoined, and were all to the "manor-born," save one whose frosty accent and curt tones proclaimed him the lord of a colder climate; but he had no frosty soul, as no sport man ever has. Pat could see in this "brogue," as he called it, that a "furriner" was in his house.

"What did you say your name was, Mister," said Pat, "and where yer from?"

"My name is Herbert Kendall, Mr. Bowman, and my residence is on the bank of Geneva Lake, Wisconsin."

"Then yer a Yankee, haint ye?" said Pat,

"Well, I believe you call all Northern men Yankees, don't you, B-w-man?" "I'm a Northwestern man." "Come out like a man and say you are a Yankee," said Pat; "and may be you are one of these damned reverends." "I can't fancy what you mean by reverends, Mr. Bowman," said Kendall, evidently perplexed and looking at us for help.

"Why," said Pat, "I mean these postiverous cusses who jerk us up for sellin' a nigger a hand of tobacco for a day's work, or a poor devil for countin' it, and sellin' a drink of corn whisky, and take him slap to the United States Court and let him play checkers with his nose till his poor brains die in rags. If you are this sort of a man," cried Pat, excitedly, "git away from my—"

"Stop, Pat," interrupted Melton. "Keep cool now. We promise you Mr. Kendall is a perfect gun man, and loves to hunt as well as you, has heard a great deal about you and, in fact, came here to pay you a visit."

"I think I understand Mr. Bowman now," said Kendall. "I say to him I am a Federal official not detective. I have a pleasant home and plenty. True, I was born in Vermont."

"No, Pat," said Melton, "there is a vast deal of difference between a Northern gentleman who comes among us and the 'reverends,' as you call them."

"Well, if there haint, cuss the Northern gentlemen," said Pat. "You hear'n of them," continued he, "meetin' poor Bill Smith drunk on the road the other day, and says to him, 'My old feller, gim me a drink, Mr. orful dry; and poor, kindhearted. But gim him a snoot and the revenue says, 'Stranger, yer too poor to give this to me, here's a quarter of a dollar, and off he goes and takes out a warrant agin Bill, and he is now in jail, and he has eleven children.'"

"Well, Pat," said Melton, "I tell you, Mr. Kendall is not one of these people, but I can tell you what he was. He was a good Yankee soldier. How do you like that?"

"Was you in fact a blue belly, Kindie?" said Pat.

"Yes, Mr. Bowman, I was a Federal soldier and continued in active service until I was badly wounded in your State—marble by you; they say you were a good Rich."

"Here's my hand, old fellow," said Pat. "If you was a good soldier you are apt to be a fast-class boy. We'll break no more squares—the latch-string hangs on the outside to the fighting boys, whether gray or blue."

"Thanks, Mr. Bowman," said Kendall, "I could say the same to you were you in my Northern land; we fought like soldiers—we forgave like friends."

"Yes, but," said Pat, "you fought us unfair—you sent to the old country and got them bottle-bellied Dutch to fight us with."

Well, Mr. Bowman, to tell the truth, we were forced to do that to fill up the ranks you fiery Southern soldiers swept away."

"You are an honest Yankee, Kindie," said Pat, "and I'll bet was a good soldier!"

"Mr. Bowman, I'm almost a Virginian—was badly wounded in 1864 in Virginia, from which I have never recovered, and I come to the country every summer which deprived me of health, to get a share of it back from your delightful climate and mineral waters."

"And you were wounded in Virginia, Kendall?" said Melton. "What battle?"

"In a skirmish at Hanging Rock, near Salem, on Hunter's retreat from Lynchburg," said Kendall.

"I happened to have a hand on the other side in that myself. We did a little retreating to Lynchburg first," said Melton.

"Were you the chap, Melton," said Pat, "that stuck a tar barrel to the Natural Bridge and tried to burn it before the Yankees passed on that raid?"

"Take care, you old crane!" said Melton; "I'll tell what a fool a trick you did when you set fire to a barrel of oil on the bridge across the James at Buchanan—set fire to the end next the Yankees—then had to swim the river and got a bullet in the end nearest the Reds, too, you old numskull; then got drunk and swore you'd fight the whole army before they should take the town of Buchanan, because it was named after your grandfather; fell in the gutter and let the Yankees capture you."

"Keep that damned oily tongue of yours in your chops, you little snip," said Pat; "there is no truth in it, no how. As for the Yankees gettin' me, that's none your business. I was crotch by a clever blue-coat, give him a drink and told him how I got shot and drunk and he slipped me in the brush."

"I was on the advance guard right at that bridge when burnt," said Kendall, and his eyes twinkled as though he remembered more, and Pat gave him an inquiring glance and seemed inclined to change the topic.

"Say, Whitten," said Pat, "haven't you fed yer dogs yet? Go, get 'em a bit of mush. Let them fill themselves full of it to-night—eat the best of all food to run on—and they must have but a bite in the mornin'." They were called up and "filled full" sure enough.

"Look here, Whitten," said Pat, "do you think them little spiny-legged dogs of yours can jump the red brush with my hounds? I tell you, boys," continued Pat, "for a deer dog give me a right big one—wide 'twice four legs, strong legs, short pasty joints, big feet and hard as a ho-se's' huf—want a foot that won't let claws wear off and a dog that won't run from a fice. You laugh at me, boys, but I know. It stands to reason that any strong animal is the best for strong work."

"I don't know, Pat," said Whitten, "how my dogs will stand a deer—they are capital on a fox."

"Boys," we'll have a right day to-morrow; it's time you were going to roost. We'll have breakfast at half after three in the mornin' and Whitten and Joice must be on the deer afore daylight. I wish I had a flax break for that lyin' snipe to snore on."

Half fatigued from a day's ride we retired, but forced to steal from the refreshing sleep that awaited us a few moments to muse over the pleasure of the mornin'. Free of all care, how pleasant to anticipate the sight of the nimble, flying deer, the music of the eager and faithful hound, the dash over the splendid mountain road, to sniff the virgin breeze of the giant mountain, see ivy roughs and laurel-hedged mountain brook and the graceful, swaying hemlock! With these bright fancy pictures, whose mind could spare room for malice, envy, meanness or goveling idea? Certain it is that all industrial business men will and ought to have their recreations and sports in spite of the mere of the prophetic croaker the hunt seems more ennobling at least, than the ruinous cards or the effeminate and less attractive billiards, full of their absurd and undignified wrangles, where saint and sinner may with impunity swear and tear. The hunter's season is but a short one in the least busy time of the year, but most pleasant and healthful. The fero bank and billiard saloon hold but one season—that the year round

—and become most attractive when the "wicked love darkness better than light."

"Git up, men," said George, "breakfast is ready. I've said he drempt of blood last night, and I never knowed it to fail that a deer was kil ed when he drempt that."

"Hey, boys, crawl out of here!" said Pat. "I drempt of blood last night, and of killin' a deer and its tongue fallin' out on the right sid' of its mouth. Now, boys, this is a certain sign that something breaks the charm. If you met a woman to-day, boys, I want to caution you, it's bad luck, unless you can make her back track. Egal! pay her to go back home, or else I'll swear you won't kill a thing. I've sct fifty bushels corn in my life brin' of 'em."

"What sort of a mornin', old boomer, is it?" said Melton. "Capital—foggy down here but frost on the mountain; not a particle of wind, not a leaf fell last night to river tracks."

"That's all right," chimed a half dozen voices.

In we go to the dining-room. We meet at the door the aroma of venison, "baked pork," fried sweet potatoes, buckwheat cakes, delicious yellow butter, and an appetite for much else that we found on the copious table.

"Eat hearty, boys," was Pat's command, and we obeyed. "Hello! Somebody at the gate, old man," said Pat's cheerful old spouse. "John Maloney, boys," said Pat; "he ricks a pison fine sorrel and would kill him any time for a deer. Take care, Saurer, he don't tan your jackets to-day!" And he was trained to a horse and rides like a Comanche.

The horn sounded, and its thrilling echoes broke the stillness of the early morn, ringing higher and higher from peak to peak until its countless reverberations reached far away into the shaggy wood, where the startled deer had not yet ceased to nip the tender bud, and then were lost. Then came the chorus of dog yells.

"Boys," said the old lady to Joice, one of the "drivers," "you had better put a snack of something to eat in your pocket." "No, indeed," said Joice; "don't you know what a fool a hound is?—they'd smell the victuals and sneak behind us all day."

"Boys!" see you all have some sense—you don't take many traps with you," said Pat. "You'll need more spurs than powder and lead to-day." "I have taken a load or two of small shot, Mr. B-w-man," said Kendall. "I thought I might see a partridge before we took our stands, if you will consent for me to shoot one." "How in the thunder do you expect to see a partridge in the woods, man?" said Pat; "they say in the rag weeds in the bottom."

We had six miles to ride. The fog lay thick in the valley, around the Richlands, and reached high up the mountain, and three miles were left in the rear before we emerged from this thick vapor, which seemed perfectly level, hiding the valley and looking like the face of a calm lake. Through it here and there twined in their grand and rugged majesty the peaks of the neighboring mountains. The sun, just rising, shot its beams along the bosom of this ocean of fog and struggled to penetrate below. What a pity to be disturbed in our admiration by one of Pat's ludicrous freaks. While all were intent a grouse flew up and circled near Pat, and Kendall followed it with his gun, and when ranging on Pat he "dropped" beautifully to shot by rolling off his sleek horse flat on the ground. At the report of Kendall's gun a cloud of feathers told the tale.

"Are you a stater named, teetotal damned fool, Kindie?" said Pat. "You'd a shot me if I hadn't dodged."

"Fine partridge this is, boys," said Kendall, holding the bird up.

"Partridge the devil!" said Pat. "That's a pheasant. They say you Yankees are always inventin' something, and now you want to make a new name for this old bird."

"Get on your horse, you old crane, you," said Melton. "The deer will be through before we get to our stands."

"Well, you couldn't kill it if you was there, ficey!" said Pat.

Off we went at a brisk pace. Who is it that has sniffed the woodland autumn air that can forget its intoxicating effects? The frost was fast melting before the sun's rays from off the sun-cured leaves, distilling the sweetest and most refreshing of all perfumes. "Hush!" said Saurer. "Listen—the dogs!"

Distinctly came the eager and eager bay of the irrepressible Spring. But a moment and the "p" joined in the music upon a fresh and warm scent. The rugged red hounds and pine spar they go, but still far beneath us. The sounds, softened by distance, arose and came on the crisp air as if muffled by the wires of the telephone. A perfect yell! "Listen, boys," said Maloney, "it's jumped; keep a look out." Nearer they come—one continuous roar, but fierce and eager above all the din was the foremost cry of savage Spring and her dashing shadow, the pup. Yonder it is. Click, click go the locks. "Oh, p-haw, boys! it is passing below us," said Maloney. "My ears are flying like the wind," said Kendall, as his eyes fairly jumped from their sockets at the sound of the dogs. "Gosh! they are settin' the woods afire!"

"Where will it take water, Maloney, do you think?" inquired Melton. "At the Cold Spring at the end of Stone Mountain. See that bare, rough cliff?" responded Maloney. "How far is it, Maloney?" "Seven miles," he responded, as he gave loose rein and leaned forward on his leaping sorrel at the mention of miles.

"Good-bye, old snail!" said Melton to Pat.

"I'll bust my boss's neck or my fur jacket, you aggravatin' cuss you," said Pat, mad as bixen. He clinched his spurs in the sides of his quiet horse, and off he went like thunder.

"B-yes," said Saurer, as we reached the mountain foot, "I'll kill that deer at the Spring, and have a julep fixed by the time you get there, and like an arrow his resive gray shot through the verdant laurel bottom and out of sight. Soon we joined our comrades at the Cold Spring, and cold indeed it was, as the half-icy bubbles, baded by the lichens, over the limestone gravel and down the cedar-covered precipice with a leap to the river. "Hello! old boy, where's that deer and julep?" said Melton. "Yonder comes Joice and Whitten, they can tell," was the reply. "Boys, I heard the curs bother the hounds on the creek," said Joice. "Spect some of them have been torn up, or the Walls have killed and bid our deer. I'll gallop back and straten 'em, and off he shot. "Melton, you stand here," said Maloney, "and don't leave a moment, and I will scatter the others along the road as fast as I can." Here came the tired dogs along the bare stones on top of the mountain. The tireless pup, leading on the cold trail fairly gnawing the rocks to find it.

"Here, Whitten, it's been among a gang of sheep," said Joice.

Kendall had joined the "drivers" by that time, and inquired of Joice how he knew the deer track from a sheep's,

"Why," answered Whitten for him, "a deer's hoofs are much more pointed, spread more, and its dew claws are sharper and go into the ground. And," continued the graduate in woodcraft, "you ask why it got among the sheep. It is something in their nature that always makes them go among any kind of stock, when dodging, which sometimes loses a dog completely."

"Look here, Melton," said Pat, tip-toeing, "you've bin outen this stand," when to the mortification of the Cold Spring hero, the dogs traifed in ten feet of him.

"Well," said Melton, "I did grow restless about an hour ago, and left this stand for just five minutes by my watch."

"Thunder and Tom Walker!" said the irate Pat, "hain't you one grain of sense? Don't you know that's just long enough to let a deer pass? Just like you town fellers—fine standers! I told you not to go back after your confounded old dog this morning, that you'd have had luck."

"Look here, Bowman, you are a little too personal; take care you don't make a donkey of yourself before this hunt ends."

The hounds passed to a slope facing the east, which was moist, and they became more eager. "Boys," said Whitten, "it's lying just over the cedar point."

"Well," said Melton, with the sharpness of ill humor, "I'll kill that deer yet and redeem myself or break my own or my horse's neck."

"Yes," said Pat, "you'll play thunder!" Such a roar! "Look yonder, boys, see that deer!" said Saurer. "Now Maltney, Kendall, here's to the slayer," and he cocked his double barrel and fairly rose from his saddle.

Melton seemed no madder than his stormy black, whose nostrils spread and showed his heated blood. Maltney dashed to Melton as if to banter, and then the reckless rider took or deer! Dash over the rail fence, which flew right and left—sprang into the broad field. All took fire, for Kendall was close along with Saurer's careful eye, as Pat came thundering by on his now unmanageable horse. The froth flies from the mouth of the screaming tan pup as he heads out, stretching like a rubber string, fast on the heels of the poor distracted deer. One dash and Maltney's steed has the better of him and passes the deer. Poor Bowman's horse was now far off at a tangent, and with crazy fury approaching a precipice, and as he reached its edge turned short and over it hurled poor old Pat; and was out of sight. "My heavens!" cried Kendall, "poor Bowman's killed," and in a flash he turned from the chase to his rescue. With a vicious sharp crack from Melton's trusty gun the deer, without a struggle, fell amid gathered rustics, drivers, hounds and horses, and Melton had redeemed himself.

But poor old Bowman! Where was he? With one accord all bounded to his relief. And where was he, sure enough? Below the cliff, where he was hurled, grew a heavy topped and bushy hornbeam, with its little branches, entwined in which was the thick growth of wild grape vines. Pat had fortunately struck this tree in his fall, and his legs were thrust up to his crotch among the tops. Melton's eyes were from some cause moist when he heard of his old friend's fall, but as he peered through the vines at Kendall extricating the fallen hero with his knife he greeted him with "Hello, rooster, why don't you crow? we've got the deer." "Goodness! Melton, there's no fun in this. I'm nearly split open. All I want is to get out here to shoot that cursed deer. I've sented me over here," and Bow, was extricated with only such injuries as skinned knees and shins, and a stiff spine from the sudden jar.

A week passed off with hunts more or less varied in their results and excitement. The evening before the day fixed for our departure, Melton, Kendall and Saurer had spent in bagging pheasants. The day closed with a sleety rain, chilling the bird hunters severely, and on their entering the cheery sitting room they were confronted with a glowing wood fire. "Pat," said Saurer, "brush up the hearth and put a dozen good ripe apples before the fire to roast, and let's give Kendall a farewell with an old-fashioned Virginia toddy." "Enough said," chimed Pat, "maybe it will warm up my stove-wood." "Melton," said Saurer, "have you any of that old peach brandy left?" "Yes, look in my valise, in a morocco covered quart flask, and you will find it full of brandy Bill Wallace made four years ago out of fine peaches, from which he extracted the seed before stilling." "Don't take the apples up yet, Pat; let them scorch a little," said Saurer. "Do you want anything else to make the stuff with," said Pat; "any other flavoin?" "Get me a ten-kettle full of clean water and heat it hot, and some sugar. I would like to know how you could improve the flavor of the peach and apple mixed?" said Saurer. "That's a mess, hot water, apples, sugar and liquor all mixed," said Pat. "You old scrub, take this glass and take back what you said about it or I'll throttle you in a minute," said Melton. A short interim passed and the moisture came on Bow's brow, and he said sprily, "Boys, it's better nor I tho'-le's have another," and he turned and tipped Kendall's glass. "Kindle," said he, "here's to all such Yankees as you; here's to them bold and numerous children you talk of; come to my house every year, it shan't cost you a red." "Yes, may he live to tree you agin next fall, old coon," said Melton. "Yes, cuss you, you'd laugh if I broke my neck next year; you've got no feelin' no how!" The cups were drained.

"Pat, do you know I'm the man who let you loose when wounded at Buchanan at the bridge burning you spoke of the other night?" said Kendall. "By golly, Kindle, I believe you. I have some brandy for my life. I've seen you afore, and if you shoot me that day and was a Yankee, all right." "I was a soldier, Bow; I have found men like you in the South do not harbor malice at us, and I shall always remember you with kindness and return to see you again." Pat mopped his brow, went weaving to the door with "Good night, boys."

The whip cracked over our teams by daylight next morning, and we went sailing homeward. Thus did the hunters of the Gray and Blue mix.

CARP IN TEXAS.—Kosse, Texas, July 23.—I now have a fine, never-failing carp pond, or two of them, and intend spending more time and money so that I can catch and sell the young fishes. I have some beautiful carp, sent from the government ponds here before last, measuring about eighteen inches, and weighing six or seven pounds. I am in hopes that my pond is full of young carp, but so far have been able to catch any.—S. B.

LAKE TROUT FISHING.—Fishing at Lake Keuka is good; it is said that a lake trout weighing 17lbs. was caught one day last week.—J. O. F.

TO MY BETTER, "SCOUT."

BY FRANK H. SELDEN.

YOU are a tried and loyal friend.

The end
Of life will find you and I, unwary
Of tested bonds that naught can rend,
And even if years be sad and dreary
Our plighted friendship will extend.

A true friend man never had.

'Tis said

That 'mong all earthly friends the fewest
Unfailing ones should be to trust clad
In canine loveliness; yet, truest
They, be their treatment good or bad.

Within your eyes methinks I find

A kind

And thoughtful look of speechless feeling
That Memory's loosened cords unwind,
And lets the dreamy past come stealing
Through your dumb, reflective mind.

Scout, my trusty friend, can it be

You see

Again, in retrospective dreaming,
The rim, the woodland and the lea,
With past Autumnal sunshine streaming
O'er every frost-dyed field and tree?

Or do you see now once again

The glen

And torn, the highland and the thistle?

And do you still remember when

We heard the bright-eyed woodcock whistle

Down by the rippling shrub-edged fen?

I see you turn a listening ear

To hear

The quail upon the drowsy-plod heather;

But, doggie, wait till uplands are

And then the Autumn's vaning weather

Will bring the sport we hold so dear.

Then we will hunt the lumpy swale,

And read

The snipe, their cunning wiles o'ercoming;

And oft will dush the beved quail,

And hear the partridge slowly drumming

But echoes in the leaf-strewn dale.

When wooded hills with crimson light

Are bright,

We'll stroll where trees and vines are growing

And see birds warp their southern flight

At sundown, when the Day-king's throwing

Sly kisses to the Queen of Night.

But when the leaves of Life's fair dell

Have fell,

And Death comes with the Autumn's even

And separates us, who can tell

But that, within the realm of Heaven,

We both together there will dwell?

Medusa, Conn., 1881.

A WEEK OF FRAGRANT MEMORIES.

IT was a quiet afternoon just at the close of June. In a boat on a little lake in Pennsylvania (no matter where) a man of middle age and two boys were seated; say, rather, three boys, for on such occasions the man becomes a boy; or, as one of the boys prettily said: "It is only a difference in years; we have much the same kind of hearts in us after all." In due time the boys' best feet—two with anticipation of the coming sport and one with anxiety that the others should not be disappointed in their expectations.

The boys were enthusiastic Waltonians, but, hitherto their efforts had been confined to the smaller sorts of fish, and they were anxious to try their hands on black bass. The boys had seen some fine specimens, they had heard and read much of the gallant fight for life made by the fish, of the skill needed to take them with light tackle, and with the ardent nature of boys they were anxious to begin the sport. The trip had been long planned; in fact it was arranged last summer, and when the warm weather and lengthening spring days came and told of the approach of the fishing season, tackle shops were visited, questions asked, purchases made, and some dreams dreamed in which fish of unheard of size were taken only after inconceivable effort. And now at length the last recitations in school had been made, the examinations passed, and the boys were free.

Saturday night brought them to the place of rendezvous, where they were to join their older companion. The hour at which they rose on Monday morning no one knows. Certainly it was long before any one else in the family was astir. An early breakfast over, our traps were placed in the carriage which took us to the station, and never did a railway train carry a happier party than did the train that day. A few hours in the cars and one in a stage brought us to our destination. A hurried meal was taken, and a more hurried tramp to the water. A boat was secured for the entire stay. And now the three boys are in it, and off we go, one gallant little fellow managing the oars admirably. There is a thrill of pleasure as we push off, and the bright color mounts the cheeks of all the party. The senior boy is full of happiness; it is high pleasure for him to see the brightness and buoyancy of his young companions.

I had been at the lake before. I knew the coy manner and fastidious tastes of the bass. Sometimes the wriggling worm is greedily taken, sometimes the minnow is the food they most want, while again grasshoppers are a tempting lure; and there are other times when they will none of these, but greedily rush for black crickets; to the fly they never rise. Hence there must be some experimenting. Supplied with worms and crickets (the two most easily procured baits) we tried our luck, but crickets and worms alike proved failures, and the result of the afternoon's fishing was disappointing.

Next morning arrangements were made for a supply of minnows, and till they could be procured we determined to try grasshoppers and trolling spoons. Again disappointment attended our efforts. Some others, meeting with a similar lack of success, became discouraged and were preparing to leave. As we wound up for dinner, I said, "Boys, shall we follow their example and go too?" "No, sir," came the prompt reply; "not a bit of it; we came to fish, and we will not give it up so easily. No, sir; we will stay." And then we all

shock hands, and I said something about "the right spirit." Our minnows secured, we proceeded to try them. They proved to be just the needed bait. It was not long before I began a fight with a large bass. The whole performance was new to the boys, and their excitement can better be imagined than described. They fairly yelled when the fish gave his characteristic leap. At last he was secured in the landing net, and then transferred to the boat. He was handled and admired, his size and weight speculated upon, and then came most naturally from both boys, "I wish I could take one just like him." They had not long to wait for the fulfillment of their wish. Harry soon felt the peculiar tug at his line, and with a shout, "I've got him," stood up to begin the struggle. Breathless with excitement as the fish leaped wildly from the water, he almost forgot his part of the work; the line was again, he grasped the top of the rod was not kept up; again, he could not run out. The line with both hands, so that the line could not run out. You wonder, kind reader? Do you remember the work you made with your first bass? And you were a man, too. Have seen men, more than once, break their rods with their first heavy fish. A word or two from his senior recalled Harry to his work, and right well he did it. Five minutes of battle and another fine fish lay in the boat. It would have been difficult to say which showed most signs of excitement, the captor or the captive, but I know certainly that I was not often seen a happier or a prouder boy, and he had a right to be; he acquitted himself most creditably. There were handshaking and congratulations.

And then came John's turn. John is usually a quiet boy, but under the quiet outside is hidden away a deal of force—force that will tell when he reaches man's years and enters his life work. But just then the quiet outside suddenly vanished, and with a shout like a war-whoop, John sprang to his feet; and then he grew pale as the contest waxed fiercer, and he trembled as the fish sprang from the water trying to shake the stinging hook from his mouth. But with some directions and a little aid he landed his fish, and the third fine bass graced our boat. Then came reverses, for Harry lost two—one just as it seemed ready for the landing net—John lost one and I lost two. There were some long and not very happy looking faces just then. But we did not lose courage; we kept right on, and when our little catch was carried to our hotel a goodly string of fish. I do not think that the three happier hearts anywhere than the three hearts that night in the little country inn beside 8—lake; two because of their first experience in bass fishing, and one in the enjoyment of the others.

Day by day for a week we repeated the work of this one afternoon. Nice strings were taken; boxes of fish packed in ice were sent to father and grandfather at home.

And we not only had the pleasure that comes of innocent amusement, recreation and sport; we enjoyed to the full the beautiful country, with its high hills, its fields of ripening grain and its grand old forests. The mountains in the blue distance lent their charm. Light and shade followed each other over the lake and the peaceful fields as sunlight and cloud alternated in the sky. One night a grand thunder storm awed and yet thrilled us with its terror and magnificence.

We used to take supper with us and eat it in the boat in the quiet hush of the evening, amid the glories of the fading day as the sun went down behind the surrounding hills. What a delight was that quiet hour, spent in the midst of the waning splendors of the sinking sun.

But the end of that happy week came. Our lines were reeled up for the last time, our rods unjointed, traps packed and good-byes said to the kind people of the inn who had done so much for our enjoyment. We could not but feel sad that our pleasure there was at an end, but we were glad and thankful that we had been allowed to have so much of it. We turned our faces homeward; the boys to finish their vacation in a beautiful country town; I to work. But there is in my life to-day a strain of music and a bit of brightness that was made there by a week with two bright, kindly, pure, affectionate boys. Dear young hearts, I wonder whether you know what a place you have made for yourselves in the older world. I wonder whether you know how much of this world's intercourse and constant association has endeared you to your companion. May we live to have many such "good times" together; and when I shall have unjointed my rod for the last time, may you, in the midst of your enjoyment, think of him who gave you your first lessons, and say in the words of dear old Walton, "May the blessing of St. Peter's Master rest upon mine." M.

August 4, 1881.

THE MAGALLOWAY COUNTRY.

MAGALLOWAY RIVER, Maine, July 26. AS I have been in disagreeable conditions of mind for the past eight years I think I can safely say I have discovered a gold mine this season in the way of hunting and fishing. Large game is very plenty, embracing moose, caribou and deer, and small game is abundant. With a good fly-rod and landing-net you can have all the fun with the speckled beauties you desire. Our friend Eaton has just returned from Sunday pond with four fine trout, weighing respectively, 23, 34, 35 and 43 pounds. This little pond is in full view of the lake, and whether you know how much of this world's intercourse and constant association has endeared you to your companion. May we live to have many such "good times" together; and when I shall have unjointed my rod for the last time, may you, in the midst of your enjoyment, think of him who gave you your first lessons, and say in the words of dear old Walton, "May the blessing of St. Peter's Master rest upon mine." M.

There are five or six ponds within a short distance, well stocked with trout, and up the river four miles is the large and beautiful sheet of water called Parmachenee Lake, to which the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM need no introduction. Deer can be seen nearly every day at sunset on the edge of the pond opposite our camp, and in June two moose came regularly down to the water to drink, but as the season advanced, fearing the guns about the pond, they left for some safer place in which to quench their thirst. Last Tuesday our guide, Flint and myself went to Upper Metallic Lake fly-fishing and on returning saw before us a large moose in the water. As I did not wish to try him with my fly-rod we had the pleasure of paddling up within about three rods of him before he knew of our presence, but when he saw us he gave up his fish and went into the forest.

This section, during the full months one can have all the sport he desires in the way of hunting or fishing. If it were in the season for still hunting I could give your readers some of my experience in that line, but as it is out of season I will forbear. However, I can assure them if they will come to Flint Camp they can have all the sport they wish for.

For the benefit of those, if any there be, who may wish to come to this place, I will give full directions for getting here from Boston. Start from the Boston and Lowell depot with

an excursion ticket to Colebrook, N. H., and return via Concord, Boston & Montreal R. R.; take the stage at Colebrook through Dixville Notch to Errol Dam, Bragg's Hotel; thence by steamer up the Magalloway River to Brown's farm; from there by private conveyance to Fred Flint's camp at the head of Escholt Falls. There you will find guide F. L. Mason, who will take you by boat up the stream twenty-five miles, to Elms Landing at the foot of the falls, and after thirty minutes' walk you will be where I now sit, and you will, in season, find a good, hot supper of moose or deer steak awaiting you, which I have no doubt you will enjoy.

S. H. B.

FROM MOOSEHEAD LAKE TO THE MAIN ST. JOHN.

IN THREE PARTS—PART III.

ON the morning of June 4th we bade adieu to our log camp and hastened on our journey. A pull of thirteen miles took us to

DEPOT FARM.

before described. Here we tarried for an hour with a veritable Robinson Crusoe with his little dog, although he answered to the name of John Harvey. He and his dog are the sole occupants of the forest herabouts. In a little log hut he lives, and since last fall he had seen no human face till the day before we came, when a party of three came across from "Seven Islands" on the St. John, but no party had been through over the route we came. We regaled ourselves with fresh milk, learned from him that there was a log camp some seventeen miles ahead, procured some corned beef and some salt and eggs of him, and resumed our journey. A matter of twelve miles took us through another section of the Alleghash River, into

SQUARE LAKE.

and two more through it, into the third section of the Alleghash.

From here (the foot of Square Lake) it is three miles to a log camp. (As log camps are very important to a sportsman in his journeyings I have been very particular to locate all I am familiar with.) It is a comfortable camp, except the roof has been removed from one side to furnish material to build an oat-bin hard by; the remaining roof, however, is tight and in good condition. It is on the left bank, about fifteen rods from the shore, at the foot of the second pitch of water after leaving Square Lake, opposite a big eddy, and may be seen from the river if you look sharp. During the night, while camping, I was awakened by Newt's melodious voice, shouting, "Sam! Sam! Sam!" each time louder. I thought at first he had the night-horse. Then I heard Alf mutter, "Dod butler it." What ails him? Sam, however, awoke finally (but I declare I thought he never would), and grunted out, "What you want?" "What's that, gnawing?" answered Newt. By this time we were all awake, and distinctly heard a loud gnawing outside the door. "Something trying to get our stores," shouted Ned, as he grabbed the rifle, and "Dod butler it!" lighted a match. As the match was struck a large rabbit slipped lively away, but he was not the disturber of our peace; outside was a big hedgehog, trying to get at our salt; but before Ned could get a bead on him he got!

The next morning, June 5, was lowery, with occasional light rain, which continued in light showers till the middle of the afternoon. We, however, broke camp at an early hour. About a mile and a half below, on the right bank, we passed

MUSQUACOOK STREAM.

which affords fine trout fishing, and some three miles below this is

FIVE FINGER BROOK.

which empties in on the left. The latter stream I have never seen on any published map. It deserves attention as furnishing fine fishing ground in the summer and fall. From our camp of last night it is about twelve miles to the border of civilization, which announces itself by a little log hut on the right bank, occupied by Joseph Gilbert. We were advised this is not the most promising place to stop at, but

FINKLY McLELLAN'S.

whose house is somewhat larger and whose possessor is rich! which means here from two to three thousand dollars. McC's is a few rods below on the same bank.

From this point to Alleghash Falls it is about three miles, and if a few scattered log houses along the bank of a river constitute civilization, then indeed we are out of the wilderness, and I confess it hardly seems so to me. Between here and the Falls are four log houses or huts, three on the left and one on the right bank. The water herabouts is quiet, with occasionally quick water, but after leaving McLeellan's it is mostly quick till you reach Alleghash Carry. We tarried at McC's for half an hour or so and chatted with the old folks while we warmed our shins before a huge cooking stove, for it was quite cold in the humid atmosphere outside. About noon we continued our journey, and made the run of three miles to

ALLEGASH CARRY.

in thirty-three minutes. At the head of the carry we got up a fine dinner of corned beef hash, and then dragged our pattern over the carry (a fair road) some forty rods, on a wooden sled or skid which is kept there for that purpose.

"THE FALLS OF THE ALLEGASH"

are decidedly picturesque and impressive. The river narrows up at this point and discharges a large volume of water through a very narrow gorge cut through a solid ledge. The water is directly precipitous only some thirty or forty feet, but it has a fine fall of some seventy feet, covering a space of some fifteen rods in its whole decline, reminding one strongly of Trenton Falls.

Below the falls we again embarked. There are several pitches of water between the fall and the St. John, but none dangerous, only a little lively. There is much shoal water also, and we scraped and bumped along at times, but got over them without much trouble. About 5 P. M. we made our junction with the

MAIN ST. JOHN.

where the whole feature of the country changes. The banks of the St. John from here down are mostly cleared, and from scattered huts you come to small settlements and extensive farms, with fenced lots, growing crops and waving grain.

Before leaving the Alleghash I must note two or three scenes that impressed us all strikingly, which was the sudden falling off of the river bed at times when a long, straight stretch of a quarter of a mile presented itself before us. Sometimes it would appear we were riding down a steep hill on the ice, and the rapidity of motion was the current. This was especially noticeable at the mouth of the Alleghash. At

first we thought it an optical illusion, but we found it not to be so. At this point the decline of the bed of the river is very great, and the water runs with exceeding swiftness, yet the surface is almost unbroken, and from the upper point you look down the incline as you would if you were sliding down hill, and the sensation of running this quiet water is a peculiar but pleasant one. About half a mile below the junction of the Alleghash the St. John—is the worst pitch of water we encountered on the whole trip. It is some twenty rods long, quite sharp and choked with rocks on every side so there is hardly a channel anywhere.

The birches went ahead and chose the south shore, which happened to be the proper channel, hard in shore.

Expecting to find the best water, we took the very middle. We had just entered the seething current when a native shouted to us from the shore, "You can't get through there, the channel is on this shore." This was indeed pleasant to contemplate, dashing as we were rapidly toward rocks which threatened destruction. "What shall we do, John?" said Sam. John paused for a second only, for time was indeed precious, when he replied, "I guess he's right; I don't see any way through here."

"Shove her across, then, with all your might, if you get a chance, and try for the channel," shouted Sam.

And a moment after John headed her for the south shore, but, alas! it was of no use, we were hummed in. "It's no use," ejaculated John, "we must go through straight, somehow." At the same moment, Thump!—and we brought up on top of a rock; for the water was so shallow that it shivered and trembled, while the maddened waters piled up around us; but, thanks! they proved our salvation, for they finally got under us and lifted us off the rock, and we took a new start and ran safely out of the vortex.

I learned that evening that a boatman was drowned on that pitch last spring. As an Irishman would remark, "The next time I run that pitch I'll go around it."

A mile lower down and you reach

JOHN GARRY'S,

where sportsmen always tie up if they delay here, and where we tied up for the night. His house is on the left bank.

They make no pretensions to accommodations, and we found them poorly off in the way of provisions. Could give us pork and potatoes, but ham, eggs, bread—no. We might borrow their stove, and they could furnish a little milk and some butter. So Ned pulled off his coat, and while talking money to a pretty French servant girl, he got up a good supper; but, O! such biscuit as he made with milk.

"O, I'm what you call him, that rises on top the milk," he replied, when we praised those puffy biscuits.

But, patient reader, I have not yet said the patience much longer; I have been prolix, I know, but I have endeavored to give an accurate history of this trip in detail, that you might profit by it if you should ever desire to make it. The distances and other statements of facts are as true as my poor ability can furnish.

In a few words I will take you to the end of our trip. June 6 we resumed our journey down the St. John, reaching

ST. FRANCIS PLANTATION,

ten and a half miles from Carleton Place, in two and a half hours, passing through two or three strong rapids, but plenty of water, and drew our boat ashore at Martin Savage's, nearly opposite St. Francis River, where we hoped to get dinner. It is a large farm, with a large and pretentious house and inviting surroundings and where formerly travelers were heartily received and provided for, but Mr. Savage was away and the lady of the house said they had not entertained of late, as they had a large family of workmen to care for, so we re-embarked and stopped off at

WATER CROCK'S,

three miles below, on the left bank. They did not keep public house, but would get us a dinner; and they did—a good one—but would make no charge. We, however, remembered the servants.

Mr. Connor is quite well off and very hospitable, it is said, but he was away on a "drive." He is building quite an elegant house here, for these parts, and may he live long to enjoy it.

Leaving Connor's, log-houses are more frequent and small settlements appear. Seven miles we left our small red church upon the left bank attracted our attention, so picturesque was it, nestled among the rude habitations about, with green fields setting it off to good advantage. From Red Church to

FORT KENT

is five miles and mostly quick, but good, water. We made the distance in a little less than one hour. Fort Kent is on the right bank and consequently in Maine. On the opposite bank is Middle St. Francis, a Canadian settlement. We stopped at Samuel Storey's hotel, a good table. Fort Kent is very prettily situated at the confluence of Fish River, which makes in from the south, and the St. John. It is quite a thrifty little village, with a store, post-office and Catholic church. We found the church open and entered. It was a rustic affair, but somehow impressed me wonderfully. In the body of the church were rude wooden seats, without cushions, paint or ornament of any kind. A rough stairway, without railing, leads to the gallery, which we mounted, and found there one of the best benches. A rope leading to a primitive belfry hung idly by, for it took time to set the tongue of the little bell a-vibrating, but we profaned no solemn stillness that reigned within. Descending the stairs we approached the altar, around which imitation wax candles stood ready for lighting. Here and there hung cheap prints of the Saviour nailed to the cross, Mary and the saints. With noiseless step we retreated from this hallowed precinct, closing carefully the heavy door behind us, that we might not disturb the holy silence that prevailed. We next visited the District Church, a bird by, which plays an important part in the history of Fort Kent. It was built some forty years ago as a fort, in anticipation of a war with Great Britain, over the boundary line between Maine and Canada, but the matter was finally settled by treaty in 1842 without bloodshed. It is built of heavy timber, with loopholes for rifle and cannon, and is situated on an eminence overlooking the St. John and Fish rivers and near their junction. At Fort Kent we sold our bateau, agreeing to deliver it at Edmundston.

At five the next morning, June 7, we resumed our journey in order to reach Edmundston, the terminus of the New Brunswick R. R., in time for the train, which we were told left at 10:30; as we were also advised it would require five hours to reach there—twenty miles. We, however, did some good pulling, and reached there in three and one-half hours—viz., at 8:30, and were there informed the train would leave at 11:30, thus giving us three hours to spare. The ride from Fort Kent to Edmundston comprises one of the most

interesting sections of the whole trip. The wilderness has now disappeared from the banks of the river, and log huts have given place to more modern structures, although many rude affairs are still frequent. The soil along its borders, however, is rich and fertile and picturesque in appearance, and I was more than once reminded of the Rhine of Fatherland as I saw it ten years ago. Much of the way, on either side, the land is level for a distance back from the borders of the river, when it gradually slopes upward till it rises with a graceful incline several hundred feet above the bed of the river. In many places along it is entirely cleared of wood and subdued into tillage, pasture and mowing lands.

The most charming scene which engaged my attention along this section was at a point on the south bank of the river called

FRENOUVILLE,

where near the bank is a small settlement, a rustic village with a neat little church and open square. In the background is a long, high range entirely subdued, and mostly devoted to grass and grain, thus presenting different shades of green to the eye. From the summit of the range to the village, long stretches of fences appear, running mostly one way only—i. e., from the top down, as is chiefly the case on the Rhine.

A solemn quiet prevailed as we passed this secluded spot, giving the whole picture a dreamy aspect, which was at once charming and impressive. There are but few rapids between Fort Kent and Edmundston, and in this respect the trip grows less exciting and more monotonous, although the scenery all along is inviting to the lover of nature.

We encountered some logs *en route*, but got through without difficulty.

EDMUNDSTON,

Little Falls, or Madawaska, as you please, are one and the same place, and is situated on the left bank of the St. John and right bank of the Madawaska at the confluence of the Madawaska River, which comes in from the north, and the St. John. The railroad station is on the same side of the St. John, but the left bank of the Madawaska. The village is small, with a hotel which is passable—i. e., you had better pass it. At Edmundston we bade good-bye to the river, delivered our bateau, got our canoes and luggage to the station, and at 11:30 started for Grand Falls, thirty-nine miles distant. The road is a very rude affair, and slow time a necessity. We made the distance in three and one-half hours, or about twelve miles an hour. At

GRAND FALLS, N. B.,

are two hotels, the Grand Falls Hotel and the American. We stopped at the former, which is the better, and which we found exceedingly good, considering their facilities. Grand Falls is quite a romantic place, with a population of some 800, on elevated ground overlooking the falls, which are some seventy-five feet high and quite picturesque. Below the falls is a suspension bridge for ordinary travel, from which you get a fine view of the falls and river below. Below the falls is a deep chasm with beetling cliffs on either side. On the west side is a rustic stairway leading to a small ledge overlooking the river. In the summer season Grand Falls is a favorite resort of summer boarders. A great drawback to an American would be the want of facilities for reaching it, for, while they have a railroad, they make short runs and long stops. From Edmundston they run to Aroostook, twenty miles below here, fifty-nine miles in all, returning as far Grand Falls the same day. You reach Aroostook at 4:20, and must remain here over night. At 9:30 next morning you leave Aroostook and reach Woodstock about 2 P. M., where you must remain until the next morning, when you leave at 9 A. M., and thus reach Bangor in time to take the evening train for Boston, hence three days from Grand Falls to Bangor, 252 miles! So tedious are they that even the Government sends its mails by a one-horse wagon, which runs night and day, and thus beats the railroad one day out of three!

In our haste to get along we took a wagon at 6 A. M., June 8, from Grand Falls to Aroostook, eighteen miles for \$10, reaching there at 9 A. M. in time for the train, and arrived at Woodstock that night, stopping at the Gibson House, which is the best in the place.

At 9 A. M., June 9, we left our stopping place at McAdam Junction on the E. & N. A. R. R. at noon. At the station we got a miserable dinner. At 6:15 we reached Bangor and took a coach to "Bangor House," where we got a first-rate supper. At 7:45 we took a sleeper for Boston, arriving there at 6:30 the next morning.

GENERAL REMARKS.

And now, patient reader, after the manner of a minister toward the end of a long-winded sermon, I will draw my discourse to a close.

Regarding the best time to make this trip: If the objective feature is hunting and fishing, decidedly September and October are the better months, as there are few deer; fly-fishing is in its prime and both large and feathered game is more readily found. Partridges are very plentiful at this season. Running the rivers is not as easy then as in the spring, unless the fall rains have raised the streams; yet there will be no great difficulty in that direction. As to the place to rendezvous for the best hunting for large game, Eagle, Churchill and Long Lakes stand pre-eminent, although there is not a mile of territory between Chamberlain Lake and the mouth of the Alleghash that does not abound in large game. Deer, which are scarce everywhere else in Maine, have latterly been increasing rapidly and now are quite plenty. Trout, it is hardly necessary to say, are abundant, at the mouths of nearly every stream that flows into the main river, as also in the still waters about the falls and rapids.

As to provisions it is better to take some kinds with you as can get a better quality and variety at home than on the lakes. This we found notably so regarding salt pork, an almost indispensable article in the woods. There is plenty there, but not nearly so cheap as we carried in. The same is true of meal, hardtack, coffee and tea. Onions are sometimes difficult to get *en route*, and they play no mean part at one's dinner; in chowder they are a *sine qua non*; while cut up in vinegar they are a great appetizer (although perhaps a superfluity in that respect). Potatoes, good butter, flour, sugar, etc., can be procured readily at Greenville, but after leaving there they are more uncertain—especially butter, make sure of that at Greenville. Sugar should always be taken in the lump, as it never wastes in this shape. If you get them at Bangor, where you can also if you wish get everything.

After leaving Greenville we got short of butter and were placed on short rations with that article for several days. Potatoes, pork, etc., however, we found at Suncook and Chamberlain farm. As to the quantity of provisions to take, that is a conundrum, as appetites are so uncertain, and while

gorge a trout seven inches long. I am quite sure the fish was dead when he took him, as I saw two dead ones that morning and I found but one when I went with net to take them out. I think they rarely have trout on bill of fare. Two years ago I passed by one of my ponds. All was quiet. Fifteen minutes later I came back and saw about one hundred trout attacking a garter snake. I took a rake and lifted him out of the water. His "goose was cooked." I saw a dead one in same pond since.—A. F. Y.
Escautau, Mich., Aug. 1.

HOW DID THE FISH GET THERE?

I HAVE for four or five months been making a carp pond by digging out a piece of ground below two small springs and immediately between the springs and a running branch. About two months ago I quit work on my pond and let the water accumulate in it until two weeks ago, when I drained off the water, and to my surprise found a lot of fish, a dozen or more, some as long as seven or seven and one-half inches. They consisted of cat and perch, such as inhabit our creeks here. Some of those that I caught were not more than one or one and one-half inches long. Now, there was not a bucket of water in all when I quit work in the pond, and there has been no possible chance for any water from any other source than the spring to get in it, with one exception. At one time, when it rained, I made a trough, and from a hillside where there was a small gully running near the pond I turned it through the trough and allowed the rain water to pass into the pond. Now, the gully I speak of is only one of those that conduct off the rain water and was dry as soon as it was done raining, and I know there was not a fish put in the pond, for I had a picket fence ten feet high around it. Now, can you tell me where the fish came from?
The springs run some fifteen feet before they get to the pond, and do not run a stream large enough for a minnow to go in; besides, both springs have barrels in them, and I have never seen any sign of fish in the springs.
R. C. S.

ALBINO SWALLOW—SISLERVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 5.—Seeing mention of an albino swallow at Newport, in a recent issue of *Forest and Stream*, induced me to report a similar occurrence. I observed one at Dunkirk, N. Y., on the 20th ult. It was with many others of its species flying about the docks and elevators. It was pure white all over except on the breast, where it was of the usual pale chestnut of the barn swallow (*Hirundo horreorum*). From this fact, as well as that the majority of its associates were barn swallows, no doubt it belongs to that species. Last summer two white birds were reported as nesting near here, and this season I hear of them again. I consider the reports reliable, and from the descriptions given, suspect them to be wood pewees (*Contopus virens*). I regret that I have been unable to get a look at them.
J. M. E.

WRIGHT OF WOODCHUCKS—Hornellsville, N. Y.—A perfectly black, full-grown woodchuck was killed here last week; also a woodchuck that weighed over 18 lbs. Do you not call this a large one? I never weighed one before, and only weighed this one as it was such a large one.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

Holland Shooting Suits—Uphergrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.
Bad Dreams, Disturbed Sleep, Indigestion, Stomach Gas, all vanishes before HOLLAND'S.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE ILLINOIS SPORTSMEN.

THE annual convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association was held at the Palmer House, Chicago, last week, delegates being present from the following clubs: Ft. Clark of Peoria, Canton, Geneseo, Maple City of Geneseo, Macomb, Peoria, Quincy, First Lee of Franklin, Glenview, Gen. of Quincy, Oak City, Aurora, Astoria, Chicago, Delaware, Egyptian of Cairo, Forester of Chicago, Cumberland of Chicago, Lake George, Staunton, Ridgeland, Blue Island, Waukegan, Mak-saw-ba, Alton, Milwaukee, South End, Evanston, Mercer of Rio, and Wyanog.

Mr. Abner Price, the Secretary, presented to the Convention a report of the Magnor case, and asked that a voluntary subscription be made to reimburse the firm of Chicago lawyers, Messrs. Palmer & Durkee, who had at their own expense carried the case of the club through the courts and secured the conviction of Magnor. To this Hon. J. L. Pratt, of Syracuse, objected, on the ground that the prosecution of Magnor had been the work of the local clubs, and it was not the duty of the State Association to help to pay for it. Senator W. T. Thompson, on the other hand, thought that it was the business of the Association to be something more than a pigeon shooting society, and it ought to do something practical in the way of game protection. He urged that the money be paid. The subscription was taken up and the game laws of the Association given thereby. In fact, the good work has gone on all the while. The Chicago club have a fund of \$3,000 for the purpose of enforcing the game laws, the men most active in this effort being Messrs. N. R. Fairbank, L. Z. Leiter and Geo. L. Dunlap.

The following motion was introduced by Mr. Felton and adopted by the convention:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this association that trap-shooting is but an incident connected with our annual convention and not the primary purpose for which it is convened; that the practice of managers of tournaments of venturing in our annual announcements their programmes of contests at trap-shooting is out of taste and injurious to our work and should not be permitted; that the only contests which should be advertised as a part of our convention work are those which are authorized by our convention and by the directors of our annual conventions, and that the Board of Directors be requested to separate altogether its annual announcements of programmes of tournaments, which usually follow our convention contests."

The next convention, in 1882, will be held at Chicago. The following are the new officers for the ensuing year: President, Dr. F. B. Norcom, South End Gun Club, Chicago; First Vice-President, Chas. E. Willard, of Chicago; Second Vice-President, Geo. S. Wells, Geneseo; Secretary, John B. Wiggins, Chicago; Treasurer, Abner Price, Chicago.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE.

OPEN SEASONS.

The seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table.

States.	Deer.	Woodcock.	Quail.	Ruffed Grouse.	Plains Grouse (Prairie Chickens).	Wild-fowl.	Wild-Turkey.
Ala.	Oct. 29.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 29.
Cal.	July 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Conn.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Del.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
D. C.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Idaho.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Ind.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Iowa.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Kan.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Ky.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
La.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Mass.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Mich.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Min.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Miss.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Mont.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Neb.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Nev.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
N. H.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
N. J.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
N. M.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
N. Y.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
N. C.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
O.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Or.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Pa.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
R. I.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
S. C.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Tenn.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Texas	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Utah.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Va.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Wash.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
W. Va.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Wis.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Wy.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.

Antelope—Col., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 1.
Badger—Col., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 1.
Caribou—Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1.
Deer—Ala., Aug. 1; Cal., July 1; Ga., Oct. 1; Kan., Aug. 1; Miss., Sept. 1; Mo., Aug. 1; N. H., Sept. 1; N. J., Sept. 1; N. M., Sept. 1; N. Y., Sept. 1; N. C., Sept. 1; O., Sept. 1; Or., Sept. 1; Pa., Sept. 1; S. C., Sept. 1; Tenn., Sept. 1; Texas, Aug. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Va., Sept. 1; W. Va., Sept. 1; Wis., Sept. 1; Wy., Sept. 1.
Goose—Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1; Ore., July 1.
Mountain Sheep—Col., Sept. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 1.
Partridge—D. C., Sept. 1; Me., Aug. 1; Neb., Sept. 1; N. H., Sept. 1; Pa., Sept. 1; S. C., Sept. 1; Tenn., Sept. 1; Texas, Aug. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Va., Sept. 1; W. Va., Sept. 1; Wis., Sept. 1; Wy., Sept. 1.
Snake—Dakota, Aug. 15; D. C., Sept. 1; Nev., Sept. 1; N. C., Oct. 15.

* In these States there are special county laws. A deer law applies to sale or possession. A wildfowl not protected on the coast. In Upper Peninsula deer season opens Aug. 15. In California quail protected to 10 a. m. in season. In Colorado quail season opens July 1; in Missouri and California, Sept. 1. First open woodcock season begins July 1; will close Aug. 1. Quail shooting prohibited to Nov. 1, 1882, in counties of Montgomery, Schenectady, Saratoga and Albany. Wildfowl season in Long Island waters opens Oct. 1. Woodcock shooting in Dutchess County prohibited during August. A deer law relates to female deer only.

NEBRASKA GAME GROUNDS.

NORTH PLATTE, Neb., 1881.
IN the Birchwood Creek country, twenty-three miles from here, reached by wagon or horseback ride, sportsmen can find deer, elk, and an abundance of ducks and grouse. Good accommodation can be had at Brot's ranch. After staying here a few days the hunters can pull up and go to Cody's ranch, and to North's ranch on the Disual River, sixty miles from North Platte. They will find an abundance and variety of game there, and a most cordial greeting by Major North and W. F. Cody or, as he is better known, "Buffalo Bill." There are some buffalo in that country now. They can go to Smith's and D. W. Baker's ranch, on the Loup River, where they will find all the hunting they want.

It costs little to hunt out here. They may think the boys a little rough; but we are big-hearted and always do all in our power to make our friends enjoy their stay. A good rifle should be provided for the game.
P. H. M.

A GOOD WORD FOR ADIRONDACK GUIDES.

Editor Forest and Stream.
I have lately seen paragraphs in the daily papers which speak harshly in a general way of the Adirondack guides. The *Evening Mail* said: "Adirondack guides would seem to be a class of men to be let severely alone. Recent events will discourage tourists from availing themselves of their services and future events will see some of them in State Prison." Now, from all that I have been able to learn, the only act that has been committed by a guide that would give any cause for this paragraph was the atrocious assault by a guide named Parker upon a lady he was guiding from Forked Lake to Long Lake. This was the representative of the whole bunch, and the guide who committed this crime was far from being himself to perpetrate such a crime well deserves State Prison or something quicker and more relentless in its punishment—a running noose over the limb of a tree.

But because one man has sinned, are they all to be put under the ban?

In my wanderings through the Adirondacks, which have extended through a good many years, I have met and become intimate with many of these guides and, while there are great differences between them as to talents and ability, I do not know of one in all my circle of acquaintance that would hesitate to tramp the woods or paddle upon the lakes with at any time or under any circumstances. I have always found them honorable, upright, sterling men—faithful in the discharge of their duties, honest in their dealings, cool and collected in times of danger, pleasant companions and faithful friends.

It grieves me to see this whole class insulted and maligned solely for the wickedness of one of their number. When Adam fell he was the representative of the whole human race, and the curse of his sin clings to every son of Adam down to the last man; but in this case Parker, and he alone, is entitled to all the odium of his wickedness.

These noble fellows have hard work and none too much

pay for their services. Don't let anything be said or done that will lead their customers to look upon them with distrust or suspicion.
JAMES.
New York City.

POT-HUNTING BLACKBIRDS.

A LONG the Delaware River below Chester the market shooters are killing blackbirds by the hundreds, having adopted a new and most deceptive method for their destruction. A blind is built in the course of the morning and evening flights of the bird, and the gunner patiently waits its appearance. Three or four poles are driven into the marsh, and on these poles branches are fastened so that every twig can be swept by the shot from a large-bore gun. On a pole at one side dead birds are placed as decoys. As the birds begin to fly shortly before sunrise the gunner has all his preparations completed soon after daylight. The first flock decoy best; the poles are soon black with the chattering crowd. Three or four dozen are often killed at a shot, and from fifteen to twenty dozen is an average morning's work. After eight o'clock the shooting is over, as the birds are scattered over their feeding ground. As they return in the evening the slaughter begins again and lasts until sundown. Blackbirds now are young and tender, and are easily sold to restaurants in Philadelphia, and these market birds and waders in the evening, which lasts until red birds are permitted to be killed. By that time the blackbirds are covered with pin-feathers and are very difficult to pick, but still frequent the reed marshes in millions. Their condition—for they do not seem to fatten on the seed of the reed as the rail and reed birds do—and their being in the mouth causes them to be unmolesated in a great measure, the market shooters paying all attention to the latter named, as they bring a much better price.

We are having a long spell of dry weather here. All the small streams are dried up, and the water, in order to exist, has taken up its quarters in the river bank crevices, where the ground is kept moist, and in boring condition by the rise and fall of the tide. These crevices and thickets are being industriously worked out by market shooters with their spaniels, the gunner keeping on the outside while the spaniel drives out the birds into the open where they present an easy shot to even a bungler, and are killed before they fly into the thickets again.

Grass plover have appeared in the fields around Philadelphia, and their note is heard every evening as they fly their way over our city.
Hosio.

SHOOTING AT PORT JEFFERSON.

PORT JEFFERSON, Suffolk Co., L. I.
WHILE roaming around the fields and through the woods surrounding this growing country resort I came to this conclusion: that quail shooting is going to be grand this fall. On every side, over hill and valley, the numerous notes of Bob White can be heard. There are thousands of fields of wheat and buckwheat stubble which make excellent feeding ground for quail and wild pigeon, within a radius of ten miles of this place. Woodcock shooting is very good now, and a large number of birds have been killed since August 1.

While conversing with Mr. W. H. Raynor, of the firm of B. R. & W. H. Raynor, proprietors of the Port Jefferson Hotel, or, in other words, the Sportsman's Retreat, he informed me that they have spent the morning to date everything in class for the accommodation of city sportsmen. He being a good-natured, whole-souled sportsman himself, knows how to make everything comfortable for those around them. They have everything requisite for a good day's sport. First class dogs well-broken on game, guns, fishing tackle, live decoy ducks, sail and row boats and bathing houses, are all provided for the pleasure of the guests of the hotel.

Adjoining the hotel is a shady lawn for playing croquet and lawn tennis, and their terms are very reasonable—only \$7 to \$12 per week. Mr. W. H. Raynor will go out hunting or fishing with any guest who may favor them with a call, whether it be of long or short duration, and there are no mosquitoes to trouble you, and the evenings are delightfully cool. It has secured the privilege of hunting over a great many farms, where there are signs up that no trespassing is allowed, and can take sportsmen over new ground every day as long as shooting lasts.

Wild ducks are in abundance, and no one need go two or three hundred miles to find good duck shooting. It is an every-day occurrence to see gunners going up the bay with their forty ducks in a morning's shoot during the fall of the year. This was such a generous offer that I desire every reader of the *FOREST AND STREAM* to know of it and give him a trial, as the "proof of the pudding is in the eating of it."
F. M. S.

A BRACE OF WOODCOCK.

MONTVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1881.
FOUR of us had been scouting in the latter part of July, and had found some "patches" which promised excellent shooting. In fact, as late as July 25 in one patch the dogs would put them up on every side. So three of us arose at three o'clock August 1, hatched up, and started for that patch of about ten acres of small cedars. Our only anxiety, that some of these "City" larks, who had come up Sunday would be in before us. We arrived about sunrise, and found the exact clear, sent in the dogs, after posting ourselves around the outside. Dogs sent out one in about five minutes, bang! bang! and mark to the man on the other side bang! and "Send us another," told that this one was saved. Seeking better positions and scolding the dogs for their lively work, we spared ourselves for the next one. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes and he didn't come. Now rate the dogs for slowness. Afterwards, as they were tired, but at the same he refused to come out. An hour passed on, the dogs came out looking disheartened and well worn.

A counsel of war is held, and we determine to try another patch, but our high hopes are "petting out." By chance I happen to cast my eye on the old dog a few rods away in the grass; he is as stiff as a saw horse. I step that way and give him the word and we have two. It is now six o'clock, and we try another patch and start one but lose him. Then we get a horse and drive five miles and try again; couldn't raise a feather; go on three miles where we were to hunt them (in July), not to be found. Well, we will go down to the spring and brook two miles further. Yes, we got one there, making us one piece; started for home about 4 p. m., and were overtaken and nearly overwhelmed by a thunder

shower; but we had the birds—who cares for weather? Crossing the N. Y. C. R. R., we discovered a hunter, from Syracuse, worn and weary, and with empty bag. His forlorn condition aroused our sympathies, and we handed him a brace to keep him from succumbing.

This letter may be lacking in quantity of game when compared with those which appear in your columns from week to week, nevertheless I believe it excels them in truth, and that is desirable.

Believe the man who approves of August 1 as open season for woodcock is just a month too late for this section of the country.

I hear of many woodcock being shot the last week in July, and kept on ice for Monday, the 1st of August, but don't know of any. I believe the law is very generally respected. Yours for earlier season, NOVOIE.

WILD CELERY.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM of July 7, 1881, inquiry was made concerning the cultivation, sowing or transplanting of wild celery (*Valeriana spiralis*) in waters to serve as food for wild fowl.

Although I am not prepared now (others may be) to give all the information solicited, yet in a cause of so much interest to sportsmen in the food attractions of wild fowls in any given locality, I should be glad to see the experiment of transplanting tried and will cheerfully give all the information and aid I can.

It grows in enormous quantities on the grounds of the Winous Point Shooting Club, in Sandusky Bay, where the canvas-back, red-head, widgeon and other water fowls resort in great numbers to live and fatten on its nutritious roots. The seed blossom is produced upon a small spiral stem and floats upon the surface of the water; but I think seeds could not be gathered in condition or quantity for sowing. But as it grows annually from its roots these can be gathered in any quantity desired, and must not be sown, but would readily grow and spread if transplanted in suitable grounds. The water may be from six inches to six feet deep over a mud deposit of at least two inches deep above the clay or hard bottom where the plant is made.

I think it should be planted in the fall, after the bulbs are matured and before ice is formed—somewhere between Oct. 15 and Nov. 15; and if any one desirous of trying the experiment will address a letter on the subject before the 15th of November I will endeavor to have the roots gathered, packed in moss and forwarded. There will be no expense outside of boxing and transportation. D. W. CROSS.

433 Euclid avenue, Cleveland, O.

PRAIRIE CHICKEN SHOOTING.

AKONA, MINN., August 2.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think the law prohibiting the killing of prairie chickens before Sept. 1 is a good one, although many object to it. From my observation (and I have shot in this State several seasons) I have found many coveys not full grown on Sept. 1, especially when their nests had been destroyed by burning prairies, or other causes. But in many sections of the State, I am sorry to say, the law is a "dead letter," and many chickens are killed in the early part of August. Indeed, some have been killed in this section already. And what is one, who is here seeking his health, an ardent sportsman, desirous of getting all the exercise and pure air possible, to do under the circumstances? Would you advise him to passively abide his time till Sept. 1 and then go out to find no chickens, or to endeavor to enforce the law and get kicked out of town?

But enough of this. I did not expect you to answer these questions, but as I had frequently thought over my position here and what I should do, the same thoughts come into my mind now. The prospect for chickens is good throughout the State and some are two-thirds grown already. The writer is from St. Louis seeking health, and will be in the State till about Nov. 1. About Sept. 1 he will probably go to Kandigobi, in the county bearing that name, where there is said to be an abundance of game and few hunters. In fact, one can find game plentiful all over the larger towns. GEO. G. COLE.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THE fall season of the Germantown Hare and Hounds Club will open in September with a drag hunt. Mr. Waln's packs of imported English fox-hounds will make their first American appearance on this occasion. Much is expected from these dogs, as they came from some of the finest kennels abroad. A better test than a drag hunt would be the participation of Reynard himself, but it is not always a live fox can be had so near Philadelphia.

Philadelphians at Atlantic City say the fishing there has never been better for many years. This is the effect of the prohibition by law of early seine fishing. It is likewise felt at Great and Little Egg Harbors and at Barnegat, N. J. Our friend Kinzey labored arduously for the passage of this law, and deserves the thanks of all lovers of "the gentle art" of angling.

The Philadelphia schooner-rigged yacht Vega is in the Gulf of St. Lawrence with a party of Philadelphians on board.

The extreme dry weather for twenty miles around Philadelphia during the two past weeks has driven the woodcock to the river creeks and drifts, and quite a number have been killed along shore by market shooters. As all the wet feeding places inland have become parched and dry the birds are obliged to seek the thickets bordering tide-water streams, as the only ones remaining where food can be had. By-the-by, speaking of woodcock, we noticed in last week's Forest and Stream a letter from a correspondent, in which it was stated that one of these birds was seen in company with some sparrows in your Reservoir Park "pecking about." Can it be that a woodcock was seen pecking at sparrows? Surely your correspondent, if he was acquainted with the woodcock at all, must have known that their bill can only be used for boring, and then only in soft ground. Perhaps the bird he saw was woodpecker.

At the Zoo last week a son of Mr. John L. Bullock, of our city, while endeavoring to throw a ground nut into the monkey cage, was caught by the finger by one of the monkeys and the first joint bitten entirely off. There should be a close wire screen at the bottom of the cage to protect children from just such accidents as this, or the monkeys should not be allowed to be fed by visitors at all, and the peanut

venders deprived from offering their stock in trade for sale within the Zoo enclosure. A suit for damages might result from just such accidents as this, and the management should attend to the matter.

Last week a resident of Trout Run, north of Williamsport, Pa., while out berrying, accompanied by his dog, was attacked by a huge bear and two cubs. With nothing but a pine-knot, hastily picked up, the bear was kept off until the dog in the front, snapping at her heels, attracted her attention and the frightened countryman made tracks for a tree and saved himself. It has been many years since a bear has been seen so near Williamsport.

The woodcock shooting in the neighborhood of Philadelphia has been very poor this July. Few have been shot. On Tinicum Island during the first week of the month the market shooters bagged a respectable number; but since that time, I learn, "it has hardly been worth while to go after them, besides, it is too hot." Grass plover have shown themselves over our meadows, and every night their mellow whistle is heard as they wing their way over the city. This is early for the field plover to appear. We hardly look for him before August 1, and then he is not the fat, plump bird he is about the last of the month. HOMER.

OSAKIS, MINN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to your inquiry as to a good point to camp, etc., I would recommend Osakis, Minn. It is a town of about 300 inhabitants, on the St. P. M. & M. R. R., 130 miles from St. Paul. It is situated on the south end of a lake fourteen miles long, abounding in fish. On the south is a boundless prairie and on the north heavy timber. The prairie furnishes chicken and duck shooting and the timber deer and ruffed grouse. There were 2,000 deer killed within fifteen miles of this place last fall, with an occasional bear. The prospect this fall is just as good. The duck and chicken shooting never looked more favorable than for this season.

I have spent fourteen years in Minnesota in different locations, and, taking all things together, I like this point the best. Should any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM want to visit Minnesota this fall, I can recommend it for good fishing, shooting and a good hotel. Any letter of inquiry directed to me will be cheerfully answered.

S. W. SCOTT, Osakis, Minn.

DUCK SHOOTING RESORTS.

CHILLICOTHE, Peoria County, Ill. IN your issue of July 28 is a letter from J. W. B. desiring to be put in communication with some one who is a professional duck shooter in the West. Should our location suit him (on the Illinois River, 140 miles south of Chicago) I shall be pleased to enlighten him in regard to Western duck shooting. He may address Box K, Chillicothe, Peoria County, Ill.

Our prospects for shooting are better than usual this season. The lakes are full of rice and other feed for ducks. Prairie fowl have done well, and quail, notwithstanding the last severe winter, are seemingly as numerous as ever. I have hunted for the last twenty years, am well acquainted with all the duck country for 400 miles below this place, and think that Chillicothe is the best point for ducks I ever saw.—LEOY.

CLEAN GUNS.—The gun cleaner devised by Dr. T. Yardley Brown, of Reading, Pa., is attracting much attention. The doctor has a large practice and confesses his killing to game only, sparing his patients. He has sent out a great number of the cleaners, which consist of a brush with cone and patch for oiling and loosening the dirt in the barrel, and a rubber cone with patch called the cleaner to remove it. The cones on cleaners are nicely fitted to the caliber of the gun, and are readily covered with circular flannel patches, which are removed when dirty and clean ones substituted. The cleaner is encased in a neat leather pocket book, four and one-half inches long and two and one-half inches wide, containing patches and a towel.

On Wednesday, the 3d, Dr. Brown—who has in his possession a large number of testimonials from such men as Gen. George Crook, the Indian fighter, and poor Major Thornburgh, who was killed several years since, and who purchased fully a dozen of them for his friends—took advantage of the opportunity afforded to display the merits of the article and went to the Pottstown encampment. He secured an audience with Adjutant General Lutts, Major General Hartranft, Brigadier General Snowden, Major Ryan and quite a number of other notable old soldiers and exhibited the appliance. The doctor shot a blank, showed the foul gun to Gen. Hartranft, made two draws with his cleaner, and then exhibited the inside of the rifle as bright as a dollar. When the report for the day was made the gun cleaner was incorporated among the recommendations, and it is likely the Pennsylvania Guard will be fitted out with them before long, each man being supplied. At present but three companies in the service are using them—the Reading, Hamburg and Pottstown commands—and they would not part with them on any pretense. The invention would prove invaluable in keeping the State Arms in trim.

The cleaners are made for all styles of shotgun and rifles of all the various calibers.

EAGLES AND DEER.—Until within a year or two I have tried to protect that "noble bird" from all attempts on his life by my "breathing" of the gun, but I've been converted, and he may number me now among his enemies. I have had many talks with a Florida ship-timber man, and found him thoroughly posted. He informed me that great numbers of deer were killed by wild animals and human hunters, but that the destruction by man and beast combined was nothing compared to the bloody work of the eagles. He says they will sit on a tree in the swamp for hours watching a doe and fawn, and when they find them separated a few feet swoop down on the fawn, and its fate is sealed.—DIIVY.

AMMUNITION WITH A RECORD.—ROCHESTER, Mich., Aug. 2.—Editor Forest and Stream:—I have just received a quantity of the best of waterproof gun caps, the history of which is this: They were bought of Wm. Billingshurst, of Rochester, N. Y., in the year 1856, by Dr. F. M. Wilcox, and carried by him on a trip of several months into the northern Canadian wilderness. By chance part of a box of these caps have been retained by the Doctor until now; and have been taken by him on numerous trips, so that they

have seen more than a year of camp life altogether. In 1873 they were, by a railway accident, submerged in a trunk in the Walland Canal, lying in the water twelve hours. They were then taken on to New York State, and with the other contents of the trunk unpacked and dried. The caps were completely melted, the box not being waterproof. Now please examine these caps, which have been exposed in long camping trips besides the submerging they got in the canal, and are at least a quarter of a century old, and see if they are good. We find here that every one goes.—G. F. WILCOX.

We have tried the caps and find them all right.

A WEEK AT GOOD GROUND.—On Monday, August 1, I started for a week's cruise after the bay birds at Shinnecock Bay, Long Island. I boarded the 3:20 P. M. train on the Long Island Railroad, and, after a rather leisurely hour's ride, arrived at Good Ground, where I was met by Mr. Lane's son John, who conveyed me to that haven for sportsmen, William N. Lane's. Bill was as jolly as ever, and informed me that the prospects for shooting were good. Although there were several foggy days during the week, the average bag was about twenty-five birds, and if the weather had been favorable I would have done much better. I had for a guide St. Foster, better known as the "Baby." He weighs about two hundred and fifty pounds and is one of the oldest and best guides on the bay. The flight of willet are expected every day, and when they come you will hear of some big bags. The prospect for ducks and quail were never better, and good shooting may be expected this fall. Any sportsman who wants good shooting within a hundred miles of New York cannot do better than to go to Lane's.—THAT OFFICE BOY.

WORCESTER SPORTSMEN have always had a good name, not only in Massachusetts but through all New England. Just now the clubs there are making themselves known in an energetic manner, and we shall take great pleasure in recording the fact whenever they raise their quarry to earth. The papers of Worcester contain the following advertisement:

ATTENTION, SPORTSMEN!

Information Wanted—\$50 Reward.

The above reward will be paid for information that will lead to the conviction of the party that is known to have shot Partridges on Bailey Hill, Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 2.

One of said party was a short, thick man, drove a gray horse and Concord buggy.

Also, a liberal reward will be paid by the undersigned for information which will lead to the conviction of any violation of the Game Law of the present season.

A. B. P. KINNEY, Pres't. Wor. Gun Club.

E. S. KNOWLES, Pres't. Wor. Sportsmen's Club.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

FRESH WATER.

Salmon, *Salmo salar*.
Brook Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*.
Rainbow Trout, *Salmo iridis*.
Dolly Varden Trout, *Salvelinus malma*.
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor* and *T. melanops*.
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. paludis*.
Mudminnow, *Umbra nubilus*.
Pike, *Esox lucius*.
Pike-perch, (wall-eyed)

Stizostedion americanum, S. priscum, etc.
Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*.
Striped Bass, *Morone saxatilis*.
White Bass, *Morone chrysops*.
Rock Bass, *Ambloplites*. (Two species).
War-mouth, *Chernobryus glaucus*.
Crappie, *Pomoxis nigromaculatus*.
Rock Bass, *Pomoxis annularis*.
Shad, *Semotilus corporalis*.
Shad, *Alosa sapidissima*.

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atraruna*.
Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Morone saxatilis*.
White Perch, *Morone americana*.
Bluntnose or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
Scup or Forgie, *Stenotomus argenteus*.
Polecat, *Polydora carolinensis*.
Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis*.
Spanish Mackerel, *Chasmocentrus maculatus*.

Weakfish or Squeteague, *Cynoscion regalis*.
La Fayette or Spot, *Leiostomus xanthurus*.
Channe Bass, Spot or Redfish, *Sciaenops ocellatus*.
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus*.
Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrhus nebulosus*.

AND now I leave you, with this injunction; and, though I have mentioned it before, I do so at parting that it may be the more impressive:

ALWAYS KILL YOUR FISH AS SOON AS TAKEN FROM THE WATER, AND NEVER BE SATISFIED WITH A MODERATE CREEP.

By so doing your angling days will be happy, and your sleep undisturbed, and you and I, and the fish we may catch, can say, with the sweet singer of Israel: "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places." DR. J. A. HENSHELL, "Book of the Black Bass."

AN INTERNATIONAL FISHERY EXHIBITION.

WE have announced that it was proposed to hold an international fishery exhibition in Edinburgh in 1882. Those interested in fishery matters in England are now asking Scotland to hold off and to unite and have a grand one in England the year following. It is claimed that if one is held in the United Kingdom that England is the proper place for it and London the proper city.

We can say that we do not believe that the United States would care to exhibit as soon as next year. Congress does not meet until winter, and an appropriation could not be made in time. It is doubtful if our country would care to make an exhibit at all. We know that the U. S. Fish Commission did not wish to at Berlin, and that Prof. Baird never would have asked for a cent for that purpose. It so happened that the Berlin Exhibition was gotten up by the German Fishery Association, an enthusiastic body of fish culturists, many of whom are members of the German Parliament, and that our Secretary of State at that time, Hon. Carl Schurz, was a German. The Prime Minister of Germany daily telegraphed Mr. Schurz on the subject until he got a bill before Congress making an appropriation for the purpose. Then Professor Baird was appointed Commissioner and deputized Professor Goode to go and represent him.

We know that neither of these gentlemen care to make

another exhibition, and that without the collection of the National Museum and the U. S. Fish Commission any exhibit from this country would be a poor show. Therefore, if our English friends want the United States to be represented, we can say to them that they must work for it this winter in the proper quarter, and work hard. We hope they may succeed in getting our country to display her fishy resources, but doubt if they will. The *London Fishing Gazette* of July 30 says:

A meeting was held at Fishmongers' Hall on Tuesday last, at which the Marquis of Exeter, Sir John St. Aubyn, M. P., Mr. Birbeck, M. P., Sir Cunliffe Owen, Sir Andrew Lusk, and other gentlemen attended, for the purpose of considering the advisability of holding a grand international fisheries exhibition in London in 1883. A sub-committee was appointed to arrange further details and to convene a public meeting, which it is expected will be held at the Mansion House under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. A large number of noblemen and gentlemen have promised to support the movement, and the Fishmongers' Company have voted liberally toward the expenses and the guarantee fund. Government support is expected and also royal patronage; under these very favorable auspices, and judging from the great success of the Berlin and Norwich exhibitions, we have no hesitation in saying that the London International Fisheries Exhibition of 1883 must prove an enormous success.

At first it was proposed that an angling society should be the parent of the exhibition, but now we believe that the Fishmongers' Association will have it placed under their supervision. This seems to us better; although if England had a fish cultural society that would be the proper one, for fish culture should be the main feature of all such displays. The means of capture are worthy of attention, but to enlist the sympathies of the American people, at least, the means of production should take first rank. Our large fish dealers are interested in the culture as well as the sale of fishes, and the American Fish Cultural Association numbers among its members several prominent members of the Fishmongers' Association. We hope that fish culture will be awarded the front seat at the coming exhibition.

Since the above was written the following cablegram has been received:

LONDON, August 8.

TO FOREST AND STREAM: A meeting to promote the proposed International Fisheries Exhibition in London, in 1883, was held here on Saturday, the 6th. The Marquis of Exeter presided. Sir John A. Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, addressed the meeting in support of the scheme. He said he could confidently state that the news that it is intended to hold such an exhibition would be hailed with great pleasure in Canada, where the fishing interests are so immense. He had no doubt that his colleagues would cordially support the idea. A committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements for the exhibition.

BLUEFISHING AT CAPE MAY.

THE CRUISE OF THE MILTON R. STUDAMS.

THE writer having been invited, through the kindness of a friend, to accompany a party on a cruise to the fishing banks off the Capes of Delaware, gladly availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded. The owners of the Milton R. Studams, a beautiful little schooner built about one year ago and registering 59 50-100 tons measurement, had tendered their vessel gratis for the trip, and no craft could have suited the purpose better.

At half-past 12, July 18, 1881, the following-named party stood on the wharf at Port Norris, on the Maurice River, ready to be taken on board: Frank Vanderherchen, Nathaniel Wilson, Capt. Wm. Haley, John Smalley, R. Meredith, Dr. Newell, Dr. Robt. Elmer, C. C. Compton, Anthony Taylor, Isaac M. Smalley, Capt. S. B. Martz, Capt. L. Garrison, C. Lowry, A. M. Loudon, Daniel Sharp, J. Boyd Nixon, Capt. Hunter, Sheriff D. McBride, of Cumberland County, and Edward Pitman last, though not least by any means, for to his care had been assigned the provisioning of the vessel, and all will bear testimony to the very efficient manner in which he performed the duty.

Nothing but thought and kind could provide was wanting. An ice-house had been improvised in the forward hold of the vessel, in which a ton of ice had been stored, and imbedded in the ice were placed all perishable articles. The butter, packed in two-pound cans, one for each meal, came on the table each day as hard and fresh as from a dairy, and during the whole time we were at sea we had fresh tomatoes at every meal. Too much praise cannot be accorded to Mr. Pitman, for it must have cost him a great deal of thought and careful attention, and there was nothing any one could ask for in reason that did not come out of that ice-house—pickles, olives, canned corn, etc.

In a few minutes the boats came off and safely conveyed all on board, the anchor was weighed and, with Capt. Garrison at the wheel, we were tacking down the tortuous course of the river toward Delaware Bay, which, with a good stiff breeze from the northwest, was reached at 2 p. m. Once fairly out in the bay, which at this point is some twenty-five miles broad, a direct course was laid for Cape Henlopen and, running before a strong wind, the Capes of Delaware were reached at quarter past five p. m., without a single tack having been made from the mouth of the river to the Capes, being an unusual run. It had been intended to stop at the mouth of Maurice River and draw a small seine for menhaden, for bait, but as there were a thousand clams on board and the wind was so favorable it was decided not to lose any time, so the idea was abandoned. As such a quick run had been made to the Capes, we concluded to go to sea at once, so the vessel was headed for what are known as the Southern Banks, lying off Indian River, State of Delaware, and just out of sight of land. A heavy sea was running, and as our craft fairly danced over the waves those of us who did not possess what are termed "sea legs" were obliged to navigate around the deck in a very gingerly manner.

About dark the vessel was brought into the wind, the anchor let go in fourteen fathoms of water, and, as it afterward proved, we had struck the right spot, for on the following day we did not have to go far from the vessel in the boats for good fishing. As soon as we were anchored some of the important part of their line, over the side of the vessel at once, and were rewarded by catching a few sea

bass, but the catch was small, though there would have been enough for breakfast if the steward had cooked them. It is a singular fact that but comparatively few sea bass can be caught by fishing over the side of a vessel, while from a small boat, and from perhaps only a hundred yards away, they may be taken rapidly. The writer did not get a satisfactory reason for this, but failed. As sea bass are fished for on the bottom, one would naturally think that at a depth of eighty feet a vessel would not scare them. It had been decided to put out the boats—three in number—at four o'clock the following morning, and the writer was one of those detailed to go. Now, the avoirdupois of the individual in question being something over two hundred pounds, he did not feel exactly easy in his mind when the information was imparted to him. There was a vague kind of feeling as he stood and looked over the side of the vessel, that for a man of his weight to clamber down the side and drop into a small boat being tossed about in a rough sea, with the chances decidedly in favor of going overboard, was not exactly the agreeable thing to him that some might think it, but he said nothing, though the thought haunted him for the rest of the night. Four o'clock came, and all hands were summoned on deck. One glance was sufficient: a very heavy sea was running, and the schooner was rolling and pitching greatly. From that moment he made up his mind, and, with a friendly friend that he had not slept well (how could he with such a nightmare?), and had concluded he would not go out that morning. As it was, the light and active ones had all they could do to get into the boats, only two of which went off. They were, however, amply rewarded for all their difficulty, for when they returned to breakfast the large baskets of sea bass, ranging from one-half to two pounds in weight, attested to their skill as fishermen and showed they had made good use of their time.

The natural meal having been disposed of, fishing was in order, and the boats went off again. At dinner time the baskets full of fish. In the afternoon, the sea being calmer, the writer concluded to risk getting into a boat, which he accomplished without much difficulty, and captured his full share of fish; and so the day passed and night came again, the sun going down in a bank of clouds, and as the party sat clustered around the wheel, all agreed that it was a beautiful and tranquillizing scene. All hands were physically tired, and one by one they departed to their blankets and repose.

It had been agreed that the same programme should be repeated on the following day, but Capt. Wm. Haley, chief officer, quietly remarked that if he were not mistaken he would have all hands out before four o'clock to get up anchor, for he thought the appearance of the sky portended a blow; and he was right, for by one o'clock the schooner was rolling and pitching at a terrible rate, and plenty of water was coming on board, and at four o'clock all hands were called on deck; not for bass fishing, but to get up anchor, and soon the vessel was running for "the snapping mackerel" grounds off Cape May, as almost every one is aware, this is a local name of the bluefish, and those gamy and beautiful fish, built like a clipper ship, are taken by trailing a squid from fifty to one hundred yards behind a boat going at a good rate of speed.

By the time the grounds were reached the sea had gone down and some seven or eight lines were put overboard—more could not be fished without fear of tangling—and soon the cry of first fish was raised, and in a minute or two a beauty of six pounds was flopping on the deck. Soon another, and another, until all were busy with their lines, and all of the fish laid out. It was sometimes proving to get a seven-pounder almost on deck and then have it strike the rail and go overboard off the hook. The work was now becoming exciting and hard, for it is no child's play to haul in a six or eight pound fish from fifty or one hundred yards behind a vessel going at a good speed, and one has to be careful to avoid having his fingers cut by the line. It was at this juncture that it became necessary to have some one to take charge of the fish which were lying around the stern in all directions; but, as usually happens, some one generally comes to the rescue, and in this instance the gentleman who took upon himself the work proved equal to the self-imposed task. Blood was in his eye, and very soon he had blood all over the deck, for with his own hands, and without any assistance, he cleaned and prepared ready for our ice-house sixty-one large fish, and then Capt. M. came to his assistance and helped him finish the rest. Early in the afternoon we had, by actual count, eighty-six fish averaging six pounds each, making, with the sea-bass he had taken the day before, forty-eight hundred pounds of fish.

We then ran in to Cape May Point and anchored for the night, and notwithstanding the hard day's work all hands had engaged in, and the early hour at which they had come on deck, some of them seemed to have a hankering for the shore, and quietly slipping below doffed their blue shirts and came on deck looking like respectable mortals, and were soon pulled to the beach.

It had been our intention to try the mackerel the following morning, but when day broke, the storm signal was flying from Cape May point, and though it was then quite calm, in an hour it commenced to blow hard, so it was decided, as we had plenty of fish and it would not be prudent to go to sea, to run up the bay to Maurice River. In an hour more the wisdom of our course became more apparent, for a very heavy blow came on, and as we sat at our table on deck for breakfast we frequently got a washing of salt water.

Several of the party being desirous of remaining at Cape May, they were put on shore just as we weighed anchor, and none too soon, for the boat had difficulty in making her way on board. The boat that was to Maurice River was made very quickly, and it was quite a new sensation to enter smooth water again. The time from that point to Port Norris was fully occupied in packing valises, strapping blankets and boxing fish, and when the latter were taken from the ice-house they were frozen solid. The writer sent from Port Norris by express quite a large box of fish a distance of over one hundred miles, and when the box was opened on the following day the ice had not disappeared and the fish were as firm as when taken from the water.

Taken altogether, no expedition of the kind could have been more successful, and during the whole time nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the trip, while the verdict from every one was that it had been thoroughly enjoyable. The thanks of all are due to the officers of the Port Norris R. R. for courtesies extended, also to Capt. Hunter, Haley, Martz and Garrison for their self-imposed duty of managing the vessel. Dr. Newell, who had been elected president at starting, performed his duty admirably, except in one particular—viz., that when making arrangements for the rest of the trip the doctor was not there to preside, he having deserted the ship at Cape May without leaving any substitute, so Capt.

Wm. Haley was elected in his place, who presided with dignity over a meeting expressive of thanks to all who had so largely contributed to our comfort and pleasure.

At Bridgeton the party separated, all well pleased with the cruise. In conclusion, the writer would say that he wonders more such trips are not taken. They are comparatively inexpensive, and though one may catch little about fishing he is amply repaid on such a cruise by the freedom from care for a few days, the cool, fresh ocean breeze and an experience perhaps perfectly new to him.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

THE BLUE GILLS—1881.

TUESDAY, July 5, found the writer and all the tackle he could scrape together "all aboard" bound for Wisconsin, fish and health. All three were found. That is our story in a nut-shell. In telling it more in detail we shall relate facts, and as we received no favors and paid dear for our trip we, not being under obligation, care not if we tread on the toes of several.

We received a copy of "Summer Saunterings in Northern Wisconsin," a very interesting and readable book, published in the interest of the Wisconsin Central Railroad by the General Passenger agent. The "Summer Saunterings" is one of the best decoys out. We read that book from end to end several times and nearly learned it by heart. Having accomplished this much we bade good-bye to our dear family and started for Chicago, where we arrived at 9:30 a. m. Night came, with it our train. We hopped on and took twenty-three hours of the hottest and dirtiest and most disagreeable ride of our lives. Reaching Ashland, the northern terminus of the Wisconsin Central, we jumped off the train for a rest. Some one wanted to charge twenty-five cents for doing so; we demurred; mounted a bus steering for the "Hotel Chequamegon," which is controlled by the railroad company. The attempt is made to run this house on the Goney Island style; but save the mark! There is no "you pay your money and take your choice"; it's all pay and no choice. The town of Ashland is like the fishman's castle—four miles long and two rods wide—nothing of it but a great big empty hotel, and more sidewalk on one side of the street than there is in all New York. We took a light supper (all we could get), permitted ourselves to be pestered by mosquitoes for a couple of hours, then took a nap; had a still lighter breakfast and started for the boat-landing, where we met the first gentleman on our trip, who was not too selfish or too rich to try and make it pleasant for a working man, and that was H. D. Thompson, master of the Eva Wadsworth, the staunchest and safest tug on the Bayfield line. He makes it pleasant for all, and nothing will vex him, even with his field, our destination, a pleasant little fishing village lying south and west of the Apostle Islands. A majority of the male inhabitants fish for a livelihood, whitefish being the principal catch. N. & F. Boutin have a large packing house in which several half-breeds are kept constantly at work. Fishing smacks arrive and depart hourly. The town is a neat place, situated at the base of a magnificent hill on which is a large spring which supplies the town with pure water through pipes running in the yards and houses. (Ashland drinks bay water). I took rooms at Mrs. La Pointe's private boarding house; and the living and accommodations received at this house far surpasses the Chequamegon and all like houses; in fact, it is a home for the tourist, and the "sportsman" is made welcome.

We scraped an acquaintance with several of the Boutin brothers, fishermen, etc., and found true friends, especially in Duffy and Ed., and settled down to rest for a few days, till our bosom friend, Peter Morganthaler (Gipsy Pete), should arrive. In due time we embraced; arranged our tackle for trout, and started out alone, although dozens of guides were ready to assist at two dollars per day. Well, talk about trout, brook trout, we found them thick as flies, and averaging a pound. I have heard about such fishing, but never until now did I enjoy it. We made a rule to fish only every other day so as not to waste as we wanted not. During our stay this glorious fishing was continued in Pike Creek and Sioux River. We brought home 300 pounds of salmon for our friends, which were duly appreciated, thereby paying us for our trouble in getting them here.

A few more words for Bayfield, Wisconsin, and we are done. The best, cheapest and most pleasant way to reach it is by water from Detroit. No mosquitoes in the place, cool, bracing air, pure spring water. Trout fishing plenty, as the residents do not fish for them. Trout are caught averaging two pounds along the rocks at the edge of the bay. Smith's Hotel and Fountain House are the two leading hotels. La Pointe, a French Canadian, runs the Ronte Cote, a private boarding house and can accommodate eight persons. She sets a good table and affords accommodations that make you feel at home; rates \$8 per week. Henry La Pointe is the best guide, although there are several other good ones. Some one or other of the Northern Transit's beautiful steamers enters this natural harbor daily, a luxury that Ashland does not enjoy. You will not find a news stand, barber shop or lively stable at Bayfield; neither is there telegraph communication, but a telephone line runs to Ashland. The air at Bayfield is perfectly delightful, and the cream for health. The town is inhabited by French, Indians and half-breeds. Only one white person has died there in two and a half years. Two Indian reservations are within twelve miles of Bayfield and the Indians flock to town by hundreds on Sunday. There is much novelty about the place. It is somewhat homesome, but the overwork and tired find sure rest and improvement in health. Bass fishing is grand thirty miles inland. The surrounding country for miles constitutes the sportsman's paradise.

Go to Bayfield by water if possible, and when once you have the lay of the land you will return there again. Ed. Boutin does not act as guide, but will cheerfully give all information desired.

Everything at Bayfield ran so smoothly that we were unable to chronicle a joke, accident or mishap. We do not regret it. The following is what the Bayfield Press says of us:

Peter Morganthaler, wife and three children, and Willis D. Maier, all of Port Wayne, Wis., are spending a few weeks with La Pointe. Mr. Maier is deputy clerk of Allen county, and Mr. Morganthaler is one of the proprietors of the Sam, Pete & Max, extensive clothing house at Port Wayne. Mr. La Pointe says the gentlemen are the best boarders he ever entertained, as they have kept the supplies with them, and their stay has been a great benefit to the gentlemen caught over one hundred brook trout at Pike's Creek on Monday, and in one day last week, at Sioux River, they caught eighty-eight large trout, and on Wednesday over one hundred. The party returned all small trout to the stream, and their example should be followed by all visitors, but we are sorry to say it is not.

Cochman, evening dun, bee, silver black and hackles were most inking dies. Fishing is done by wading; too many loas and too much driftwood to use boats. The Forest and Stream are making friends here every week. It truly is the "gentleman's sporting paper." You cannot find a single can of "Dittman" in our place since your *expose*, unless some business man has it trying to sell on commission. *Fort Wayne, Ind.*

WILLIAM D. MATHIE.

CAMPING AT LYNNFIELD, MASS.

LYNN, Mass., July, 1881.

SHAKING the leather scraps of this city of shoes from all our boots, about 1 o'clock P. M. we pulled out of town with a covered express wagon containing all the paraphernalia for a week of outdoor life, bound for Lake Sautaga, some six miles north of town, just out of hearing of the shoe-factory whistles, fire alarm bells, and the noise and bustle of city life.

Driving down to the shore of the lake, we pitched our tent in the shade of a clump of oaks, on a bluff overlooking the water, and just distant enough therefrom, with low land to the south, to always insure a breeze sufficient to render the air deliciously cool and fragrant with the pine balsam from the numerous groves near by.

Here we are spending the week in this delightful spot, enjoying the pure air of the forest and lake, drinking at every breath the invigorating essence of Nature, or lying in the hammock at full length sky-dreaming. What will take the mind so completely from every part of our everyday routine as to gaze into the azure depths of the clear blue in the zenith and allow the thoughts to wander on and on? This beautiful sheet of clear spring water, with the tall waving pines stretching along its shores nearly the entire distance around it, and Saltunall's Island, of an acre or two in extent, partially intercepting the view to the east; a gentle slope, carpeted in Nature's green, with here and there a giant oak that has perhaps stood silent sentry over the lake and forest when none save the red man, the deer or other forest denizens had ever trodden the soil, all forming a scene of beauty, a perfect picture of Nature in her loveliest garb, can we wonder the eye could dwell so long on it? No man who had no more appreciation of the beautiful in Nature than I possibly know the difference between the thrilling sensation of cutting down a canvass-back at fifty yards, going down wind, with a choke-bore, and the murderous satisfaction of riddling a red squirrel on the fence at twenty paces with an old "dash in the pan" Queen's arm loaded with a handful of buckshot.

The Indian name of Sautaga was given the pond after an old chief whose home was on its shores. It afterward was called Humphry's Pond, from an early settler by that name, to whom the English gave 500 acres of land bordering on the lake in return for some important service he did for the Queen. Humphry's land, including the island, was subsequently owned by one Doubly, who afterward disposed of it to different individuals, a Mr. Newhall being the principal buyer. The lake was stocked with black bass five or six years ago; and now the fish are very plenty and of fair size, a four pound one being taken to-day. They are not biting sharply yet, as they are hardly off their beds yet; however, we get enough to feed the family as a pan fish, cooked on an old cook stove with top blocked up with rocks and earth just high enough to build a fire underneath, and topped out with five or six feet of old pipe for draft. We are taking our fill of enjoyment of life out here in the pure air out of doors.

Speaking of pouts I think they are second to none as a pan fish, except the trout. And right here I wish to give the uninitiated a receipt for dressing them: First remove the fins and slit them down the back; now grasp your pout with the left hand, lay him on his back and bend the knife edge toward his head, draw the knife from where the back fin was taken out to the head, taking out a piece of skin an inch square. Now cut through the neck joint or back bone, but don't cut the head wholly off. Keep your hold of the head with the left hand, and with the thumb and two fingers of the right hand take a firm hold of the end of the back bone and pull it out with the fish adhering, leaving the head, skin and entrails in the left hand. This "knack" is easily learned with a little practice and, at first, a good deal of patience. It is surprising what rapidly they can be prepared for the pan by one who is an adept.

H. J. M.

NOVA SCOTIA FISHING.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S., July 25.

FISHING has been very good this season here, and some fine trout have been taken from the lakes in this vicinity. Salmon have been plentiful on the Margaree River, and a good many fish have been caught. The number of visitors to this river has not been so many this year as usual, consequently those who did go had good sport. The second run of fish in the St. Mary's River were late coming up, owing to low water in the river. A good number of fish were taken at the Stillwater and Parks, and good sea-trout fishing will be had when the first freshet comes, as fish are reported plenty at the mouth of the river. Very few moose were killed last winter, and good sport may be looked for in September. The license fee for non residents has been reduced from \$50 to \$30. We have formed a Rod and Gun Club in New Glasgow; our first shoot takes place on the 16th Aug. The officers are: President, W. B. Moore; Vice-President, Norman McKay; Secretary and Treasurer, Howard Cavanagh.

GLOBE SMITH.

CANADIAN SALMON RIVERS.

NOTICE in your last number an invitation for communications regarding the average of run of the salmon in Canadian rivers this season, and although I have not been able to visit my usual fishing grounds this season, yet, having had several years' experience, extending over a great part of the salmon fishing grounds of the Gulf and river St. Lawrence, I am encouraged to send you a few lines. On the Baie des Chaleurs the net fishermen report the fishing very poor, and as far as I can judge from the reports of rod fishermen the catch has not been nearly up to the average, although much better than last year. The fish which have been taken are very large and the average weight very much above the usual thing. From this I should judge that the late run of salmon will be the most numerous, as it is a well-known fact that the large fish always strike the river first, the smaller ones following on the 1st of July. One reason for the small take with the rod is the quantity of lumber

which is being driven down the rivers, filling the pools with logs and making the landing of your fish very precarious after striking it. To any one desirous of leaving a river I should advise him to make choice of one that has no saw-mill at its mouth, as then he will be saved the disappointment and disgust of finding his pools filled with saw logs instead of salmon. The lumber camps are always on the sides of the stream, and this makes the guardianship of the rivers a difficult task during the spawning season, as one guardian cannot be everywhere at once. And though salmon then are not in their best order, lumbermen seem to think them a very pleasant addition to the camp kettle. The Government should, I think, make some better regulations for the driving of the logs in salmon breeding rivers, such as that the drive should all be made in the spring freshets, thus leaving the river free for the salmon to come up and the pools free for those who pay for the fishing rights and the protection of the river. I think if a representation of this grievance was made to our able commissioner in Ottawa, he would, if it lay in his power, remedy the matter. *G. P. Montreal, July 4, 1881.*

CANADIAN FISHERY STATISTICS.

WE have received "Supplement No. 2 to the Eleventh Annual Report of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries for the year 1880. Fisheries Statements." It is an octavo of 306 pages, filled with tables and statements concerning the fishery industry. The report on fish culture in the autumn of 1880 at the ten hatcheries shows the total number of vivified eggs of salmon, California salmon, brook and lake trout and whitefish to be 26,212,000, being 2,157,000 less than in 1879.

The schedule of fishery officers in all the provinces, with their salaries, and a statement of expenditures follow. Tables giving the kinds and quantities of fish, the number and value of vessels, boats and nets give much valuable information. Mr. W. H. Rogers, Inspector of Fisheries of Nova Scotia, claims that the decrease in salmon is due to overfishing, which has been stimulated by the rapid modes of transporting fresh fish to distant markets. Mr. W. H. Venning, Inspector of Fisheries of New Brunswick, says that the decrease in salmon has been fully thirty per cent, as compared with former years, but declines to give the cause. Mr. J. H. Durar, Inspector of Fisheries of Prince Edward Island, gives 9,000 pounds salmon this year, against 8,905 pounds last year, but declares the apparent difference due to a more careful collection of statistics. Mr. Alex. C. Anderson, Inspector of Fisheries of British Columbia, gives an interesting account of the fur-seal fishery, with the new theory that the "pups" are born in the water.

The report is of such a nature that its contents cannot well be summarized, owing to the large tables of statistics, but it will prove a valuable book to those who wish to refer to the fishery interests of the Provinces at any time.

THERESA, NEW YORK.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Aug. 6.

IN your issue of July 21, you ask for information for a cool place to fish. At Theresa, Jefferson Co., N. Y., on Indian River, eleven miles from Alexandria Bay, is good fishing. My sons, Fred and Arthur, have been there for the past week, and report a number of muscalonge being taken weighing from six and one-half to twenty-five pounds; the latter was caught by a little girl eleven years of age. Besides Indian River, which runs through the village, there are ten lakes in the town of Theresa from one to eight miles long, in most of which is good bass fishing. Yesterday the boys started down the river from Rossie, twenty miles from Theresa, where they enter Black Lake, which is twenty-five to thirty miles long and lies in St. Lawrence Co. They will return to Theresa in about a week where they will remain the balance of the month fishing and hunting, and return home the first of September.

Fred, the oldest, who is an amateur ornithologist and taxidermist reports finding a number of marsh wren's nests just finished. He has never succeeded in finding any about here, and they were quite a novelty to him. He expects to secure a nest or two with eggs to add to his collection.

J. L. D.

TIM POND AND THE SEVEN PONDS.—Many of your readers are acquainted with the reputation of Tim Pond. Recently the "Rev. D. D." and I have made reference in your columns to "The Seven Ponds." I have not yet visited them, but intend to in the latter part of this month. The way to Tim Pond is now well-known. To go to the Seven Ponds the route is first to Tim Pond, whence Kennedy Smith has made a road three and one-half miles to Beaver Pond, which is small but alive with trout. At this point there is but one small cabin. From here the road winds along near Alder Stream—the home of many a speckled beauty—and around the foot of Black Mountain, four miles further to "L" Pond, which is one of seven large ponds. All are stocked with trout which have enjoyed their home unmolested since the history of trout begun, till now Kennedy Smith has opened a backboard pathway for sportsmen to the waters where they dwell. A pathway is used also by the natives of the forest, the bears, deer, caribou and ruffed grouse, who, from time to time, meet the hunter on his tramp. This road has been opened so recently that only two parties, one of them from Worcester, Mass., have been through, but their encomiums on the size and quality of both game and fish exceed even their estimates over Tim Pond.

J. W. T.

LARGE PENNSYLVANIA TROUT.—August 3.—Some time ago a correspondent asked about the largest trout caught in Pennsylvania waters. I send you an answer to an inquiry I made in regard to a trout caught in July, 1855, by Mr. John Harter, of Newville, Pa. S.erry that the weight could not be had. This letter is entirely trustworthy. A trout twenty-two inches long ought to weigh something. What do you suppose he weighed?—C. X.

NEWVILLE, Pa., August 3.

Dear Sir: Your note of the 30th ult. came to hand. In reply I would say that it was neither myself nor brother Sam that caught the trout, but it was my brother John. It measured twenty-two inches in length, but I cannot give you the weight as it was not weighed. Father sent it to Philadelphia, but to whom I cannot say. It was caught in a stream that runs through a large area, and is called "Big Spring." It has a length of three miles, and, at one time, ran seven miles there. Now five grist, one steam tannery and one paper mill run along its banks. All in operation except the paper mill. My

brother Sam is living near Harrisburg, but I cannot tell the place—cannot remember it. As for the date of the catch of the trout it was in the month of July, and previous to Buchanan's election, but cannot tell the year.—ISAAC HARMER.

THE RICHMOND PONDS, Md.—Ranglee, Md., August 3.—During the heated term trout do not take the fly except in the snailier lakes. At Kennebag and Seven Ponds fly-fishing is reported good. In a few weeks trout will again rise readily in the big lakes. Several hundred salmon have been taken this season in the Tanglee Lake, one weighing, it is reported, over five pounds. C. T. Richardson, of Mooselucum guntic House, Hiram's Landing, is now swamping out a road from Birch Point to the Richmond Ponds. The first pond is one and a half miles from the Point. There are several ponds in the vicinity, all well stocked with trout and salmon visit d. "Walt." Twombly, the noted guide, will put in some boats and build a camp. Major Richardson's is the most central point for the several routes for fish and game. At his house with the long name, all visitors feel at home the instant they enter. His twenty years' experience in that vicinity enables him to direct sportsmen to best ground. The gallant Major, let me add, served with credit in the Mexican war, and honorable scars attest his record. *WATFIELD.*

"BREAM" FISHING IN GEORGIA.—Wadley, Ga., July 31.—I use a single strand of saddle's black silk for bream fishing. September is our month for bream. So clear are our streams and so wary the fish, nothing but a line of green or black saddle's silk will catch them. There is fun, for it is like fly fishing. You sit in a bateau and cast (with no sinker) under the bushes and into the coves of the stream. It is the duty of the gentleman of the African persuasion who handles the paddle to throw your boat into the middle of the stream when you hook a "bald" bream. They weigh from one-half pound up to one and one-half pounds. You use a very light bamboo rod at least eighteen feet in length, tapering to a point. Not fly fishing, but next to it.

Perhaps you may ask how one strand of silk will hold such fish. I answer, remember how you have caught *Silmo fontinalis* upon a much weaker line. It's all in the handling.—ST. CLAIR.

CHANNEL BASS FISHING.—Jacksonville, Fla., July 10.—To-day that friend Mr. Pryor, resident from report, and facing that some of your readers would accuse me of spinning "fish stories," I deemed it advisable to furnish some late data. Before leaving Mayport he fished for a short time on five different days, and his daily catch averaged from five to ten bass, ranging from 30lbs. to 50lbs. He informed me that yesterday Mr. McCormick, of Mayport, anchored at Mill Point on slack water, and in a very short time landed ten bass averaging 40lbs. He also said that Mac's catch would have been gooder but can't failed. I think that you will agree with me that this is fair fishing. Bass have commenced running early, and from this time until the middle of December the fishing will improve. I sincerely hope that some of your Northern fishermen who can enjoy good fishing will favor this portion of the world with a visit, for I will guarantee them such piscatorial sport as none in the Northern States. *AL. FREESC.*

THE BEST FLIES.—Boston, July 23.—I have just returned from a month's trip to Second Lake, where I found "Uncle" Tom and Ned Norton in the best of health and spirits. I think "Von W." is, in a late issue, is mistaken about the "taking" flies at Greenough Pond. I was with him for the three days spent there, and the only fish killed with a bright fly was the only one killed by "Von W." and that was at four in the morning with a scarlet bias. All the rest of our fish were taken with black gnat, brown alder and a few with dark wing Montreal.

The silver doctor is a good September fly there, but I think of no account much earlier. I find the same experience at Second Lake—small, dark flies took. Last year I found the Jenny Lind, Professor and Doctor good in August both at Greenough and Second Lake. *G. L. C.*

TROUTING IN MAINE.—Monson, Me., August 3.—Yesterday, Messrs. Frank Storer, of Dexter, Me., and A. W. Chapin, of this place, caught seventeen (17) trout on "Monsion Pond," about two miles from this village, which averaged near two pounds each. They were caught with a fly and the fishing was splendid for bait. The number taken with a fly was four. I did not learn. This sheet of water is about one and one-fourth mile in length and one mile wide. The trout weigh from one to five pounds. This is only one of the many excellent trout ponds and lakes in this vicinity.—PISCATOR.

Fish Culture.

DO OWLS EAT TROUT?

IN a paper on Poachers, by James Annin, Jr., of Caledonia, N. Y., read before the American Fishcultural Association at its last meeting, the owl was noticed as a possible poacher. Mr. Annin said of them: "What made me first suspect that they were up to some mischief was that I found them in the steel traps set for muskrat, mink, etc. In setting traps for these we place them under the surface of the water from one to four inches, and when I found the owls in them I could not make out what they were after in the water, but I soon found that it was for the fish-food in the stream, such as the fresh water lobster, caddis worm, shrimp, etc."

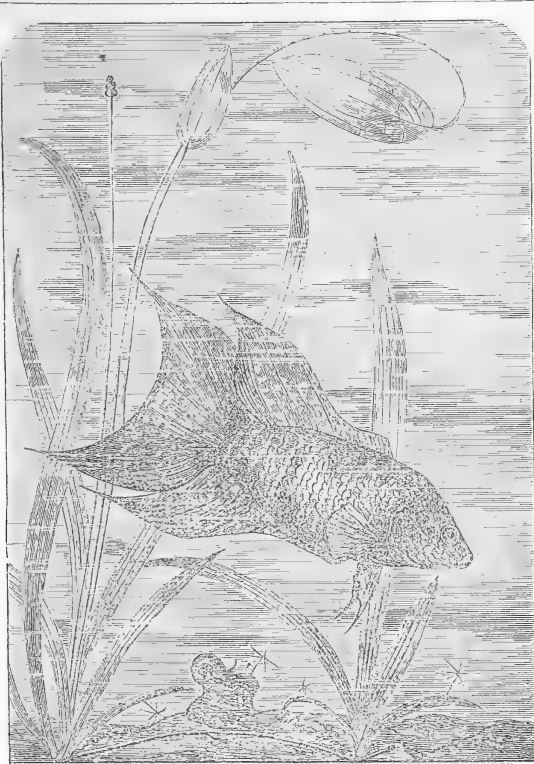
Mr. Annin did not then think they took his trout, judging from his tone, nor do we know that they do, but our curiosity to know was excited by the following correspondence to *Land and Water*, (England).

"A few days since I discovered in a common brown owl's nest a trout about six or seven inches long with the head gone. After a few days the trout had disappeared, the owlets being about three weeks old. Is it a common occurrence for owls to eat fish?"

To this the editor adds:

"It is very curious that brown owls to feed on fish. Any one who cares to watch a brown owl's nest, if at all favorably situated near a stream, will not have to wait very long before he sees the parent birds conveying live minnows, bullheads, or, it may be, if there are ornamental ponds, by gold or silver fish, as well, to feed the young birds. In fact, in fact, is by no means only a 'mouser,' he is a very apt fish-poacher, and his brood soon to appreciate this kind of diet."

We hope that this will stimulate American observers to look closer to the little owls, as well as the big ones.



CHINESE PARADISE FISH (Macropodus).

WATER-PLANT (*Sagittaria natans*)—BOTH NATURAL SIZE.

THE PARADISE FISH.

MACROPODUS VENEZUE.

THE paradise fish, like the German canary bird, is a product of cultivation, as there is no place known where it is found in a wild state. It is a native of China. There they are cultivated and kept in aquaria as ornamental fish only. The male, the larger of the two sexes, measures when full grown, from the mouth to the end of the caudal-fin, three and a half inches. The body is shaped very much like that of the pumpkin-seed or snailfish. Its colors surpass in brilliancy any fish heretofore cultivated for the aquarium. The head is ashy gray, mottled with irregular dark spots. The gills are azure blue, bordered with brilliant crimson. The eyes are yellow and red, with a black pupil. The sides of the body and the crescent-shaped caudal-fin are deep crimson, the former having ten or twelve vertical blue stripes, while the latter is bordered with blue. The under surface of the body is continually changing color—sometimes it is white, at others gray or black. The dorsal and anal fins are remarkably large, hence the generic name of the fish—*macro*, large; *podus*, the foot or fin. Both fins are shaped alike. They are striped and dotted with brown and blue and bordered with blue. The dull-colored ventral fins are protected by a brilliant scarlet-colored spine, extending three-fourths of an inch behind the fins. The pectorals, situated directly above the ventral fins, are well shaped, but being transparent, show no color. All these colors above described are most brilliant when the fish is excited. For instance, when engaged in combat for the possession of a female, or when courting, he shows the most brilliant colors in order to attract the attention of his lady-love, who being specially fond of bright colors.

On such occasions he expands all of his fins to their greatest extent; the caudal-fin appears then to be covered with little pearls, like the eyes on a peacock's tail, and the under surface of the fish becomes jet black. The colors of the dorsal-fin change constantly from brilliant green to indigo blue, now and then showing white spots; and the whole body is in a tremulous motion, radiating colors of every conceivable hue. The entire body of the paradise fish, from the mouth to the beginning of the caudal-fin, is covered with small round scales.

Their mode of living, when compared to American fishes, resembles that of the marbled dace and the rainbow darter. Like the former, they go to the surface for air. They are also fully as inquisitive, as the dace, and like to stay near the glass side of the aquarium, and observe what is going on outside of the water. Like the rainbow darter they are fond of resting on rocks, or on the branches of water plants. In fact I have frequently seen them lie down, as a person would on a lounge, with their head upright and their body resting sideways on the bottom. They are graceful swimmers and peaceable and agree well with other fishes. Their food is the same as that for goldfish, but it should be given to them oftener. I imported a few pairs of these interesting fish last fall, and having succeeded in breeding them, I am enabled to add to the above description of the fish their mode of reproduction.

The Paradise fish is a nest builder, to a certain extent. Its nest is not as complicated as that of the stickleback, nevertheless it is a receptacle on which it places the eggs to be hatched. As soon as the warm weather approaches the males commence fighting with each other for the possession of the females. The victor lends off his female to a suitable corner in the aquarium, and here their family life begins. The nest is constructed by the male. In building it he takes a position about an inch below the surface, and frequently takes air into his mouth, which he ejects in shape of little bubbles. These bubbles seem to be covered with some viscid substance, which mace them last for several hours. He keeps this up until a little floating platform is formed of about six inches in circumference and one-fourth of an inch in thickness. When the nest has reached the sufficient size, the female approaches and swims around him several times until he notices her. He follows her now round in a circle, immediately under the bubble platform, and all at once, with a very graceful motion, he seizes her by folding his entire body and fins around her, at the same time turning himself with her over in the middle of the water, so that the ventral parts point toward the west. Now he presses against her and causes the eggs to flow, which in passing him become fertilized and rise to the surface. This act being over, the male's attention is occupied by gathering the eggs with his mouth and placing them on the platform. Should one accidentally fall to the bottom, he carries it up again immediately. When

all the eggs are cared for the female makes her appearance and repeats the operation until about a thousand eggs are laid. The eggs are of the size of a period used in ordinary type, and of creamy-yellow color. Thirty-six hours after the eggs are laid the young fish make their appearance. They are very small and have the shape of tadpoles. The father takes special care of them by keeping away all enemies—he even attempted to attack my hand when on the side of the aquarium, looking upon it as an enemy coming to devour his little ones. During the first three days his object seems to be to keep his young near the surface, where he can see them all; after that he scatters them by blowing among them. He is now seen very busy everywhere in the tank, and often gathers some weak ones with his mouth and spits them to the surface. This may be to instruct them how to breathe. (?)

As the young increase in size his duty is to teach them to find their food. For that purpose he takes a mouthful of young ones from a thickly settled place and carries them to an unfrequented spot where food is more likely to be found. In short, he has a system about raising a crop of children. During all this time the female is kept in a far-off corner. He does not allow her to go near the nest, although I have never seen a female injure any of the young, which were sometimes close around her, some even nibbling at her nose. When they are ten or twelve days old the young have the shape of the old ones and can support themselves. They are now one-sixteenth of an inch in length. Now, while I am writing this, my first crop of young paradise fish are six weeks old, and some measure as much as one inch in length and show some of the brilliant colors of their parents.

HERO MUELLER.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

A GERMAN BOOK ON GENERAL FISICULTURE.

Mr. von dem Borne has given the public a new edition of his valuable book, which is rendered more valuable by his experience at the late International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin. We wish for the benefit of our readers who do not read German, that it was printed in English. It is 22mo., of 174 pages, with 64 illustrations of aquatic and fish. The fact that it is written by one of the leading fish culturists of Germany is a guarantee that the author has a practical knowledge of his subject.

Her von dem Borne compresses much valuable information in a small compass, and shows his familiarity with fish culture in his lands by giving the prominent inventions in use in them. He covers the whole ground of pond building, spawning, rearing and the general care of fishes, as well as giving some space to the literature of the subject. The only thing which we were disappointed in is the absence of an account of the breeding of our favorite grayling. This fish has a place among our authors' descriptions of fishes, but we miss it among the directions for spawning and rearing. We have watched carefully in all European accounts of this fish for differences to habit from our American species. Her von dem Borne tells us that it lives in large brooks and rivers, with strong streams and stony or gravelly bottoms; and that it does not love spring water. "Therefore," he says, "it does not go so high in the spring brook as the trout does, although it lives in some portions of the stream with that fish. It grows colorably well, but not so fast as the trout, and grows to only 3 lbs. weight. It spawns in March and April. The eggs can be taken by hand, but the fish do not ripen them in confinement, and therefore they must be obtained near their natural spawning places."

This account tallies with our observations on the grayling, except that portion which says that they do not ascend brooks as high as the trout do, and on this point observations have been incomplete in America, owing to their restricted and distant habitat. The culture of the grayling is not carried on to a great extent in Germany, but a few of the fishermen have propagated them. The price of the book is 25 marks, about 60 cents, in cloth.

*Die Fischzucht | von | Max von dem Borne, | Ritttergutsbesitzer in der Neumark. | — | Zweite, um bearbeitete Auflage. (Seriell) | mit 64 in den Text gedruckten Holzschneitten. | Berlin. | Verlag von Paul Parey, | Verlagsbuchhandlung für Landwirtschaft, Gartenbau und Forstwesen | 1881 | (Wiegand Hempel & Parey.)

Far, far better for you than Beer, Ale or Porter, and free from the intoxicating effects is Hop Bitters.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

September 21, 22 and 23, at Fram-Ho, Pa., Franklin Sportsmen's Club and Game Protective Society Bench Show. Entries close September 15. Thos. D. Adams, Superintendent; P. O. Box 61, Franklin, Pa.

September 27, 28, 29 and 30, at London, Ont., London Dog Show. Entries close September 12. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, Toronto, Ont. House, London, Ont.

October 4, 5 and 7, at St. Louis, Mo., St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Bench Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

August 20 and 21, and September 1 and 2, at Norfolk, Neb., Nebraska Field Trials second annual meeting. J. P. McCartney, Secretary, Norfolk, Neb.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. I. R. Stoyton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September 13 and 14, at Pittsburgh, Pa., Collier Trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Entries close September 3. Eldridge McCoukey, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa.

October 1, at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Penz, Secretary, P. O. Box 24, New York City.

November 5, at Alhoro, Cal., Field Trials of the Gilroy Rod and Gun Club. Entries close November 1. R. Leveque, Secretary.

November 23, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 1. Edward Odel, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November —, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

THE DOG CASTAWAYS.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, N. Y., Aug. 2.

THERE are now three dogs on Taylor Island. First is the original old bull dog (he was thrown from the bridge). Next is a large-water spaniel that undertook to retrieve a stick from the water at the foot of the bridge, and was thrown over the Suspension Bridge. He got too far out into the current and seemed determined to secure the stick, and I believe did secure it, but could not, owing to the strong current, reach the shore; so down he went and landed on the island. Several other dogs were watching him, and as soon as all hope was lost they ran on to the bridge to see him reach the island. "Old Bull" was out to meet him, and gave him a hearty welcome.

Several days later I went down with some food to throw over, and discovered a small black and tan dog on the island. How he got there no one seemed to know. Several attempts have been made to rescue one of the dogs, but thus far all have failed. The "Yokes Family" remained here two days and spent considerable money in trying to rescue the bull dog, but finally gave it up.

The bull dog seems quite happy, and the other two spend most of their time in wandering about. Last Sunday a terrible battle took place on the island between the spaniel and bull dog. The little dog acted as referee. They fought for some time in plain sight, but finally got too far under the bridge and could not be seen. They were fighting over a Sunday dinner. I saw them both the next day, and they appeared to be as good friends as ever, so I presume it was a draw.

Two young men of this place are building a large box trap to be lowered to the island. They intend to put it down this p. m. I will report their success.

C. E. LEWIS.

THE PREVENTIVES OF HYDROPHOBIA.

Editor Forest and Stream: PHILADELPHIA, July, 1881.

The following article appeared in one of our daily papers some years ago, and I believe was copied by only one journal, and that a daily in the Southern States. The writer of the article, deeming it his duty to make known to the public as widely as possible, has respectfully requested in the form I send it to you. He is a very highly respected citizen of our city, and a donor as to the veracity of his statements cannot for one moment be entertained. Since the publication of this remedy for hydrophobia many cures have been effected by it. Although the remedy is now so generally known, I have made them so public through your columns.—HORO.

[From the Public Ledger, April 18, 1877.]

PREVENTING HYDROPHOBIA.

Mr. Editor: My attention was drawn to *Elecampaus* many years since as a preventive of hydrophobia. The active medicinal principle of this plant is found in the root, and is called *indulin*. From my experience I believe this indulin neutralizes the virus or poison of hydrophobia. Allow me to give a few instances where this plant has been used. My own nephew, then a small boy, was bitten badly in the face by a dog unmistakably mad. This occurred within a few miles of this city. The father of the lad came immediately to town to obtain medical advice. We called on an eminent physician (now deceased), who at once prescribed the *Elecampaus* root. One of the root was obtained and administered as herein-after directed. No symptom of hydrophobia appeared, and the lad, now a hale, hearty farmer in Montgomery County, lives to show the scar of the wound in the face.

The physician above referred to related to me a number of instances in which the remedy had been used, and always with success. He, in fact, remarked, "I never knew it to fail when properly administered." I will give but two cases: First—Two men living near this city were bitten in the hand by the same dog, and within fifteen minutes of each other. The dog was a stranger to them, was secured and impaled to await an owner. The next day he showed unmistakable signs of madness, and finally died with hydrophobia. Alarmed for their safety, both men came to the city and waited on the physician quoted above. He prescribed the *Elecampaus* root. One of the men exclaimed, "That is an old woman's remedy," and refused to take it. This man, returning to his home, placed himself under the care of his own doctor, who cauterized the wound and administered medicine to salivate him. On the ninth day he was seized with spasms and died in agony. The other man, who was a fortunate man, took the *Elecampaus* as prescribed, and never suffered in the least degree from the dreaded disease.

Second—A number of cows feeding in a pasture were all bitten by a mad dog. The owners, owing to the knowledge of those who had heard of this *Elecampaus* remedy, thought it a good opportunity to give it a trial. The cows were accordingly separated. To one-half the number the root was administered (in form of decoction), and not one of the cows suffered from hydrophobia. The other half of the cows, not so treated, died from such bites, where their effects were shot. In quite a number of cases coming under my own observation of persons bitten by dogs imposed to be mad I have recommended the use of *Elecampaus*, and have yet to learn of the first case of hydrophobia resulting from such bites where the root was used. I think, therefore, I have good reason to have confidence in the remedy as a preventive.

Whether, after a manifestation of the disease, it would have a good effect, or any effect at all, I am unable to say. I doubt whether it would. But the remedy is so simple and so readily obtained that it would be almost criminal not to employ it. Having said this much, allow me to give the mode of using the remedy. To one and one-half ounces of good, sound *Elecampaus* root, bruised in a mortar, add one pint of new milk; boil to half pint, strain off, and when cool, add one pint of water. Give this decoction to the dog should be taken for from three to five hours at intervals. Repeat the dose on the third morning, allowing no more to intervene, and again on the fifth morning. The above quantity is for an adult; for children, given in proportionate doses, say one of twelve years, half the quantity.

R. E.

DETROIT, Mich., July 16, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention being called to the article in the FOREST AND STREAM relating to the fearful death by hydrophobia of a little

Chief of Mr. G.H.H.'s Tilly.
Dashing Duke and Dashing Daisy—Mr. Wm. Wilkinson, West Philadelphia, has a pair of *Dashing Duke* and *Dashing Daisy* for Mr. LeWellen street puppies, white and black, whelped June 8, 1881, by Mr. W. W. Kendaals cell (imp. Belton-Brangle) out of owner's *Princess Pearl*, Earl of Carlsruhe.
Flying Kettle, Flying Cloud, Flying Seal and Flying Spray—The Lachelle Kennel Club, Whitestone, L. I., claims the names *Flying Cloud* and *Flying Foam* for lemon belton dog pups, and *Flying Seal* and *Flying Spray* for black and white pups, whelped July 2, 1881, by champion Emperor Fred out of Minto, 185 N. Y. 1852.
Cat, Spot—Mr. Eugene Powers, Cortland, N. Y., claims the name of *Cat* for his black and white cocker dog puppy by Wildcat out of *Microph*.

As was proved at the Fly-Casting Tournament at Coney's Island, June 23.

First prize in Champion Class was won with one of our 10 ft. 9.2. Bass Rods: length of cast, 75 feet. First prize in Amateur Class was won with one of our 11 ft. 8 ft. Fly Rods: length of cast, 67 1/2 ft. The Sea World Special Prize was won with one of our 11 ft. 10.2. General Rods: length of cast, 75 ft. Our rods are considered superior to all others by those who have seen or used them. Send stamp for catalogue, with Mass. Fish and Game Law.

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BRANDY LION KENNEL.

DASHING LION IN THE STUD.

The imported dog Dashing Lion will serve a limited number of approved bitches. Fee, \$35.

Address L. YEANLEY, JR.,

June 10, 1880, Box 14, Conestoga, Penn.

BENEDICT.

FIRST AND SPECIAL NEW YORK, 1881.

Imported black field spaniel at the stud. Fee, \$25.

Mr. Jacobs' strain. Brother to Squaw and Lass o' Devon; brother in blood to Kafir and Zulu.

Negro, litter brother to Benedict, was second to Kafir at the West of England show last month.

Black, and liver-colored puppies by Benedict for sale. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I. June 14/81

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Prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly. I give my puppies seven months' work out of the twelve, and guarantee satisfaction, if according to tenaces, and I keep the dog with discount to parties at long distances.

A. WINTER, Cairo, Thomas County, Georgia.

Oct 2, 81

BARONET IN THE STUD.

The lemon and white pointer Baronet, whelped Nov. 24, 1879, by Orgill's champion Kush, ex-Livingston's Rose, by imported champion Snapshot, winner of third prize, puppy stakes, Eastern Field Trials, Hobbs' Island, Nov. 30, 1880; by H. C. in open class and special prize for best pointer dog with a field trial record. W. E. C. Shaw, 1881, to a limited number of bitches. Breeders furnished with full printed pedigree. Address HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, 133 West 44th St., New York. May 14/81

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Three foxhound pups, three months old; healthy, etc.—come at once, over end of nose. F. H. WALKER, Elmira, N. Y. Aug 11/81

FOR SALE.

Four prize-bred Irish terrier pups, Home Ruler. For price, etc., apply to DR. NIVEN, London, Ont. Aug 4

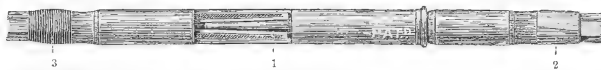
BULL TERRIER PUPS FOR SALE CHEAP.

Bred from imported stock; six weeks old. Address E. LEVICK, 96 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. Aug 11/81

FOR SALE.

Two pure bred Gordon setter puppies, dog and bitch, three months old. Address A. WEEKS, Locust Valley, L. I. Aug 11/81

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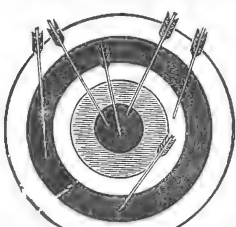
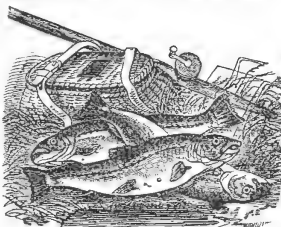
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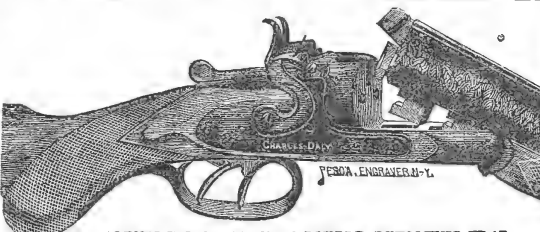
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A very handsome and fine bred orange and white setter bitch, 4 1/2 years old; thoroughly broken on all game. A magnificent blood bitch, and always throws a majority of dog pups.—old for no fault. Price low if taken at once. For full particulars and pedigree, address G. E. OSBORN or R. B. PENN, New Haven, Conn. Aug 4/81

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Beautiful brace of young cocker spaniels of choice stock. LOCK BOX 237, Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Aug 4/81

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A few choice black and black and white cocker spaniels, broken and unbroken; also a good partridge-treeing dog, three years old. For price and full pedigree address CHAS. F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y. Aug 11/81

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Thoroughbred red Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion Rory O'More out of Norah O'More, Magneta and Pearl. Full pedigrees. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. Aug 11/81

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MOUNT PLEASANT KENNEL.—For sale, four full-blooded Gordon setter pups, three bitches and one dog; very handsome; perfect black and tan. Fire, Tramp, imported, dam, Clytie, the great prize winner. Full pedigree on both sides. A rare chance for a good dog. CHAS. T. BROWNELL, New Bedford, Mass. Post office box 350. Aug 4, 21.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—Handsome English setter dog Dash. Partially broken. Cost \$35 to import; color, liver. Also field spaniel Ned by Malard, first prize winner at Baltimore and Philadelphia; out of imported Daisy, color, liver. Address FRANK L. CLARK, 83 Montgomery street, Jersey City, N. J. July 21-41.

FOR SALE, dark red Irish setter pups, by Champion Chief, 3 months old. M. WENZEL, 39 Fourth St., Hoboken, N. J. Aug 24-41.

FOR SALE, a brace of beautiful black and white Llewellyn setter pups by Champion Paris. C. E. LEWIS, Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Aug 24-41.

QUELUT COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS.—For Cocker of all ages and colors, dogs, bitches and puppies, address W. STAMM, ROBT. WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. July 21-41.

HARE BEAGLE KENNELS.—For sale, the produce of imported and home bred animals that have been hunted since able to follow the gam on the trail, and are believed to be second to none in nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Pa. May 24-41.

FOR SALE.—One pure-bred English Mastiff dog, two years old; stands 31 inches high. Also, several pure-bred Mastiff pups. For pedigrees and prices, address W. E. SESSIONS, Lock box 108, Worcester, Mass. July 24-41.

FOR SALE CHEAP, a litter of fine Irish setter pups, 16 weeks old, having one cross of Echo and two of Plunkett. Address E. J. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn. July 21-41.

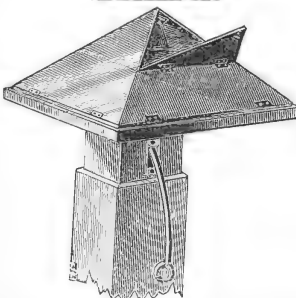
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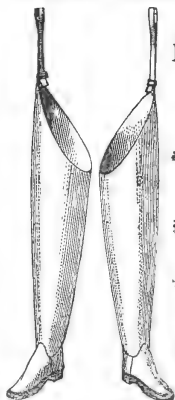
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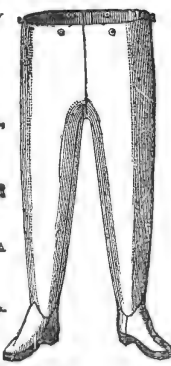
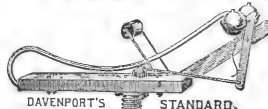
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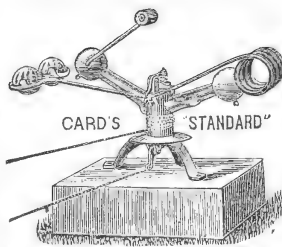
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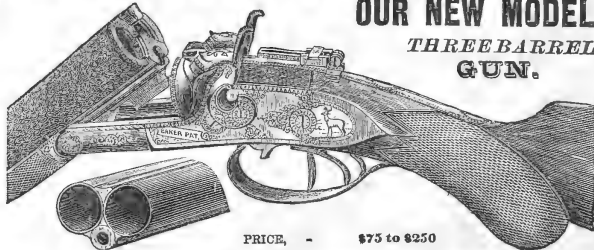


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THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Entered According to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

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Six Mo's, \$2. Three Mo's, \$1.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1881.

Vol. 17—No. 3.
{Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Advertisements.

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Address: Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York City.

FOREST AND STREAM.
Thursday, August 18.

Specimen copies of this paper will be sent free upon application. We will esteem it a favor if our readers will call the attention of their friends to the merits of the FOREST AND STREAM.

HISTORICAL.—A correspondent is informed that the first number of the AMERICAN SPORTSMAN was published by the Parker Brothers at West Meriden, Conn., in October, 1871. It was a monthly until October 1873, when it was changed to a weekly. The publication office was removed to this city and the name changed to "ROD AND GUN" in 1875.

The first number of the FOREST AND STREAM was issued from No. 103 Fulton street, Aug., 14, 1873. The ROD AND GUN and the FOREST AND STREAM were consolidated in 1877, the first number of the new form appearing May 3d of that year. Our inquirer is further informed that the words "Forest" and "Stream" are not the names of individuals who have been connected with the paper.

TWO OF THE NIAGARA CASTAWAYS have been rescued, as related by our correspondent elsewhere, and "Old Bull" it is hoped, will be present at the London, Ont., Bench Show. "Old Bull" ought to join a circus.

MALARIA IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

THAT the residence of the President of the United States is an unwholesome place in summer is well known. Now that he is lying on a sick bed from an assassin's bullet, various newspapers have called attention to the pestilential flats which have poisoned the air so that several of his attendants have been stricken down with those complaints called malarial. These flats have been complained of for years and various projects have been broached to mitigate their evils.

Other Presidents have been able to escape. One made his summer home at Long Branch and another on the heights of the Soldiers' Home Park, but President Garfield is obliged to stay.

Former Presidents have complained, but the District of Columbia is not a Congressional district, and, having no member of Congress, has no one to urge the members to make an appropriation for this purpose. A short time ago it was reported that the Potomac flats were to be raised from their marshy condition by covering them with a deposit dredged from the river channel. This was claimed to be no remedy at all by Washington physicians, who declared that the deposit from the river bottom contained matters which would decay and prove as vicious as the swamps. This would no doubt be the case, for the river bottom is covered with a deposit from the sewers of the city.

We would call the attention of those interested in this matter to the fact that the old canal and swamp near the Monument, which for years bred malaria and mosquitoes, is now a beautiful carp pond. There is much of the swampy flat in question which might also be made to produce carp instead of miasma, not to mention the beauty of a sheet of water in place of muddy flats.

THE ST. LAWRENCE GAME CLUB.

A STRONG society, of which the membership numbers nearly one hundred, has been formed at Ogdensburg, N. Y., under the name of the St. Lawrence Game Club. Its objects are to stock the St. Lawrence River and the lakes, streams and ponds of St. Lawrence county with food fishes, and to protect the fish and game for the public good. The membership of the club is open to all citizens of the county, the annual fee being but a trifle; and it is hoped to enlist the cordial support of the land owners.

Game protective associations have been so long established in this country, and methods of work have been so fully tested that newly formed societies may readily avail themselves of the experience thus gained by workers in the cause; and there can be no excuse for the adoption by a new society of impracticable or inefficient ways of work. The St. Lawrence Club has started right; and we hope to chronicle its entire success.

WASHINGTON GUN CLUB EXCURSION.—The Washington Gun Club, of Brooklyn, are going on an excursion to Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, next Thursday. This beautiful lake, famous as a health resort and well known to anglers because of its fine bass fishing, is up among the Schooley's range of mountains, and a more attractive spot for such an excursion as our Brooklyn friends propose it were hard to find. It usually takes two and one-half hours to reach the lake from this city, but the Washington Club and guests are to go by a special train in much shorter time. There is to be a beautiful repast—we have had a peep at the bill of fare—rowing and rifle prize contests, fishing and the various diversions always in order in such a pleasure trip. All the Brooklyn sportsmen are invited by the Washingtons to join the party and share the pleasure. Tickets (\$5 each) are to be had of Mr. Henry Allenbrand, the president of the club, Mr. H. H. deman, corner of Division avenue and Sixth street, Brooklyn, E. D., and at the headquarters of the Brooklyn Gun Club, Harry Miller's, Flatbush avenue. The special train which is to convey the party on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad leaves at 8:15 Thursday morning, August 25.

BRYANT'S SPARROW POEM is printed in another column. We should like to supplement it at once with a poetical obituary of the last bird of that race in America.

FROG CULTURE.

DOUBTLESS our readers have seen the item which has appeared in the local papers, from Maine to California, for the past year, on frog culture. One paper has copied it from another, and it has been sent us by a dozen correspondents. It tells how a thrifty agriculturist near Elgin, Illinois, has bred frogs for market and thereby accumulated much lucre. We have explained the impossibility of feeding large numbers of frogs, in ponds or in brooklets, and how the large frog had accommodations in his interior for the smaller ones, which he usually kept full.

We do not want a reader of FOREST AND STREAM to spend time or money in the culture of anything which is neither profitable nor ornamental, and we have pronounced frog culture a delusion and a snare. But the aforesaid article still goes the rounds of the rural papers. To pin down the Elgin "frogist" we wrote to Dr. Pratt, a former fish commissioner residing at Elgin, and, inclosing the slip, asked for information. What he gives us we lay before our readers in the following note:

ELGIN, Ill., Aug. 4.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The man who started that frog-breeding story and gave it to a reporter is a "dead beat." I understand that he is now in State prison in Michigan. It is singular that it was not inquired into before, so many papers copied the article.—W. A. PRATT.

We trust that every paper which has been imposed on by the frog story will do its readers the justice to publish Mr. Pratt's letter, and not let any simple-minded person invest in a frog pond as a source of revenue. An adult bull frog is a cannibal, and a given piece of water will only yield a certain number of adult frogs, no matter how many tadpoles are hatched.

THE TOY PISTOL is just now a frequent cause of coroners' inquests. The latest case is that of a little boy in Newark, N. J., who was "playing forfeits" with a number of children, and when it came his turn to pay a forfeit, handed over a toy pistol to a little girl. He "thought it wasn't loaded," but it went off and killed the girl. The jury returned a verdict of accidental killing, censuring the boy's carelessness, and adding: "We further feel that we cannot too strongly condemn the reckless use of all kinds of weapons of this character by children and youth, and we suggest that the sale thereof be discontinued by the public and suppressed by proper authority." Perhaps it was out of the jury's sphere to have ascertained the name of the toy-dealer who sold this deadly firearm to the unhappy boy and to censure him too; but the sooner parents and guardians of youth hold the toy-dealers personally responsible for all the woe caused by these infernal machines, the sooner will the nuisance be abated. The sale of toy-pistols must be put down by law.

"BIRD-NESTING" is a more heinous offense in England than in this country. A man who robbed a nest at Wadsworth, Eng., was fined the other day 4s, and in default was sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment. A heavy enough penalty, but light compared to the trouble which followed the robbing of a mocking-bird's nest in Alexandria Co., Virginia, not long ago. It seems that a Justice of the Peace had had his eye on these particular birds, and had the capture of them all planned out so soon as they should be ripe. Some other bird catcher stole a march on him, whereupon the disappointed J. P. straightaway made out a warrant, and the sheriff arrested the bird thief. The trial, we are told, resulted in a verdict of guilty, carrying with it a fine of \$10 and the costs of the case. The costs were immediately paid, but the fine was not. When the attempt was made by a colored constable to arrest the capturer of the bird's nest, who is deaf and otherwise afflicted, he declined to go with him, and the wife of the accused seeing her husband dragged along by the constable rescued him from the hands of his captor. They were then arrested on the charge of assault and battery, waived an examination, paid the costs, and removed the case to the County Court. "A neighbor who defended the accused in very strong words was fined \$5 for contempt of court. He refused to pay the fine, stating that he was in the Post Office Department and did not recognize the authority of the Justice. The Justice then made out a

mittimus committing him to jail for the non-payment of the fine, and placed it in the hands of the sheriff, who attempted to make the arrest. The sheriff, being resisted, called on several gentlemen to assist him, who refused to interfere. He then called in his son to assist him, who responded, and a scuffle ensued, in which the sheriff's son had two of his teeth knocked loose and received a severe blow in the eye. The difficulty ended by a third neighbor making his appearance and paying the fine." We are not told what became of the mocking-birds.

PLASTER CASTS OF DOGS.—Mr. Palmer, the modeler of the United States Natural History Museum, has succeeded in making some excellent plaster casts of dogs, and the Museum proposes to have a series of such casts prepared to show the characteristics of the various breeds. Skeletons of typical dogs will be mounted for the Museum and these, with the painted casts, will make the collection a most valuable one. It is hardly to be presumed that any of our prominent fanciers are such devotees to the science of dog-breeding that they will be willing to sacrifice their animals to the cause; but it will certainly be a most sensible and satisfactory disposition of a dead dog to forward him to Washington, where his points may be permanently preserved. For modeling purposes, at least, a dead dog is better than a living lion; and the Smithsonian Institution offers to pay the express charges on such finely-bred dogs as may be sent to them.

ADIRONDACK GUIDES are much exercised lest the odium of "Parker's" crime should attach to themselves as a class. Visitors to the North Woods will hear us out in the assertion that the guides there have a record for honorable conduct, which should relieve them from any such unjust imputations. Before the Parker affair transpired, the Adirondack guide was thought to be worthy of the confidence of parties of ladies and gentlemen. To-day he is no whit different. The New York daily paper paragraphers, who dub the Adirondack guides as fellows to be severely let alone, probably never saw an Adirondack guide in their lives, and don't know what they are talking about.

SKYLARKS ON LONG ISLAND.—Those who have been interested in the importation of the English skylark into this country will be glad to know that the experiment made some years ago on Long Island has proved a success. A number of birds were put out at Flatlands, Long Island, near the County Houses, some years ago, before the war we believe, and these birds and their progeny have been seen almost every year since. Mr. Edmund Orgill has frequently seen them there and heard them sing. One remarkable thing about their annual return is that they have always come back to the exact locality where they were at first put out.

WE REGRET YOUR PARBOS. Mr. Wm. Gale, English pedestrian, for failing to note your performance of walking 6,000 quarter-miles in as many consecutive ten-minutes in a Bovey lager-beer saloon, this city. To tell the truth, we think the feat a stupid and useless one. Now we propose that all the long-distance walking idiots and all the fasting lunatics join hands and start off after the fellow who set out a year or two ago to walk around the world in six years. And there are the crazy fellows, too, who sail for Europe in dorics—we can spare each and all of these deluded seekers after notoriety and shekels.

ARE THEY MONOPOLIES?—Our correspondent "Didymus," in a late issue, called attention to the fact that many of the most favored game localities of this country are coming into the possession of clubs, and it was suggested that such clubs were in a sense monopolies. We are much mistaken if a great deal of argument cannot be reduced on each side of this question. In a letter published elsewhere to-day it is shown that at least one club has found exclusiveness essential to the protection of its game. Perhaps there is yet a golden mean not yet attained. We invite expressions of experience and opinion on the subject.

THE FRANK FORESTER CLUB.—At a meeting of the Greenwood Lake Association, Frank Forester Club, held at the office of Messrs. McDowell & Co., this city last Friday, Mr. J. B. Wortendyke, of Midland Park, N. J., and Hon. John J. Blair, of Blairstown, N. J., who is eighty years old, and says he has twenty years more of fishing in him yet, were elected members. Mr. T. C. Banks, of the FOREST AND STREAM, was elected an honorary member, this being the first such election on the records of the club. The annual meeting and presidential dinner will be held at the new club house, Warwick Woodlands, on the first Tuesday in September.

A FOX HUNT was on the programme of sports at Cottage City, Mass., last week, but the S. F. P. C. A. told the projectors of the entertainment that the society would chase them if they ran the fox, whereupon a drag hunt was substituted. We are of opinion that the fox chasers had the strong side of the case, and it is to be regretted that they should have yielded to the officers of the Society.

WANTED.—A file of the "Old Spirit" and of "Porter's Spirit." We shall esteem it a favor if any one knowing of such a file which is procurable will inform the editor of this paper.

GREY-EYED MEN. It is often claimed, are the best marksmen. At the Chicago shooting tournament the other day it was noticed that among the most expert shots grey eyes predominated.

LAKE GEORGE MEET.

THE annual meeting of canoeists on Lake George, Aug. 11, 12 and 13, was an event in the history of the paddle in America of which we may well be proud. It brought together a larger number of men devoted to this fascinating sport than had ever before assembled on American waters. The success of the meet places the American Canoe Association upon a sound, permanent footing, and henceforth the camp fires will glow every year on the charming islets reserved for the knights of the double blade and their friends. The meeting gave evidence enough of the rapid strides in popularity the sport is making, and shows that it has taken root all over the land. Many new clubs sent delegations from the West and from Canada, while the older organizations from the East were on hand in force. New York was represented by the parent institution, the N. Y. C. C., and its younger sister, the Knickerbocker C. C., while the ranks were filled with many sturdy fellows whose names bore on the books of the Ottawa C. C., Toronto C. C., Cincinnati C. C., Cleveland C. C., Peterborough C. C., Whitehall C. C., Lake George C. C., and others with "poor I-o," who may be said to have invented the first canoe, likewise on hand in birch barks of native make, which they propelled after the aboriginal plan with a single roughly cut blade. If they and their craft were fair samples of the genus and the genius of the red man, his pale-face brother has got a long lead on the copper skis, and can discount him in the canoe business badly. The old romance about no one being able to improve upon the Indian canoe was forever dispelled upon actual comparison of the work of both races. After the seventy odd canoes had been beached, tents raised and duflie unpacked, a meeting was called in the evening and the election of officers taken in hand. The old board, so long the head and front of the sport, declined re-election, and after some canvassing the following were chosen to serve as officers of the American Canoe Association for the year: Commodore, Judge Nicholas Longworth, of the Cincinnati C. C.; Vice-Commodore, J. Edwards, of the Peterborough C. C.; Ontario: Rear-Commodore, Arthur Brentano, Knickerbocker C. C., and Dr. C. A. Nelde, of the Lake George C. C., for Secretary and Treasurer. The various races were well contested, Cincinnati carrying off the palm, though their victory was marred by the treachery of the "poor I-o," whose victories were well celebrated upon the club hand "Cincinnati" in a joyous manner, which left no doubt as to where the honors rested. A banquet on the third day at the Crossroads brought the meeting to a close, the canoeists being bound on cruises, single and in company, many spending their summer vacation swinging the paddle, returning to their desks and toll with nut-brown tan and freshly invigorated constitutions. Concerning the racing and the details of the three days' meet, we prefer to let our special correspondent speak at greater length next week.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A STORY OF THE JUNIPER SWAMPS.

WHILE stopping for a rest at the "Hygea Hotel" at Old Point, on my way from Florida last summer, I met an old gentleman named Nixon, from Perquimans Co., N. C., who informed me that before the war slave owners were always very anxious to hire their hands to the shingle cutters in the juniper and cypress swamps, as they always came home at the end of the year in "good condition," and while at work in the swamps always enjoyed perfect health. An officer of the Navy who was present said that the juniper water was always used by United States vessels going out from the Navy Yard at Norfolk on a long foreign cruise, because it kept clear and fresh for years, and the officers and men who used it usually enjoyed good health. Soon afterward I took a trip out on the Dismal Swamp Canal from Norfolk and visited Lake Drummond in the Dismal Swamp. I was surprised to find it a clear, dark lake, margined by a thick forest of beautiful green juniper, and the contrast between the claret-colored water and the evergreen foliage makes a beautiful picture. The lake is deep and full of fish which are peculiar to these waters, and the robin, perch and chub grow to a very large size and are as sweet as any fish I ever ate. A few days' use of the water satisfied me that it was good for me. I drank freely of it and bathed in it. It seemed to have a tonic effect and was very pleasant and agreeable to drink. I think the time is not far distant when the health-giving quality of the water and the pure atmosphere, with an entire freedom from insects of all kinds, and the advantages for bathing, sailing and fishing, will make this a very popular place of resort for invalids.

One would imagine that these swamps were a dismal charnal house. On the contrary, they are the healthiest places on the American Continent. There is no decomposed wood—juniper timber never rots. The trees fall to the ground, but they do not decompose but turn to peat and lie, indissoluble by air and water, for ages. There is nothing in these swamps to create malaria—the rising of the tides and decomposed position of the sun; all is fresh and pure, and the air is laden with sweet odors. I afterward visited the swamps in Dare County and found them like the Dismal Swamps. East Lake, near the mouth of the Alligator River, about ten miles west of here, and the waters of the Alligator River are identical with Lake Drummond in their natural features.

The country between here and there is a perfect wilderness, excepting a few small clearings on Croatan Sound. I have visited different portions of it, and found many things to interest one. The woods are full of game. Bear and deer go in herds. The bear feeds on the gum and huckleberries in their season, and their paths to their feeding grounds are as well defined as cattle paths through the woods in the North. I saw on one occasion seven bears—a family led by an old she bear, so my guide said. She would occasionally stand against a tree and tear the bark, leaving a blaze similar to the marks made by woodmen to mark roads through the wilderness. The woods are full of game. I saw on one occasion seven bears—a family led by an old she bear, so my guide said. She would occasionally stand against a tree and tear the bark, leaving a blaze similar to the marks made by woodmen to mark roads through the wilderness. The woods are full of game. 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above this city one can stand upon the bank of the San Antonio River, and see its crystal waters as they well up twelve feet below the surface from a rocky cavern in the bank. The stream flows swiftly, and widens until just a few rods below this immense spring. Its width is one hundred feet, while its depth is only two. Its course through the city forms the letter S, and it is spanned by many fine bridges.

Just one mile above the city is San Pedro Park, enclosing a large spring of the same name, with numerous smaller ones, which send forth little purling streams that finally unite and form the San Pedro Creek that also flows through the city.

Attempts have been made to introduce new fish into these waters, with what success I hardly know. At the head of the river is a fish hatchery for stocking the river with salmon, while carp have been put in the lakes in the park. I have caught different kinds of fish from the streams that flow from these lakes. One was so large that several guests enjoyed it with us, and while we did not take up twelve baits, yet all were beautifully supplied.

I will not assume a pen-picture to you of the strangely wonderful old missions in and near this place of which so much has already been written, and volumes might be.

If travelers fail to see these and other interesting surroundings of San Antonio they will miss the Mecca of their pilgrimage.

A. G. S.

DREAMING UNDER THE PINE.

By N. L. YORRES.

We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded with a sleep.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE father of Vivian St. Clair lives near the banks of the Cheat River, where it flows through a broad, beautiful valley, and the banks are wooded with oaks. A young professor of natural history and botany in the university of his native State, he had suddenly acquired a princely fortune by the sale of mountain lands, a little time before considered comparatively worthless. He would come out to this wilderness during the summer vacations to engage for the speckled trout and study the wild flora of the mountains. The estate consisted only of barren sands covered with dark pine forests. Great cliffs, moss-covered and pierced with caverns—the home of the lynx and the rattlesnake—were piled up on the steep slopes, their bases hidden by the rhododendron and azalea. But oil was found floating on the waters of spring and pool, for under these rugged rocks, barren sands and dark pine wood was a great petroleum lake. So the place was sold, the chair in the university given up, a beautiful farm purchased on the banks of the Cheat and an elegant villa created by the crystal river at the foot of the great mountains.

Prof. St. Clair was a lover of nature, and everywhere about his farm and home were objects curious, beautiful and rare. On a table under a great bell glass were two little trees of corn, one white as snow and the other red as blood. Around them were shells that had been dyed in the colors of the rainbow, and stained with the glories of the sunset. They were filled with the music of the sea, and murmured all day long the songs of the ocean in voices sweet and low. Over a bookcase were the antlers of deer, and on them was sitting, with half-opened wings, a great Virginia owl, whose big eyes seemed always watching one. When Vivian was a little child he would forget that they were only glass, and from his perch upon the beautiful canaries that sang for him every day from their cage in the ivied windows. In warden cases were growing miniature forests, feathery ferns, silver green and gold, waved their delicate fronds over little mountains and grottoes formed of mingled moss and crystals, mirrors half-hidden among vines looked like the lakes on the mountains fringed with the rhododendron, and white pebbles were built up like the river crags. In aquaria were banded sunfish, silver dace and graceful eels; and little islands of cork, edged with ocean shells and covered with aquatic plants, floated about on the water beautiful as the river gardens of the East. Birds of brilliant plumage from the far Southlands were grouped in their houses of glass, some looking as if they were about to warble a love song, others seemingly ready to mount on beautiful wings to heaven. Showcases were filled with their nests, some simple and coarse, others wonderfully wrought, and with eggs white as snow, blue as the sky, or patterned like the autumn leaves, and polished like the ocean pearl. In reserved cabinets were minerals from every land; the Amazon stone and the ruby, silvers gleaming among masses of opal, amethyst and beryl. On the lawn were growing the rarest trees and the most beautiful flowers. The evergreens and lilies of Japan, the shrubs and roses of China, were mingled with the bulbs of Holland and the ivies of England, and down by the river the balsam fir and the holly tree were growing in their native sands. The conservatories were filled with the rarest plants of the tropics, and the marble fountains played all day long in the summer. Surrounded thus from his earliest years by the beautiful in nature, the boy learned to love the great book whose pictured pages are mountains and meadows, woodlands and prairies, lakes and oceans, planets and suns. Every summer when he came home to spend his college vacation he would wander alone through the forest, learning the secrets of the squirrels and studying the language of the birds. He saw the father collecting the material, and the mother weaving it into the text. This twig is too large, this hair too long, and both are rejected. "I am a bird," said the careful builder, "and everything must be perfectly adapted to the place it is to fill." He wondered why the female never warbled a song. "Is not music," he said, "the language of love, and was not the art of song acquired by the males in endeavoring to attract the attention of their mates? Imperfect at first, it has been cultivated for long, improved and transmitted with all these additional modulations of tone through countless generations, just as our own language has been perfected out of the guttural mutterings of savages." He asked himself why was so richly dressed and the other in plain attire? Then he thought that sitting all day long upon her nest, or hovering over her young, brilliant plumage would only serve to attract the glittering eyes of the serpent, or the keener ones of the hawk.

"If female birds," he said, "have gaudy plumage, they are never seen upon an open nest; it is covered over with leaves or hidden away in the heart of a hollow tree." He stooped one day to gather a flower, but it rose in the air and flew away—a beautiful butterfly. "I am a fly," he mused, "my folded wings look like blossoms, and you are they, concealed from enemies." He accompanied a hunter one day into the dark mountains, heard the howl of the wolf, and found a spotted fawn upon the laurel.

He wondered why the wolves did not know it was there,

and he knew that it must be scentless. "The All-Father," he said, "has given the feeblest creature some protection from its enemies."

"You are right," replied the hunter, "neither wolf nor hound can scent a fawn while the spots are on."

Wandering deeper and deeper among the mountains they came to a shallow stream, whose rocky bed was covered with the footprints of animals. "So the river was not here once," said Vivian, "and these rocks were only a bar of sand; now they have hardened into a page of stone in the great book, printed, perhaps, thousands of years ago, but easy enough to read. Here are the tracks of a wild deer, and close behind an Indian hunter followed in pursuit. It was wounded, too, and in the right forefoot. See, that foot has never touched the sand, and leaves no mark; the others are all quite plain. And it was raining. Here are the fossil drops, and they came from a cloud in the west."

"You have a fine eye," said the hunter, "and would never lose a deer's track in the ferns; you would make a famous hunter."

"I would rather be a famous naturalist," replied Vivian, "and he should have an eye far keener than the chaser of the deer."

When home during the Christmas holidays he would wander alone into the forest when the ground was covered with snow, and the little pines were bending under a weight of white, and the white pines were bending under a weight of snow. The leafless trees were all in bloom—blossoms that would never ripen into fruit—they were only flowers of snow. The impress of little feet are everywhere, and he knew at a glance what animal had made each one. "Here by this mossy rock," he said, "a squirrel has just been digging for the nuts that he buried long ago in the golden autumn. There a hare has danced a merry round in the moonbeams under the thorn, and a wood-mouse has crept to its home in the heart of the hollow pine. A fox crept into this hazel thicket, paused a moment behind the little cedar at its edge, then wandered forward. Did he find a supper there spread out before him on a table-cloth of snow? No; here are the prints of little feet, flying away over the hill. But here on the river bank is blood; a white hare has dashed wildly through the laurel; here is scattered fur; there a spot of blood. How red it looks upon the snow! She staggered here, and her steps have been irregular and slow. Ah! here she lies beside the fallen pine, cold and dead. And here are other tracks going away over the sundial hill. In the shadow of the laurel a deer-race, and the rider's teeth were in the throat of his steed. Murder was done last night in the dark pine wood!"

"This is a pictured page in the great book, too, only it will never harden into stone; the bright sun will burn up every letter, for it is only written in the snow. But does not," he continued, "every event transpiring in the universe write its own history in letters of fire that will burn forever? I drop a pebble into a mountain lake, and the waves grow larger and larger until they have covered all the water; so it is with the waves of light, and if the subterranean fires should burst the solid crust of the earth into fragments and scatter them to space, this moonlit forest picture—the leaping fox, the dying hare, the footprints in the snow—would remain spread out forever before the eyes of the Heaven-Father! Light will travel seven times round the earth in a second, yet if our planet could be seen from the most distant star from us it would appear to dwellers there not as it now is, but as it was millions of years ago. There would be seen no man, or bird, or flower upon its surface; only the tree ferns waving their feathery crowns in the moist and heated air, and the club mosses, tall as mountain pines. Everywhere bright replies are battling with moosters as hideous as themselves, and all the seas and lakes and reedy pools are dyed in blood. There has been war upon the earth from the first appearance of life upon its surface; the strong and cunning destroy the weak and foolish. The history of the earth is written in the sunbeams. Every bird, every flower, every ocean shell that ever saw the sunlight; every city, every battle, every individual action is painted there forever. The universe is the encyclopedia of the Eternal Mind; everything is printed there—the leaves are never closed, the history never finished, the drama never ended; but the pictured pages containing your heart's history and mine are open before the All-Seeing Eye forever and forever."

In the happy summer time Vivian, the lover of nature, would lie down upon the mossy carpet spread out like a fairy garden under the pines, and the song of the mocking-bird and the oriole would lull him to sleep, and the Queen of the flowers would look down in his dreams, and he would ride away in her chariot, all of gold and gems, over the earth and under the sea. Now it is sunset, and he is in the wild Northland. The snow-clad mountains are tinged with all the glory of color, and the clouds are painted over with flowers of gold. The brilliant moon will circle round the dreamy horizon for days, never setting until the sun has run her bright course under the stars. The aurora bursts forth with magical splendor; the sky seems changed into a phosphorescent sea, and the snow is something red as blood and the ice is as green as the emerald. A broad band spans the horizon, more brilliant than a thousand rainbows; streams of many-colored light burst from it, filling all the heavens, passing through all the intermediate shades, from violet and bluish white to green and purple red. The stars shine dimly through the golden haze, and all seems like the unreal world of dreams. It is winter in the trackless waste, and the silence is broken only by the hooting of the snowy owl, or the yelping of the Arctic fox. Most of the animals have followed the sea birds southward, or are sleeping in their burrows under the snow. The icebergs are beautiful as palaces of Parian marble besprikled with rubies and emeralds and flooded with golden fire.

But the fairy chariot flies through the air like a meteor, and all changes into new forms of beauty. The dreamer is in

"That land where the lemon trees bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thickets gloom,
Where a wild rose ever soft from the blue heaven blots,
And the groves are of myrtle and laurel and rose—
Knowest thou it?"

Birds and butterflies are everywhere; some seem only flowers, so like are they to blossoms, and many flowers seem ready to soar on snowy wings to cloudland, like the angels to doves. Serpents, beautiful in color as the ocean shells, mountain gems, wind slowly among the tangled reeds with motions graceful as the sunlit waves of a rivulet. The evergreen trees are covered with giant creepers, binding together all the forest, and throwing over it a drapery of many-

colored flowers, filling all the woodland with perfume. Beetles, glittering with metallic brilliancy, and beautiful as any gem, illuminate the fragrant forest all the night, and fill the air with drowsy music. Trees taller than our Northern pines bear flowers beautiful as lilies, or furnish with all that he requires—milk, wine, butter, honey, wax, oil, bread, cabbage, manna, candles, bolts, ropes and clothing! The magnificent Victoria Regia, yellow, violet and white—queen of the floral world—floats on the waves of sunny rivers, sinking at night into her couch of waters. The great vault of heaven is spread out before him with all its wealth of moons and suns and constellations, from pole to pole.

But again the fairy-chariot bears him onward over many radiant lands, and sets him down at last in the gardens under the sun. The liquid crystal of the Indian Ocean is gleaming over him, and the sea anemones cover the rocks with their waving crowns, beautiful as beds of mingled lily and rose, and the medusae, and the microscopic crustaceans shine in the obscurity like fairy stars. The humming birds of the ocean, small, gleaming fishes, some bright with a metallic splendor of azure or vermillion, some gilded green or dazzling silver lustre, play around the coral bushes, light as spirits of the abyss. As the day declines and the darkness of night sinks into the depths, the radiant garden is filled with splendor. The white or blue bells of the medusae float through this enchanted world, and every angle beams and shines with living light. All things, which in their liveliest of brown or gray are unillumined in daytime in the universal radiation of bright colors, now shine with the most charming red, yellow or emerald lustre; and to complete the marvels of the enchanted night, the large silver disk of the sea moon gently moves through the whirl of tiny stars. The luxuriant vegetation of the tropics has no such richness of forms or glories as are covered with jewels and sparkle like gems, and the ocean floor is strewn with silver sand and paved with radiant shells.

But what hideous monster is this clinging to the rocks! It reaches out its serpent arms and touches his face. A thrill of horror passes along his nerves and he awakens with a start—it was only the cold nose of his dog pressed against his cheek, and the mocking-bird and the oriole were still singing in the pine. "How rapidly," he said, "the mind flies over the earth in our dreams! I was only asleep for a moment, and yet I seem to have traveled through radiant lands for years."

"The lower animals dream and reason too," he continued, musingly; "my hounds chase the wild deer over the snow in their dreams, and many animals have the gift of language—utter sounds of warning, delight and pain, and are dumb only to the ignorant and the unobserving. The joyful bark of our faithful dog as he welcomes us home we understand—the thoughts that illuminate his countenance and glorify his eyes we cannot always read, and yet his busy mind is ever planning, thinking, dreaming."

"Inferior animals differ greatly from each other in mental power. Some are possessed of marvelous talents, others of the same family are intellectually feeble. Some are idiotic or insane. Like ourselves, they have their kings, queens, soldiers, masons, carpenters, farmers, hunters and sailors. And the agricultural art of Texas cultivates the soil, sows the seed and reaps the harvest; owns slaves and milks its cows."

TROUT FISHING IN NEW MEXICO.

SANTA FE, N. M.

SO many people are now coming West into this new country, among whom are doubtless many lovers of the "gentle art," that a few remarks on sport to be obtained with the trout here, according to my own expert views, may be of some interest by some of my numerous subscribers. Immediately in the vicinity of Santa Fe there is little or no sport to be had, owing to the absence of streams, but by going some twenty miles northeast or west far trout fishing is obtainable. On the north side the various streams from the main range of mountains are get-at-able, as also the Rio Grande, Chama, etc., on the west another point of the Rio Grande, and on the east the Pecos. The mountains are filled with small trout streams, where with worm or grasshopper a large number of small fish may be taken almost whenever one has been seen that, although the popular cry is that water is a scarce article in New Mexico, by traveling a few miles some fun is within our reach, provided we know a little of the country. To give a good idea of what one may expect to meet with, I will relate how a friend and I spent two very pleasant days on the Pecos.

To commence with, I am from the Old Country, where I was initiated into the mysteries of fly fishing some fifteen years ago, which fascinating sport I have followed whenever I had time and opportunity in rivers, streams and lakes of England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, etc., so that, young in years, without egotism I may call myself an elderly fisherman. On coming to America and settling for a time in the Eastern States, I found I had not sufficient time to pursue my favorite sport, so that there my experience has been limited to a few old-flys.

Very different ideas are held by English and American fishermen with regard to tackle, especially with regard to size of fly. My stock of two old-filled flies was unusually varied, much too small, of no use at all by the Eastern fishermen; and also here I was told I must tie them on larger hooks to meet with success. In spite of these warnings, however, I persevered with the little "uns" and had no cause to repent doing so. I certainly am an advocate of small flies and fine tackle. In the almost virgin streams of America I do not think the matter is of such vital importance, but in rivers where the water is whipped from the beginning to the end of the season several times daily, in a large number of English rivers the trout, without doubt, being more educated and can discern between a real and artificial fly pretty readily. Now, the natural insect's one wishes to represent as, a rule, small; so it seems to stand to reason that by tying them small we more nearly approach nature in our imitations, consequently are more likely to lure the trout. If any one doubts the soundness of this argument let him try, if he has the opportunity, the large-sized flies on some thoroughly fished water in England, and he will find that, every throw he will see the fish making off in all directions, and "divil a fish" will rise. Or else let him give the small ones a fair trial on American streams. Now, I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not maintain that small flies are invariably superior—for in lakes, by way of example, a larger fly is required—my remarks having special reference to streams not exceeding twenty-five yards in width—in fact

trout streams. One instance I will quote to illustrate my theory: When fishing in the black forest some few years ago I always found that at the end of the day, although a perfect stranger to the river, with my small flies I could double the take of the professional fisherman who used large hooks and had fished the same stream for a living for several years. One objection I have heard raised to small hooks is that one loses so many fish after they are seemingly well hooked. All I have to say is to use a pliant rod and plenty of patience. Landing a large fish on fine tackle requires some amount of skill and gentle handling, which considerably increases the pleasure and excitement. But I must apologize for this digression and return to the subject in hand.

"How far is it to the Pecos?" was the question we asked of every person likely to know, and numerous and various were the answers obtained; but it all ended in our being led to suppose it was twenty-eight miles by the road and eighteen by the trail. We determined therefore to take the latter road. At bedtime in the morning with the indispensable "burro" or donkey, to carry our blankets and camp outfit, ready saddled, we started on our light breakfast. After our journey, after taking the precaution, Bob Sawyer like, to leave word that we had important and pressing business out of town, and would not return for some days, leaving the business to take care of itself. Ten miles up the Santa Fe cañon to start with, then cross the mountains to the southeast were all the directions we had, but luckily falling in with two Mexicans who were going the same way, we joined ourselves to them, aired our meagre stock of Spanish, supplied them with tobacco and kept on the right trail. Three hours' walking brought us to the spot where the trail leads over the mountains. A steep, very steep road, and equally rough, lay before us, but after three-quarters of an hour's hard work we arrived at the top and rested for a few minutes to smoke a pipe and enjoy the view. Down another hill, where we found some water in a hole dug by some one, we concluded to have lunch, after which our road lay up and down steep, rough hills for three hours, and then three more miles took us to a small settlement on the Pecos. During the last two hours of the road the rain came down hard, so that by the time we reached our Mexican house, where we offered to take us in, we were pretty wet and tired. After a bit of supper and the inevitable pipe we were glad to lay our weary bones on a wool mattress spread for us in the covered shed in front of the house.

Six A. M. saw us busy at breakfast, after which I ran down to the river to ascertain its condition after the heavy rain of the preceding night. "Water thick, but just fishable," was my report, so I at once proceeded to clear for action. Rods, flies, lines, landing net all in readiness, then after donning a pair of Knickerbockers and old shoes in lieu of pants and good boots, I went straight to the river and commenced operations. Hour after hour I fished all I knew, changing flies, but it would not do: the water was too much colored, although fining rapidly. By noon I had but half-a-dozen small fish. I was fishing in part of the river below the house so densely overgrown with bushes that it was unfishable from the bank, but I knew that by wading I could manage it. So there I was, up to my knees in water, walking down the centre of the river with nothing but six small fish in my creel. "This won't do," I thought, I looking round for natural flies. "That's the one!" I exclaimed to myself, seeing a small yellow willow-fly glide by me, only to be snatched up by a lusty trout some fifteen yards below. So wading out on to the bank I changed a "March brown" for a yellow willow, a black gnat for a yellow caddis, leaving the leader a red buckle with woodcock wings where it was. Throwing lightly over the fish I had seen rise, the first cast rewarded me with success, for up came the old fellow and sucked in the willow without hesitation. A strong stream helped him to fight well, but at length he succeeded in getting him—a good half-pound trout, as broad as he was long. Now the fun began to grow apace, so that by 3 o'clock I had three dozen nice fish, besides about 100 small ones which I had returned.

By 5 o'clock my basket was full, and thinking it time to go home I walked leisurely along the side of the stream where the water was not deep. A thick dead log against the bank, right in the full force of the stream, looked a likely place for a big one, and after three or four throws close to the tree I saw a flash, and thought, "Missed him, s'elp me, and a big one," thought I, preparing for another try. "There he is again!" I mentally ejaculated, striking the instant he rose. "Got him this time, though." Then I learned what a New Mexican trout can do if put to it. First of all he made straight for the tree, but I induced him to come out of that, when off he rushed down stream, making the reel buzz round at a rare pace, then back again; and, in short, kept me nearly ten minutes trying to get the net under him, which at last I succeeded in doing. He only weighed three-quarters of a pound, but was a regular picture, as broad as he could be without bursting and as bright as a new coin. The prime condition he was in and the rushing stream explains the reason of such a fish making so prolonged a fight. Well satisfied to have a goodly sized one on the top I now determined to make for home in earnest, so forced my way through the thick bushes on the bank, and was rejoiced to find I had not a mile to walk. So good was the water that it took me all day to fish scarcely a mile of river. If any of your readers have ever experienced the doubtful pleasure of carrying a full basket of fish weighing some 18 or 20 pounds, for four or five hours, they are not likely to forget it. This time on relieving myself of the burden I discovered I could but with difficulty raise my arms above my head, and that a lump the size of my fist was raised where the broad web strap pressed on my collar bone.

After getting rid of my wet things and waiting for an hour or so the Mexican fishermen returned together with my companion. The Mexicans had all suddenly taken the idea into their heads that they would also wade a line that day, presumably after seeing one of the Pecos. The best individual take, however, was but a dozen. My friend had but very poor sport, owing in a great measure, I suppose, to having so many satellites round him, as he kept to the open water frequented by the natives. My take amounted to over sixty trout, ranging from one-quarter to three-quarters of a pound, besides the countless number of small ones I returned. This fish, as will be seen, do not run large, but they are "game" as pheasants and as sweet as a nut. A good honest pounder is a *rara avis* from its source, but lower down they are twenty-five miles from its source, but lower down they are heavier.

A few fresh caught trout were soon hissing and spluttering in the pan, you may easily conceive, and were devoured with much relish by the two hungry fishermen. This is the true way to enjoy trout, "first catch him (yourself) and then eat him" (yourself also).

The second day's sport was but a repetition of the first, so a few words will suffice to relate the adventures. Unfortunately I had to wait to try the upper or open water, but after fishing until about 3 P. M. with but sorry sport, having taken but a few small ones, I was disgusted with that part, as I had not seen a decent fish move at all, except once when from my want of success I was fishing carelessly, a big swirl, a few determined struggles, followed by a sudden slackening of the line, told me I had missed a good trout. After this I decided upon again visiting the scene of the last day's work, and reeled up and went for it. My good name was at stake, for if I failed in making a basket this time the reputation I had with the Mexicans would be gone. Two hours and a half to fill a big creel is not much, but it must be done. Half an hour brought me to the place, and in ten minutes more half a dozen decent trout were kicking in the basket. Throw how and where I would I was nearly sure of a rise at one of my flies—viz., coachman for leader, claret and crowding for droppers. At one pool I took six fish in three consecutive casts, only two of them, however, I retained, showing how they were on. In short, by six o'clock my basket was full, and home I went with untarnished reputation, another good haul and in good appetite. This time my take amounted to upward of fifty trout I retained, my friend having but few. The following morning we returned over the same trail to Santa Fe, having enjoyed two of the pleasantest days imaginable, amid delightful scenery and hospitable people, and after many vows relative to repeating the dose on the first opportunity, we tenderly and regretfully laid away our rods and tackle with poor old Wamba's passport, *Pax vobiscum*. WESTWARD HO!

Natural History.

THE OLD-WORLD SPARROW.—1853.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

WE hear the note of the sparrow bird,
That wailed and sang in our land has been heard;
A winged settler has taken his place
With Tentons and men of the Celtic race.
He has followed their path to our homelands—
The Old-World sparrow at last is here.

He meets not here, as beyond the main,
The Towhee's snare and the partridge's grain;
But snug-built houses on the friendly tree;
And grubs for his chirping family
Are strewn when the winter fields are drear;
For the Old-World sparrow is welcome here.

The insect legions that sting our fruit,
And strip the leaves from the growing shoot,—
A swarming, skulking, ravenous trait;
Which Harris and Fitch so well describe,
But cannot destroy,—may gain with fear;
For the Old-World sparrow, their foe, is here.

The apricot, in the summer ray,
May ripen now on the loaded spray;
And the nectarine on the garden-walk.
Keep firm its hold on the parent stalk;
For the Old-World sparrow, their friend, is here.

The pest of gardens—the little Turk
Who signs with the crescent his wicked work,
And causes the half-grown fruit to fall—
Shall be seized and swallowed, in spite of all
His sly devices of cunning and guile;
For the Old-World sparrow, his foe, is here.

And the army-worm and the Hessian fly
And the dreaded canker-worm shall die;
And the thrip and slug and fruit-moth seek
In vain to escape that busy beak;
And fairer harvests shall crown the year;
For the Old-World sparrow at last is here.

THE OLD WORLD NUISANCE.—1851.

AFTER BRYANT.—TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

WE have listened long to this stranger's note,
And watched it spreading to places remote,
Till the turbulent vagabond has taken the place
Of our valuable song-larks, and driven the race
From our cities and towns by eating the food
Provided by Nature for nobler brood.

He has come to our shores with the murderous gang
Of Nihilists, who emigrated sooner than hang;
Paupers and regicides, red in the hand,
While Europe continually sends to our land
Vagabonds feathered, clothed, white and black,
Good Dame Europa please beckon them back.

The insect army keeps stinging our fruit,
We have still to fight them and the sparrows to boot;
The quarrelsome, noisy, too sociable thugs,
They eat up our fruit and never touch bugs.
A glance at their bill shows ever so plain
That their food is not insects but fruits and good grain.

The poet may sing in the sparrow's praise,
But our great ornithologist, Dr. Coues, says,
In language of truth and in very plain prose,
That the sparrow's a nuisance, and the sooner he goes
The better we're off, so to me it's quite clear
That the Old World sparrow is not needed here.

He defies our porches, there's no denying that;
He has ruined my wife's dress and spoiled my best hat.
He hangs round the bird cage to plifer the seed,
And gives the canary a foul insect bread.
He never eats worms, let us tell it abroad,
This Old World sparrow is a terrible fraud.

American freedom has been much abused;
A home for the homeless never ever refused,
And the poor honest man can here cease his lot,
Bring his wife and his children to build him a cot;
But our long suffering people some morning will see,
Communists and sparrows thrown into the sea.

FRED MATHER.

Bryant's poem on the English sparrow was written at the time of the introduction of that bird into this city by the Reiche Bros., a firm of bird dealers. A number of the sparrows were purchased by Mr. W. H. Schieffelin and liberated in the garden of his Madison avenue residence. It was after spending an evening with Mr. Schieffelin that the poet wrote the verses printed above. Of this importation Mr. Cambridge, Mass., correspondent says: "I know as much about the English sparrow as the majority of folks, and I

have no hesitation in saying that they will not eat insects if they can get grain, much less a hairy caterpillar. They are essentially seed-eating birds, although they prefer the mackerel oats in fresh horse manure to anything else. They will give the choicest bird seed the go-by and go for the manure.

"The introduction of the sparrow was a money making speculation, because those who introduced them were in a position to understand all about them, and could not be excused on grounds of ignorance.

"If any one had asked the person that brought them to your city if a mocking bird or a robin or thrush could live on caterpillar seed he would very likely have considered the inquiry a fool or grossly ignorant as regards the food of birds. To me it seems equally absurd to import a seed-eating, hard-billed bird and expect that when it came to a new country it would change its habits and turn insectivorous.

"In conclusion I venture the opinion that the little Turk (Hessian fly, slug, grub and canker-worm mentioned in the poem has nothing to fear from the English sparrow."

The bird is rapidly making his way over the continent. In some parts of Virginia, as we have already noted, the campaign against him is assuming a serious character. A writer in the *Charlottesville, Va. Chronicle* treats his mind after this manner: "If there is one single redeeming quality possessed by these unmitigated nuisances, the English sparrows, we do not know what it is. No one ever saw one of them destroy an insect. They are neither insectivorous nor carnivorous—strict vegetarians—and about as disagreeable every way as some of the human species that we have known who affect vegetables. They increase very rapidly. One pair of birds may be counted on as certain, if undisturbed, to produce three broods or twelve birds, each. And their reproduction is as sure as fate. Break them up to-day and to-morrow they will have built in the identical spot. The writer of this broke up a nest at 8 o'clock in the morning, destroying nest and eggs; at 2 o'clock of the same day the pair had rebuilt the nest and one egg occupied it. It was again broken up, and the place visited early next morning, and the result was precisely as before. A determination to get rid of them, which was quite as strong as their determination to stay, finally gave them aid and they went elsewhere. But they were not conquered—only repulsed. And although every effort short of shooting and poisoning has been adopted to drive them away they yet remain with their incessant, insufferable, arrogant chatter—a perfect curse. It is said you cannot trap them. One gentleman tried repeatedly and in many ways and failed."

DO GARTER SNAKES EAT FISH?

WELL, if you will allow me a point and consider crayfish in the category, I can answer yes. While on the Upper Allegheny, not long since, I stepped out upon a log which projected into the river and began washing my hands in the water. Suddenly I perceived a quick movement in the river just beneath my hands, which was followed by the appearance of a large, healthy crayfish, which seemed to rise out of the water in a strange way, which I could not understand, but in a moment more the mystery was solved by the head of a snake popping up and showing that it had just caught the crayfish by the tail.

I kept perfectly quiet, while the snake watched me for a minute or two and then, concluding that I looked too good natured to hurt it, it commenced on its meal. It was a garter snake about six or seven inches long and slender for its length. I could not see what it could possibly want with a crayfish, for I did not suppose it was insane enough to imagine that it could swallow such a hard-shelled and clawed creature as that right at it as though it understood its business. Swaying its head (which remained on a level with the surface of the water) from side to side, it worked its jaws as though with a sucking motion, rubbed its throat occasionally upon a little stone in the water and the tail and part of the body of the crayfish was soon comfortably past the Rubicon.

But now came the tug of war, for here was the head and shoulders and huge large claws which were sure to be disposed off. The snake seemed to realize that it had need of all its powers in order to complete his enterprise. It paused for a rest and a breathing spell, and I could readily imagine that it was spitting on its hands for the finish. Then it commenced again, and such a swelling and swaying and contorting would have made a circus clown sick with envy. And all this time the poor crayfish didn't offer a single objection. It simply looked out into space with a vacant stare and didn't seem to have the least interest in the proceeding. I had doubtless been crossed in love at some no distant period and considered the world a hollow mockery, from which it was a blessing to be freed.

Gradually its shoulders were drawn into the cavity, then its head sunk slowly out of sight and the last thing we saw of that luckless crayfish was one of its huge sharp claws illustrating a dissolving view as it was drawn into its living grave. Then that snake's jaws closed like a rat trap; it worked its body, pushing its victim down further—just as you have seen a boy work his throat when choking on an overdose of dried apples—and it licked its lips with its tongue a few times, winked its eye at me as though to say, "There, you can't do that, old man," and then wriggled away under the log to digest its well-earned meal.

COLUMBUS, O.

"THE WAY OF A SEIPENT ON A ROCK."

THE movement of a snake in climbing a perpendicular surface, as I have observed it, is a vermicular, undulating motion, not spiral, but straight up the face of the surface. I have seen a black snake thus glide up a beech tree with a grace and ease, and with a freedom of horizontal surfaces, that of that snake when moving over horizontal surfaces. The bark of the tree, with its irregularities and few inequalities into which the edges of the gastrostegial bands could be thrust claw-fashion, and I have no doubt that atmospheric pressure is the force that holds the snake against such surfaces in climbing, sucker fashion, as the boy lifts the brick with the piece of wet leather. I once knew a black snake to ascend a stucco wall to the second story window, and another I saw go to the eaves of a carriage-house to the swallows' nest; straight up the up and down boards. I have seen them get up the tree to the top and leap down from the top of a large tree, but never saw one descend by climbing down of smooth, perpendicular surface. I have no doubt of their ability to do so, however. I do not believe that this power is enjoyed by the copperhead or rattlesnake, or any venomous sort with which I am familiar, they being heavy and sluggish in their movements.

I have seen them go up on leaning trees and crawl into the foliage of bushes, however. M. G. E.
Washington, D. C.

It is well known to residents of vicinities where black snakes abound that they do climb trees, and that they climb large trees perpendicularly by clinging to the bark; in fact they can even climb the smooth, leafless trunk of a tree, rapidly and readily in almost a straight line upward. As for descending, I once saw a large black snake attached to the bark of a huge oak, perpendicularly and in almost a straight line, and looking there motionless, head upward, and on throwing a stone at its snakeship it took the shortest possible mode of descent by letting go all holds and dropping in a heap a the base of the tree, from whence it glided rapidly away.

Columbus, Ohio. ORANGE FRAZER.

A short time ago I walked into a stable, and leaning against a post which supported a girder overhead, I proceeded calmly to consider the "points" of a horse haltered in an adjacent stall. A slight sound caused me to glance up, and when I beheld a large blacksnake, which instantly glided with great rapidity down the post, thence over my shoulder and down my back to the ground, and disappeared through a crevice in the wall. I make no professions of bravery or cowardice, but I freely confess I was nearly dissolved with terror. Had I been duly informed of the snake's presence, and that it would adopt this novel and unexpected method of descent the effect might have been different.—M. Northside, Va.

THE MOCKING BIRD'S TRIUMPH.

SPEAKING of singing reminds me that before the summer has left us I wish to lift up my voice in behalf of the mocking bird. No bird on earth ever had a more unfortunate name, and no genus was ever more misunderstood than this artist of the woodland. He is not a mocking bird at all. He takes no lessons from any creature under the blue vault. He imitates no sound in nature, and never mimics anything. This is a broad statement, and these are strong words. Now for the proof: Having watched these feathered singers for many years and in many longitudes, both in captivity and in their own wildwood haunts, I suspected that the versatility of the bird was not appreciated, and that his talent and genius were not fully known. We took a young mocking bird out of his nest before he had feathers sufficient to cover his body, and placed him in a cage, and, to the exception of a chirp from his parent, which he interpreted to be a signal for opening his mouth, which he always obeyed to the extent of almost turning himself inside out for fear he should miss a moral. It was late in the season, and it should be noted that the martins had gone away, and few birds sing after July in the latitude of St. Louis. We shut the bird up in the dining room, and he neither saw nor heard a chirp or song from any of that innumerable company which he so much loved to "imitate" the next year. It was in September that we shut him up. During the latter part of the following February he one day perched himself on a wire and, twisting his head in a very thoughtful way tried to "imitate" the liquid note of martins in springtime. It was a miserable failure of course. We laughed at him, and he hopped down; but soon tried it again. After three days of steady practice he succeeded; then he undertook the cry of the jay bird, and after many patient attempts and numerous failures he succeeded. After that he began on the very difficult and otherwise imitable "chirp-a-woo" of the blue bird. In two days he mastered it, but he had never seen or heard a blue bird, and this rare genius evolved from his inner life the marvelous power that he had inherited. What has usually been set down as the "mocking" of this bird is only the exercise by way of suggestion of the talent he possesses, but a first-class singer of this species invariably excels that which he is popularly supposed to be imitating, and other birds recognize and acquiesce in this without any exception.

It is a well-known fact that the brown thrush, the cardinal bird and some others are also "mocking birds" in a limited way. One day I stole quietly under a tree to listen to the varied and exquisite rendering of a difficult piece of bird-music, classic indeed, by a red-bird. Conscious of his success he paused and struck attitudes as though admiring himself in a mirror, and as he poured out his song other birds thereabout were hushed into silence. All at once a regular "mocking bird" took a position on a tree near by, and in a very ill-mannered but eminently successful way struck the bird on the first effort exactly where the red-bird was doing his very best, but the song of the "mocker" was so much sweeter than his own that the red-bird merely glanced in the direction of the great star performer and closed his beak in an instant. Aware of his triumph, and unafraid of interruption, the wonderful mocking-bird ran over all the notes easily and then towering in his matchless song, charged over the great field of music, known only to himself, weaving into harmony and melting into symmetry all the bird-notes ever heard or imagined. He had a great audience that day and knew himself equal to their highest expectations. The red-bird merely hopped to a lower branch and with mute reverence listened. An old fussy, cawing crow stopped and was silent. The little wren spoke never a word to each other, while the doves forgot to whisper love; and a squirrel, poking his head half-way out of a knot-hole far up in a great oak, rested his chin on his hands and closing his eyes enjoyed it in a most unmeditative way. Not one of the audience moved or shifted an open glass, or commented on the dress of the singer. Criticism was disarmed and we were all together caught up into the third heaven.—ROBERT WEST in the Advocate.

AN IOWA MASTODON'S REMAINS.—The bones of what is known as a belemnite were found on the farm of Jerry Hopping, in Washington County, Iowa, a few days ago. Mr. Hopping's boys were bathing in a small creek on their father's farm, when they rasped their knees over something they supposed was the ragged edge of an old stump. They threw the chunk out upon the bank, and, upon striking it a few blows with a hatchet, found it was bone and not wood. It was said to be the shoulder blade of a belemnite. The piece was six inches long and the joint was four inches wide by six inches thick. When Jerry detected its true character he began explorations. He got out several ribs 5 to 6 feet long, 32 inches wide and 14 inches thick; two molar teeth, the largest weighing 263 pounds, 184 inches long on the grinding surface, 44 inches wide and 94 inches deep, with portions of the socket or jaw attached; several pieces of vertebrae in the neck 17 inches long, 9 wide and 4 thick; an axis joint, 94 by 74 inches; parts of the horn or tusk 8 to 10 inches in

diameter and 6 feet 2 inches long, and very brittle, the inner substance crumbling like horn. The lower part under ground was smooth as a cow's horn, and tapered in the same way. It was broken off and was 23 inches around at the base. He has the thigh bone, 3 feet long and 18 inches thick. From the order in which the bones were found Hopping says the animal must have nired down and died with head up stream. He has traced the relics for a distance of fifteen to twenty feet, apparently lying as they fell apart, the horn being under a spur of a bank ten feet high, which he shaved down. The neck bones were under the roots of an elm of good size that was undermined by the late freshets; the shoulder blade was in water about 2½ feet deep.—*Dubuque (Iowa) Times.*

HABITS OF THE HERMIT CRAB.—Glen Island, Aug. 11.—Imagine my surprise this morning on finding a lot of small periwinkle shells occupied by young lobsters! I have often wondered how the young lobster protected itself from the festive bass and blackfish, but my discovery certainly explains the problem. The little lobster first eats the periwinkle and then steals his shell, occupying it for his own protection. Pull one of them out of the shell and place both back into the water and you will see him back into the shell again. Now, I wish to ask you if my observations are correct, and if so, it is generally known that the young lobster appropriates small shells for a home until his own shell is hard enough to protect it from being food for larger fish?

T. J. M.

You have mistaken the hermit crab, sometimes called soldier crab, for the young lobster. The hermit crab never has a shell on its abdomen, and all through life protects it in the manner you mention. There are several species of them, some growing larger than our American species. They do not always eat the inhabitant of the shells, if they ever do, but as they grow they find a larger empty shell and exchange. There is a land species found in Bermuda.

DO CROWS EAT FISH?—Paddling down the stream one day I saw a crow hopping along in the stream at the river's edge, and looking curiously into the water as though it had lost something. Surprised at the strange actions of the bird, I drew my canoe to one side and patiently observed the menagerie. The bird hopped along for perhaps two minutes, looking sharply into the shallow water the while, and then suddenly splashed in and quickly emerged with a good-sized minnow in its beak, which it swallowed with evident relish and then began to look for more. I watched it until it caught and swallowed two fish, when it flew away. A few days afterward I saw another crow perform the same operation of catching a minnow and swallowing it. The only parts of the bird which entered the water were the legs and head. And now, if any one asks you "Do crows eat fish?" answer yes.—ORANGE FRAZER.

Columbus, O.

WHO CAN ANSWER THIS?—South Keene, N. H., June 14.—As I was fishing with a party in Kobb's Reservoir a short time ago I saw what seemed to me to be a young duck on the water some three rods from the shore and twenty-five rods from land. Some of the boys proposed that we give chase and, after some puffing and blowing, we captured the duck, which turned out to be a white mouse. After he had been interviewed he was released, and running out on the top of one of the oars he dove into the water like a school boy and swam away perfectly at home. Now, I have hunted and fished in the wilds of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont and never seen anything like it before. Will some one tell me what species of the mouse tribe it belonged to, and oblige

MART.

Game Bag and Gun.

AN ARKANSAS TURKEY HUNT.

THE communications that appear from time to time in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM on the subject of turkey hunting remind me of the hours that I have spent in the pursuit of that kind of game birds. In the month of February, 1880, B. and I organized a night attack upon the turkeys that we had been told roosted in great numbers in the timber that grows in the overflow and swamps of Cache River.

Cache is a very sluggish stream in many places, having no channel, its waters creep slowly through thick brakes of cypress timber. In the summer during the dry season one can almost step across it, while during the overflow in the winter or spring it spreads out in places to the width of a mile. It rises in Missouri and flows southward into the White River near Clarendon, Ark., passing in its course through the eastern portion of this country.

It is a fact known to hunters that wild turkeys that live in a low swampy country nearly always roost in the cypress or other timber that grows in the sloughs and along the edges of shallow lakes or sluggish streams. They seem to love to roost over water. In mountainous or hilly countries it is said that they generally roost in the timber on the sides of the steepest hills. Safety is perhaps the ruling motive in both cases.

A full moon was necessary for the success of our hunt, but, after watching it impatiently for several nights, we decided that it would do, and started with but little more than a half moon. We rode that afternoon to the house of a settler who lived on the west bank of the river. The settler's dwelling-house consisted of a one-room log cabin. As we rode up we noticed a number of coonskins stretched on sticks hanging from the walls of the house, telling that the settler was waging vigorous war against the "varnents" that surrounded him. The settler and the hired man expressed a desire "to see them britch-lorders shoot," and, as it lacked an hour to sundown, we took a walk around the cornfield, bagging several squirrels on the ground. When we returned we found that the settler's wife had supper ready. That being soon dispensed with we hastily inspected our shell sacks to see that our "turkey" shells were in proper order. We had loaded them with five drams of Dupont's No. 1 ducking powder and one and one-fourth ounces of BB shot. The settler and hired man had fired off their muzzle-loaders, and were now busy reloading for the turkeys. I noticed the hired man pour about a handful of fine rifle powder down each barrel of his gun, and, after ramming down upon it heavy wads of newspaper, he put in about the same

quantity of OO shot. Everything being ready B. and I stepped out into

"The evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

We noticed, too, that the moon was promptly on hand to fulfill her part of the programme. We were soon tramping along up the edge of the overflow. The settler and hired man were to follow us in the dug-out. We had gone perhaps a mile and a half up the river when we halted for a moment. So far we had not seen or heard a turkey. Though neither of us spoke a doubting word, and both expressed the opinion that the turkeys had only roosted further up the stream than they usually did and that we would be certain to find them there yet, I knew intuitively that our thoughts were the same, and that we were both beginning to doubt some of those turkey stories that had induced us to take this hunt. Moving on again, we had not gone twenty steps, when suddenly we heard the well-known, sharply-uttered "quit! quit! quit!" from the tree-tops overhead. Then came the heavy flapping of wings and shaking of branches, as the frightened turkeys flew from one tree to another.

"Just listen!" said I.

"My goodness, there must be a hundred of them, from the fuss they make!" said B.

With finger upon the trigger, we peered intently into the tree tops, endeavoring to distinguish a turkey from the immense number of knots and crooked limbs of every conceivable shape.

"I wish," said B., "that the moon was just a little fuller."
"I would be better, but I think we shall get them yet," said I.

B. did not respond, but I saw him suddenly bring his gun to his shoulder—a blinding flash shot up into the air, followed by a crash and a roar that echoed and resounded far away up the river and through the forest. My heart gave a thump, and I listened to hear the turkey fall, but no turkey came, only a quantity of leaves and twigs pattered on the ground.

"Did you kill him?"

"Kiss first, then I'll be switched if I don't shoot at a squirrel's nest! It looked exactly like a turkey."

We concluded, as most of the turkeys seemed to be over the water, to wait for the dug-out, and when it came one of us would go after the turkeys in the timber over the water, while the other remained on the bank to shoot any turkey that might fly in that direction. The settler and his hired man soon came up in the dug-out, picking their way carefully through the timber in the overflow.

The dug-out was just large enough to carry two men. Being long and narrow and running under the bottom, it threatened with the least motion to turn over. Persons skilled in the use of these dug-outs suffer no fear of turning them over. Standing erect in the stern of the dug-out and using a long paddle, with a regular, sweeping stroke, they send them over the water at a fearful speed. Neither the settler nor the hired man was a skillful canoeist, neither having lived long on the river. As for B. and I, we could hardly sit in a dug-out without turning it over. It was decided that the hired man and I should have the privilege of going out on the water, while the settler sat in the bow with my gun in hand, while the hired man sat in the stern holding the paddle.

As we moved out into the overflow the "quit! quit! quit!" and the flapping of wings was heard on all sides, but I could not see a turkey. Still moving onward, we heard what seemed to be the cracking of a dead limb, then a splash as of something heavy dropping into the water. Steering in that direction we soon came upon an old gobbler quietly floating on the water, seeming to be utterly assounded at the unexpected situation in which he found himself. As he saw us approaching he struck off to swim at quite a lively rate. We easily overhauled him. I was in favor of taking him alive, and so proposed, but the only answer I received from the hired man was: "Shoot! shoot! shoot! he'll fly! he'll fly! he'll fly!"

Such lugs as that hired man had! For fear of being deafened I leveled my gun and fired. I tried to shoot the turkey in the head, but found afterward that the charge had struck him full in the body. I knew then that so far as I was concerned shooting the moonlight gobbler was over.

He proved to be an unusually fine bird. He was so heavy that we had to be very careful in lifting him into the dug-out to prevent capsizing. We were now in high glee, and pushing out nearer to the channel of the river where the timber was not so heavy, we obtained several shots at turkeys sitting in the tops of the straggling cypress trees that grew in the river. But I did not bag another turkey. I think I missed them, but the hired man assured me that he heard several fall into the water after being shot. We did not stop there, and I am of opinion that the hired man good-naturedly told us to prevent me from being chagrined by the repeated misses.

When I brought the gun to my shoulder I could not not see the end of the barrel, and could not tell whether I held on the turkey or not. I several times requested the hired man to pull round till he placed the turkey in a line between me and the moon, telling him I could then easily hold on them. But the hired man was excitable, and though when not in sight of a turkey he would promise to obey the request, yet so soon as he came in sight of a turkey you could get nothing out of him but "Shoot! shoot! shoot! he'll fly! he'll fly! he'll fly!"

Whenever he opened up fully I threw up my gun and fired, more to stop the hired man's mouth than with any hope of harming the turkey. I soon grew weary of that hired man's voice, and suggested to him that we pull to the shore and allow the others to use the dug-out awhile. Turning the bow of our boat shoreward we soon came in sight of the fire that B. and the settler had kindled as a beacon to guide us on our return. We landed, I lifted the gobbler from the dug-out and bung him by his spurs from the limb of a sapling. There were various guesses as to his weight, but none below twenty-five pounds. On our return to the house we found that he weighed only twenty-one pounds. (Mem.—When you kill a gobbler of twenty-five or thirty pounds do not weigh him; they generally resent such a proceeding by falling off from five to ten pounds.)

The sight of that gobbler put B. in a fever to get in the boat and go out on the water after them. So far in the hunt he had bagged a bird. He and the settler soon faded like shadows into the night, while the receding splash of the paddle told that they were moving far out into the overflow. While they were out on the water I determined to try a little hunt of my own on land. Striking off into the forest I endeavored to find a sleeping turkey by looking into the tree tops upon which the moon, which was now in the west, shone. I soon found that this was tedious work. Every crooked limb, knot, bunch of leaves, squirrel's nest assumed the shape of a turkey, and by playing on the eye and object between myself and the moon could I discover the cheat.

ASIATIC BIRDS FOR AMERICA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I sincerely hope Gen. Denny's project will be taken up in earnest and a large number of those foreign birds imported; but I suggest that they be turned out, several pairs together, in some dense jungle far South as the Carolinas, where they can breed unmolested by sportsmen and be safe from snow and cold. But it must be considered whether they are birds that live in cultivated, grain-raising districts in their native country. If they are they may not be able to find a living in uncultivated places.

I believe the lack of thought in that was the cause of the failure to establish the grouse family on the Hempsford Plains of Long Island. I also think a great mistake was made when the great body of the Messina quail were turned out. Instant leads them, on the approach of cold weather, to take a direct line South. Now, if most of those imported were turned out in the Eastern States they threw away their time and money in importing them. They should have been taken to Kentucky or Tennessee; then, if they choose to migrate at all—which I doubt—they did not necessarily drop into the sea. The mandarin duck is far more beautiful than even our wood duck, but as a game bird it would be of little consequence, as it is not heavier than a quail. Gov. Lyon succeeded in hatching some at Rossville, Staten Island, but they were devoured by rats.

As to the woodcock, it would be glorious sport to shoot those princely fellows; but, even if they could be brought over, it would be utterly folly to turn them out anywhere but in some such place as the Dismal Swamp, where they could find a safe place in the world where they were being exterminated.

And while on the subject, let me suggest that it would not be a bad idea to ship a few jack rabbits from the West and let them out in some safe place. He is a noble fellow for the chase, but has a bad reputation for the table, which I believe to be entirely the fault of the villainous stuff on which he is compelled to feed.

The sage hen (a large and splendid grouse) has the same fault, as everything must have that has nothing to live on but that concentration of nastiness, the "sage brush."

I see no reason why this jack, if well fed, should not be a hare.

DENNIS.

GAME IN DUTCHES COUNTY.

WE have taken occasion before this to note the business-like and sensible way in which the sportsmen of Dutchess county, New York, have gone about the protection of game. As we so frequently have inquiries as to how a game protective society should be organized, we give herewith the form of a circular sent out by the gentlemen of that county, and suggest that it may serve as a good form for others to copy. Mr. P. B. Ackert, one of the signers of the address, writes us that it is hoped to secure a county law prohibiting the marketing of game, thus striking at the root of one incentive to the illegal killing of the same. The following address has been sent to the farmers and sportsmen.

MESSENGERS.—The frequent violations of our game laws by unprincipled persons who kill and take game and fish out of season, make it necessary that some one should see to it that the laws are enforced and those who violate them dealt with as they deserve.

Game and fish are becoming so scarce, that in order that they may not be entirely exterminated, a law shortening the season in which they may be taken, and in this way protecting them in part, is a necessity.

To that end laws have been passed throughout the country; yet they are a dead letter unless enforced.

Fair and honest men do not violate them; but there is a large class who consistently do, partly through greed and partly for profit, and gain an unfair advantage over those who wait until they have a legal right to hunt or fish.

Farmers and their sons and other persons who hunt and fish occasionally for the sport and pleasure they afford, as a rule, observe the laws and desire their enforcement.

The State is annually expending money for the replenishing of our depleted streams and lakes for a general benefit. It has also been found necessary to appoint State officers to enforce the game laws.

Local cooperation with them is essential in order that their work may be thorough. To that end nearly every county in the State has one or more associations. The county of Dutchess is no exception in need of it as any.

Trespassers are committed regardless of posted notices, which are frequently torn down with impunity.

If our game laws are not enforced, it would be better if they were repealed; then all would have an equal chance at killing out the little game there is left.

Some of the undersigned, after talking with many of our best citizens and leading farmers in different parts of the county, have adopted this course to secure at an early day a representation to meet at a time and place to be designated, for the purpose of perfecting such an organization and adopting by-laws for its government.

Please circulate the inclosed petition in your town, and secure the names of as many men as possible upon whom we can rely, as your local club, and arrange among yourselves to send two or three number to meet with us when notified, to adopt a constitution and by-laws.

The expense will be trifling in carrying out the purposes of the society. To assure and meet the expense of printing and postage, the sum of one dollar is named in the petition, to be collected by you and paid in the hands of the Treasurer of the County Association within ten days after the adoption of the by-laws and appointment of the officers of the society. *Do not delay in this matter*, and return the petition with the names of your subscribers to P. B. Ackert, Peter B. Hay, Guilford Dudley or E. B. Osborne, Poughkeepsie City, N. Y., within ten days, when notice will be given of the time and place of our first meeting.

Each one signing the petition and paying one dollar shall be a constituted member of the Association. Whether at our annual or stated meeting every member of the Association will vote or by representation, will have to be determined after the organization.

A manifest disregard, by prosecuting to the extent of the law the violators, will have a salutary effect.

This matter has been talked of for several years, yet nothing has been done. Let us make this attempt effectual.

The fact that it is the duty of the District Attorney to prosecute violations of the law and that the county gets the benefit of the penalties collected to a large extent, should greatly commend this purpose.

Although the game laws are not as all of us would like to have them, and although we are not as we have and hope that through our united efforts they may be amended in the future more to our wishes.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE.

OPEN SEASONS.

The seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table.

States.	Deer.	Woodcock.	Quail.	Ruffed Grouse.	Privatized Grouse (Chick-on).	Wild. Fowl.	Wild Turkey.
Ala.	Oct. 20.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 20.
Cal.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Conn.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Del.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
D. C.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Fla.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Ga.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Idaho.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Ill.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Ind.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Iowa.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Kan.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Ky.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
La.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Mass.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Mich.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Minn.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Miss.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Mo.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Neb.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Nev.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
N. H.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
N. J.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
N. C.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
N. Mex.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
N. Y.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Or.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Pa.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
R. I.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
S. C.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Tenn.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Texas.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Utah.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Vt.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
W. Va.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Wis.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Wyo.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.

Antelope.—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb. Oct. 1; Nev. Aug. 1; N. Mex. Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo. Aug. 15.
Buffalo.—Col. Sept. 1; Neb. Oct. 1; N. Mex. Sept. 1.
Cariboo.—Me. Oct. 1; N. H. Sept. 15.
O. Deer.—Ala. Aug. 1; Cal. Sept. 1; Conn. Sept. 1; Kan. Aug. 1; Miss. Sept. 15; Mo. Aug. 1; N. C. Oct. 1; S. C. Oct. 15.
Elk.—Colo. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Minn. Nov. 1; Neb. Oct. 1; Nev. Aug. 1; N. Mex. Sept. 1; Or. July 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo. Aug. 15.
Moose.—Me. Oct. 1; N. H. Sept. 1; Ore. July 1.
O. Moose.—Ala. Aug. 1; Cal. Sept. 1; Conn. Sept. 1; Kan. Aug. 1; N. Mex. Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo. Aug. 15.
Plover.—D. C. Sept. 1; Me. Aug. 1; Mo. Aug. 1; Nev. Sept. 1; N. H. Sept. 1; Pa. Sept. 1; S. C. Sept. 1; W. Va. Sept. 1; Wis. Sept. 1; Wyo. Aug. 15.
Rail.—Del. Sept. 1; N. J. Sept. 1; Pa. Sept. 1.
Redbird.—Del. Sept. 1; D. C. Sept. 1; N. J. Aug. 25; Pa. Sept. 1.
Snipe.—Del. Sept. 1; D. C. Sept. 1; Nev. Sept. 1; N. C. Oct. 15.

* In these States there are special county laws. A. The deer law applies to sale or possession. B. Wildfowl not protected on the coast. C. In Upper Peninsula deer season opens Aug. 15. D. California quail protected to 1882. E. In Coos County deer season opens Aug. 1; moose and cariboo, Sept. 1. F. First open woodcock season began July 1; woodcock Aug. 1. G. Quail shooting prohibited. H. In 1882, in counties of Montgomery, Schenectady, Saratoga and Albany. Wildfowl season in Long Island waters opens Oct. 1. Woodcock shooting in Long Island prohibited during August. A. Deer law relates to female deer only.

THE INU-O-MONO.

THE Empress and Empress of Japan have just paid a visit to Mr. Shimadzu Tadayoshi, the head of the great southern clan of Satsuma, who received them with a display of princely hospitality unparalleled since the Restoration. The sum of \$100,000 was set apart for the Inu-o-mono and No-dances, and yet there was a balance on the wrong side after all. Everything prepared for the imperial household was innocent of previous service, and so far as was possible the furniture, apparatus and accessories were all new. What was old, however, was all the more valuable for its age. The great display of the imperial visitors were covered with brocades three centuries old.

The Inu-o-mono is "the game of shooting at dogs." All the most skillful archers of Kagoshima, it is learned from the *Japan Weekly Mail*, were summoned northward, and this meant a good deal, for the Inu-o-mono has long been a favorite pastime in the Island of the Nine Provinces; nay, indeed, has generally been regarded as a specialty of the Satsuma men. Two hundred dogs were provided for the performance, and from them were selected the fittest. Some thirty made their appearance in the arena, and "but," says the *Mail*, "they were dogs, not curs like those that lay down on the sand and refused to be prodded or goaded into motion at the exhibition got up for General Grant's delectation." The Satsuma knights hunted in parties of eight. They were all provided with lacquered bows, except their chief, Shimadzu, whose bow was of milk-white wood with a golden string; the arrows were blunt. The horses were splendidly caparisoned—embroidered saddle-cloths, inlaid stirrups, saddles adorned with gold-lace, and the stables decked with gay tassels, while the riders wore bright silk doublets and trousers of deer or tiger skin. Over the whole arena was sifted fine, dark sand, that covering a small, slightly raised circular space in the centre being, however, white. To this central spot the dogs were led, one by one, and so soon as they bounded were cut they bounded off as though they quite enjoyed the sport, though they were "perpetually pepp-red." This went on from about 7 A. M. till noon, when a tiffin on the same scale as everything else was provided, and after lunch there was again a display of great interest.

Concerning this same Inu-o-mono there is a funny story told. The *Mail* gives one version, as follows: "Shortly before the hunt the Secretary of the English Legation despatched a messenger from his home, in Shiba, with a letter for Mr. Shimadzu Tadayoshi. The messenger was followed by his master's favorite dog, which he tied up outside the Yashiki before seeking admittance. When he came out, a few minutes afterwards, the dog had disappeared and all inquiries failed for his whereabouts." "But," says the *Mail*, "he was not dead, however, the pup again made his appearance, but alas! his tail was gone and all his ancient sagacity had been concentrated into the accomplishment of scudding about before mounted archers. In fact, so thoroughly had he assimilated his instructions that whenever he was not tied or held he would bound frantically off and perform a most animated Inu-o-mono on his own account. For a time after being restored to his master he seemed to recover the use of his faculties under the influence of regular diet and affectionate

treatment, but an unluckily heavy shower of rain upset his mental equilibrium again. He mistook the dross for the blunts arrows of his tormentors and ran himself into a temporary hydrophobia. His master, of course—as is customary with foreigners, whether treaties be violated or dogs' tails docked—demanded compensation and, failing to find a reciprocity of sentiment on the Satsuma side, instituted an action at law, laying the damages at \$550."

AN UNUSUAL PERIL OF THE CHASE is hinted at by the Oswego Times, which tells a story of the Hon. Sidney T. Holmes, well-known to many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. Our contemporary says: "The Hon. Sidney T. Holmes, formerly of Madison County, represented this district in Congress for the term including the years 1865 and 1866. Judge Holmes, after the expiration of his Congressional term, became the business partner of the Hon. Roscoe Conkling in Ulster. A few years ago he located West, though in what State has escaped our recollection. Among his peculiarities was his fondness for hunting; and for this purpose he kept a fine pack of hounds, which, as occasion presented, he followed in the chase. Some weeks since his dogs, for some cause, engaged in a furious fight among themselves. The Judge, hearing the noise, went among them to stop the fighting, when they turned upon him and lacerated him so terribly that it was expected he could never recover from his wounds. While the bruises were tearing him with their mad and apparently blind fury they seemed suddenly to discern what they were rending, and they commenced to lick his wounds, running around and jumping at and over him, whine piteously, and manifesting all the affection for him that it was possible for dumb animals to do. The Judge, after his rescue in the terrible condition in which he was left, refused to have any punishment whatever administered to the dogs, maintaining that they were in no sense blameworthy."

NORTH CAROLINA GAME.—Monroe, N. C.—The extremely dry spell from June 1st till the present, has caused the largest yield of quail ever known in this section. The fields are literally alive with the young droves; all the eggs have all hatched and not one has been drowned as is usually the case. The close season expires Oct. 1st, and the few that are looking forward to a gala day on that date. In my experience I have located fourteen young coveys, most of them two-thirds grown. My pointer, one and a half years old, seems eager for the fray; he was bought for me by Mr. John Davidson, is thoroughly broken and his equal I have never seen. I shall send FOREST AND STREAM in a few weeks a larger picture, 24x30, of my two dogs on a "point" as I have engaged an artist to go with me and take them and the scenery naturally, as they stand with a covey of quail at "bay." This will be a natural scene of our Southern quail hunting, two pointers, one back pointing the other, the quail, a few yards in the stubble, among the grass, and perhaps a creek with natural growth showing in the distance. I have great pride set upon this picture and I will send one to you.

H. S.

MAINE SPORTSMEN.—Portland.—The Maine Sportsmen's Association are to hold their third annual meeting and first tournament early in September. From 150 to 200 of our representative sportsmen are expected to be present. Although the programme has not yet been arranged, and public notice has not been given, yet we have received donations from the American Atlas Co., Boston, of one of their new semi-hammerless guns; from the American Powder Co., Boston, one keg "Dead Shot" powder; from T. Yardley, Brown, Reading, Pa., one-half dozen of his celebrated gun cleaners, and from E. W. Moore, Augusta, a life size crayon portrait of the champion.—F.

NEW HAMPSHIRE WOODCOCK.—Nashua, Aug. 15.—Woodcock shooting has commenced with us and so far has furnished sportsmen with weary days' work and short bags of birds. There are more birds than last year, but they are not so plenty as the signs of July led us to expect. It is the opinion of a majority of old shooters that July should be the open month and August and September the close months for us in this latitude. They say that in July the old birds are strong of wing and in good condition, while the young are mature or well grown and able to take care of themselves; in August the old birds begin to moult and leave their feeding grounds for more quiet and more sheltered and harder to find. The only objection to July shooting applies equally to August—namely, the shooting of young grouse.—WENN.

"FORESTER SCHOOL OF BATHOS."—"Nuff" writes from Washington:

"About two years ago you published a capital editorial on the 'Forester School of Bathos.' You will remember it, because so greatly was it needed that they readers just got up and 'screamed' when they read it. Most of us have been postal-curved fearfully about everything, etc. Where can this article be found?"

The article was published in our issue of December 13, 1879, and if its republication will gratify any of our readers, we shall take pleasure in giving it a place. It will be printed next week.

WILD RICE IN DEEP WATER.—Harwood, Ontario.—A gentleman wrote a letter to your paper last fall saying wild rice would not grow in water deeper than one or two feet. I was passing through a rice bed here the other day which was about two miles in length and half a mile in breadth. I pulled a stalk up which I send you. I measured it, and it was nine and one-half feet in length; the water was seven and one-half feet in depth. Almost the whole rice bed was growing in that depth of water, and I could, I think, find stalks growing in ten feet of water.—CHAS. GILCHRIST.

NEW JERSEY SHORE BIRDS.—Curlews, willetts, brown backs, yellow legs and the other varieties of shore birds are making their appearance all along the Jersey coast, but the main body of them seem to be loath to tarry long until they pass the line of summer resorts, and the feeding grounds sought by them seem to be south of Atlantic City and north of Cape May, where the shores are not so much sought by summer sojourners.—Homo.

VIRGINIA GAME.—Henry Ashton, Esq., a prominent sportsman from Culpeper Co., Va., is in Philadelphia this week. He says quail in his section of the country were greatly reduced in numbers last winter. The season was remarkable for the quantity of hawks seen, and the birds that withstood the snow were killed by these winged robbers.—Homo.

THE SEVEN PONDS.

I WAS considerably interested, and like many more of your readers, no doubt, slightly amused by reading a short article entitled "Tim Pond and the Seven Ponds," in your issue of Aug. 11, in which it was said that the Seven Ponds were "stocked with trout which have enjoyed their homes unmolested since the history of trout-baiting, all now Kennedy Smith has opened a backboard pathway for sportsmen to the waters where they dwell."

It seems to me, considering that some years have elapsed since Messrs. Grant & Richardson, of the Kennebec Lake House, have erected log camps and kept boats at the Seven Ponds for the convenience of their guests who might wish to go there, that the title of pioneer to that region can hardly belong to Mr. Kennedy Smith. I should like here to give most unqualified praise to Messrs. Grant & Richardson for the uniform kindness and hospitality which their guests enjoy at their camp. No better guides can be found through the whole lake region. Their fame is unsurpassed at any point upon the lakes, and I have never known a dissatisfied guest. For parties wishing to camp out they have erected log cabins near the west end of the lake, which are supplied with stoves and the necessary cooking utensils. While it is undoubtedly true that the trout taken here average smaller in size than those of the lower lakes, it is also true that there is no other lake of the Rangeley chain where the fishing throughout the year is to be compared with that at Kennebec. It is the only lake of the chain where trout will rise freely to the fly during July.

For beauty of scenery it has no equal, being entirely surrounded by mountains, and I think nobody who wishes to spend a few pleasant days' vacation in the woods can do better than try the hospitality of the Kennebec Lake House, and from there run up to Seven Ponds two or three days, where trout of small to medium size are certainly more abundant than elsewhere. B.

LARGE BLACK BASS.

HARWOOD, Rice Lake, Ont., Aug. 11.
I SEND you to-day by express a small mouthed black bass which weighed, when caught, six pounds; it struck some in stuffing. On Thursday, the 4th of this month, Mr. Murphy, a gentleman of Toronto, and myself started out for a fish at 5 o'clock p. m. In two and a half hours we caught twenty-five small mouthed black bass; eight of them weighed forty-one and a quarter pounds. The following is the exact score:

6 bass of 5 lbs. each.....	30 lbs.
1 bass of 54 lbs.....	54 lbs.
1 bass of 51 lbs.....	51 lbs.

Total for the 8 (out of 25).....414 lbs.

Rice Lake is now full of fish, both muskungee and large and small mouthed black bass. The large mouthed bass is called "yellow," or "mud bass" here.

CHAS. GILCHRIST.

The bass came to hand nicely stuffed and mounted, and is the small mouth species, and looks to have weighed six pounds.

RHODE ISLAND HAS A LOBSTER LAW.

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 12.

PLEASE put Rhode Island right on the lobster question. We have a law, passed at the last session of our Legislature (Jan. and Feb., 1881), limiting the catch to ten and a half inches, which, in the wisdom of our law givers, was enough to begin with. It is a good beginning, and we hope to raise it an inch soon.

A lobster was taken about July 1st half way up the bay (Narragansett) that weighed twelve and a fourth pounds in a sweep seine. We sent one to the Smithsonian that measured one and a fourth inch, perfectly formed, caught off the gasnet pier. What is not known about the growth of lobsters in their early stage of development would fill a volume. Be sure the U. S. Commission will soon find it out.

NEWTON DEXTER,

Commissioner Inland Fisheries.

WORMS IN BLACK BASS.—Watsonowd, Pa., Aug. 12.—Can you enlighten me on the cause of the black bass being literally alive with worms? It is not only one in a number, but all that are taken from our beautiful river—the West Branch of the Susquehanna—and I believe if the bass are dissected soon, they will be found that all are so at this time of the year in all waters. The worms are found in great numbers along the back-bone; remove the skin and the worm will be easily found, and in nearly all will be found a small black egg. Can we hope for a disappearance of the worm after August? Can you explain the cause? If you wish I will send you a bass to dissect. I have an idea that all fish are more or less affected with this same worm at this season of the year. This has put a damper to our dreams of taking this grand game fish.—J. R. H.

The bass are often, if not always, wormy at this season. We eat them and never look for worms. The worms and the bass taste alike, the same as the worms in cherries or in cheese taste like the thing that contains them. See Answers to Correspondents.

HOW TO MAKE A CLAM BAKE.—Putnam, August 14.—First secure what clams you want, and a bushel or more of new rockweed, or seaweed so-called. Select a flat rock, then build a fire, and also heat a half bushel or more of flat stones about three pounds weight each, also one or two flat stones of the same weight. When the rock is sufficiently heated, then, having it possible with you a pair of tongs, take off the heated stones and sweep off the ashes from the rock. Now dash on some little water so the rock will not scorch the rock weed and make the clams taste smoky. Then have a clean barrel with both ends out. Set the barrel on the heated rock. Now put in six or eight inches of rockweed; then say half of your clams; then more rockweed; then the hot stones; then more rockweed; then the rest of the clams; then more rockweed. Now put the largest flat hot stone on top; then put on the rockweed until the barrel is full; then cover up the barrel as tight as possible, so that no steam can escape; bank up a little round the bottom of the barrel. In a half or three-quarters of an hour your clams are done. I generally have a piece of old sail cloth to put over the top of the barrel.—G. F. W.

A FLY CASTING MATCH IN ENGLAND.—Mr. R. F. Mureton, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, is about to introduce this sport to them. He offers prizes and asks dealers to add to it. We will watch for its coming and hope that he may meet with the success which he deserves. It is interesting to note that his scale of 100 points differs slightly from ours. It is:

Across the wind.....	20
With the wind.....	20
Style of delivery of flies.....	30
Accuracy.....	30

The contest is to be for single and double-handed fly-casting; longest cast from the reel, "Nottingham style," and for longest cast with line coiled at the feet, "Thames style."

VERMONT BASS FISHING.—Montreal, Can., August 9, '81.—I have just returned from a ten-days' fishing tour at Bass Lake, Franklin, Vt., and at Lake Champlain, near Missisquoi Bay. Our catch was wholly black bass; the largest kicked at five pounds. Bass fishing is all there this season. Friend Casneau, of Shelton, Vt., has captured during the past month some six-pound small-mouthed bass at Bass Lake, and there are more left, even larger than those taken. These fish, on a Greenhatch rod, give lively sport.

The writer and a couple of friends dropped into the Ottawa Hotel here to-day for dinner, and the courteous manner in which we were received by the manager, Mr. John Warner, who is a devoted disciple to the rod and gun, caused us to that our lines had fallen in a pleasant spot, and that to the Ottawa is the best sportsman to patronize while in this city. No puff about this, but solemn truth.—STANSTED.

GREENWOOD LAKE TO BE RESTORED.—At a recent club meeting of the Greenwood Lake Association "Frank Forester Club," it was resolved: That the Treasurer of this Association be authorized to act as trustee for a fund of such voluntary contributions as shall be made, to wit, for the purpose of continually restocking Greenwood Lake and protecting the same; and that Elias Vidler, Samuel Garrison and John Hazen be and are hereby appointed a committee, full and discretionary power as to the use of this fund, and the Treasurer is instructed to pay the same out on vouchers approved by them.

BIG CATCH.—Mr. George Le Bar, of Bushkill, Pa., took one fishing party on Saturday, July 24, from the Buena Vista house, consisting of Mr. Samuel Kay and D. W. Robinson, of New York, who secured a total of 31 black bass, one of which weighed five and one-quarter pounds and another four pounds. This is considered remarkable for this season of the year.—J. O. R.

DELAWARE RIVER NOTES.—Philadelphia, Aug. 11.—The season during which fishing on the Delaware River with nets is less than two inches meshes is practically expired yesterday, but the fish wardens will still continue to enforce the law against fishing on Sunday.—Homo.

TROUT IN NORTH CAROLINA.—MT. AIRY, N. C.—Splendid trout fishing about twenty miles from here, and superb scenery. J. M. B.

Fishculture.

STRUCTURE AND OVARIAN INCUBATION OF THE TOP-MINNOW (*Zygocetes*).

By JOHN A. RYDER.

SINCE we have taken up our temporary residence at Cherrytree we have found this interesting genus of cyprinodonts in great abundance in fresh and brackish water streams, also in a fresh water pond in the vicinity, a few miles south of where our station is located. In the latter place the fish are collected in large numbers, all of which are in breeding condition—we will not say spawning condition, as they do not, as do most other fish, commit their ova to the care of the element in which they live, but carry them about in the ovary, where they are impregnated and where they develop in a very remarkable manner.

Of the manner of impregnation we know little or nothing, except the evidence furnished by the conformation of the external genitalia of the two sexes. In the adult male, which measures one and one-eighth of an inch in length, the anal fin is slightly modified into an intromittent organ for the conveyance of the milt into the ovary of the female; a tubular organ appears to be formed by the three foremost anal rays, but one which is greatly prolonged and united by a membrane. At the apex these rays are somewhat curved toward each other, and thus form a blunt point, but the foremost one of the three rays is armed for its whole length with ridges at its base and with sharp recurved hooks at its tip, the other two at their tips similarly with hooks, and between their tips are two small fenestra or openings which possibly communicate directly with the sperm duct from the testes. The basal elements of the fin are aggregated into a cylindrical columnar truncated bony mass, which is prolonged upward into the cavity of the air-bladder for the distance of nearly the eighth of an inch; from it a series of bony bands pass to the dorsal and posterior wall of the air-bladder to be inserted in the median line. Whether this bony column serves to steady the fin in the act of copulation, or whether it serves to give passage to the sperm duct, is an unsettled question with the writer. The modified anal fin of the male develops a third of an inch in length. Other peculiarities of the male are noticeable—for instance, as the more abbreviated air-bladder or space which also occupies a more oblique position than in the female. The most remarkable difference presented by the male as compared with the female, however, is his inconspicuous anal space, which is only 160 milligrams, while that of the gravid female is 1,030 milligrams, or nearly six and one-half times the weight of the male.

The female, as already stated, is larger than the male, and measures one inch and three-fourths in length. The liver lies for the most part on the left side. The intestine makes one turn upon itself in the fore part of the body cavity and passes back along the floor of the abdomen to the vent. The air-bladder occupies two-fifths of the abdominal cavity, and at its posterior end the intestine duct traverses it vertically, to be enlarged near its outlet into a fusiform urinary bladder of very much the same form as in many embryo fishes, as demonstrated by Professor Kupffer and myself. The ovary is a simple, impaired organ which lies somewhat to the right and extends from the anterior portion of the body cavity to the posterior, and is enlarged near its lower end when fully developed. The ova, when full grown, are each enveloped in a sac or follicle supplied with blood from a median vascular trunk which divides and subdivides as it traverses the ovary longitudinally in a manner similar to that seen in white grapes as the bunch are attached. In this way it happens that each egg or ovum has its own independent supply of blood from the general vascular system of the mother, from which the material for the growth and maturation of the egg is derived, and which afterward becomes the nutriment of the embryo. The life of the developing embryo is maintained while undergoing development in their respective follicles in the ovary or egg-bag. The

ova develop along the course of the main vessel and its branches, as may be learned upon examining a hardened specimen, where the very immature ovaria eggs are seen to be involved in a meshwork of connective fibrous tissue, which serves not only to strengthen the vessels but also afterward enters into the structure of the walls of the ovarian sac or follicle as it is called. The very immature eggs measure from less than a hundredth of an inch up to a fiftieth, and on up to a twelfth of an inch, when they may be said to be mature. They develop along a nearly median rachis or stalk which extends backward and slightly downward and which gets its blood supply very far from the dorsal artery. The ova, after developing a little way, are each included in a follicle, the Graafian follicle, ovicell, ovarian capsule, *membrana granulosa* of von Baer, or *membrana cellulosa* of Coste. As the egg is matured there is a space developed between the follicle and the ova, from the cells of the granular layer of cells covering it. This space is filled with fluid, and in this fluid, which increases in quantity as development proceeds, the embryo of *Zygocetes* or top-minnow, is constantly bathed. There is no trace whatever in the egg of this fish of an independent egg membrane, as is the case with all known forms which spawn directly into the water, and which is usually, if not in all cases, perforated by one or more micropylar openings or pores for the entrance of the spermatozoon. This fact raises the question whether the egg membrane of *Zygocetes* is not a true membrane, or a water-spawning fish is not entirely absent in all the viviparous species. Whether Rathke has recorded anything on this point in his account of the development of *Zoarces*, the viviparous blenny, I am not able to say at present, as I do not have access to his memoir. Since it is well known that with very cautious preparation, staining and dissection of the follicles inclosing the ova of *Zygocetes*, I have completely failed to discover what I could regard as an egg membrane, although personally familiar with the appearance of the follicles of many fishes of more than twenty species, embracing fifteen or more families, such as *radialis* or covering of the egg in other bony fishes is said to be secreted from the cells lining the follicles and is composed of a gelatinous substance, and it is often perforated all over by a vast number of minute fine interstices, which serve as a covering, Johannes Mueller. No such structure existing as a covering for the egg of *Zygocetes*, we are in a position to ask the question why such a unique condition of affairs should exist in this case? The answer, it would appear to us, is not far to seek. In the case of eggs which ordinarily hatch in water it is necessary that they should be supplied with a covering more or less firm and capable of protecting the contained embryo, which in the case of the top-minnow is not needed, because the embryo is developed so as to be quite competent to take care of itself as a very well developed larva when the body of it leaves the body of the mother, will not waste her powers in an effort to make useless clothes for such of her children as do not need them; on the contrary, she is constantly utilizing structures economically, and often so as to be a benefit to her offspring. This is the apparent answer to the query with which we started.

The follicles or sacs containing the ova are built up internally of flat, polygonal cells of pavement epithelium, and externally of a network of multipolar, fibrous, connective tissue cells and minute capillary blood vessels, with cellular walls, which are in all directions over the follicle from the point where the main arterial vessel joins the follicle, and which, together with its accompanying veins and investment of fibrous tissue, constitutes the stalk by which the follicle and its contained naked ovum is suspended to the main arterial trunk and vein. The capillary system runs in a larger venous trunk, which also follows the course of the main median arterial trunk back to the heart by way of the Cuvierian ducts. The very intricate mesh-work of fine vessels which covers the follicle supplies the with growing fish embryo, and also serves to carry off the carbonic dioxide in much the same way as the placenta or after-birth performs a similar duty for the young mammal developing in the uterus of its parent. There is this great difference, however, between the fish and the mammal, that in the former there is no chorion, the development of the follicle in which the eggs have grown and matured; there is no true placenta, but respiration is effected by a foliolar mesh-work of blood vessels, and the interchange of oxygen and carbonic dioxide gases takes place through the intermediation at first of the chorion, by which the embryo is surrounded in the follicle, and later when blood vessels and gills have developed in the embryo they, too, become accessories to aid in the oxygenation of its blood. In the mammal there is a uterus; the egg must leave its ovarian follicle; be conveyed over the uterine cavity before a perfectly normal development can begin; there is no developed richly vascular placenta joined to the fetus, the villi or vascular loops of which are insinuated between those developed on the maternal surface of the uterine cavity. In both fish and mammal the embryo is nourished by the blood of the mother, and in the immediate vascular connection between mother and embryo. In both the respiration of the embryo is effected by the transpiration of gases through the intermediation of membranes and fluids, oxygen being constantly supplied and carbonic dioxide carried off by means of a specialized portion of the blood system of the maternal organism.

There is still another difference which distinguishes the developing fish from the mammal which has not been noticed. The body of the young fish is a gelatinous mass, and the substance of the substance of the stalk into the various structures which make up its organization. In other words, the young fish obtains no nutrition from its parent; there is merely a reorganization of the stored protoplasm of the yolk sac. In the mammal, on the other hand, the embryo is nourished by the blood of the placental structures, though there is a yolk at an early stage; the largest proportion of the embryo is built up from the protoplasm supplied from the blood system of the parent. Judging from the large size of the young of some viviparous fishes, such as in *Embodon*, it is possible that there may be some exceptions to the rule indicated above.

Besides the very intricate network of capillary vessels which covers the follicles of the ovary of *Zygocetes* a large opening of a circular or oval form makes its appearance in the wall of each sac or follicle, or near the point of attachment of the vascular stalk by which they are supported. This opening appears to increase in size as the young fish develops; whether it is present during the earliest stages of the embryonic development, or whether it is not at all, I did not have an opportunity to see those phases. A branch from the main nutritive vessel frequently lies near the margin of the opening, curving around it. Whether this opening serves the same purpose as the micropyle of ova provided with a membrane from which the embryo is developed, or whether it is in the manner the milt, which is probably introduced into the ovarian cavity by the male, could reach the ovum through the wall of its follicle. The opening into the follicle may be named the *follicular foramen*, though it is the cavity of the follicle which is brought into direct communication with the general ovarian space, which, singularly enough, appears to be occluded from without by a temporary closure or plugging up of the oviduct or canal from the posterior end of the ovarian sac, a state of affairs, which, if it is confirmed, and which, if it is not, it resembles, the condition found to obtain in a pregnant mammal, where the uterine os or mouth is temporarily occluded during gestation.

We found ourselves unable to determine the species of the form, the structure of which is described above; none of those described in Jordan's Manual appear to agree with our species. It may be, as some of us have surmised, that the isolation of the form on the eastern peninsula of Virginia for a great length of time may have saved it from the ordinary competition of other species. We leave the determination of the species to the systematic ichthyologists.

Thus far our account has dealt only with the structure of the adults and the peculiar contrivances by means of which reproduction is effected; we will now take up the discussion of the egg and embryo.

The globular vitellus measures about a line in diameter includ-

ing the embryonic or germinal portion. The germinal protoplasm probably occupies a peripheral position, moving the nutritive vitelline portion of the egg as a continuous envelope with strands of germinal material running from it through and among the corpuscles of the vitellus. This peripheral germinal layer, when the egg is ready to be fertilized, migrates toward one pole and assumes a hemispherical position. This is commonly the history of the germinal disk of the Teleostean egg as worked out independently by Professor Kupfer and the writer. Little of a trustworthy character is known of the history of the germinal corpuscle and spot, which has the same relation to the egg as the nucleus and nucleolus do to the substance of the cell of the ordinary type. When cleavage of the germinal disk has begun, it is the first positive evidence that impregnation has been effected.

The disk then begins to spread over the vitellus or yolk, and soon acquires the form of a watch glass, with its concave side lying next the surface of the yolk. Coincident with the lateral expansion of the germinal disk, a thickening appears at one point in its margin which is the first sign of the appearance of the embryo fish. With its still further expansion, the embryo is developed more from the margin of the disk toward its centre; in this way it happens that the axis of the embryo lies in one of the radii of the disk; its head toward the centre, its tail at the margin.

Just before the embryo is fairly formed, a space appears under the disk limited by the thickening rim of the latter, and the embryo at one side. The segmentations of the embryo are enveloped in fluid and grows with the growth of the germinal disk, as the latter becomes concentered into the blastoderm, and does not disappear until some time after the embryo has left the egg as a young fish. And then it often occurs that a space under the yolk sac for as long as a week or more, the embryo of the young of *Cyprin*, *Pareuchypterus*, *Gadus*, *Eleotus* and *Synbranchia*. In regard to this point, I hold views entirely different from any other observers, but inasmuch as the writer has had opportunities to study the development of the embryo of the same species, and representing a greater number of families than any previous investigator, and because the observations are based on material studied without the use of hardening re-agents which either destroy or obliterate the segmentation cavity, and also because it was found to be present in the embryo of the same species which was well studied, it is believed that it will be found in the developing ova of most or all Teleostean fishes. Should this prove to be the fact, the Teleostean egg will be as distinctly defined in respect to the form of the developmental characters which it presents from the developing ova of other vertebrates, as the Teleostean egg is from the remaining classes of the sub-kingdom to which it belongs. The floor of the cavity appears to be formed by the hypoblast or innermost embryonic layer, while its roof is formed by the epiblast or outermost layer. The embryo of the young fish, which has been derived by cleavage from the germinal disk, and the yolk, no part of its epiblast layer being in direct contact with the hypoblast below on account of the presence of the intervening film of fluid, except at its rim. The embryo also appears to be in direct contact with the yolk, and the yolk is absorbed at an equal rate all around its margin; the point where the edges of the blastoderm finally closes is almost directly opposite the site where the germinal disk first appeared; the closure at last occurs just behind the tail of the embryo where a little crater-like elevation marks the point at which it disappears. The embryo now lies along a meridian of the blastoderm; its head at the original germinal pole, its tail at the other. The growth of the blastoderm over the yolk is greatly facilitated by the film of fluid contained in the segmentation cavity, over which it can grow as it grows without friction. This fluid is absorbed by the embryo, and it is proposed in explanation of the method by which the blastoderm grows laterally in all directions down over the yolk. In some cases the yolk sac is frequently much absorbed before the outer blastodermic layer is fully developed. The yolk is absorbed after it leaves the egg and proves very conclusively that the outer sac is entirely free, laterally and ventrally from the inner one containing the yolk.

There are two principal methods by which the yolk is absorbed; the first, where a portion of the yolk is absorbed, and the yolk is developed over the surface of the yolk, and through which all, or nearly all, of the blood passes to reach the venous end of the heart; in many cases no such work is ever developed, as for instance, in the head, nuchal, and dorsal. To the former case, the yolk is absorbed by the yolk sac, which is orange-colored and imbedded in it superficially are a great number of refringent oil globules of small size. There appears to be a sinus beneath the head, continuous with the segmentation cavity in which the heart is developed. The body of the young fish lies in a groove or furrow on the surface of the yolk, and the yolk is absorbed in which I have seen *Zygocentrus* and explains why I have given the preceding general account of the development of a young fish. The somites or segments of muscle plates had been developed for some time. The heart, brain, intestine and organs of sense were defined.

The next important stage observed was when the yolk sac was in great part absorbed and the fish nearly ready to hatch, or more properly to leave its follicle and the body of the fish. The extraordinary condition of the yolk sac, which is almost entirely empty of yolk, was such as I had never witnessed in any other species of young fish. The bones of the skull, although still cartilaginous, were advanced to a condition not seen in the shad until it has been hatched, for three weeks or more. There were no cartilaginous elements in the body of the fish, but the yolk sac was the brain was pretty well roofed over by the cartilaginous cranium; the branchiostegites were developed in cartilage; the opercles completely covered and concealed the gills, the opercular elements being in the form of a shield, and the opercular elements; the neural and bacula arches of the vertebrae were developed in cartilage; there was a layer attached to the auditory capsule; scales covered the sides and back and were developed in pockets of the dermal epithelium; in five, all the fins were already developed except the caudal fin, which was not yet in the stage of the adult. All this, and yet the yolk sac was still not absorbed. I have never seen in any fish embryos of the same age an instance where scales were developed or where the fin had approximated their adult condition so nearly as in this case. The only instance known to me at present where a continuous dorsal and caudal median fin-fold is never developed, is in the case of *Synbranchia*, where the caudal rays are developed before the dorsal ones. Whether the unpaired fin of *Zygocentrus* are, or are not, derived from such a fold would be an interesting observation. A marked acceleration is to be seen in the development of the yolk sac, a study of which, by means of sections, as compared with that of the adult, has furnished me with some valuable clues in following up the development of Teleostean fishes in general.

To sum up, this fish begins its independent career as far development as when it is nearly mature, bountiful and many other fishes are from three to six weeks old. By so much he has the advantages over these types in the struggle for existence in that he is ready to feed, to pursue his prey indiscriminately, as soon as he is born, while the other fish must wait until they have absorbed their yolk sac, although most of them by that time have acquired mandibular, maxillary or pharyngeal teeth or both. The Fish Commission authorities need never be uneasy about the fate of the top-minnows; they will take care of themselves, and I am sure they will. But our study, it would seem to the writer, has not been in vain; because, even though the fish is too small to be of any practical value, it has taught us that where Nature has so effectively provided for the protection of the young fish, it is not necessary to protect the adult to produce the young. In *Zygocentrus* twenty-five to thirty young is perhaps the limit of production for a single female; in *Aplocheilichthys*, or the four-spined stickleback, the male of which is provided, according to my observations, with a spawning apparatus, with which it is able to deposit its eggs in a hole, and after a study of the number of eggs in the number of eggs in the spawning apparatus. Contrasting these small numbers with 100,000 to 3,000,000, the number of ova easily matured in a single season by a single female of many anadromous and marine species, which have a yolk, adhesive or floating eggs, it would appear that the quantity

of eggs produced by different species of fishes is in some way proportioned to their chances of survival. Otherwise we are at a loss to explain the enormous fertility of many marine fishes; the astounding fertility of the oyster and clam are other instances illustrating this principle, where ova are matured by the millions, and where barely one out of a million survives so as to attain adulthood.

Certain adaptations of structure are also plainly noticeable on a comparative study of fish ova. Thus the egg membrane of floating eggs is extremely thin, thinner than that of heavy or adhesive eggs, while the thin membrane is those provided with external filamentous appendages. The most thinly clad hatch out soonest. May it not be that the thinness of the envelope of the egg has some relation to the rapidity with which the oxygenation of the egg is effected and consequently with the rapidity of tissue and embryonic growth. Finally, you would remember to say that all of these modifications of the embryonic envelope are not such as could be developed by natural selection so as to favor the survival of the greatest number of embryos?

Many other general views of a similar character might be drawn from my material, but I fear that there has been too much already too much detail entered into for this note to be of interest to the general reader.

Before closing I wish to state that it is the object of the female to surround the egg and to prolong it into the outermost edge of the anal fin, as I have lately learned. This difference, as compared with *Zygocentrus*, would be useful as a general character, as suggested by Colonel Marshall McDonald, to those unusual, helpful interest. I am deeply indebted for assistance in manifold ways while the investigation of this material was in progress upon which the foregoing account is based.

I append here a note to state that, just as I had surmised in my previous note on the filamentous appendages of fish ova, I have since found the ovarian eggs of *Hemibarbus* provided with filamentous appendages. It will be remembered that I stated it as my belief that filaments would be found on the ova of this genus when they were examined. The *Laboratory of the Experimental Station of the U. S. Fish Commission, Cherrystone, Va., August 10, 1881.*

CARP IN TENNESSEE.

NAVILL, August 8.

At the rate German carp grow and increase in this latitude, in two or three years more there will be a supply on hand sufficient to give every lover of fish food an abundance. Since the first consignments of German carp to this country, by the Commission, from Hon. Spencer F. Baird, the number has multiplied into hundreds of thousands. In several instances they have spawned at less than two years old, and the quantity of fry hatched out proves that even at that early age their fecundity is enormous.

Captain Green has a pond on his farm in which only fifteen or twenty carp were placed originally; now there are swarms of them. In one year's time they will grow to weigh from one to two pounds, and furnish excellent food. Apart from their food value, they afford a pleasure which the local residents and being game enough to be exciting. Col. Akers created a couple the other day, simply to satisfy himself of their growth, and then put them back again. From each recipient of these fish, reports of an equally favorable character come, and as I stated above, in a letter to you, our markets will be supplied with a bountiful number of them.

As yet none of our pond owners have made arrangements for separating the fish as they should do. A series of small ponds for breeders, and others for the young of different ages, and still larger one for the fish intended for market are essential to the successful propagation of them, and bottoms are requisite to their comfort, though in our mild climate not absolutely necessary, yet it is as much the habit of the carp to bury itself at times as for a hog to wallow in the mud, which the latter does not do. It is attended to the pecuniary advantage of carp culture will begin to be realized, and found the largest interest paying investment of the farm.

I regret to say that our fish protection laws are not being respected thoroughly as they should, and to enforce them in the sparsely settled portions of our State, is almost an impossibility, especially as our commissioners are unpaid, and have no fund at their disposal to have the many streams in the State guarded.

It is pity that a portion of the time which the most experienced annually on cheap literature, dime novels and hideous stories of fiction could not be invested in sporting journals, such as many published in this country. Could this change be effected the people would become educated to a true love of sport and its congenial rewards, and the fish protection, by giving an importance of mine occasionally a copy of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, I have transformed him from a pot-hunter to a gentleman sportsman.

The continued drought of July put an end to angling, and was for the time being a wholesale destruction to fish in the smaller streams, but at last we are having copious showers which I hope have come in time to avert the evil. Col. Akers and self think of taking a trip to Syracuse this week. I wish Prof. Matter could be with us. At any rate, I will let you know of our luck. J. D. H.

THE PROPOSED FISHERY EXHIBITION IN SCOTLAND.

A T present writing it would seem that the Committee of the Edinburgh Fisheries Exhibition had no notion of abandoning their project of holding it in that city in 1882, notwithstanding the fact that the Committee of the London Exhibition to be held in 1883, suggest that they should do so. We have received the following circular:

INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

EDINBURGH, 22 Royal Circus, July 20, 1881.

We have the honor to inform you that an International Fisheries Exhibition will be held in Edinburgh in the month of April next.

That Exhibition will be open to Exhibitors from all countries, and is intended to include, as far as possible, objects illustrative of, or connected with, the fisheries of the world. Such for example, as models of boats used in fishing, and of all kinds of fishing boats; models of fishing boat harbors and of fishermen's houses; nets, lines and fishing-tackle of all kinds; fishbaiting apparatus, live fish in tanks, collections of stuffed fish and aquatic birds, paintings, photographs and casts of fish, and all other objects connected with the fisheries of the world. Fishermen's dress and equipments, fresh, cured and tinned fish, preparations for preserving fish, and other objects of a similar nature.

We shall feel greatly obliged if you will give your co-operation and assistance to the proposed exhibition, and if you will favor us with any suggestions which you think may tend to promote its success. We have the honor to be your obedient servants,

SIR J. G. MAC GILL, Bart.

W. S. MENDENHALL, Secretary to the Highland Society.

ANCIENT YOUNG, Commissioner of Scotch Salmon Fisheries.

How Secretaries.

Extract from *The Scotsman*, July 18, 1881.

The International Fisheries Exhibition, held in Berlin in the autumn of 1874, was a great success, and was the means of collecting a greater number of objects connected with, or illustrative of, the fisheries of the world than were ever before gathered together in one place. The arrangements made by the organizers of that exhibition deserve attention in view of the fact that the Edinburgh Exhibition which it is proposed to hold in Edinburgh next spring.

The objects in the Berlin Exhibition were classified as follows: 1. Fish and other water animals; 2. implements and models of implements used in fishing; 3. apparatus used in breeding and preserving fish; 4. methods in use for transporting fish and for keep-

ing them from fishing; 5. preparations for preserving fish for use as food; 6. models of fishing; 7. models of fishing boats; 8. models of fishing boats; 9. models of fishing boats; 10. models of fishing boats; 11. models of fishing boats; 12. models of fishing boats; 13. models of fishing boats; 14. models of fishing boats; 15. models of fishing boats; 16. models of fishing boats; 17. models of fishing boats; 18. models of fishing boats; 19. models of fishing boats; 20. models of fishing boats; 21. models of fishing boats; 22. models of fishing boats; 23. models of fishing boats; 24. models of fishing boats; 25. models of fishing boats; 26. models of fishing boats; 27. models of fishing boats; 28. models of fishing boats; 29. models of fishing boats; 30. models of fishing boats; 31. models of fishing boats; 32. models of fishing boats; 33. models of fishing boats; 34. models of fishing boats; 35. models of fishing boats; 36. models of fishing boats; 37. models of fishing boats; 38. models of fishing boats; 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river by the State Fish Commission, no sight of them has yet been seen, and I fear that our fondly-cherished hopes of royal sport with this king of fishes were vain; the Commission, I believe, has given over the attempt to introduce them as vain. The loss, however, has thriven to our fullest anticipations. The James, to which a few years back this fine fish was unknown, now affords to the lovers of the rod and line most glorious sport, especially in its upper waters.

As I am an enthusiastic fisherman I take deep interest in anything pertaining thereto, and Col. McDonald having kindly given me permission to shut down the gates of the ladder at Bosher's for the purposes of investigation, thereby enabling me to stop the fish whereby and thus determine their kind and quantities of fish go up it. I shall make full use of the permission whenever the stage of the water permits, and, if you think it would be of sufficient interest, will send you an occasional report. I've no doubt when the running season opens again I'll be able to make a most encouraging one.

J. W. B.

FISHCULTURAL NOTES.

THE MISSOURI COMMISSION is about to fit up an aquarium car to transport fish. It will be similar to the one that Commissioner Shaw, of Iowa, has used for a few seasons. Mr. Shaw has been invited to meet with them to explain the plans.

At Blackspot, Mo., Mr. Atkins has enough salmon inclosed to yield about 2,000,000 eggs. At Grand Lake Stream he is enlarging the works to a capacity of 8,000,000 eggs, if it should prove necessary to provide for so many. Aqueducts are being laid at both places to take the water to the spawning pens.

Miss Ollie Shaw, daughter of the Iowa Commissioner, is sketching the fishes of the State, and is reported to have succeeded admirably. About twenty have already been transferred to her care.

Mr. George Eckardt, Jr., who arrived from Germany this spring, is engaged with our correspondent, Mr. Hugo Mulert, in making carp ponds near Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Eckardt's father is the largest carp breeder in Germany and he has had much experience. The carp farm will probably be made upon a large scale.

BLACK BASS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Black bass fishing is giving rise to considerable sport. The Merrimack River and a number of ponds in the close vicinity being fairly stocked and yearly increasing with the frisky fish. It was the writer's good fortune to gather in two last week, one weighing two and a quarter pounds, the other two and three quarter pounds. Sunapee Lake has furnished much sport and several fine ones can be caught in New Hampshire where a few years ago they were unknown. So much for the Fish Commissioners; they deserve the good will of fishermen. Dr. E. Spalding, of Nashua, has been appointed one of the Fish Commissioners of the State in place of Sam Webber, of Manchester, who has expired. The doctor is a well known sportsman, and well acquainted with the waters of the State.

W. H. M.

SALMON FOR TENNESSEE.—I am advised by Spencer F. Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, Washington, D. C., that after all proximo he can furnish me with any number of California salmon eggs at the expense of anyone desiring to stock the streams of Tennessee, but it must be understood that the parties ordering shall have a hatching house. Yours, etc., Geo. F. Atkins, Fish Commissioner Middle Tennessee.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATION

J. E. Lawrence, Mass.—Will you be kind enough to prescribe for my pointer pup one year old? He seems well enough, but is very nervous in the flesh. His appetite is good, he stomachs well but retains much food. I feed him Indian meal mixed with corn and wheat. Ans. Give him a little good meat three times a week, and a little sulphur now and again.

P. N. C. (Oleto), N. Y.—Can you answer me through your valuable paper, the cause of a high fever in a dog? I have heard the sound on several different times and thought it came from a bull frog, but the people around here say it is caused by a skin which follows up behind the ear for half a mile. The dog makes the noise something like yuh, yuh. Ans. It is impossible for us to say what causes the sound. To represent the sounds of animals even musical notation fails to type, I express it as follows:

C. P. T. Randolph, Mass.—Please tell me the kind of fish of which I found you the fish by mail, labeled "Rogers' fish specimen." You will accommodate a number of your readers by complying. Ans. The fish arrived very much broken. The fins on the back were jammed and the scales were so much broken that they could not be seen. We soaked the dorsal fin out and made eleven spinous rays in it, but it is impossible to determine what fish it was. I gave no clue to the locality where the fish was taken, and you are right in guessing at it. As to the whole it is safer to say that we do not know.

Pistol, PRACTICE, Montreal, Can.—In pistol shooting the usual range was formerly 12 paces, or 12 yards, the regular doubling distance. The range now used is 20 paces, or 20 yards, and the targets, and with Colt's covers matches have been shot at 50 yards. 2. The targets used in the New York galleries is the regular 20 yards target reduced proportionately. "Those used in the U. S. are 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 205, 210, 215, 220, 225, 230, 235, 240, 245, 250, 255, 260, 265, 270, 275, 280, 285, 290, 295, 300, 305, 310, 315, 320, 325, 330, 335, 340, 345, 350, 355, 360, 365, 370, 375, 380, 385, 390, 395, 400, 405, 410, 415, 420, 425, 430, 435, 440, 445, 450, 455, 460, 465, 470, 475, 480, 485, 490, 495, 500, 505, 510, 515, 520, 525, 530, 535, 540, 545, 550, 555, 560, 565, 570, 575, 580, 585, 590, 595, 600, 605, 610, 615, 620, 625, 630, 635, 640, 645, 650, 655, 660, 665, 670, 675, 680, 685, 690, 695, 700, 705, 710, 715, 720, 725, 730, 735, 740, 745, 750, 755, 760, 765, 770, 775, 780, 785, 790, 795, 800, 805, 810, 815, 820, 825, 830, 835, 840, 845, 850, 855, 860, 865, 870, 875, 880, 885, 890, 895, 900, 905, 910, 915, 920, 925, 930, 935, 940, 945, 950, 955, 960, 965, 970, 975, 980, 985, 990, 995, 1000, 1005, 1010, 1015, 1020, 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Obstructions of the kidneys and attendant organs will prove fatal if not removed by Hop Bitters.

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SAMPLES AN
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The Kennel,

GRAND

International Dog Show,

TO BE HELD AT

LONDON, ONT.,

SEPTEMBER 27, 28, 29 and 30, 1881.

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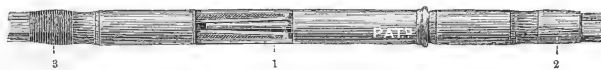
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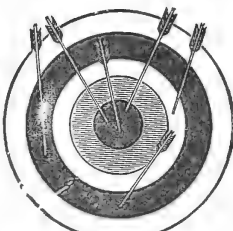
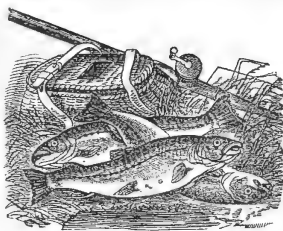
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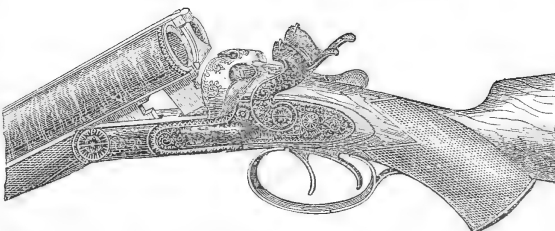
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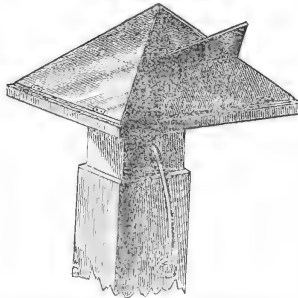


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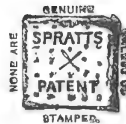
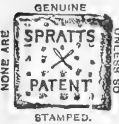
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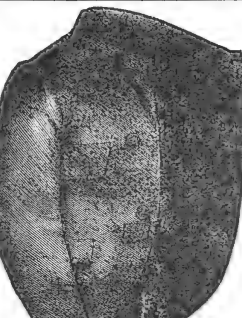
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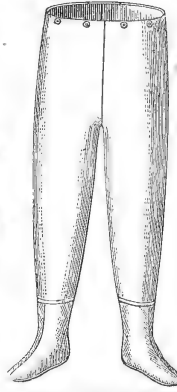
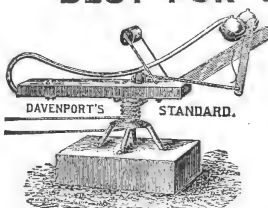
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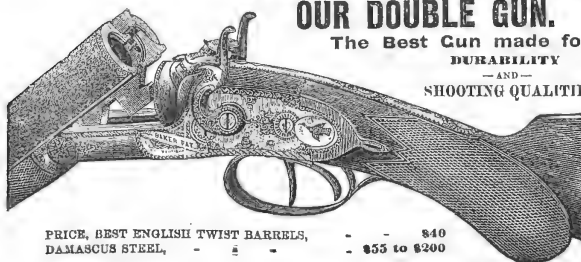
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1881.

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{Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.
Thursday, August 25.

USE FOR THE DOG FISH.

AN old saying has it that if a thing is kept seven years a use will be found for it. The dogfish of the Atlantic coast has been "a kee" for centuries and only now has it been utilized by man. This fish is of the shark family and it has been the pest of the fisherman, devouring the menhaden, the cod, haddock, mackerel and other valuable fishes, and tearing nets. It has increased until it was a nuisance of the first magnitude. The day of retribution has come.

The menhaden fishers of Maine have found but little use for their nets this year and have been compelled to look to other things for a living. The dogfish was one of the other things. His liver contained oil and his body could be made into fertilizing material. They tried it and the idle menhaden steamers are now using trawl lines and taking dogfish. The trawls have hooks with long iron shanks and the dogfish gnashes his teeth upon them in vain. The steamers and sail vessels instead of menhaden take from 30,000 to 50,000 of the dogfish per day and obtain one cent each for them. The factories at Boothbay are turning this old enemy of the fisherman to use. His liver will help to grease their way of life, or light them on the road, while his vile carcass will enrich their potato patches. Success to the movement to thin out the dogfish.

COL. JAMES G. BENTON.

COL. JAMES G. BENTON, the well-known ordnance officer and author of several works on gunnery, died at his home in Springfield, Mass., last Tuesday morning, from heart disease.

Born in New Hampshire, in 1820, he entered West Point in 1838, acquitted himself with credit at the United States Military Academy, and was graduated in 1842, receiving a commission as Second Lieutenant of Ordnance in the United States army and served for six years as Assistant Ordnance Officer at Watervliet Arsenal, New York. In 1847 he was promoted to the rank of a Second Lieutenant, and in 1848 to that of a First Lieutenant. During the two following years he was engaged in important work at the Ordnance Bureau at Washington, preparing a system of artillery for the army and writing the Ordnance Manual. From 1849 to 1852 Lieut. Benton was in charge of the United States Ordnance Depot at San Antonio, Texas, and in 1853 served as Assistant Inspector of Arsenals and Armories. Going to Washington in the latter part of that year he was engaged for several years in making experiments to determine the model of a new rifle, and during this time he was also a member of the Ordnance Board and the Instructor of Ordnance and Gunnery in the Military Academy. In 1856, after fourteen years service, he was commissioned a Captain. Serving with honor in the civil war, being for three years in command of the Washington Arsenal, he was brevetted a Colonel in March, 1865, in recognition of his work in the Ordnance Department. In June, 1866, Col. Benton was placed in command of the United States Armory at Springfield, Mass., where he remained until his death.

Early manifesting a taste for ordnance study and applying himself with enthusiasm to that branch of study, Col. Benton had acquired an extensive, thorough and practical knowledge of all matters pertaining to that department, and his services were constantly in requisition on military boards and commissions. In 1867 he was a member of the board on sea-coast rifle cannon, projectiles, carriages, implements, etc., and in 1869 served as a member of a commission to consider the protocol of the International Military Commission relative to the use of certain projectiles in war, and also upon the results of the Perrine shell. He superintended the arming of sea-coast fortifications from Charleston, S. C., to Mobile, Ala., in 1872, and a few months after completing that important work he gave his attention to the subject of determining the proper calibre of small arms. During a portion of the year 1873 he was assigned to examine the manufacture and construction of ordnance and ordnance stores in the various countries of Europe. On the 23d of June, 1874, he was made a full Lieutenant-Colonel, and in the first part of the year 1877 he was appointed to adjust royalties to be paid by the United States on ordnance inventions. After finishing this task he was directed, in compliance with an act of Congress, to select a magazine gun for the United States service. The commission of Colonel was bestowed upon him in May, 1879. Col. Benton was an enthusiastic devotee of his chosen calling, and aside from the every-day duties of his busy career he found time to publish several valuable articles on the subject of ordnance. He was the author of "A Course of Instruction in Ordnance and Gunnery for the Use of the Cadets in the United States Military Academy."

LONDON DOG SHOW.—Mr. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent of the London Dog Show, which is to be held at London, Ont., September 27, 28, 29 and 30, writes that exhibitors from the States will be extended all possible courtesies by the Committee of Management, and their stay will be made as pleasant as possible. We have no doubt of this, for our Canadian cousins are noted for their kindnesses to all those who, for the love of sport, cross the line and stop in the Dominion. We trust that the show will be a complete success, and would suggest to all intending exhibitors that they do not delay in filling up their entry blanks, and then sending them in as soon as possible. This will enable the management to complete all their arrangements at an early day, and will secure for the show its smooth running.

SPORTSMEN TOURISTS are invited to record their field and stream experiences in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM.

DEFENDING FISHCULTURE.

WHERE fishculture is a new thing it may be well for those interested to reply to its ignorant assailants; or for a local paper to print laudatory reports of visits to hatcheries. But for the FOREST AND STREAM this sort of thing is entirely out of place. Our readers are too well informed of the merits of fishculture to appreciate an argument in its favor, at this late day. They would regard it much as an intelligent community would an article approving of the steam engine as motive power, and recommending its use.

In Canada there are a few men who have arrayed themselves against the fishculturists, and ventilate their narrow views in the newspapers. Our attention has been called to their articles several times, but their talk was abusive, and we have thought fit to notice it, and have wondered that respectable Canadian newspapers would print such stuff. The *Telegraph*, of St. John, N. B., recently had an editorial article on the subject, wherein a correspondent was quoted who asserted that "the people were of the opinion that on rivers where hatcheries are established there had been a steady falling off in the catch of salmon, and that they looked at results in the light of cause and effect."

To this Mr. Everett Smith, a former fish commissioner of Maine and an enthusiastic fishculturist, makes a reply from which we extract the following:

"The planting of seed cannot render fertile waters barren, and for practical results accomplished by fishculture as applied to salmon fisheries, I would call attention to the work of the Department of Fisheries in Maine.

"When the work of restocking the Penobscot River with salmon was begun by the Commissioners of Fisheries for Maine, the eggs were purchased of Canadian officials. But the salmon have greatly increased in numbers, owing to continuous and systematic protection and artificial propagation, so that now the Maine Commissioners are enabled to procure from fish caught in Maine rivers all the eggs desired for stocking purposes, and at a cost of less than one-tenth formerly paid for eggs purchased in Canada for the same purpose."

That Mr. Smith is correct there is no room for doubt, but it appears to us like using heavy artillery to kill mosquitoes. The facts are too self-evident to need repeating.

THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

IT does not at present look as though we were to have a very extensive meeting at Creedmoor during the coming month. Delays of various sorts will contribute to keeping away competitors and the paucity of the prize list may have some effect. The problem which the National Rifle Association must solve, if it expects to receive the lasting support of the community, is that of getting all the members of our National Guard up to a fair level of shooting ability. The newcomers' matches will take care of themselves. They will be participated in by a certain number of lovers of out-door sport, who find in rifle shooting one of the most exciting and healthful of recreations. To encourage military rifle shooting requires a certain amount of organized effort, and the National Rifle Association can best make a plea for the support it so seriously lacks when it can point to a record of work done in the ranks of the military. The State authorities of New York have for some mysterious reason seen fit to frown upon rifle practice, thereby displaying their ignorance of the uses and management of the civilian-soldier element. But the National Guard remains not only in this State but throughout the Union where it is just taking form, as it is in many of the States, it is important that a careful system of practice at the butts should form a part of the school of the soldier.

We have little fear now that rifle practice will be abandoned. Within ten years past the Regulars have discovered what they did not know about rifle shooting, and have become convinced that there is plenty of room for improvement. Enough knowledge of shooting and marksmanship has been scattered here and there among the militia forces to act as a leaven for the whole mass. We are putting together a mass of record. We are formulating what may be called the "expectancy" of a volunteer. We are getting a basis upon which we may stand, and call upon officers and men to reach a certain standard, and falling below that we may point to the statistics and declare them derelict. The func-

tions of the N. R. A. is to keep in advance of all these movements, and to appoint committees of experts to determine many points. There is a warning against some pitfalls in the story of the N. R. A. of Great Britain, and in this connection it is proper to quote what the London *Times* found it necessary to say in a recent issue at the close of the July meeting at Wimbledon:

It may be impossible to banish the element of lucre from Wimbledon; but the committee of the National Rifle Association might probably do something to prevent the abuse of a system. Well-known prize-winners might be handicapped; it is fully clear that no more competitions of the ordinary sort are wanted. A large prize list is little more than a distribution of presents among a few crack shots, already gorged with this kind of booty. Perhaps the best system of the reform is to be discovered in the character of the prizes most recently instituted, and exciting a large share of public interest. * * * * * Such competitions must exclude the money-making element, while they advance the efficiency of the volunteer force in a direction not hitherto attempted. In fact, what the public would wish the National Rifle Association to aim at is the improvement of the general shooting among the rank and file of the volunteers, as distinguished from the few hundreds of first-class marksmen. In spite of the reputation which Wimbledon, more than ought else, has secured for the shooting of volunteers, there is reason to suspect that a large and worthless residuum of bad shots remains behind the choice specimens who come to the surface at Wimbledon. The National Rifle Association, will, no doubt, disclaim any educational mission of the sort suggested. But they have already fulfilled what we may suppose to have been their primary object—that of discovering and rewarding the best shots. That is one method of improving the general shooting of the volunteer force, but it does not exclude resort to the method which may be more practically useful and not open to the objection that, like the teaching of some of our public schools, they neglect the mass while they single out and reward the handful of the most proficient."

THE MARKED DIFFERENCE in the number of entries in yacht races in the East and in New York waters has probably not escaped any one. Half a dozen coming to the line, especially among the smaller boats, is to be considered quite a respectable turn out in metropolitan waters, yet when compared to the doings among our Eastern friends, New York suffers severely, and can take little credit to herself if we remember that our "near-by" population is several times greater than that of Boston and vicinity. There they also sail a half dozen matches to our one, but in spite of the rapidity with which regatta announcements follow each other, the entries are always well filled, and spirited rivalry, lively racing, and well-established records are the rule. One cause, and the principal one, of the greater prosperity of the sport among small craft in the East is to be found in their rule prohibiting shifting ballast. In New York, on the contrary, this pernicious custom is still in full swing, and as a direct consequence small yachts have been driven out of existence; the legitimate craft have been displaced by sailing machines, which are so costly to build, to own and especially to race, that even with these very craft, ostensibly built for racing and acknowledged totally unfit for anything else, we are unable to fill a single match to the extent of arousing public interest. We virtually rule out of existence the cheap, handy little boat with fixed ballast within the reach of thousands, and then fail to accomplish anything but occasional duckings and drownings with the expensive, dangerous and unsatisfactory sand-bag caricatures which cost a small mint to run, and give next to nothing in return. So we will continue to play second fiddle to Boston, until some junior club shows itself possessed of intelligence and enterprise enough to take the lowest little boat under its wings, and give her through numbers the power and standing her virtues entitle her to claim in the yachting community here just as well as in the East. The club that takes our hint will become the most prosperous among those devoted to the cause of small "open boats," as they are termed, and will find itself on the high road to popularity and public esteem much sooner than any new crew likely. In place of the score of shabby, soulless, local family affairs called yacht clubs by courtesy, we should have an organization which, except in point of tonnage, might be made the peer of any in the country.

THE FIRST GORAMI IN AMERICA.—The first fish of this species, which it is proposed to introduce as a food fish into Southern waters, arrived in New York last week. It is a male of three inches in length and was sent by Mr. Carbonnier, of Paris, to Mr. E. G. Blackford, of the New York Fish Commission. The female which accompanied it died just outside Sandy Hook. The fish is lively and is beautiful in its dress of green and black. It is now in Mr. Blackford's office in Fulton Market. For a description of this fish and its breeding habits we would refer our readers to the article, with illustrations, by Col. Nicolas Pike, in our issue of June 16, of this year.

AN ESTEEMED GERMAN CONTEMPORARY sandwiches the card of an undertaker in between the advertisements of a wholesale liquor dealer and a powder mill. A most "fortuitous combination."

OLD MEN AS SCIENTISTS.—Recently Professor Huxley said that ninety-nine men out of every hundred became simply obstructive after sixty years old and were not flexible enough to yield to the advance of new ideas. The world, he thought, would be benefited by any man who had taken part in science being strangled after reaching the age of sixty. Will the Professor please remember that, and act accordingly in a few years when he reaches that age?

THE ENCAMPMENT HOTEL at the Warwick Woodlands has been entered at the International Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., as a cotton hotel, and will be open for guests under the care of L. Y. Jenness from October 5 to January 1, after which it will be removed to an orange grove in Florida for the rest of the season.

MR. CHARLES H. GILBERT, the ichthyologist and collaborator with Prof. Jordan, has been severely injured in the Alps. A telegram from London, on the 18th, says:

A correspondent writes from Zermatt, in the canton of Valais, Switzerland, as follows: "Five American tourists ascended the Matterhorn on Saturday last. On their return a rock was accidentally dislodged, and it struck the head of Mr. Gilbert, a tutor of the Indiana University, at Bloomington, Ind., rendering him partially insensible. He was just able to move mechanically along. Nearly four hours was spent in bringing him to the first hut, which was reached at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Some of the party proceeded and brought doctors. Mr. Gilbert arrived at Zermatt at 5 o'clock Sunday evening. He suffers principally from the loss of blood, and will be able to leave there soon. The guides were apprehensive that if he collapsed before he arrived at the hut the party would be frozen to death before succor could be obtained."

FIELD SPORTS AND LIFE.—I never saw the man who loved the woods and the chase but who was brave in war and manly in his civic life; and many is the time in forensic tilts that a knowledge of woodcraft is essential; and as I see the Englishman and American, growing day by day more expert in the manly sport on land and water, I feel that he is growing wiser in head, stronger in body, braver in battle and gentler at home.—G.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CROSSING THE RANGE.

LULLED by the "magic of the time," we had lingered in our cabin on the Larrivee, until, one day, Ignotus, casting his weather-eye up to the heavens, sagely prognosticated that, "first thing we knew, we'd get snowed in, if we didn't hurry up, and light out." The Indian-summer day no which this announcement was made, seemed to laugh at any such absurd prediction; but we knew from past experience that Ignotus was on confidential terms with the Bureau of Storms and the Department of the Weather, and that his utterances on any such point were to be viewed in a semi-official light.

John and the Rhymer had joined us before this, and we had concluded to spend the winter in the lower country, rather than endure the monotony of a six months' imprisonment by snow in Argentina. Two routes were open to us—the one, straight down the Larrivee, to its junction with the Grand; the other, over the range, between El Conquistador and Vahuta, down the Rio Dolores to the Big Bend, and then southerly. The first had the disadvantages of unfamiliar country and of Pococarno-Guinness's band of renegade Pi-Utes, so we chose the latter.

Though there seemed no particular hurry, it was deemed advisable to start early next morning, that we might fairly pass the summit of the range before nightfall, but we merely succeeded in adding another block to that proverbial pavement as it was after noon before we fairly started. Quick as our departure was, however, the change which Ignotus had predicted, was quicker.

When we rose in the morning, the sky was overcast, and by the middle of the forenoon, a fine rain was falling, which we knew would be an icy sleet at the summit of the pass. As long as our way led up the valley, our progress was only moderately uncomfortable, but when we turned aside, and began to ascend the mountain, trouble opened before us.

The trail up the pass was one of the steepest in the country, and was now, of course, rendered tenfold more difficult by the falling sleet which had covered it with a glaze of ice. Riding was out of the question—walking, nearly as impossible. A great part of the way, we were forced to employ primitive means. Tying a rope to the halter of the leading horse, three of us, scrambling upward as far as we could, would haul him up after us by main strength, while the fourth, with "quirt" or "black-snake," reinforced energy below. Slipping, sliding, stumbling, falling—on its feet, on its knees, on its side, the poor animal would at last gain a resting place, and, panting with fatigue, and shivering with cold, wait while the process was repeated with its companions in misery. The many falls, and the violent struggle necessary to rise again, so disorganized the packs, that constant halts were necessary to rearrange them. Owing to these delays, night overtook us, before we gained the summit. To attempt to cross after nightfall would have been madness, and so, just before we came to timber-line, we went into camp. The horses were turned out to find what nourishment they could in spruce twigs, some dry wood collected, a fire made, coffee prepared, and supper eaten. Everything was coated with ice—our clothes were stiff, and arms and legs felt as though incased in joints of stove-pipe. For awhile, the fire seemed to be in league with the spirits of the storm, and refused to do more than to burn feebly, with a dull yellow flame, and a sullen discouraged air. Finally, however, finding that we were too old campaigners to lose temper at its misconduct, it shook off its sullenness, and blazed up royally. The crowding limbs of darkness and cold were driven further and further back—our stiffened garments began to soften and then to steam—our chilled blood to circulate—our numb extremities to regain feeling, until, under the combined influence of the fire, hot coffee, and pipes, we began to feel more comfortable, and to pity those poor fellows who had never experienced the pleasure of a good thorough storm of hail and sleet upon the summit of the Rockies. One does not know what fire is, until he has

seen it in the woods at night, when "Nox and Erebus, and Mars and Notus hold the torch between them." This night, how our fire did roar and laugh! How it clapped its hands, and threw up its arms! How it stood a tiptoe upon its pedestal of spruce logs, a winged Mercury, ready to take flight and soar into the unknown regions of darkness above! How the shadows skulk away, and retreat, pell-mell, into the forest behind! As we lie watching it, the Rhymer quotes softly,

"The broad flame pennons drop and flap
And betty and tog as a flag in the wind;
Like a leucist shirt, the leucist pennons
Hunted to death in its galleries blind:
And swift little troops of silent sparks
Now passing, now pauc away in a year,
Go threading the forests' tangled darts,
Like heras of frightened deer."

The sound of his voice aroused Ignotus, who declares it is time to turn in. John, the Ambidextrous, had, ere this, cut four logs, about eight inches in diameter, and as many feet in length. These were placed in a square upon the ground, our rubber blankets spread between, then the robes and other blankets, and over all the wagon sheet, a huge square of waterproof canvas, which, drawn over, and tuck-d in, amply protected us from the wet. We seldom went to the trouble of pitching our tent, unless our stay was to be a protracted one.

It was a veritable Walpurgis Night. All the spirits of the storm were abroad. The hail rattled on the wagon sheet like musketry, or snote the logs between which we lay crouched, like whiffs of grape-shot. From every point of the compass, the winds met above us, and wrestled with each other as to which should have us for their prey. They swooped down upon us like snarling wolves, caught the wagon sheet in their fangs, and tugged and tried to pull it off. They caught up huge brands from the fire, and sent them whirling off into the woods, lighting up for a moment the black recesses with a train of glowing sparks. When the blasts passed a moment to take breath, we could hear the sullen plunge of rocks, loosed from the peak of El Conquistador, crashing through the spruces till they came to rest in the valley three thousand feet below. As I snuggled down by the side of Ignotus, I felt disposed to be thankful that I wasn't a country physician, or an ardent lover, or of any other profession, in that night force he would have the elements when in such a snarl as they seemed to be that night.

Before morning, the wind died down, the sleet, changed to snow, and when we awoke, and endeavored to throw off our blankets, the superincumbent weight of snow was such that John declared he felt as if the Day of Resurrection had come, and he were the first to appear above the ground. The snow came down—not in flakes nor in sheets—but by the square acre, by the quarter section. At ten feet above, objects were dim—at many yards, invisible. The whole atmosphere seemed to be crystallizing and settling down on us in layers. Our fire, of course, had gone out—buried under a foot of snow. Ignotus, with a woodman's foresight, had tucked away some dry spruce splinters under the blankets at the head of his bed, the night before, making them serve as a pillow, and with these, and a due modicum of patience, we finally succeeded in starting a fire.

In the *dolce far niente* of the preceding evening, the Rhymer, who was also our *chef de cuisine*, had neglected to bake any bread for breakfast, and to do so now, in such a deluge of falling snow, was no easy task. Heap the lid of the pot on the fire, and wait until the boiling water, in three minutes they were quenched, and the lid was white with snow. However, the bread was served at last; as John remarked, "A very well baked on an average—burnt on the bottom, and raw on the top." The dried bacon was a success, though Ignotus complained that Dame Nature had botched the job, by putting too much water in the gravy.

When John suggested that the coffee seemed weaker than usual, the Rhymer accounted for it by calling to our minds, the well known physical law, the boiling point of liquids varies in inverse ratio to the height above the sea level, and as, in our case, this was about 15,000 ft., a slight mathematical calculation would prove that coffee made here would only be about one-half as strong as the normal infusion; and, if we would taste carefully, we would find that the present brew had almost exactly that ratio of strength. Ignotus mildly observed that he accounted for it, by the fact that he had noticed that the Rhymer had forgotten to put in any fresh coffee when he filled the pot with water, and we had been drinking a weak infusion of last night's grounds. The Rhymer contented himself by remarking confidentially to the bottom of his cup, as he inverted it to let the last drop run down his throat, that there was no use in trying to explain natural phenomena to a man who would indulge in a *pro pri* reasoning.

Breakfast over, we met in Committee of the Whole to discuss future movements. It was manifestly "extra hazardous" to continue our journey till the storm should abate, and yet, if it continued, the trail would soon be impassable. Either horn of the dilemma had its own particularly sharp point, upon which we were liable to be impaled. If we started, the odds were great that we should lose our way, and be precipitated over some precipice, or becoming involved in the labyrinth of gulches, wander around till hopelessly lost; if we remained, twelve hours more of such a snow would so blockade the trail, that movement would be impossible. The snow was already knee-deep—by night, at the rate at which it was falling, it would be six feet, and that meant a repetition, on a smaller scale, of the terrible Donner disaster.

Our indecision was brought to an end by our horses, who came up to the fire, and seemed to ask in their patient way, if we proposed to remain there till they were starved or frozen to death. As Rob's head loomed up out of the falling snow, Ignotus rose silently, took down his bride from the branch on which it hung, and, after warming the bit a moment at the fire, slipped it into his mouth. Without a word, we rose and followed his example. Saddling and packing finished, the horses were lined up at the head of the trail to the tail of another—so that the lost footing on the treacherous trail, he might be supported by the others. Ignotus, uncoupling a thirty foot lariat, fastened one end securely around his waist, and passed the other end to John, who did the same. So started the silent procession; Ignotus first, carefully feeling for the hidden trail with his long alpenstock, linked to and followed by John, leading the train with sure-footed and sagacious Rob at the head, and at the rear, the Rhymer and myself, riding. All trace of trail or path was obliterated.

We were climbing diagonally up a white mountain side, trying to follow, under two feet of snow, a narrow crooked trail, which had to be felt for, step by step, and which sometimes seemed to be lost entirely, while Ignotus prodded painfully for it with his staff. The snow fell so heavily that the

"THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Though I am a clergyman, of the orthodox stamp, I have no patience with the class of pietists who require all literature which is not distinctly religious. Secular books and papers, no matter how refined and instructive they may be, they have trained themselves to regard with feelings of horror; willfully ignorant of the fact that they enjoy of art and science, civilization and even religion, they owe largely to these very publications. They remind one of those fastidious folk who are afraid to pluck a rose lest there be enclosed in it the sting of a wasp. For the most part, they are one-sided, narrow-minded, warped specimens of humanity. Nor am I in any sympathy with that class of extremists who turn in disgust from everything religious and who are wholly absorbed in secular reading, much of which may be of questionable refinement.

In this age, when of making books and papers there is no end, there is need, as everybody knows of wise discrimination in selection. These myriad publications are spread before the people, who have the liberty of choice; and between the two extremes referred to there is a middle ground which all may occupy, and which never fails to fulfill its promise of pleasure and profit to the reader.

Now, a person's occupation goes far to determine the character of the reading which he makes a specialty. It will be in a line with his business. The artisan takes naturally to treatises on mechanics; the merchant to commerce; the farmer to agriculture; the attorney to law; the clergyman to theology and the physician to medicine. But then it is not wise to keep the mind on a constant strain over these special subjects. All have need of mental relaxation, and general information, and this two-fold necessity is met by our daily papers, and weekly and monthly magazines, which are largely miscellaneous in their make-up. They who do not avail themselves of one, two or more of these accessible avenues of current news and intelligence live behind the privileges of their age. They are not abreast with the times; and recent happenings, when they chance to be told of them, sound to their ears as much like fiction as old-time fables.

Mental rest is the immediate need given the mind something as to ally different as possible from that which it has been steadily occupied with. My parish numbers one hundred families. After a tour of pastoral visitation, or after I have been engaged for several hours in study pertaining directly to my profession, I feel the need of rest, mental recreation; and one of my favorite resorts is the *FOREST AND STREAM*, which comes new and fresh every week to my sanctum from the Times Building of the great metropolis. Though sitting at home, reading graphic descriptions of forest, lake and river scenery, and giving account of adventures with the rod and gun, and of rifle and bow, and to topcoats, yet it does not require a great stretch of the imagination to transport one's self right in the midst of the wild woods and grassy lands, and among the happy groups of pleasure-seekers on the land and on the sea. Thus, we sauntering are permitted to enter into their sports, participate in their pleasures and partake of their joys. From their repose beneath the hemlocks our weary heads gain rest. From their exploits our high-strung nerves snatch up bits of needed relaxation, and so our lives, as well as theirs, are sweetened and prolonged.

I also glean thoughts and suggestions here which help me in my work. I whip illustrations out of fly rods, shake them out of yacht's canvas and shoot them out of gun. I find them in the bent bow and flying arrow, and perceive them in the leaping cataract and the music of the woods. I am reminded of the happy hit which the sainted Dr. Bethune once made.

A neighboring minister said to him one day, "Brother, how it happened that while I have labored diligently as you have, and preached better sermons, and more of them, my parish has been scattered to the winds, and yours remains strong and unbroken?" Dr. Bethune then facetiously replied, "O, I'll tell you, brother. When you go fishing, you first set a great, rough pole for a handle, to which you attach a large cod line, and a great hook, and twice as much bait as the fish can swallow. With these accoutrements you dash up to the brook and throw in your hook with *'There, little, you dogs.'* Thus you scare away all the fish. When I go fishing I get a little switching pole, a small line and just such a hook and bait as the fish can swallow. Then I creep up to the brook, and gently slip the line, and I *'twitchee' em out, twitchee' em out, till my basket is full.'*" His.

To all of which the *FOREST AND STREAM* says amen; and to this will be added the enforcement of the many clergyman who are doing our round the year round, and to this as the name appended to many letters in the profession. In this way of contributing his share of the good things to the general fund he follows out the custom of his profession. And just here let us reprint from the *Independent* this rhyme of

A FISHING PARSON.

In a quiet village, far away,
The pulpit was vacant many a day.
Candidates came from far and near,
Every Sabbath for many a year.
Some were too awkward; some preached with ease;
But no one was able them all to please.
At length there came from a distant place
A man of unusual power and grace.
His frame was strong and his eye was clear,
And all were pleased who came to hear.
"This is our man!" said the elders all,
And old and young united to call.
The call was accepted, and early in May
The new parson came to his new abode to stay;
But after the toll of the settling down
In his pleasant home in the little town
The parson was one day seen to stroll
Across the street with his basket and pole,
And take his way o'er field and brake,
To a rippling stream that entered the lake
Just below the town. "What does it mean?"
Asked the goosies and all who him had seen.
"A fishing parson," exclaimed the men,
"How could we so deceive the town?"
The spinners said: "Twas a shame and sin—
A parson to be engaged in
Such worldly sports!" "Twas late in the day
When the parson took his homeward way,
With well-filled basket, and letter still,
A glowing check and a healthful thrill,
Caused by the blood that flowed through his veins
As he toiled for his summer gains.
Some said, with coldness: 'They nevermore
Could respect and love him as before.'

"A fishing parson! Who ever heard
Of a fishing man who preaches the Word?"
Thus spoke the elders and deacons and all,
And before them at once the parson they call.
"A painful duty," the eldest said,
Devolves upon us, and about his head
In a serious way, "Never before,
For eight and seventy years or more,
"Have we as a church been called upon
To remove our pastor for what he has done."
"You went a-fishing the other day,
We think it unseemly in every way,
"Twill injure the cause with the young and the gay,
"Tis scandalous! What have you to say?"
A smile came o'er the parson's face,
As he rose to respond with coming grace.
He came of Peter and brethren three,
Who once went fishing on Galilee.
"These were the men that the Master chose
To carry His gospel to friends and foes."
"Fishing parsons!" yet better men
To preach the Word and wield the pen.
The church has not known for many a day,
They loved to preach, they loved to pray;
Not their Lord they loved to discuss as all
They loved the mountain stork and dell.
"And as for myself, I can boldly say,
I preach the better, from day to day,
"For the strength I gain in my walks about,
While casting my fly for the speckled trout.
"And when in the forest, alone, oppressed,
God speaks to me and I am blest."
No more was said, but as time rolled on
The pews in the church filled, one by one.
And as before, from far and near,
The people flocked to him to cheer
"The fishing parson," for so he was known
By boys and girls and men full-grown.
And at length the meeting-house, which before
Had held them all, with room for more,
Became so crowded that ere the fall
An effort was set on foot by all
To build a new house, with ample room
For all the people who wished to come.
And though the years rolled swiftly by
The true soul glowed in the parson's eye;
And he often said in his pleasant way,
As he labored on from day to day,
That his power to work, with a steady plod
Was due to his love of the creed and rod.
The parson lived long, and rejoiced to think
Of the souls that were saved from sin's brink.
True fisher of men! he had tried to be—
As faithful as those of Galilee.
"Twas at eighty and three, and preaching still,
And serving his Master with heart and will,
That the welcome summons last was sent
To call him home from his mortal tent.
And it was yet on his tombstone deep,
When his last adieu was said to sleep:
"Here lie the fishing parson," and then,
"His master made him a fisher of men."
JAMES H. HODLEY.

"THE FORESTER SCHOOL OF BATHOS."

The following editorial is by request reprinted from our issue of Dec. 18, 1879:

"We have already spoken of the fashion set by Forester, and followed by his disciples, of making the potatoes of the sportsman a prominent feature of field stories; and we have sometimes thought that the author has had a very appreciable influence upon the literary style of amateur writers upon sporting topics. There is a class of young sportsmen who profess to find in the *FOREST AND STREAM* a model of style exhibited by no other English author; and who, consequently, model their own efforts upon his style. Now, without detracting in the least from Forester's deserved great fame, we may suggest that in common with many writers of his time, he is somewhat out of fashion so far as mode of expression is concerned. The adjective does not play so important a part now as it did then. We have nowadays less of vague, expansive soaring, and more of common sense, straightforward, plain English prose. One reason of this is, that one hundred authors are now writing where there were writing ten. To find an audience of one hundred must be much more terse and explicit than it once was necessary for the ten to be. Washington Irving's *Sketch Book* is not read as much as formerly; not alone because it is crowded out by the thousand and one new books of like character, but because its style is too rambling and diffuse for the day. The incoherence and compactness which mark the American's character in other fields, has its influence also in literature. In the literary world it is true this new order of things may be a mistake, but at all events the tendency becomes well defined to any one who will take the pains to compare the old and the new books in a library.

"We have, in the writings of some of the self-constituted sporting literateurs of the day, a survival of the crudities and faults of the American literature of the past. This is not difficult to explain. It is always easier to imitate faults than excellences; to catch the hollow form of a writer's style without at all entering into the spirit of his writings. And again, the influence of a writer who is the only author, or one of a very few, to read by the amateur wielder of the pen, is so much greater that he falls unconsciously into the same set phrases and turns of expression. When a young man reads of Frank Forester's writings, that 'All bear the indelible impress of a master mind, and have the qualities of imperishable genius,' and that 'the bright thoughts of his surpassing genius, as embodied in his writings, will ever remain a grand and indelible monument to his memory, more durable than bronze or granite material, as these shall remain fresh and beautiful for ever, more perishable than the ivory enshrined or the consumed by rust,' and still further, that 'the spirit of Forester is still with us,' and that 'we feel his presence; we are cheered by his inspired thoughts, and under the domination thus afforded, are better able to bear the loss of his material form and awe-inspiring presence;' and when we read such stuff as this, written by a person of the masculine gender, and published in the Year of Grace, One thousand, eight hundred and seventy-nine, we may safely conclude that something more than the literary taste of the writer is affected by

the devotion to 'the lamented master of the craft;' a devotion so intense, indeed, that we are threatened with its outgrowth at a future date, in the shape of a 'work,' illustrative of the literary achievements of the spirit aforesaid.

"It is a relief to turn from this balloon style of adjective to the numberless common sense and valuable papers which are written by sportsmen for sportsmen, and published in the sportsman's journals of the day. The Forester school is only a little orbit within itself, growing gradually smaller from year to year. The majority of those who employ their pens in writing to *FOREST AND STREAM*, even though they are non-professional writers, put their ideas into plain, intelligible prose. Were it not the case we should long since have been forced to suspend publication; for, however much the Forester school may enjoy composing their effusions, it is certain that people will not pay four dollars per year for the privilege of reading them.

"While the writings of Forester hold a deservedly high place in the library of the sportsman, and he likely to maintain that place for a long time to come, we are gratified to see the influence of their style gradually decreasing among writers.

"Some have been found to argue that composition is a direct measure of culture; that if a person has appeared in print—even though it be only sandwiched in among the advertising columns of a tall paper's monthly—it is a step in intellectual growth. The mere publication of the article does not, in itself, argue such an advance, but its subject matter does. Possibly, too, even in the latter case, it would have been better worth the literary aspirant's time and trouble to have absorbed the writings of some standard thinker, than to have palmed off his own crudities upon the world.

"The best writing is that of him who has something to say. The plain statement of an observation in natural history, of a principle of mechanics, or a practical description of a shooting or fishing trip, and kindred communications, are more acceptable to the sportsman than all the effusions of aching imitators of blank verse. Posing on the rim of a cup, or a people may make the populace open wide its mouth in wonder, but it is, on the whole, neither a useful nor a lucrative performance."

It may be added that the sixteen goodly volumes of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, with their current numbers of its Seventeenth Volume, afford a light and shining example of what is wanted by the American sportsman of to-day.

Natural History.

AN EXHAUSTIVE REVIEW OF Gantner's "Introduction to the Study of Fishes" and "Ichthyology," from the pen of Prof. Theodore Gill, is now in type and will be published in our next issue.

THE MOCKING BIRD'S SONG.

SPRINGVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 22.

I NOTICE in the last issue of the *FOREST AND STREAM* an article from "Robert West in the *Adelphi*" on the mocking bird, in which he claims that this peevish singer is imitated, that he is not the clack-bird at all, but merely a wonderful bird, who sings an original song, but which somehow singularly happens to be composed of the identical notes of other's masters or aviators, and attempts to prove his assertion by the fact that a young bird raised apart from other birds acquired, or originated, according to Mr. West, the same notes as birds grown under the tutelage of old singers. It proves nothing of the kind. It seems strange that any one should assume such a position. Did "Bob White" and the innumerable company of other birds give their notes as the mocking bird? Will a blue bird or robin, raised in confinement, fail to pipe the notes of his parents? It is hereditary as much as his shape, and so to a great degree is the incomparable potpourri of the mocking bird, yet not altogether. Centuries of practice have bred in this bird his wonderful powers as surely as his individual plumage, and raised in confinement he will naturally reproduce a song, if not all, the selections of his ancestors. Nevertheless, he is a mocker as much as a singer. To say he is not is to assume that he originated it not as of other birds. Birds of different species do not have the same song. He either originates these songs or he belongs to several dozens of different species, or he is a nigger.

And Mr. West says "a first-class singer invariably excels that which he is popularly supposed to be imitating, and other birds recognize and acquiesce in this without any exception." Can perfection be excelled? When a mocking bird reproduces the note of a sparrow or a thrush or a cat, "gnat-hew!" how is he going to excel it? He may play a few variations on it, by supplementing or preface it to some other imitations, but on imitation pure and simple he can't excel, in the sense Mr. West uses the word.

As to the statement that other birds recognize and acquiesce in the mocking bird's superiority, it is one of the pretty things that can't be proven. I don't deny that they will might do so, but that they do so "without any exception" is assuming a position which no circumstances warrant.

My home is in Plattsburgh, and I have heard quite a number of mocking birds and, being a lover of music, I have paid considerable attention to the wonderful powers of this star singer. The comb of my wife is the stage whereon a couple or more exhibit their acquirements to the public daily. The orange trees are alive with them, and many have the same succession of notes, liquid drops of sweetness, wonderful melody which they trail after them as they fly from tree to tree. He runs over with song. Even when sitting he can't keep quiet, but spreads his wings and flutters his wings continually, while at the same time he pours forth his music. He sits on the chimney top and begins his overture with the loveliest little pianissimo trill, and when once the door is opened he must sing or die. He warbles, he trills, he shakes, he whistles, he gives you note of quail, yellowhammer, night-bawk, whippoorwill and a yonder or other, while interwoven intricately are his own inimitable comments on it. At intervals during this entertainment he lifts himself by an impassioned wing-beat or two into the air, a sort of exclamation of his sentiments, and settles singing a note on his perch to continue with crescendo and diminuendo, legato and staccato, repeat and da capo. The imprisoned melody presses up him, and when the surging, quivering notes escape him they soar abroad through all the delighted air in wondrous harmony, at ebbing the love and omnipotence of the Creator. In the stillest hush of night, when the stars look forth from the lake, when no sound but the hoot of the owl in the distant swamp mars the quiet, the

sleeping mocking bird in the orange tree near my window dreams of music, partially wakes and warbles a few soft, sleepy, delicious notes, a beautiful musical soliloquy, stopping as abruptly as it began; and he dreams again to watch the sleeper, near him with a royal salute to the coming morn, when the east flushes and the stars grow dim.

DO OPOSSUMS FEIGN DEATH?

THAT the opossum will feign death that he may live is known by all acquainted with their habits. Hence the saying "play possum" where the opossum lives.

When collecting botanical specimens, many years ago, in Wilcox County, Alabama, I saw an opossum up a small tree of only about three inches in diameter. To see if he would pretend to be dead I armed myself with a green stick of the size of a large cane and began shaking the tree. He was about ten feet high, next the body of the tree, on a small limb. The shaking caused him to run out on the limb and also to lose his foothold, but he caught the limb by the tail and remained suspended until repeated shaking caused him to fall.

Several blows on the head stretched him on the ground, seemingly dead. I held him up by the tail and threw him down, and he showed no signs of life. I then stood and watched him until I saw him breathe slowly and at distant intervals. I went several rods distant, where he could not see me. Finally he opened his eyes, raised his head, looked around, got up and ran into his hole a short distance off. He then upturned roots of a large fallen tree. I did not know that his home was so near, if I had I should have closed the entrance and killed him.

Opossums are common in this portion of Texas. I have killed many of them when they came after my chickens at night. One I thought I had killed and threw him down with a bloody head. Next morning he was gone, since which I make sure when in killing them.

According to Prof. Baird in the Mexican Boundary Survey, and also in Vol. 8 of the Pacific Railroad Reports, the Texas "possum" is not known to live in Texas, but the Texas "possum" is the *Didelphys californica*, a smaller animal with a larger tail.

The "possum" of this region seems to be identical with the one east of the Mississippi in size and appearance, nor have I ever heard any one speak of the Texas "possum" as being different. I believe a full investigation of the matter will prove them to be the same species.

The "possum" runs faster than a man, hence, in a fair field by moonlight, he is easily outdone. I have killed two females, each of which had nine young ones in pouch attached to dogs.

A few years ago a "possum" was killed near Naples, Ontario Co., N. Y., where it is so rare that many people do not know its name.

S. B. BUCKLEY.

Austin, Texas, August, 1881.

HOW A SNAKE CLIMBS.

NEW ORLEANS, August 17.

HAVING noticed in your issue of 11th inst. the remark that none of your correspondents upon the subject of snakes climbing trees had described the manner of ascent I would state that I happened once to witness the act.

Returning from a trout-fishing excursion in the Alleghenies, traveling by the turnpike that runs along the north fork of the south branch of the Potomac, in Pendleton, W. Va., West Virginia, my attention was attracted by a black hawk, about four feet in length, flattened against the trunk of an oak of about three feet diameter. It had got some four or five feet from the ground and was making its way slowly upward in an almost perpendicular direction. Every muscle appeared to be at its greatest tension; the body was rigid and drawn in irregular serpentine folds much more marked than those made in progression on the ground, taking hold by the abdominal plates upon the corners or projections of the corrugated bark and so drawing its length upward as from step to step in the manner suggested by you. The surface of the bark, broken by irregular upright channels and ridges, with transverse breaks in the latter, afforded so many points *d'appui*, from one of which the snake would lift a section of its length to another and so on upward, slowly but surely.

I was so struck by this acrobatic feat of a legless reptile that I have retained a lively recollection of it to this day.—G. A. W.

A CUNNING OLD SQUIRREL.—PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., May 9.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—On the 7th of May, a friend and myself took a ramble in search of some hawk's eggs, as I have not yet quite lost my old spirit of a "nest-robbing urchin," but confine my collection to the eggs of the hawk, owl, crow, etc., against which I have a crossless war. Our first nest we found in a large maple tree. We had a boy to do the climbing and adjusting the climbers to his legs he was soon up to the nest. He cried out that it was an old hawk's nest, and threw it down. Where it struck the ground a great chattering was set up, and on examining the nest, we found in the interior of the bunch of sticks and dead leaves three young gray squirrels whose eyes were not yet opened. We arranged the nest as best as we could, and covering the young squirrels up with leaves, left them at the foot of the tree, in hopes that the old gray might find them. On our return we came to a large maple tree, where we saw, but on watching the tree we found squirrels and nest gone, and in a tree near by was a new nest. On looking closer we saw the old gray squirrel sitting in a crotch about a yard from the nest. On seeing us the squirrel jumped into the next tree and sat up again. We drew nearer, to get a better view of her, when she jumped into the next tree, and so gradually led us away from the nest. Now it certainly looked as if the old squirrel had, during the day, made a new nest, transferred her young to it, and upon seeing us return, had led us fully one hundred yards from the nest, when thinking her young were safe, she ran up an elm and was out of sight in a twinkling.

T. B. JOHNSON.

CLIMBING WOODCOCKS AGAIN.—New Castle, Pa., July 7.—Two instances of the kind came under my own observation. One day last fall I was hunting squirrels in the eastern part of this county. Seating myself on a log to rest, I noticed some large, dark animal climbing or, as it seemed to me, sliding up a side of a tree of nearly eight inches in diameter. I was quickly slipping a couple of heavy shells into my ten-gauge. I made my way to the tree. The woodchuck—for such I found it to be—went on up the tree to where it forked, and sticking his head through the forks, proceeded to "take in" the surrounding country. But he "took in" more than he had

bargained for—a charge of No. 4 shot—and then took a tumble. It was the largest one I ever saw. This spring, while hunting ducks on one of our streams, I saw a woodchuck jump out of a small willow tree where he had been sitting about four feet from the ground. Before I could throw my gun to my shoulder and pull, he was in a hole at the foot of the tree. It is very common for him to tree when hotly pursued by dogs. I have a friend living in the country who has shot at least a dozen in that way.—WOODCHUCK.

THE ORPHAN ROBIN'S FOSTER-FATHER.—In Rocky Hill a tame male robin is kept by Mrs. Ryer in a cage. He would come back to the cage, when liberated, after flying about out-doors. Near by, in a dwarf pear tree, a pair of robins had a nest. The house cat, just about the time the young robins were hatched, succeeded in catching and killing the mother bird, and the other two, being the same cat also killed the mother bird, thus leaving the young birds unprotected. Mrs. Ryer took the nest out of the tree, and placed it, with its gaping and hungry little inmates, in the cage of her tame cock-robin, together with a dish of boiled eggs, as an experiment. The old bird looked at them, and apparently thought the matter over in a reflecting mood. Then he proceeded to feed them a little—giving to each little wide-open throat a morsel of the egg-yolk. Having disposed of the first morsel, he then flew off to a search for worms. In the course of the day, the bird continued very industriously to forage the gardens thereabout for the benefit of those nestlings. These latter grew apace, and in due time were big enough to be encouraged to get out-doors themselves and try their wings. Whether the old cock-robin after that taught them by example how to find and secure worms for themselves in the sward of the lawn and in the garden has not been reported, but that in the case of robins the parent birds do teach their young is shown by this very summer. In the Rocky Hill case the young robins became able to take care of themselves; and then their benevolent self-appointed guardian went back to his cage.—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

LARGE DEER HORNS.—MORA, near the Adirondacks, July 29, 1881.—The deer are, for some reason or other, more plenty in the St. Regis district than they have been before in several years past, although they have been hunted ever since the middle of May. Parties who have been up to the Sixteen-mile Level during the past two weeks have found them plenty as ever. A very large buck was killed there last week. They have the horns at the Blue Mount House, and all who see them say they are the largest they ever saw. They are in the velvet yet, and I have sixteen prongs started, eight on each horn. They measure eight inches in circumference near the head, and are eight inches broad at the widest part near their ends. The parties who killed the deer had no means of weighing it, but think it would weigh over 300 lbs. It was very fat and they got a large quantity of tallow when they dressed it. Another buck was killed there last week, near the same place, nearly as large as that one, but it had not such large horns; and two deer were shot there Wednesday night last, and both got away wounded to death. This is the curse of night hunting. As many get away wounded and are left to die a lingering death as there are of those killed on the spot and got by the hunters.—A. C.

Game Bag and Gun.

A CAMP HUNT IN ISSAQUENA COUNTY.

IN my earlier days of hunting in the swamps of Mississippi it was considered entirely *hors de convenance* while following a pack of bear dogs, to shoot at any other game however the temptation. Many times has it occurred to pass a fine great buck or a drove of turkeys, not daring to break through the prescribed rules of the country. On one occasion, however, in company with my father and several English gentlemen, on a grand camp hunt, I broke the prescribed rules, and with so little bad effect upon the dogs, that since then the old rule has been placed on file, not even to be referred to.

Before telling the circumstance under which I laid myself liable to at least severe censure, I will try and give the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* an account of that, my first experience of camping in the wilderness. It was in the fall of 1850. The weather had been remarkably fine, and the mast more abundant than ever known before. The country was very sparsely settled, and the wood full of game, panthers and bears being so plentiful that it was the constant talk of the inhabitants as to their boldness, and the great depredations they had made upon the few heads of stock which was in the country. Our camp equipage was not only complete but luxurious; negroes to wait upon us, and any number of mules to pack our baggage. We even carried along a couple of canvas canoes to facilitate crossing bays, and to do duck, goose and swan shooting from. After leaving the cleared land some few miles, we were dependent upon the compass for our guide as though we had been in the middle of the Atlantic ocean. Time was no special object, so we did not attempt to hunt or unsnap a bound until we had gone several miles and come to the bank of a beautiful, clear-running bay, where we determined to pitch our tents, and from there start upon our first hunt.

Our negroes, under the direction of my father's old body servant Rupert, were left to attend to the camp details, and after taking observations as to our exact position, the dogs were uncoiled. We had seen a good deal of deer sign, and the old hunter, "Liz," had discovered a bear track or two. It was not a few minutes before old "Spot" opened (we were in sight of him at the time), and I was particularly struck at his manner. He was standing perfectly still; every few seconds he would put his nose to the ground, and then suddenly raising his head, he would give one of those peculiar, long, musical howls, as only the thoroughbred hound can. This state of things lasted several seconds; the other dogs showed impatience, yet they seemed to wait. At last, "Liz" broke away as though he had sighted the game, then followed the others, opening their musical throats with such intensity of purpose that their conduct seemed perfect in having business ahead. It was rather difficult to keep very close up to them, on account of the briars, undergrowth and fallen timber, but such absolute silence prevailed in this virgin forest, outside of the beautiful notes of the pack, that we could hear them

distinctly; the chase at times was most exciting; as the dog would find a place where the trail was freshest, their yelping and barking would have made one unaccustomed to this kind of hunting think that they had found the bear; then would come a pause, caused perhaps by the bear crossing a creek, or else, when closely pursued (they are as cunning as foxes), they will run through water on top of logs and sometimes go in a hollow tree to throw the dogs off the trail. That was not the case, however, with this one; the pack was fresh and thirsting for blood, and Bruin was allowed no time for his pranks. He turned first one way and then another, and must have gone at a tremendous speed for at least an hour and a half; when overcome he took to a cane-brake, and in a few minutes was up on his game, and after the sharp crack of his heels, and when we got up to them, which we did by dismounting at the edge of the brake, and with cane knives cutting our way to them, they were at its base, barking and yelping with such fury that it is no wonder that the poor beast had not the courage to turn and meet them in combat. As I had killed my bear already, one of the Englishmen, Hon. M. E. P., was allowed the shot. He had a Lancaster double barreled and double grooved rifle, carrying an ounce ball, which he drew on his game, and after the sharp crack of the report down tumbled Bruin as dead as a mackerel.

As none of our party were any too clever at "boxing the compass" had it not been for the sagacity of a mule I was riding we would have had some trouble in finding our camp. Here we found everything in splendid order. The tents pitched, a splendid fire burning, camp stools set out in front, and a table improvised from a few poles, and a lot of stray canoes stretched tight across them, upon which was laid a white table cloth, ornamented with silver spoons and forks, plates, tumblers and napkins. Such a dinner and such appliances can only be had under such circumstances. We had a capital soup. "Rupert" had put one of the men to fishing (black bass in quantities) and he took a gun (when we were out of hearing) and bagged a few fine mallards which, added to the supplies brought along, made us a sumptuous repast.

The day's work had not been heavy so a fox hunt was proposed. That night all joined except myself, and I not, simply because being near-sighted I had no chance to have a shot, besides, I knew that my father, his brother and his sons to go out hunting as possible. Before going to sleep in the deathly stillness which reigned I heard three or four reports of guns, which in the morning proved to be fruitful of a fine fat doe weighing some ninety odd pounds.

We remained at this camp until the varmints began to know of our whereabouts, and kept clear of us, requiring too long ranges to find game, so we up traps and made for the banks of Little Sunflower. Here we had royal sport killing several bears, two panthers, and any number of deer and turkeys, and it was here when the dogs were in hot pursuit of a bear that I made my terrible innovation upon the former stereotyped rules of the bear chase. I was left behind on the banks of the bay on at a place where bear tracks were plenty and fresh. Supposing that he might attempt to cross there the hounds could be distinctly heard, and they seemed to be running in the direction of my stand so much so that I had both barrels of my gun cocked ready for any emergency.

The dogs were apparently coming closer and closer, and I was straining my eyes to catch the first glimpse of the cause. At once I heard a tremendous rattling, and cracking of the cane on the opposite bank from where I stood, and made sure I would soon see the bear; the noise continued, as though whatever was making it was undecided as to which way to go. I was, I must confess, getting quite nervous, the dogs in the meantime, judging from the sound, had passed the point opposite where I was, and from their weak cry I fancied they had lost the trail. The rattling noise in my front continued, and I took courage behind a large cypress tree close to me, and I was standing. In about two minutes still looking opposite me, there came at a rattling pace down the bank a magnificent buck with a pair of splendid antlers, into the bay he dashed and was making toward my side. I remembered the rule of not shooting at any game when the hounds were on a bear track, but the temptation was too great, I raised my gun to fire, but then thought if I shot and did kill the buck in the water he would sink, so I kept cool until he began clambering up the bank, and when within about twenty feet of me I fired, and he fell, and such a kick my gun gave me that it incapacitated me for shooting the rest of the time we were out. I got on my mule and he kindly took me to camp about two miles away. I described as well as I could where my buck was, and having blazed several trees on my way back with my cane knife, the men had but little difficulty in finding him.

When the others came in at night they said they had heard my gun, but it was no use, as the remaining of the dogs. Since then no hunter who uses the hounds were to use the same game were allowed to pass, and the bear dogs did their duty just as well. We were out about ten days when the beautiful weather changed to rain, and we broke camp and went home, not having been more than twenty-five miles distant all the while, and having broken camp but twice. As the *FOREST AND STREAM* goes to England I hope some of the gentlemen who were of our party could see this little narrative. Many wonderful changes have taken place in that country. My father is since dead, so is Liz, and of course, not a vestige of the strain of our old dogs is in the country. There was seen the most beautiful cotton plantations in the South with their hundreds of darkies to entice them, now there is nothing but ruin and desolation.

J. D. H.

MAINE GAME NOTES.

Moose, Maine, Aug. 15.

This morning, at about six o'clock, Mr. James C. Bishop, of this place, started a fox about three miles distant with his English fox-hound Spot. He started him in the Thompson woods, and after a chase of twenty minutes, the dog succeeded in driving him into his hole, when Mr. Bishop captured him alive. It was the first fox of the season, and was a common American red fox, *Vulpes fulvus*. This gentleman is the owner of several other valuable dogs, among which are an English bull terrier, and a native fox-hound bitch named "Bessie." He informs me that the prospect for fox hunting in this vicinity is excellent.

Sportsmen who desire this kind of sport would find this a rich field for operations.

When the season for ruffed grouse and woodcock opens sportsmen here are looking for lively times.

In the old Elliottsville township, at the north of us, and in the neighboring towns of Howard, Bangor and Shirley are many miles of solitary and most forsaken highways running through dense forests where these birds abound in great numbers.

RINGWOOD.

You often publish the constitutions of game protective societies, and I have no doubt that such forms give very valuable and substantial aid in the formation of new societies. Now here are the rules of an old deer hunting society, the Graveland Society, established in 1862, and which is now assembled at the Darent, and the same Darent family which has become known because of its alliance by marriage with ex-President Grant. In fact, President Grant's father-in-law, you will see, was one of the signers of the document. Do not think that these rules are sent to you to be used as a model for other organizations, for, confidentially, I am of opinion that, with the exception of Graveland, there are no such societies in the United States. I have been a few examples of warning to the rising generation, their regulations are hardly up to the present standard of hunting clubs. They belong to the category

gory of the Sheridan fishing rules, recently published in your columns. The original document is now in possession of Mr. Charnaud, of the Recorder's office, of this city, and has about it a sort of horse-laugh humor which gives us a hint of what was thought to be fun in those days. The rules are as follows:

1. The society to be known as the Gravois Hunting Club.
 2. The company shall consist of such commissioned and non-commissioned officers as prescribed by other hunting societies, unless a majority deem it necessary to alter them.
 3. It shall be the duty of the president to appoint the necessary number of officers, who shall hold their offices until December 31, 1844, when there shall be a general election.
 4. Persons failing to attend either a meeting of the club or a drive, after being notified, shall pay for the benefit of the company one quart of whiskey.
 5. Any member who shall shoot at a deer at the distance of sixty yards or less, without killing, shall pay half a gallon. If he fails to draw blood he shall pay one gallon, and if he neglects to shoot when within sixty yards he shall pay not more than two gallons, at the discretion of the company.
 6. No person shall read a newspaper on his stand under a penalty of one quart, and in case of such fine it shall be placed to the credit of the driver.
 7. Any person going to sleep on or near a stand shall forfeit one quart, and if he shall snore so loud as to be heard 100 yards he shall pay one gallon to the driver.
 8. Any member who shall fail to feed a dog belonging to the club when it is in his power to do so, shall forfeit half a gallon for each dog, to be credited to the dog's master.
 9. Any member who shall sit by the fire for more than half an hour without telling a deer story or calling for a horn shall forfeit a quart.
 10. No member is allowed to get so drunk after a drive as to require four persons to carry him to bed, under a penalty of one gallon.
 11. The members who go to bed with their boots on shall pay for the benefit of the landlord one-quarter of venison.
 12. Any members who shall refuse to take a slice of good venison when invited shall forfeit one gallon for the benefit of the club.
 13. Any member getting so drunk as to shoot at a horse, cow or sheep by mistake for a deer shall foot the bill at the first dram shop and have his grog stopped for six months.
 14. Any member who is guilty of contributing for distant charitable purposes when his charity is needed at home shall forfeit two gallons.
 15. Any member who shall discover an individual of our opposers or enemies driving or keeping a horse and bid in his barn, or still-hunting under a pretence of amusement or necessity, shall receive a premium of five gallons and two plugs of tobacco, to be paid by the treasurer out of any liquor or tobacco not otherwise appropriated.
 16. Any member who shall play a game of cards without a stake of tobacco shall pay for the benefit of the club not more than one plug nor less than one chew, at the option of the president.
- To the above rules and regulations we pledge ourselves, our lives, our fortunes and our kill in shooting.
- The signers were: Thos. M. Richey, President; James Bailey, Vice President; Harrison L. Long, Council; Abner E. Bailey, Captain; Andrew J. Cromwell, Gamekeeper; John J. Bailey, Treasurer; Oliver Cromwell, Sergeant; Lewis D. Dent, Clerk; John C. Dent, Secretary; John F. Long, Recorder.
- I wonder if some of the older readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* cannot give us a glimpse of other old-time hunting clubs.

WAGONWHEEL.

A COLORADO BEAR HUNT.—Denver, Col.—You see it all happened in this way. Doc. drove up one morning with his bronchos and light wagon outfitted for hunting. Said he was going up Brush Creek, where he "lowed there was bear. Frank said if he'd wait a few minutes he'd go along. I said I was crazy to go too. Off we started, Doc. entertaining us with pebbles of the bear scraps he'd been in. "Hold on," said Frank, and he jumped out of the wagon, and under a tree he jumped before we could check the team. As we stopped we could see him behind peering along the ground as an Indian would hunt for a trail. "What is it," we cried. "Fresh bear tracks," he answered. Out I jumped and, sure enough, there in the dust was the fresh track which, I imagine, resembled Cruso's man Friday's as much as anything.

Well, where there were tracks we knew there had been bear; and so we hurried on, more eager than ever. Soon we reached Brush Creek, and then down our way into the canyon over a rough road and up a rough trail it was torture to ride. We safely made camp about noon, luckily finding a comfortable log cabin at our disposal, which had been used formerly by the choppers. After a hasty lunch we loaded our rifles and started out. I did not get back until 9 o'clock at night, having seen neither deer nor bear; but before night I had come across a covey of black grouse and had bagged four or five. The others were more fortunate. Doc and Frank, having joined forces, took a fresh deer trail, jumping up two fine bucks and killed both.

For two days we hunted for bears without avail, and as Doc was anxious to get home we decided at noon to pull out. So we packed up, Doc. going ahead with the team, Frank and myself following after. As we neared the mouth of the gulch the canyon widened, and off to our left another wide gulch came into the main one. As we neared it all at once we saw in the road the freshest kind of bear tracks, which proved to be those of an old one and two cubs. We lost no time in bagging Doc., and quicker than it takes to tell it we had our team unhitched and tied to the wagon and were off after our game. It was an exciting experience following through brush and over rocks the trail, which every moment seemed fresher and which every moment led us deeper into the gulch and away from the hill on our right. After we had traveled for a mile and the brush seemed thicker, Doc. remarked that we had better be getting out as we were liable to be caught at a great disadvantage. No sooner had he spoken than, "who was in the rear, saw our bear rise up on her haunches some 100 yards to our left. "There she is," I said. "Hold on," said Doc.; "let me have the first shot." So Doc. up with his rifle and pulls at her shoulders, overshooting and only causing her to rise on her haunches. "Now is my time," I said, and held for her head. Doc. all the time crying not to shoot as we'd surely get tangled up in the brush. I told him he had his shot and now I was going to have mine, and I pulled, hitting her in the breast, but making only a flesh wound. The way she jumped over the bushes and started for us was a caution. It started Doc. on a run in the opposite direction, with Frank and I bringing up in the rear. But that didn't last long, Doc. getting out of breath and onto higher ground. There we reconnoitered and saw our bear

going back to the mountains and endeavoring to entice her back to follow. But we made short work of these proceedings by pouring into them a shower of lead from our repeating rifles that caused them all to hite the dust—or rather snow, as a heavy snow squall had set in ten minutes before. We marked our bear and deer heads and realized handsomely besides the exciting sport which we had.—J. A. B.

A NEW YORK BOY'S ADVENTURE.—Conway, N. H., Aug. 12.—We have had quite a sensation here this week. Four young men (city boys) went from here to Swift River interval, in the town of Albany and among the mountains, some fifteen miles from this village, to camp out a few nights and hunt and fish. On the second afternoon one of them started off by himself to see if he could shoot something; and in a short time he discovered that he was lost, and that he did not know which way to go to reach his camp. He wandered around till it began to grow dark, and then went up into a large tree and passed the night in it not sleeping a wink all night. The next day he traveled all day, and not having any food with him he shot a partridge and kindled a fire and roasted part of it and ate it (without salt). About 5 p. m., feeling tired, he sat down under a tree to rest. Being very weary, he soon fell asleep, and when he woke up he found it the 7th next morning. Seeing a large hill (it is called Greene's Cliff) he thought he would go up and look off, when he discovered houses, and having a small compass with him he took his course for the nearest one and struck a bee line for it. He found it very bad walking as it was through swamp and over windfalls, but coming up to the river at last he heard a cow bell on the opposite side; he crossed over, found the cow, followed her home and arrived at the house at 7 p. m., having been out two and a half days and two nights. He asked for something to eat, although he said he was not in a starving condition, and also asked if that was Swift River interval, and being informed it was, told his story. The house was about four miles south of where he went in. His father resides in New York city. He says he is going back in about a week to try it again, and thinks he won't get lost the second time. J.

THE BRADFORD BANQUET.—The recent publication of the bill of fare at the banquet of the Washington Woodmont Rod and Gun Club prompts a Bradford friend to send us the bill of fare of a supper given to the Audubon Shooting Club, Buffalo, New York, by the Bradford Shooting Club, of Bradford, Pa. June 9, 1881. The "spread" was given at the St. James Hotel, Humphreys and Pierce proprietors, and the members of the visiting club—but, why say what every one understands—of course the occasion was one long to be cherished in memory. The menu was as follows:

Terrapin Soup.		
Brook Trout, Fried, Mountain style.		
Restigouche Salmon, Boiled, Lobster Sauce.		
Leg of Southdown Mutton, Caper Sauce.		
Turkey with Cranberry Jelly.		
Spring Lamb with Green Mint.		
Sweet Breads, Larded with Purée of Spinach.		
Spring Chickens, Broiled à la Audubon.		
Rissoles of Fowls' Livers, Financière Sauce.		
Shrimp Salads.	Chicken Salad.	
New Potatoes.	Green Peas.	Sweet Corn.
Asparagus.	Apple Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce.	Lemon Meringue Pie.
Pine Apple.	Assorted Cake.	
Strawberries with Cream.	Neapolitan Ice Cream.	
Fruits.	Vienna Coffee.	Assorted Nuts.
		HAFTED.

NEW ENGLAND SHOOTING WANTED.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I wish to find some place either in the State of Maine, Vermont or New Hampshire where good duck and snipe shooting or ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting could be obtained from the 10th to the 25th of September; also the person's name who will take boarders in locality. D. D. D.

Read last and present issues.

You might go to Grafton, Vt. Of that locality a letter just at hand says: "Grafton, Vt., Aug. 22.—Agreeable to your request for information as to good grounds for sportsmen to visit with reasonable chances of success, I take the liberty to suggest that we have found of the finest sports grounds in our immediate vicinity, which are square and appear to be well stocked with cock. We have no local hunters with us and very few birds have been killed here at any time. I have no doubt but with good dogs and hunters who are up to the business fine sport could be had. We have a fine hotel and lively stable here, which make very low charges. Just now the hotel is full, but after the first of September they will have ample accommodations for sportsmen. Woodcock are seen constantly in the gardens of the village citizens and I hear of them in many localities.—S. W. G."

SOME SNIPER SCORES.—Louisville, August 5.—The neighborhood of Vincennes, Ind., is said to be the best snipe ground in the State. In an old memorandum book of my dear friend Capt. Gusele, now dead, one of the best sportsmen and loveliest men Kentucky ever produced, I find the following memoranda: "Near Carlisle, Illinois, April 4, 1868.—Four of us killed 244 snipe; April 5 we killed 230 snipe, April 7 we killed 330 snipe, April 8 three of us killed 259 snipe." The best snipe shooting I ever had was on the rice plantations near Charleston, S. C. The fields are square and separated by ditches, the ditch banks being five or six feet above the fields. Four of us hunted in different fields, the snipe flying from one to the other. The snipe were in clouds, like grasshoppers in the fall, and would often alight right at our feet. I am sure that I sometimes saw more than a hundred on the wing at once.—L. P. Y.

ELEVATION IN SHOOTING SHOT.—Recently I bought a new breech-loader, the best in market of course. I ordered a 9-lb., 12-gauge, choke-bore, expressly for long-range shooting, chiefly to use course shot. Upon testing at target with No. 4s, sixty and seventy yards, I found that by sighting direct at the centre in a forty-inch target the greater portion of the charge was found below the centre, but well distributed. Adhering to my old notion that when shot are driven with

such force they could not drop at that distance (sixty yards), I continued the trial, with the same result. By good luck I had found in a book store a pamphlet called "Game Birds," by Thos. Alexander, in which I find many valuable suggestions. Among others he said that shot will drop four inches in forty yards. I concluded to act upon the suggestion, elevating to six inches above the centre spot at sixty yards, and to my satisfaction found the charge every time where I wanted it. At other trials since have had no difficulty in planting from ten to fifteen No. 2s near the centre at 100 yards every time, elevating in the latter case about two feet. Of course in shooting in trees this rule does not apply. Perhaps there are others of your readers, like myself, who have not considered that the law of gravitation acts upon a charge of shot as well as upon a ball.—J.

ADIRONDACK GUIDES AGAIN.—New York, Aug. 20.—I spent over two months last summer on the Fulton Chain of Lakes, and during that time came in contact with a great many of the guides, both from the upper and lower lakes, and found them to be perfect gentlemen in every respect. I did not meet one that I would not trust any lady with at any time and under any circumstances. I believe them to be as a class finer men than you will find in almost any work, in other words, men that are square to the letter. The article in the *New York Mail* is unjust in the extreme, and it is evident that the writer has never been in the company of an Adirondack guide or he would have known that he was entirely wrong and unjust in saying that "the Adirondack guides are a class to be let severely alone."—Vex.

AN UNUSUAL ACCIDENT.—I would ask you the cause for a rifle's holding fire in this manner: A young man out shooting woodchuck had snapped his rifle at one and for some reason it did not discharge. He lowered the gun, drew the ramrod and was driving the charge home, thinking the powder had not entered the tube. The gun discharged while in that position, driving the rod and charge through his hand, which, it is thought, will cause him to lose the use of it. Is it right to suppose a piece of lint in the tube had caused the gun to hold fire, acting as a train to the powder?—Mrs.

[The supposition of our correspondent is as plausible as any we can suggest. The action of the gun was very curious, although not without parallel in our experience. The powder may have been damp and caked, especially if the charge had been in the gun some time.]

BEAR DOGS.—Many years ago when bears were more plenty than pumpkins in the Empire State, it used to be common for hunters to find where they made nocturnal visits to corn-fields and then to take a little whiffet dog, that was trained for the business, and hunt them in the same way that coons are hunted now. The little dog would generally scare the bear and put him to flight and then nip his heels as he ran, which would cause him to take to a tree the first chance he might get, where he would remain long enough before getting over his fright, for the hunter to come up and give him a dose of lead by the light of a torch or large fire. One old hunter, Elijah Dibble, who lived in Delaware Co., was the owner of a well trained dog, and was noted as a great bear slayer. J. H. A.

NEBRASKA CHICKENS.—LINCOLN, Neb., August 18.—It turns out that chickens are not as abundant as was anticipated. The hunters were out for some of the 15th inst. in other words, men that are square to the letter. Mr. Hallett and I stayed in the country Sunday night and began work at early dawn the next day. During the day, after a tramp of nearly twenty miles, over a good dog, we got thirty-seven chickens, all of them pretty nearly grown except three. So far as we can learn it was the best bag made that day; but it was arduous work. It may be, cooler weather will show more chickens.—BURN H. POLK.

ILLINOIS DUCK SHOOTING.—Chicago, August 15.—Duck shooting commenced in this State to-day. Ducks are numerous and we are anticipating fine sport this fall. Chickens and quail are also plenty. A great deal of illegal shooting is going on here and just over the "line" in Indiana, by alleged sportsmen's clubs. Several parties have been fined for shooting ducks out of season, but this does not seem to stop the shooting. Black bass fishing in the small lakes in this vicinity is unusually good.—JIM.

DUCKING ON CHAMPLAIN.—Troy, N. Y., July 30.—I see by your last that some one wants to go duck shooting. I am making arrangements to go to the north end of Lake Champlain on the 10th of September next. Another party is going with me, but we would not object to a third. Am myself acquainted with the ground, and can show him some fine sport. If he wishes he can correspond with me on the subject.—H. W. BRUCE.

PAPABOTTES.—Indianola, Tex., Aug. 16.—Have at last had a fine rain, and the shooting around this place is splendid. "Papabottes" are very plenty and fat. I should say that there are at least a hundred birds a day killed in a radius of three miles of this town, a single gun in an afternoon getting as many as forty and fifty. A few miles up the railroad chickens are very plenty, and there will be plenty of quail this season.—G. A.

NEW JERSEY.—Coster, Aug. 20.—Woodcock shooting has been very poor during July. We may have a fall light, but that is uncertain. I am afraid Bob White has forsaken us, as I do not hear from him as I did last year. I think they will be scarce. Partridges none.—J. I.

KORTSBURY, N. Y.—I have often seen woodchucks climb trees. Partridges have been bred in vast numbers here this summer and promise good shooting in the fall. Woodcock shooting will also be good. Squirrels and rabbits are plenty.—CAT OWL.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 17.—Woodcock are very scarce here this season. I was out with a friend yesterday and day before and bagged six birds only.—J. W. P.

WISCONSIN CHICKENS.—MENOMONIE, Wis.—Chickens are large in size, and larger still in number in this section. MAO.

We learn from Messrs. Upham and McCallan, of Valparaiso, Ind., that the demand for their Holabird shooting suits this season is unprecedented. Utilizing only the very best material, and engaged exclusive manufacture of these suits, enables them to give a perfect outfit.—JAGV.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

FRESH WATER.

Salmon, Salmon.
Brook Trout, Salvelinus fontinalis.
Rainbow Trout, Salmo trutta.
Dolly Varden Trout, Salvelinus malin.
Grylling, Thymallus tricolor and T. variatus.
Black Bass, Micropterus salmoides and M. punctatus.
Macaroni, Esoc. nubilifer.
Pike, Esox reticulatus.
Pike or Pickerel, Esoc. lucius.
Pike-perch (Walleyed pike).

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, Centropomus atrarius.
Barred Bass or Rockfish, Roccus taurus.
White Perch, Morone americana.
Bluefish or Taylor, Pomatomus saltatrix.
Sculp or Porgie, Stenotomus argy.
Pollack, Polachius carbovarius.
Tautog or Blackfish, Tautoga onitis.
Spanish Mackerel, Cybium maculatum.

Patience, certainly, is a necessary qualification in an angler. Indeed, I remember a Thames fisherman who, on my enticing some displeasure at not having the good sport be promised me, very coolly told me that I should never make a good angler if I could not fish a whole day in a bucket of water without showing impatience.—**EDWARD JESSE.**

ON KING'S LAKE.

OUR club, the "Troy King's Lake Fishing and Hunting Club," has not so long a name, nor so large a membership as some, our constitution limiting our numbers to seven, beside Wacosta, the cook, called "Coose" for short. We are all business men residing at Troy, Lincoln County, Me., a village of about four hundred, more or less, situated in the midst of a splendid farming and grazing country, and by the way, a point well worth visiting by any person desiring to move West from the older States. Land is fertile and cheap. We are twelve miles from two railroads, with another railroad graded to run through the town. Best advantages in the way of society, churches and schools; not a whisky shop in the town, and only three in the county. King's Lake lies in the eastern part of Lincoln County, Me., and is formed by the widening of Bryan's Creek. It is a large lake, long 300 yards wide at widest, and from five to twenty feet deep. It empties into the Mississippi River, which at moderately high water backs into the lake, bringing in vast quantities of fish, many of which run out when the water falls. The St. Louis King's Lake Fishing Club have a club house on the eastern bank, one and one-half miles above the foot of the lake, commodious and well cared for. Their members, so far as we have formed their acquaintance, are gentlemen, and our club is under many obligations to them for favors shown.

Catching out each year as we have done, experience has taught us to reduce our traps to necessities, hence only two wagons are required for our transportation. Sunrise of each third Monday in October find us en route; 11 o'clock finds one wagon with three men catching minnows in Sandy Creek, seventeen miles from home and five miles from our camp on the lake. The other wagon with four men and Coose has gone on to camp. By the time we arrive there at three o'clock, they will have the tent set up, and will be gone for a load of straw for our beds. The remainder of the evening is used up in fixing up for housekeeping, and getting fish for supper and breakfast.

We own two tents, one of twelve ounce duck, fourteen by sixteen feet, the other eight by ten. In the commissary department for our two weeks' supply we have fifty pounds of home-made bread, fifteen pounds of coffee, roasted and ground; twelve pounds of butter, twenty pounds of sugar, ten pounds of lard, ten pounds of bacon side, spices, pickles, cakes, etc., *quantum suff.* All these are packed in a mess-box, the feet are by two and one-half feet deep, with a movable shelf half way down. We also own a dozen plates, a dozen tin cups, a dozen knives and forks, a dozen tea spoons, p. t. s, kettles and pans, axe, hatchet, saw, heating stove, fish box, minnow box, minnow seine, etc. Our total expense for the last four years has been \$3, which includes the purchase money for our entire outfit. It also includes \$25, which whisky cost us the first two years. The last two years we have used no whisky, and find that we do as well or better without it, hence have decided that we'll have no more of it.

Tues day morning finds us all gone from camp, some hunting, some fishing. The fish we have are the black bass from eight pounds down, striped bass from two pounds, and croppie from eighteen inches down. The latter are the most plentiful, and a good catch is about seventy-five per day for each rod. As a matter of sport catching croppie don't diminish much. When they are biting free, all that is necessary is to provide any kind of a hook, line and pole, a two-bushel bag, lead or silver plump, your best down into a brush heap, and you get bites fifty to the hour. The first thing for the tyro is to learn how to drop a hook three feet deep in a tangled brush heap, and to get it out again without losing a hook or line at every other drop. A half ounce sinker helps the matter somewhat; patience and perseverance do the rest. When a croppie bites you lift him in—no kick—no run—no nothing, but to take him off and put him in the can.

Catching bass is a different kind of business, and much slower than the fact that a brush heap will only afford two or three, and you may be sampling round for an hour before you find them. When one bites you'd best "look a little out," or you'll lose fish, line and all. In fishing for bass don't forget to have an open space so that you can run him out of the brush or away from the log. Should you try main strength and awkwardness on him ten to one he gets away unless you should be fishing with tackle only becoming a pot fish. The striped bass of King's Lake is the handsomest fish in these waters, and the greatest. One of a pound weight will fetch equal to a black bass of a pound and a half, and when you get him out he stares at you with his big black eyes, every fin erect and bristling, a picture of rage and defiance. We have named him the "tiger." Four of our club have reels, joint rods, etc. The others, making hunting more a specialty, fish with the ordinary reel pole. I don't know but they catch as many fish as we do, but for my part I don't en-

joy fishing unless I can wind up short, or throw out long, as fancy strikes me, and sometimes I want to put a hook way into a brush heap where a long line couldn't go; or, too, if I should strike a bouncer I'd like to show him to him. In King's Lake we never fish with a fly. Firstly, the water is not suitable in color, and the fish would not rise to a fly. Secondly, fish are only found in brush heaps and drifts, or under old logs, where a fly could not get to the water.

Getting back to our camp as the shadows fade, we find the hunters all in, sitting around the blazing fire, toasting their feet and recounting the adventures of the day. Hanging on the adjacent trees, sundry bunches of mallard, teal, quail, etc., attest that they have not been idle. Cris and Ponto (sleeping under the wall of the tent; Coose is turning the croppies on the pan for the third time; a fragrant aroma of boiling coffee greets our olfactorys, and we hasten to put off our long boots and our slippers and join the crowd. By this time the merry rattle of the gong (dish pan) calls us. For half an hour "the crackling of the bones, Kate, is all the sound we heard." Supper over, a soothing pipe, while more tales occupy half an hour, by which time the lamps have been lit in the parlor, a good fire made in the stove, the table spread, chairs couched up, and the good night is said in the evening. For three hours every fellow tries to break the Colonel. When this happens, which it does once in about two years, the shouts and yells of laughter may be heard a mile, while general handshaking and congratulations pass all round. At eleven silence reigns supreme, save the frogs in the ponds, the occasional paddle—paddle of a steamer going up or down the river, a half a mile away, and the resonant coffee mill grinding of Bonny and Jim.

As goes one day, so goes the next—unless it rains; and then how cross every fellow gets, and how he wishes he was at home with the old woman, and wonders how he ever was such a fool as to leave the comforts of a home to come way down here to wallow and wade around in the mud; we get tired of reading, sleeping, playing, talking and tired of the world generally. Supper is a drag, and dark finds every one asleep or grumbling because his rheumatics won't let him sleep. That's the way in most camps, but not so in ours. We have rubber fish boots and overcoats, while rim hats and duck shoes for men, and rubber boots and duck shoes for women, and we have a ditch and banked all around, and we can be just as comfortable as if we were at home. When Sunday comes we shave, put on white shirts, some of us go over on the bluff to church, some go up the lake visiting and some while the hours away reading and sleeping.

Our bed is of straw a foot and a half deep. Each man is required to bring two blankets and a pillow. After a day's work this seems like a feather bed. Uncle Alex tried a cot bedstead one year, but he became tired of his cot in two nights, and was glad to come down and bunk with us. On our October trip we have no mosquitoes. In warm weather, when they are bad, we take our tent down during the day, leaving the stakes standing. After night falls we put it up, climb under, raise the wall a few inches for ventilation, and not a skeeter skeets under, although outside we hear their hum like a swarm of bees.

The question of one of your correspondents prompts me to write a description of one of our boats. What we wanted was a boat large enough to carry two with their gear, and constructed that it could be hauled across country twenty-three miles without leaking, and steady, besides being cheap. We took two dressed clear pine inch boards, twelve feet long and fourteen inches wide for gunwales, sloped the ends a foot, leaving six inches face at the end; fastened a half-inch clear four inches from the top for four seats to rest on; fastened a cleat at bottom for ribs to rest on; cut ribs, seats and end boards thirty-four inches long. Ribs are two and one-half inches in centre, sloped to one inch at ends; eight of them are enough to support the false bottom of the boat, although we have eleven. The bottom of the boat is of canvas, 44 inches wide, waterproofed with beeswax and tallow, melted or ironed in with a hot sad-iron. (The next time I will lay on the wax and set it out in the sun to melt.) The canvas laps over and is fastened to the gunwale by battens and screws at such distance as will stretch it tight. Three iron rods, similar to the rods in end gate of a wagon and made of quarter inch iron, tighten and hold everything together. The rowlocks are set on a six-inch piece of inch stuff and bolted to the gunwale with quarter-inch bolts and project three inches above the top of gunwale. We use seven foot ash oars. A mast twelve feet high carries fifty square feet mainsail and a spinnaker of thirty square feet, and with a fair breeze carries us about six miles per hour.

When knocked down for transportation the seats, ribs and rods are put in a two-bushel bag; the canvas is rolled up, and gunwales and false bottom lie loose in the bottom of the wagon-bed. She weighs about 100 pounds and cost, including three coats of paint, \$10.50. Can be taken down and put up in about fifteen minutes. She floats like a duck, and is as steady as a raft. Two men can carry her anywhere. She suits us exactly.

The third Monday of October will find us there again for three weeks, three-quarters of a mile below the club house.

OLD HICKORY.

WORMS IN BLACK BASS.

JERSEY SHORE, Pa., Aug. 15.

ABOUT seven years ago our river, the west branch of the Susquehanna, was stocked with black bass. We have been fishing for them for the past three years. They are caught in reasonable numbers and of fair size, up to four pounds in weight. But our sport has been considerably interfered with by the discovery, within the last two weeks, that the fish are full of worms. The worm is about one-quarter of an inch in length and one-thirty-second in diameter, thicker at one end than the other, yellow in color, and when taken from the fish are quite lively. In moving their motion is similar to that of the common anglo worm.

The fish present a perfectly healthy appearance, both inwardly and outwardly. The presence of the worm is not indicated by any sore spots or marks of any kind, but is found imbedded in healthy meat. What we would like to know is, it is a common thing with this fish? What is the cause? And does it unfit them for eating? By giving us some light on this subject through your paper, you would not only oblige an old subscriber but a whole community.—**FRANK TRUMB.**

WILKESBARRE, Pa., August 21.—I am sorry to bother you about a question that you have written about in your paper, but I have not been able to find the certain number. It is about worms in black bass. For the last week very many of the bass caught here in the Susquehanna are infested with worms in the flesh, mostly in the back. I have not seen them

myself, but a friend of mine and also my son describes them as resembling the worms found in chestnuts, but smaller. It is a simple matter to deal with the pest. Will you kindly tell me through your paper whether the worms are likely to leave the fish in a short time or how long they usually remain in the flesh? Don't think they are hurtful to the cat, but the sight of them is, of course, enough to give up eating bass. The eels are also said to be full of worms just now.

Ans.—This question is coming in from all quarters. See correspondence in this and last issue. Read article entitled "Worms in Fishes," in issue of June 16, 1881, page 390.

Every year these reports come in. It is natural for the fish to have these parasites, and we eat bass, worms and all. If you want the worms worked up, put a piece of the flesh containing plenty of them in alcohol for a week, and then take it out and wrap it in muslin wet with the same—or put it in a vial of glycerine. Box it and send it to Mr. F. W. True, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., advising him at the same time, or to Mr. R. T. Morris, New Haven, Conn.

MY FIRST FISHING TRIP TO THE AU SAUBLE.

MY first fishing trip to this river was made in 1874, during the month of June. There were four of us in the party: Geo. MacF., T. B. M., W. J., more often known by the name of "Silas," and myself. We left Stratford about one o'clock, and by dark were comfortably fixed up in our tent on the river bank cooking our first meal and endeavoring as well as we could to work, and kill the insect population at the same time. When we arrived at Port Franks we got three boats from old Adam Kienery, a resident there, then hauled our baggage to the river bank and having stowed it all away, we started down the river. About half an hour brought us to our destination, a nice spot of high land in a small grove of poplars. The tent was soon put in cool shape, and then the before-mentioned supper followed. After this a game of cards and a smoke passed away the time before turning in, the last operation before closing up for the night being the fumigating of the tent with a smudge built in a frying pan to clear out the mosquitoes, and flies, *et id genus omne*. If this process was well attended to, there was a chance of being able to get a little sleep, but if it was not, it was war to the knife until daylight.

The river opposite our camp was about 150 yards wide, and ran parallel to Lake Huron for about five miles, nothing but a range of low sand hills separating them, so we had nothing to do but cross the river and run over the neck of sand about two hundred yards to get the poplars for our tent, and the river was very deep, without any current, and filled in places with sand bars which were great places for the bass in spawning time. The shores were lined with rushes and water plants which gave cover to many a large and hungry pike and bass, who here found a good hiding-place.

On the morning after our arrival I turned out at daylight and, taking one of the boats, floated down till I came to the foot of one of the sand bars which I thought was a promising looking place. Feeling the boat a lump, I pointed my rod and began operations, and with such good success, that by eight o'clock, when I returned to camp, I had nearly sixty fine bass in the bottom of my boat. The others had not done so well, not being accustomed to bass fishing. I first used worms, then live minnow, but soon changed to a small silver spoon painted red inside. This I trolled with the rod, and I seldom had to make two casts without drawing a prize.

The rest of the day was spent in preparing the fish to take home and in rifle practice. I had brought my twenty-two calibre rifle with me, and a plentiful supply of cartridges, so the time passed away pleasantly enough. In the evening about sundown we tried the fishing again with the addition to my score of about half the number caught in the morning. Then supper, and war or smoke again. This night some sand fleas found us out, and they cared nothing for smoke, so it was out of Scylla into Charybdis. The mosquitoes were driven out, but the fleas lit and held on. After vainly trying to sleep, the party took possession of the only hammock, and stringing it up outside, bravely resolved to face all the mosquitoes in the country rather than face other insect tormentors that could not be got at. In parentheses, I would say, when the aforesaid member of the party arrived home a week after, his friends anxiously inquired if he had the small-pox, so covered as he with bites, so much for resolution.

We went daily to the lake and had a bath in its cool waters, which helped to cool down the inflammation of the bites, and soon the sores from our bites disappeared. I find that it flew about in the slightest breeze like dust and penetrated everything not cased in metal. Close your teeth at any time and they gritted on the sand; and cover the provisions as may be still the sand showed up in the butter and the bottom of tea cups after drinking. On the third morning I announced my intention of going some miles up the river and fishing down during the day. "Silas" volunteered to accompany me, so we put in some lunch and started. After pulling about four miles from our lodges, I saw a large, rolling, white sand bar, and the bank on one side of the boat. The luck was very evenly divided, each catching some fine pike and large bass. About two in the afternoon a thunderstorm came up. It was then out and run; but it was up us before we went a mile; so we ran up into the oak woods and took off most of our clothes, which we put under the bank to keep dry, and then sat it out. It did not last long, but was very heavy while it did come down. After the storm the sun came out very warm and the fish bit savagely, and the celebration of our luck back to camp the finer lot fish that came in during the trip.

The rest of the time was spent in much the same way as these first days, and some of the party became very good marksmen in consequence, besides learning the art of catching a black bass with credit to themselves, as two of them caught their first on this trip. Our largest bass weighed within a trifle of 44 pounds and the largest pike 72. I caught one maskalong which stood the balance at about the same as the pike. I must not omit to say that I secured numerous specimens of the turtle tribe, from the size of a cent to one about eight inches long. To say that they were plentiful conveys no idea of their numbers; every small log in the water glistened with rows of them and many of them got upset by collision with a 22 bullet. Of the size and weight of the insects I know nothing; judging from their capacity for drawing blood they ought to have been as large as clip plants, for most assuredly they tormented one more than one of these mammoths would.

One incident of the trip and I am done, as it relates to our mosquito friends. On the fourth night in camp Y. B. had been elected to keep the snuggle in good order during the night so that the sleepers might have a chance to sleep. He faithfully stuck to his post all night in the land of dreams, when he put in a good amount of damp punk, which smoldered away slowly, and laid himself down for a nap. Before doing so he pushed the pan away from him in my direction. I was enveloped from head to foot in a good quilt, which covered my head to help to keep off the assaults of the enemy, and in turning over during the night it was my luck to roll right into this snuggle. At first it was not felt, but presently a sensation like a sharp bite near my lip caused me to scratch the spot, but before I could do more I found myself rolled over by Y. B. and nearly caught up to a state of insensibility, which I was unable to resent or repel. I was soon extracted from my shell and then the damage became apparent. There was a hole in my quilt large enough for me to crawl through, while I was decidedly the worse for wear in my garments which covered the nether man. Sitting down was somewhat painful for some time and had to be gone about carefully, inspecting the chair previously to find out the softest part of the cushion, but I happy to say the trouble was not more serious. AL SAMBLE.

FISH BUTCHERY IN INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., August 20. A new sort of fish butchery is being practiced in this State. They are, from reliable reports, being killed by thousands by use of dynamite cartridges. The "meditative man" will find little recreation in this State if this thing is not stopped soon. Inclosed are a sample of newspaper clippings which may be of interest to readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

"The destruction of fish in the Whitewater by dynamite fish torpedoes is not confined to the locality of Richmond alone, but extends for thirty miles along the stream and its tributaries. It is estimated that ten thousand fish have been destroyed by them. At Cambridge City there are hundreds of them that weigh two pounds or more apiece floating in the old Whitewater canal. Only the best ones are taken by the fishermen; the others are left in the water.

"An initiatory meeting of gentlemen interested in preserving and protecting fish in the streams of Indiana was held on the 15th at the office of Ignatius Brown, and there was a large attendance. A temporary organization was affected by calling John A. Finch to the chair, and electing Frank T. Holliday secretary. Ignatius Brown, Alvin C. Jamison and Mr. Finch were appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws for submission at a meeting to be held at the same place tomorrow evening. Reports were had from a number of counties in central Indiana, showing that dynamite cartridges were being used with deadly effect in the streams, destroying the fish in such numbers that unless the practice is soon discontinued, no fish will be left. Some idea of the effect of these cartridges may be gained when it is known that an explosion kills every water animal within a radius of fifty feet. The dead bodies then float, the largest and the best up to the remainder allowed to float away. One dealer is reported to have sold \$200 worth of these cartridges in one day at twenty-five cents each. Their use was denounced in the most unqualified manner, and the suggestion to abstain from patronizing any establishment that deals either in cartridges or seines met with unanimous approval. The new organization will start off with a membership of over three hundred, composed of gentlemen of abundant means, to see that the fish laws are enforced, and doubtless other organizations will be made throughout the State. SILAS.

BASS AND TARPON FISHING.

IN your last issue I noticed an error which needs correcting. In publishing an extract from my letter to you, you made me state: "From this time until the middle of December the fishing will improve." The word September should have been used.

Now, I have been tarpon fishing and failed to capture one of these specimens of "greased lightning." My main object was to capture a tarpon and do a little bass fishing. I left this city on Thursday, August 21, and arrived at Mayport at 6:30, and soon after landing engaged the steamer and commenced depositing bass chowder, shrimp, fried sheephead and devilled crabs at Burrough's hospitable board.

On Friday and Saturday I fished, when the tide suited, and hooked three tarpon—one six, one seven and one eight feet long. They were not measured, but length estimated when they were performing their acrobatic feats, and I can assure you that their length was not stretched. The seven-footer I played until he was beyond jumping, when we started for shore to bring him to gaff. In towing across friction against his scissor-like jaws parted the snood and he was very soon "sleeping sweetly." Owing to the small size of the boat and the muscular development of the fish, I declined using the gaff and landing him in the boat, and in consequence I came, I saw, but I did not conquer.

As I went tarpon fishing, I paid but little attention to the channel bass, but I captured seven of the following weights: 40, 35, 31, 28, 26, 23 and 21 pounds. Tarpon are hooked almost daily, but none have been landed within four years. I have captured many varieties of fish and in several countries, but never experienced anything to equal the struggles, rushing and acrobatic feats of the tarpon I rendered *hors du combat*. If any of your readers are desirous of enjoying piscatorial sport *par excellence* and witnessing horizontal and vertical jumping, let them visit Mayport, fasten to seven feet of tarpon and their every wish will be gratified. Jacksonville, Fla., Aug. 15. AL FERGUSON.

LARGE TROUT FROM CHATEAUGAY LAKE.

LYON MOUNTAIN, N. Y., Aug. 18.

Inclosed find stereoscopic view of a large speckled brook trout taken here this week by Mr. O. M. Bogart, Jr., of your city, which weighed three pounds six ounces. I only regret that I could not have shown you the fish instead of the picture. Trout fishing has been good here all the season, but this is the largest taken so far. The season has been very prosperous for me, and it is my intention to double the capacity of my house next season.

Though the medium of the FOREST AND STREAM and a few such gentlemen as Mr. Charles Dennis, Jr., Mr. E. G. Arthur and Mr. Charles Stokes, all of New York, and of the Stock Exchange, I believe, I have had a house full of very excellent people, all of whom I think are pleased with the house and lake. M. D. RALPH.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.—Plattsburgh, N. Y., August 10.—A singular event occurred to the Dominie yesterday, which he is constrained to tell to the fraternity of him who said "I go a-fishing," the "apostolic succession" of the writer touching for its truth.

While casting flies on Mead's Pond, a private trout preserve, the birds were numerous over the water, skimming it, as it were, with rapid flight, catching the bugs that live upon the surface. An unusually long cast had been thrown, perhaps fifty feet, with two flies upon the leader—one a coachman and the other a Montreal—when, just as the line struck the water, a swallow "struck" the fly, hooked himself and fluttered in the air with hook and line pendant from his bill for the space of ten or twelve seconds. How's that for a flying fish? THE DOMINIE.

GREENWOOD LAKE.—Having passed two weeks in a very comfortable manner at the Encampment Hotel, at Warwick Woodlands, on the shores of Greenwood Lake, it is but just to say that the accommodations provided were all that could be desired by any one who can enjoy a tent for a bed-room and parlor, instead of being housed up in a hotel building. The tents will be left standing a few weeks longer, so that any one who desires camping out with the comforts of a good hotel table and attendance, can improve the opportunity. The Brandon, Windermere, Traphagen House and others at the upper end of the lake have been doing a fair business throughout the season and are well patronized at present. The fishing on the lake is fair and catches of bass weighing forty pounds and upwards have been made in a single day. A little episode occurred while still-fishing that was humorous. I hooked a strong 25-pound bass and gave him plenty of line, as my rod only weighed 7½ oz. All of a sudden I could not feel my fish and was trying my best to reel in so as to feel him once more, when my friend said, "What are you doing? Your fish is in the boat." Sure enough, there he was, on my rubber coat, behind me, having run under the boat, and in making a leap landed in the boat.—T. C. B.

DEVIANCE OF LAW IN NEW YORK.—A special correspondent of the Syracuse Standard pictures an organized gang of poachers on Skaneateles Lake. "It is a shame," he says, "that these robbers cannot be brought into subjection, but the fact is, and we can't disguise it, the lake is literally ruled by the New Hope rangers. They act as they please, knowing that the warnings they have already given of their power and daring will hold in check all the efforts to get the upper hand. They have no regard at all for the law, being utterly reckless in what they do. They have hunted horses, sunk boats, stolen horses and done many other things equally as lawless, simply out of revenge for attacks on what they consider their rights. Our Sportsman's Club which had slumbered for years, was reorganized last year for the purpose of attempting to break up the illegal fishing, but the thing flattened out. The truth is most of us were frightened off. Unless some measure is taken soon to quell these desperadoes there will be no safety in navigating the lake unarméd."

The fact that a reign of terror exists upon the shores of Skaneateles Lake has not been of recent discovery, nor is positive knowledge of it confined to the more frequent visitors to that beautiful sheet of water. It is instigated by organized bands of moonshiners, who laugh to scorn the best legislative efforts to protect the fish of the State, and hold at bay those whose duty or desire it is to see the law enforced. The so-called "New Hope rangers" are a body of reckless fellows hailing from New Hope, Cayuga County, on the west shore of the lake. They swarm to the shores after nightfall, cast their seines into the water and draw them full of fish, without an unwholesome giving a thought to such a person as a game constable.

LARGE TROUT IN SARANAC LAKE.—Saturday, Aug. 20.—In your issue of Aug. 14 I saw a note from Al. Burr relating to the landing of a 23 pound trout, nothing being said as to the variety of trout or the manner in which was caught "the largest of the season." During the past month Dr. M. H. Williams, of your city, has been in camp with me at Big Trout Pond, and on Aug. 18 caught, among eleven of lesser weight and size, a speckled brook trout weighing 3 pounds, and measuring 18 inches in length, with a 9 oz. rod and a brown hackle. Mr. Hathaway, in camp with my father—Calvin Brown—almost equalled this the next day, and we think a 20 pound mess of this size fish "no great shakes," and it can be done every day during the season. A five-pounder has risen to the fly several times, and his capture is but a question of time, of which you will be duly notified. LOWELL BROWN, Guide.

A STEP BACKWARD.—The New Hampshire Legislature has passed a bill or resolution exempting the Contoocook River, one of the principal rivers of the State, from the law in force for several years requiring all owners of dams to provide suitable fishways. This river was stocked with salmon some years ago, and it is needed to make them plenty once more in an open way.

All dams on the river, with the exception of one or two, have been so provided at great expense. It seems strange that such an act of injustice should be allowed to pass when the principal party in getting it through was one of the company who have been violating the law for nearly two years.

It was put through in the rush of business at the close of the session, and not understood, or it would not have been approved by so intelligent a body of men.

Where is the New Hampshire Game League? JUSTICE.

LARGE MASALONGUE.—Camp of the "Kingfishers," Intermediate Lake, Mich., Aug. 12.—Two weeks ago to-day I took in Bower's Lake, fifth lake above this, a masalongue four feet four inches long, twenty inches girth at pectorals; weight, about 18 pounds. It was a fine specimen, and was a steel yard that pulled thirty-two pounds. He flipped the ball up vehemently at thirty-two pounds, so we felt safe at calling him a thirty-five pound fish. A Canadian that has speared numbers of them called him a forty pound fish. I took him on a seven and one-half ounce rod, speckled frog; time, an hour and a half.—KINGFISHER.

SULLIVAN COUNTY FISHING.—Eldred, Sullivan county, N. Y., Aug. 22.—There is a lake near my house where perch averaging from a quarter of a pound up to one and a quarter pounds actual weight have been caught by the hundreds; and pickerel from one to four pounds. New York references can be given.—I. M. BRADLEY.

STURGEON VERES'S HALIBUT.—Albany, N. Y.—In a late copy of your paper I saw that the fishermen on the Lakes were smoking the sturgeon and fraudulently selling it for halibut. To an Albanian that sounds like smoking good beef and fraudulently sending it for mule meat. Why the sturgeon, which is much more valuable in my estimation, to halibut should be the subject of so much absurd prejudice I don't see. It is not only a good fish, but a most excellent one, if properly cooked and eaten without prejudice.—ALBANY.

LARGE SHEEPSHEAD.—Jersey City, Aug. 23.—John Peck, of this city, while fishing in New York Bay (off the Sinker Island), on Monday last, caught a sheephead weighing 6½ lbs. Haven't sheephead been strangers to New York Bay for sometime?—RUSTIC.

BLUEFISH AT CAPE MAY.—Aug. 19.—Just now bluefish fishing is fine at Cape May, N. J., and all along the Jersey coast. Anglers are doing good work. At Bitterton the big perch are biting freely and in our Delaware and Schuylkill black bass are being caught in fair numbers. It seems that eight out of ten of the fish are taken after 6 o'clock p. m.—HOMO.

FISHING AT LOON LAKE.—Hornellsville, N. Y., Aug. 14.—In reply to your invitation to tell of any good places for hunting and fishing I would say there is good black bass and pickerel fishing at Loon Lake. Loon Lake is in Steuben Co., N. Y., ninety five miles from Hornellsville and five miles from Wayland or Liberty on the Rochester division of the Erie R. R. The lake is formed entirely by springs, and is one of the highest bodies of water in the State, being over 400 feet above the Cohocton Valley, which is only four miles distant. The altitude of the lake is a strong argument in its favor as a summer fishing place, being healthful, cool and pleasant. No mosquitoes or black flies. There is a good hotel at the lake, Lindenwood Cottage, kept by G. E. and C. Cotton, whose address is Cohocton, Steuben Co., N. Y., Board, \$1 per day, which includes use of boats. It is at Lindenwood that once a month through the season clubs from Rochester, Hornellsville, Genesee, Naples, Dansville, Wayland, Cohocton, Corning and other places meet for a grand glass ball shooting match. No liquors are sold on the premises. Fishing is much better than usual, as there was no fishing through the last winter, the ice being so early prohibiting the same during the winter months.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

Fishculture.

REBUILDING THE MCGLOD HATCHERY.

DANNO, Santa Clara, Cal., Aug. 2. One prediction has been fulfilled, the hatching house, built on the McCloud River bids fair to be a successful one. When Mr. Stone arrived in May, nothing had been done toward rebuilding the hatching and dwelling houses carried away by the high water last winter, except to get about forty thousand eggs of salmon on the ground. Since then, through Mr. Stone's personal superintendence and the harmonious working of the several forces of men, much has been accomplished toward the reconstruction of the establishment. A comfortable two-story dwelling house for the men and a good built and equipped hatchery, with large houses, 25,000 ft., is rapidly progressing toward completion. This latter building is to contain all the hatching apparatus which is to replace that carried away last winter.

A water wheel of great power, thirty-two feet in diameter, for furnishing the water supply for the hatching house is also being constructed. It is supposed that this wheel will lift a hundred thousand gallons an hour into the hatching house. Mr. Stone expects to have everything in readiness to take the first eggs about the last of August. If possible, he intends to take ten millions. There seems to be an unusually large number of salmon in the river this year.

The bridge across the river is closed, so that no more salmon go up to the headwaters of the river after this.

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GEORGE J. WILLIAMS, JR.

FISHCULTURE AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

WE have just received the report of Mr. T. B. Ferguson, Commissioner from the United States to the Universal Exposition in Paris, 1878, on fishculture.

The author says that it was a matter of surprise, as well as of regret, that an exhibition so replete with objects of art, and illustrating almost all the products of human industry, should have found deficient in the department of which his report treats. It was natural to expect that France, having taken the initiative in the industrial propagation of fish, under the lead of M. Quatrefages, M. Coste, M. Milne-Edwards and others, and having set an example to the world by taking hold of the question of fish culture, should have represented in the fullest detail the advance of this important industry in Europe. But, as the report shows, the illustration of the modes and appliances of fishculture, and of the implements and means employed in the fisheries, was exceedingly poor.

It may be attributed to the absence of the Germans, now the foremost nation in Europe in fishculture, on account of the bitter feelings consequent upon the Franco-German war. France made comparatively no exhibition of fishculture processes, except in the system culture of the industrial propagation of fish, and in the fisheries of M. Carboneau, being the only exhibitor from France, and he only showed a few implements and devices employed by him about his aquaria. The United States did not attempt a fishculture exhibit, because no provision was made for co-operation in the exposition until very near the opening of the lake to make a creditable showing. The apparatus in the Trocadero Aquarium consisted merely of a model of an apparatus designed by M. Thack, Director of the Establishment at Hueningen, for retarding the hatching of the eggs of the Salmonidae by use of water sucking, a modification of Williamson's California hatching apparatus, a modification of a conical hatchery, alleged to be an invention of Mr. Wilmot's. These and a transporting can of M. Carboneau's comprise the apparatus.

With such poor material Mr. Ferguson makes out to fill his remaining pages with interesting matter relating to French laws regulating the capture of fishes and for their protection, directions for restocking streams and transporting fish, maritime fishing statistics, the relation of the yolk to carp culture, the feeding of young fishes, a list of exhibitors in the fishery department, sea tanks, history, food products, implements of capture, etc. Much space is given to the fresh water aquarium, which was a grand feature of the Exposition.

This aquarium covered a surface of about 3,200 square meters and was mostly subterranean. It was not covered by a building, but erected in the open air, and rocky columns supported a roof, which gave the whole an appearance of a cavern. The report is a very creditable one considering the paucity of material.

"An octavo of 535 pages and 24 plates of fishing vessels and nets, besides several figures of fishculture apparatus. Unbound, bearing the name of the author, the Universal Exposition, Paris, 1878. Reports of United States Commissioners, Fishculture. Thomas B. Ferguson." No imprint of publication office, date, nor index.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

September 21, 22 and 23, at Franklin Pa., Franklin Sportsmen's Club (Gentry) and the Pennsylvania Bench Show. Entries close September 15. Thos. D. Adams, Superintendent; P. O. Box 61, Franklin, Pa.

September 27, 28, 29 and 30, at London, Ont. London Dog Show. Entries close September 12. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, Tecumseh House, London, Ont.

October 1, 11, 15 and 16, at Lowell, Mass. Lowell Dog Show. Entries close September 6. Chas. A. Andrews, West Oxford, Mass., Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

August 20 and 21, and September 1 and 2, at Norfolk, Neb. Nebraska Field Trials second annual meeting. J. W. McCartney, Secretary, Norfolk, Neb.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. J. R. Stoyton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September 12 and 14, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Colts Trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Entries close September 8. Eldridge McKenney, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa.

October 1, at New York City. Eastern Field Trials. Entries close September 15. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 23, New York City.

November 7, at Gilroy, Cal. Field Trials of the Gilroy Rod and Gun Club. Entries close November 1. E. Leveyer, Secretary.

November 22, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 1. Edward Ouellet, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November 22, Grand Junction, Tenn. National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

THE TWO FAMULAR FLEAS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps some of your readers can offer a suggestion, which has occurred to me, by which I may rid my kennels of fleas. I have five bitches and several puppies on my place in the country, which I keep in a barn 30x60, devoted solely to their use. Scrupulous cleanliness is observed on my place in proof of which I may state that I have kept as many as three hundred and fifty chicks in this barn at a time, entirely free from vermin of any kind. The barn is whitewashed with a strong solution of carbolic acid in the water, three or four times in the season. The dogs are washed once a week; they have free access to the light soil outside of the barn, each dog having a sort of "box stall" on the interior of the barn and having separate ten foot runs outside the barn. They are exercised and given unlimited runs in the fields two hours in the morning after sunrise, and twice as long after sunset, and all are given a swim in a fast-running stream on the place once daily. They are fed at the same time, and food is allowed to lie about the place, the entire barn is swept as clean as a pin daily, and bedding added in the sun every morning, changed every third day.

The dogs, bitches and pups are a large Newfoundland, a St. Bernard bitch, a red Irish setter bitch with a litter, a Scotch terrier and a York-hire terrier with pups. With such a small array of dogs and so large and clean a stable for housing them, one would suppose I would be free of trouble from vermin, but they are on the dogs by the thousands.

I treated them with castile soap, but the fleas were back in twenty-four hours. I tried imported soaps and exterminators, but the fleas were there next morning. I oiled the dogs; three days after that was a regular flea picnic on every dog in the place. Desperate, I hit five or six times of genuine castor powder and killed it into three or four infirmities. Result, wholesale slaughter of those on the dogs, but a fresh army appeared on them in three days.

I began to believe they were in the barn, and merely skipped off the dogs at washing time, and was sitting on the beams calmly waiting the return of the dogs when dried. I shut every crevice in the barn and burned five pounds of sulphur; the fleas took it and waited more evidently, for every dog was scratching for dear life a few days afterward. Then I whitewashed (carbolic) the floors, walls and rooming and the dogs lie on straw, stored twenty-four hours in carbonated water and smelling strong enough to knock you over. Result, same as before.

Then I took the dogs over on my neighbor's place and washed them there, hoping they would hop off and stay there. They hopped off but I believe every mother's son of them hopped back again that night.

Then I chained the dogs under the trees and dug up the ground eight inches deep, replacing the soil with sifted road dirt—white, clean, rolled in the wheels of a horse-drawn roller, and sifted line soaked in carbolic acid. Those dogs were scratching themselves when I was at the kennel this morning and I am in despair. I was never so pestered in my life; I am practically keeping fleas and letting dogs run on them. I think this case "takes the cake," but can you tell me what will "take the cake"? To be sure, I am in despair about; perhaps some of your readers can advise me and oblige.

Ridgewood, N. Y.

N. B.—No visitors of dog span, flea exterminator, or insect powder used anywhere. "I have been there," and so have the fleas; and all we returned just as we went.

PREVENTIVES OF HYDROPHOBIA.

Boston, Aug. 15, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading your current number I became much interested in the letters under the heading "Preventives of Hydrophobia." The claim made by R. S. for Elecampene was advanced some forty years ago, but it never proved of any worth. Hundreds of remedies have been announced as "sure cures," but have always failed under trial, and the only mode of cure properly applied is an almost sure preventive, but exclusion of the wounded part is the only method that can always be relied upon.

Does R. S. prove the value of Elecampene? Sir Thomas Watson M. D. F. R. S., President of Royal College of Physicians, London, Physician of Middlesex Hospital says: "But few upon the whole of those bitten by a rabid animal become affected with hydrophobia. Different animals are susceptible of hydrophobia in different degrees. Of dogs two out of three; the majority of horses; cattle less than three; the human being least of all in danger. Dr. John Hunter says in twenty-one out of Dr. Hamilton one in twenty-five. And from all investigations the ratio will be found to be about one in sixteen."

There is no doubt that the majority of human beings who are bitten by a rabid animal escape the disease. This may partly be owing to an inherent inaptitude of accepting it. Some persons do not contract contagious disease though often in the way of it, and on some the contagion even of small-pox has no influence. The symptoms of hydrophobia have been observed in the following cases:

Dr. Golding Bird mentions a case of poisoning by strychnia wherein the symptoms so closely resembled hydrophobia that it was called false hydrophobia.

Dr. Hasell says a patient took strychnia for paralysis. "The state so strikingly resembling hydrophobia continued more than a week."

Sir Thomas Watson says: "It seems from credible authority that the same group and succession of symptoms as characterizing the disease when produced by the bite of a rabid animal have been observed to occur in persons who were never known to have been bitten."

Dr. Huch in his work on Tetanus calls attention to the great similarity between hydrophobia and tetanus.

Dr. Meade in a case of palpitant of the heart.

The majority of accounts are inaccurate and most newspaper reports wholly untrue. I will only cite one instance out of the many. The following account appeared in the Boston Sunday Herald in March last.

"A MAD DOG'S VICINITY."

"A frightful death recently occurred at Dallas, Texas. About a year ago George Arnold, of that city, was bitten by a dog which was frothing at the mouth and showing every symptom of hydrophobia. Mr. Arnold had the wound sutured and was kept every other precaution which was suggested, but at the time under a mortal dread that the virus had gone into his system and would sooner or later kill him. He had a wife and several small children, and the thought that he might suddenly lose his reason and harm his little babies terrified him. The other day he was taken to experience strange delirium and a convulsion. A time had come. He then procured a twelve-foot trace-chain and strong lock and went to the woods. After writing his wife a calm letter, in which he told her what was about to happen, he ran the chain around a tree, drew it through the large ring at the end and then wound the other end around his ankle so tight that it would not slip the foot, locked it with the lock, and threw the key far beyond his reach. The body was found two days after, still chained to the tree. There was all the evidence necessary to show the horrible death from hydrophobia. The account was taken over the full length of the chain, the nails of the fingers wrenched off and all his front teeth gone in biting and scratching the tree, and every thread of clothing off his body."

This infernal lie was published in a paper whose circulation is some 80,000 copies a day. It was a gross violation of its falsity, but, to be sure of my ground, wrote the postmaster at Dallas, Texas, and inclosed a copy of the paper. He sent the following reply:

"Not a word of truth in the enclosed printed statement. I have investigated the matter and know whereof I speak."

Respectfully, A. M. COCHRAN, P. M. R. Boston, Mass., August 17, 1881.

AN UNUSUAL CASE.

MASSENA KENNELS, BARRYTOWN, N. Y., August 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to give you and the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM the benefit of some particulars in the case of a dog which I presume was rabid in my kennel, which ended in death of one of the dogs by the disease this morning and my shooting the other two a few days afterward.

On the Monday of my kennel-keeper reported that my dogs had a fight in the yard of my kennel and that one of my hound pups, ten months old, was injured in the hind legs. I went to look at him and found him lying on his side, unable to get up and very restless in the hinder parts and moaned when I moved one of his hind legs.

I saw nothing unusual in the saliva at the time and concluded he had been thrown against the fence in the fight and injured or bruised, and therefore treated him accordingly. All went well until Thursday, when my kennel-keeper informed me that the dog was "foaming at the mouth." I went and looked at him and found that the saliva was running out of his mouth in long, glutinous threads, which he languidly attempted to suck up. So I ordered him watched, but no further important symptoms exhibited themselves except a difficulty in swallowing food; no great thirst was manifest, but there was the same look of frothiness at the mouth until he died—his whole forehead was covered with it.

The other two pups (same age and same litter as the one just died) looked and acted as usual until yesterday morning, when my kennel-keeper informed me that they were worse than the other dog, but waited to see what symptoms would exhibit themselves in the first-named dog and then acted accordingly, which I did, and then shot them both when I found the first one had died from the effects of the disease.

His death I considered conclusive proof of the nature of the disease. Am I right?

I would also like to ask—if a dog which has been inoculated by another dog having rabies, but which never showed, and not exhibited itself, were to go to the same kennel, would that bitch or her offspring be liable to the disease from that source?

JOHN ASPINWALL.

[The symptoms given in case No. 1 are those of rabies, although not specifically so. It is not probable that the offspring would inherit the disease.—Ed.]

MR. HOE'S COCKER BITCH, NELL.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y., August 15, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue I read with a great deal of interest your notice of the cocker bitch Nell, the liver and white cocker bitch, Nell, by Mr. Hoe. My experience in breeding and handling cockers, covering a space of more than twenty years, has led me to think that the measurements of Nell as compared with her weight make a singular comparison. Now, for instance, the old standard Bencel's (which is 15 in.) weighs 34 or 35 lbs.; a girl of about 21 in. length from tip of nose to occiput 32 in., occiput to root of tail 30 in., girth of head 15 in., etc. Now, you give Nell's weight 22 lbs., girth of chest 23 in., girth of head 14 in., length from tip of nose to occiput 31 in., girth of foreleg 5 in., height at withers 9 in.—Wilder will be well up in the thirties, still his girth is but a trifle more than Nell's. Mr. Dalziel may be correct in his measurements, still I am willing to pay quite a sum for a railroad ticket that will carry me where I can see a cocker of the above measurements that will only turn the scales at 22 lbs. I may be wrong, but I am inclined to think those observations were taken through blue glass and with a defective tape. Her girth measure is one inch more than Bencel, length of body the same, length from tip of nose to occiput one-quarter inch shorter than Bencel's, girth of head one inch less than Bencel's. Benedict is six inches higher, but that, of course, must be in leg only, according to girth.

[Our correspondent states that we give Nell's weight and measurements. This is not the case. If he will turn to the article referred to, he will find that we state that the measurements were given by Mr. Dalziel, and that we have no means of ascertaining their exactness. Until he knows that Mr. Dalziel's figures are incorrect we consider it would have been in better taste to have omitted the remarks concerning the "blue glass" and "defective tape."—Ed.]

LOWELL (CLASS.) BENCH SHOW.—There is to be a bench show, held at Huntington and Jackson hills, Lowell, Mass., on December 14, 15 and 16, in connection with and under the auspices of the Middlesex Poultry Association. Entries close December 6. This will be the first of a series of bench shows at Lowell, and it is expected that a large number may be shown at annual one, and those interested, talk of organizing a kennel club. Two years have elapsed since the Massachusetts Kennel Club gave an exhibition, and there is no reason why not only the kennels of New England, but those of the whole country, should have no representation at such a show at this place. But the season chosen, however, is too late, and the experience of those who sent their young dogs to Pittsburgh last January was extremely unsatisfactory. The climate is generally so severe before Christmas, and the changes of temperature are so sudden that a dog must needs have an iron constitution to stand the overcast and crowded hall, and the exposure in taking his runs in the open air, and then pull through without being put on the sick list. Winter shows are not desirable in America, and I trust that those shown your young stock at that season will know the truth of the above statement.

The following are the rules and regulations to govern the show: As this is the first bench show ever held in Lowell, the committee

tee of arrangements find it impossible to name at present the amount of each prize, but purpose to divide all entrance fees (less ten per cent. for carrying forward a year), together with \$100 already contributed, in as fair and equitable a manner as possible; and they would ask of all interested in our canine friends to come forward and exhibit their pets—to give the venture all the advantage they can. The more numerous the entries, the better, therefore, will be the prize.

This show is gotten up, not as a money-making scheme, but to create and cultivate an interest in improving this most intelligent and useful animal, the dog.

Rules and Regulations to govern the Exhibition of Dogs.—[Exhibitors are particularly requested to read and to take themselves thoroughly in regard to the following rules, as errors may be fatal to successful competition.]

Rule I.—Every person who exhibits a dog on this show must be the owner of said dog at time of entry and it is made his entry on blanks furnished by the superintendent, which must be read by addressing Charles A. Andrews, P. O. Box 80, West Oxford, Mass.

Rule II.—No dog shall be qualified to compete or entitled to receive a prize if awarded, which is suffering from mange or any other form of contagious disease.

Rule III.—A person duly qualified, appointed by the committee, shall decide whether a dog is or is not suffering from mange, or any other contagious disease, and shall give his opinion to the committee. If the show, and of course the dog, is afflicted with any such disease, the dog shall be at once removed.

Rule IV.—The judge will be instructed to use his own best judgment in judging every class.

Rule V.—The entry fee for each dog to be charged for each animal except unweaned pups. The entry fee must in all cases be paid before the entry. Entries will be received until noon December 6. Dogs must be at Jackson Hall by nine o'clock A. M., Wednesday, December 14. The entry fee will include care and feed of dogs.

Rule VI.—Exhibitors will be instructed to take home their dogs every evening after the show is closed, upon leaving a deposit of \$5 with the superintendent, which will be remitted on the return of the dog in the morning before nine o'clock. If prize-winners shall be taken out and not returned, the prizes will be forfeited.

Rule VII.—The show will be opened from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. The judging will be done on the first day and the ribbons will be attached to the stalls of the winners immediately thereafter.

Rule VIII.—It is required that a price be named for each dog at the time of making the entry, to be printed in the catalogue, at which price the dog may be claimed; the exhibitor of course having the option of naming a prohibitory price. A commission of ten per cent. will be charged on all sales and the same must be effected through the Executive Committee.

Rule IX.—The dog will be furnished with a suitable chain and collar. Bitches with pups and small pups weaned will have suitable pens provided. Toy dogs will be furnished with suitable cages.

Rule X.—The authorities will use due diligence for the care and safety of all dogs exhibited (watchmen being on duty both night and day), but it must be distinctly understood that they will not be responsible for loss or damage to any dog exhibited, whether the result of accident or any other cause.

Rule XI.—Judges will be instructed to withhold the prizes offered in any class where there is no competition, unless the animal possesses suitable merit, in which case their discretion shall govern the prize to be awarded.

Rule XII.—The decision of the judge will be final in all cases, unless misrepresentation can be shown. Should this occur the Executive Committee will use their discretion in the matter.

DIVISION I.—SPORTING DOGS.

Class I.—English Setters (native or imported).—For best dog or bitch; for second best dog or bitch.

Class II.—Irish Setters.—For best dog or bitch; for second best dog or bitch.

Class III.—Gordon or Black-and-Tan Setters.—For best dog or bitch; for second best dog or bitch.

Class IV.—Border Puppies.—For best setter puppy under twelve months of age.

Class V.—Pointers (respective of weight).—For best dog or bitch; for second best dog or bitch.

Class VI.—Pointer Puppies.—For best pointer puppy under twelve months of age.

Class VII.—Spaniels.—For best dog or bitch; for second best dog or bitch.

Class VIII.—Foxhounds.—For best dog or bitch; for second best dog or bitch.

Class IX.—Fox Terriers.—For best dog or bitch; for second best dog or bitch.

DIVISION II.—NON-SPORTING DOGS.

Class X.—Mastiffs.—For best dog or bitch.

Class XI.—Bulldogs.—For best dog or bitch.

Class XII.—Newfoundlands.—For best dog or bitch; for second best dog or bitch.

Class XIII.—Shepherd Dogs or Collies.—For best dog or bitch; for second best dog or bitch.

Class XIV.—Doberman Pinschers.—For best dog or bitch.

Class XV.—Black-and-Tan Terriers.—For best dog or bitch.

Class XVI.—Skye Terriers.—For best dog or bitch.

Class XVII.—Scottish Terriers.—For best dog or bitch.

Class XVIII.—Dalmatians or Old English Dogs.—For best dog or bitch.

Class XIX.—Pugs.—For best dog or bitch; for second best dog or bitch.

Class XX.—Spitz.—For best dog or bitch.

Class XXI.—Miscellaneous (for breeds that have not been assigned classes).—For best dog or bitch; for second best dog or bitch.

Class XXII.—Trick Dogs.—For best trick dog.

SLIPS.—Dr. Hydekophor, of the Germantown Mare and Hound Club, is about leaving for Paris to prosecute the study of Veterinary Surgery with a view of taking the chair of this branch of science at the University of Lyons, as it is proposed to add in the near future a department of this nature to this prominent institution of learning. A few days since, Mr. Ab. Priety, of 111 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, was awakened early in the morning by his young Newfoundland dog leaping on his bed and pawing him. He arose, feeling the animal's head and legs, and found him in a violent condition. The dog was taken to the kitchen. The Fire Department was summoned in time to save the building, and Mr. Priety now values his huge puppy beyond estimate. Mr. James H. Goodsell, of this city, has dispensed with the services of Mr. Frank Boyd, as his valet, and has engaged Mr. Boyd in charge of Mr. E. J. Martin, of Wilmington, Delaware. Mr. Martin, it will be remembered, handled Mr. J. C. Higgins' Dashing Monarch and Mr. H. W. Gansse's Warwick, at Robins Island last year. Mr. Martin came to this city last week and completed his arrangements with Mr. Goodsell. We call special attention to Mr. Priety for a friend asking for a "new suggestion," how to rid his kennel of fleas.

A TERRIER POINTING SPARROWS.—I was much amused not long since in witnessing a very fair attempt on the part of a large, rough terrier to point sparrows in one of our main streets in Lowell. The dog was chained to a post, and was in the way of a gaze, but nevertheless the terrier drew or roared on the birds in good style by sight for some distance, and then became transfixed when he found he had reached the proper limit, and made a very creditable appearance for one of his kind. As soon as the bird was seen, the dog would try to advance and then stand still for fifteen or twenty minutes, industriously hunting up more when those he had been pointing moved away or took to the trees. The dog, evidently a mongrel—border predominating—must have had a better point than the birds he was pointing, but did not show it. As the terrier the attention of the passer-by, as he was at work alone and without a master.—Hoxo.

HOW A CHAINED DOG CAN HAVE EXERCISE.—The following plan for chaining up dogs I find to work well, and by it the animal will have more liberty than if confined in the usual manner.

Each having Distinguishing Merits.
HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING.
8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.
W. S. KIMBALL & CO., Peerless Tobacco Works, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted.

WANTED, POSITION as general superintendent of a gentleman's estate; thoroughly understanding practically farming in all its branches, draining and reuniting lands, breeding and raising blood and grade stock, horses, sheep and swine, raising of cereals and all root crops, use and application of all agricultural machinery, erecting agricultural and horticultural buildings; also practically all horticultural professions, such as grapes and plants under glass; vineyardist and thorough orchardist; culture of all vegetables, flower gardening, landscape gardening, lawns, avenues and painting; of thorough executive ability in all departments; keeping accounts. Address QUERCUS, P. O. Box 157, Orange, New Jersey.

Aug. 15, 18

For Sale.

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE.—Main house, 40 by 18; extension, 36 by 16; hardwood finish; marble mantels; hot and cold water; stable, henry, etc., two acres lawn, fruit and shade trees. Price \$6,000; cost \$11,000; \$1,500 cash. For sale, six acres near two railroads, Chester, N. J. For sale, 9 acres on western slope of the Palisades, Tenny, N. J. Money loaned to build. Apply to E. H. WILBULL, 40 Fulton street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 A. M.

Aug. 25, 18

DUCK GUN.—Superior double-barrel M. L. duck gun, made to order, 12 pounds, laminated steel 28-inch barrels, curved walnut stock, extra fine leather cover; perfect shooter; used a few times only; will be sold at a great bargain, as owner's health prevents him using it. Address FRANCIS MORRIS, Philadelphia.

Aug. 25, 18

FOR SALE.—Pair finest English Danesque Central fire shot gun barrels made by Trullio Bros., Dublin; will readily fit any Central fire action. Address postal card R. B., 171 Ocean avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Aug. 15, 18

FOR SALE, a COB B. L. shot-gun, 12-gauge, weight, 9 1/2 lb.; bar rebounding locks, moderate choke-bored, twist barrels; very little used; price, \$40. Address F. C. ANTILES, West Sewing Mach. Co., Hartford, Conn.

Aug. 25, 18

FOR SALE, Double Express Rifle by H. Holland, 1 ounce; 30 calibre, heavy new. Also 3 rods for salmon, trout and general work, and quantity of salmon and trout flies, all from Parlow, London. Address A. J. PALMIST, San Diego, Imperial Co., Texas.

Aug. 25, 18

FOR SALE, a new Remington Midrange Rifle, Verrier, 40 calibre wind gauge shells; spirit level, pistol grip; perfect in every respect. Price \$40. Will exchange for B. L. shot-gun. Inquire of P. O. Box 119, Franklin, N. Y.

Aug. 25, 18

SKELETON RIFLE BUREAU for revolvers, with screw attachment, \$1. PAUL PASINOW, Burlington, Vt.

Aug. 25, 18

The Kennel.

GRAND

International Dog Show,

TO BE HELD AT

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Prize Lists now ready, and can be had of J. PUDDICOMBE, Sec'y,

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ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 12.

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A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.

THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animal, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper-box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

Area Nut for Worms in Dogs.

A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per box by mail.

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Conroy, Bisset & Malleon,

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HENRY C. SQUIRES,

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WRIGHT & DITSON,

650 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Greyhounds.

For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from imported stock. Pedigrees examined and traced. Orders for importation solicited. For circulars or information, address L. C. F. LOTZ, 2,912 Lake Ave., Chicago, Ill. or HENNESSEY & SEEBACH, Chicago Field Kennel, Peru, LaSalle County, Ill. June 2, 1881

BENEDICT.

FIRST AND SPECIAL NEW YORK, 1881.

Imported black field blood at the Stud. Fee, \$25. Mr. Hook's strain. Brother to Squaw the Lass o' Devon; brother in blood to Kafir and Zulu Negro, litter brother to Benedict, was second to Kafir and West of show last month.

Black, and liver-colored puppies by Benedict for sale. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitesboro, L. I. June 1, 1881

LEONARD'S Split Bamboo Rods, WITH PATENT WATERPROOF AND PATENT SPLIT FERRULES.



No. 1 SHOWS WATERPROOF CUP IN FERRULE (PATENTED OCTOBER 26, 1875). This prevents any moisture from reaching the wood, and the ferrule from becoming loose. The constant wetting and drying of the bamboo must rot the wood, and make other makes of rods less durable than Leonard's.

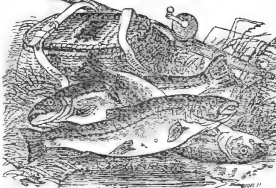
No. 2 SHOWS SPLIT FERRULE (PATENTED SEPTEMBER 3, 1878). This split thoroughly strengthens where the ferrule is joined to the wood, which is the weakest part of a rod, and where so many of other makes of rods (bamboo especially) break. Mr. Leonard has yet to hear of a single instance of breakage at this point since the PATENT SPLIT FERRULE has been applied. We consider this the GREATEST IMPROVEMENT that has been introduced in rod making since rods have been made.

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EVERY ROD WARRANTED.

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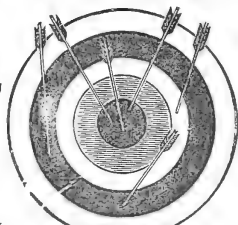


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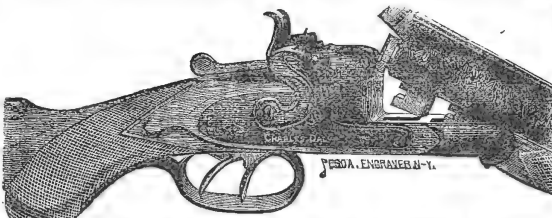
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ALDRED'S YEW BOWS: Gents, \$18 up; Ladies, \$16 up. ALDRED'S PEACOCK ARROWS: Gents, \$10 per doz.; Ladies, \$9 per doz. ALDRED'S FINGER TIP SCREW, \$1.50 set; Plain, \$1; Quivers, \$2. Bow String 70¢ each. FRANCIS BARKS' Cricket Bats, \$3.50 up; balls, \$1.50 to \$3.50. AYER'S London Lawn Tennis, \$20, \$25, \$40, \$50 per set. LONDON TENNIS Bats, \$5.50; Cork Handle, \$4 and \$5. J. B. CROOK'S Greenheart Black Bass Rod, \$12 and \$15. J. B. CROOK'S Newport Bass Rod, \$15; Patent Rubber Multiplying Reel, \$30.

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COSTING TWICE THE MONEY. Shooting Unsurpassed.

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E. REMINGTON & SONS, 283 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 3,994.

The Kennel.

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FOR SALE CHEAP, a litter of fine Irish setter pups, 10 weeks old, having one cross of Elcho and two of Plunkett. Address E. J. ROBINSON, Wethersfield, Conn. July 21-18

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., \$9 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec 31-17

S. T. BERNARD PUPS FOR SALE.—For pedigrees and other particulars, address, with stamp, P. O. Box 94, Lancaster, Mass. July 25, 18

FOR SALE, part of a litter of setter pups from Blue Hills (Hatter's—Waddington's) Daisy; by Dashing Monarch (Dash H.—Vanderbilt's). Also Italian greyhounds. E. W. JESSE, St. George's, Del. Aug. 15, 18

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Thoroughbred red Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion Rory O'More out of Nora O'More, Magenta and Peril. Full pedigrees. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. Aug. 11-18

TWO liver and white field spaniels broken on woodcock and gr use, relieve from land or water, from import stock and right in every respect. Price \$20 each. Inquire of box 110, Franklin, N. Y. Aug. 15-18

STONEHOUSE ON THE DOG.

Price \$3 50.

For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

GORDON SETTERS.—In order to reduce the kennel will sell any of the brood bitches and young dogs belonging to the estate of the late Jas. R. Tiley, who, during his lifetime, had spared no pains or expense to bring this strain of dogs up to the very highest standard. They combine the blood of Copelan's imported shot, Moore's imported grouse, Farrar's imported Ruppert, Stoddard's imported Duke. Parties familiar with Gordons will at once see that this blood cannot be beat. Several bitches are now in whelp to Duke of Louisa Valley, by Mr. Moore's grouse out of Dream. For field qualities refer to Col. Albert J. Sisco, Vincennes, Ind.; Mr. H. Malcolm, Baltimore; Col. Jas. Gordon ("Hous Jem's") Pontotoc, Miss. Address for full pedigree, etc., GORDON KENNEL, Locust Valley, L. I. Aug. 14, 18

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmark Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of champions, Lawver, Bachelor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzie, Louie, Leicester, Limerick, Libba, Laurette, Lena, Lyndey, Bebb, Young Bebb, Bessie II, Baines, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. Mar. 11-18

COCKERS FOR SALE.—3 solid liver colored dogs whelped July 4, 81, out of Gro. Grass ex-black Charlie, \$15 each. Also a solid liver field spaniel bitch ten months old, imp. Bulb ex-Henry (Chama. River ex-Champ. Brush) \$25. Address Burr, Hollis, Burdett Kennel Prop., Hornellsville, N. Y. Aug. 15, 18

FOX TERRIER PUPPIES (smooth) for sale. A litter whelped July 6 by Ruthertons Royal (see Forest and Stream, July 1) out of overtail Waspden by Ragnan out of Vic by Trap. Dog puppies \$15 each. WM. R. HILLS, Albany, N. Y. Aug. 15, 18

DINE LODGE KENNELS.—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, other setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly. I give my puppies seven months' work out of the twelve, and guarantee satisfaction, if he dog has all the natural instincts. References on application. Prices, \$25 and \$75, according to length of time I keep the dog, with discount to parties at long distances. A. WINTER, Cairo, Thomas County, Ga. Oct 2, 18

NEMASKETT KENNEL, Richmond & Vaughan, Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass.—Sporting dogs boarded, broken and handled by men of experience. Setters, Pointers, Fox Hounds and Beagles trained for their respective work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also, a number of well-trained setters and pointers for sale. Address BOX 335, Middleboro, Mass. H. B. RICHMOND, N. H. VAUGHAN. June 21-18

FOR SALE, four prize-bred Irish terrier pups, whelped July 1, 1881, out of imported Norah, by Home Ruler. For price, etc., apply to D. K. NIVEN, London, Ont. Aug. 1

FOR SALE.—Two pure bred Gordon setter puppies, dog and bitch, three months old. Address A. WEEKS, Locust Valley, L. I. Aug. 15, 18

FOR SALE, a brace of beautiful black and white Llewellyn setter pups by Champion P. C. E. LEWIS, Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Aug. 4, 18

PURE OPPORTUNITY.—Pointer bitch, ten months old, dark liver and white, by the Flackville dog Chiswick; just fit for the field; having no time to work her, will sell at a sacrifice. Address FRED, Box 96 New York P. O. Aug. 15, 18

—See Kennel Advertisements next page.

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CHEAPER THAN CAN BE DONE BY ANY OTHER
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IMPERIAL MANGE CURE.

A sure cure for all SKIN DISEASES. For sale by
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"PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," &c.
exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any
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Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of prin-
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DASHING LION IN THE STUD.
The imported dog, Flashing Lion, will give you a limited
number of approved bitches. For \$25.
Address
Juno 30, James
11 YEARSLEY, JR.,
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FOR SALE. My entire kennel, consisting of my
red Irish setter bitch Beesey, with 4 of her
puppies (now 6 weeks old); my black and tan Gor-
don setter stud, 5 years old, with 2 of his pups, 3
weeks old; my orange and white English setter dog
Grouse. All but the puppies are thoroughly broken
on all kinds of game, and full pedigree will be
given. "The red Irish setter pups out of Beesey are
by Max Venzel's stud bitch. Following are my
very low prices: For Beesey, \$75; for her puppies,
\$20 each. For St. Laurens, \$100; for his pups, \$20
each. For Grouse, \$40. These prices are all made
very low as I desire to close out my entire kennel.
For further particulars address S. H. N. L. 1147-
717, 70 and 72 Bowery, New York. Aug 25, 11.

HARE BEAGLE KENNELS.—For sale, the pro-
duce of imported and home bred animals that
have been hunted since able to follow the gun on
the trail, and are believed to be second to none in
nose, to eye and endurance. COLLIN CAMERON,
Brickerville, Pa. May 12, 11.

OUTFOUR COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS.—For
Cockers of all ages and colors, dogs, bitches
and puppies, address with stamp, HOLT WALKER,
Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. July 21-11.

FOR SALE, a handsome Red Fish Setter Bitch, 3
years old, broke on quail, woodcock and partridge.
Will show her on game in the field. Price,
\$30 if taken soon. CHAS. F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y.
Aug 25, 11.

FOR SALE CHEAP, Spayed English setter bitch,
orange and white, very handsome, 11 months
old, and broken and partly bred cockers gun shy.
S. A. PLICK, Northumberland, Pa. Aug 25, 11.

FOR SALE, a thoroughly broken Laverack setter
dog, with pedigree. Retrieves: is kind and
easily handled; works by intuition of the hand or
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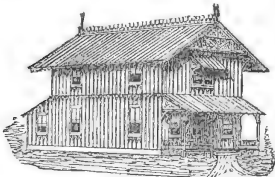
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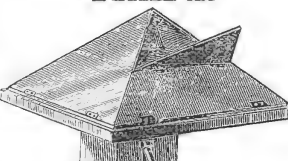
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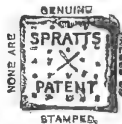
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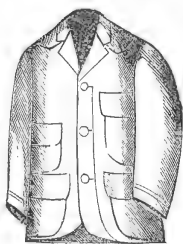
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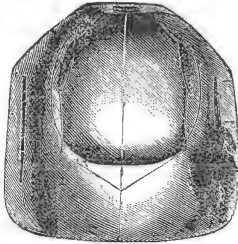
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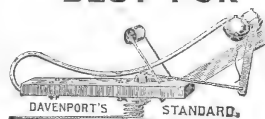
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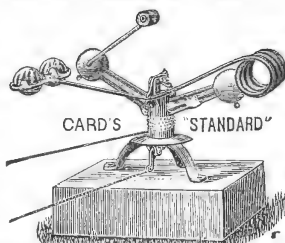
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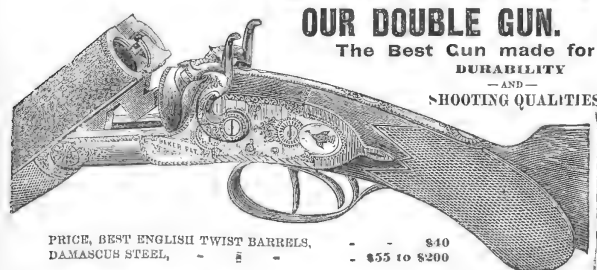
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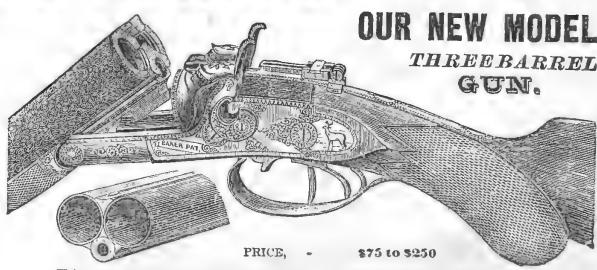
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address: Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York City.

FOREST AND STREAM.
Thursday, September 1.

Specimen copies of the FOREST AND STREAM sent free upon application.

COURTING.—A correspondent suggests in another column that the Eastern owners of greyhounds hold a meeting during the coming autumn and test the qualities of their dogs. There is no reason why such a meeting should not be inaugurated as the sport of courting is one of the most beautiful and interesting known in the long list of sports that have been transplanted from England to this country. A meeting of this kind under proper management could be made especially attractive, not only to sportsmen but to ladies. In England the meets are always largely attended by the fair ones, and as we write we can see the hills of Shinnecock and Montauk (admirable places for conducting the course) crowned by the gaily dressed charmers watching the speeding and turning of the fleet ones. Greyhounds have for many centuries been the favorites of the women of England. They have appeared in many old family portraits by the side of the beauties of the house, and only a few years ago the Queen ordered that Master McGrath should be brought up to Windsor for her inspection. We should like to see the suggestion of our correspondent put into shape, and if the large hare of New York State should not be found game enough it would be an easy matter to import some of his English cousins to test the metal of our dogs.

ESTO PERPETUA.

IN Westminster Abbey is a stone on which is inscribed: "Sacred to the Eternal Memory of —." The rest is obliterated by time's effacing fingers, and the stone stands in mockery of the puny efforts of transient man to fix his name indelibly as a record that he has lived. What a sermon on the perishable things of this earth is on this stone!

The Egyptians embalmed their dead that they might be preserved "to all eternity." A stranger has invaded their land. Some of their remains so carefully embalmed and affectionately laid away in spices are now in dime museums, others have been taken to England and ground for fertilizers, literally returning to dust, while now artists have discovered that "mummies" make the finest pigment!

The London *Truth* says: "A gentleman, passing through Long Acre the other day, peeped into a little shop and started suddenly at the sight of several dead bodies. They had been dead for over 2,000 years—they were mummies. Where did they come from? From Thebes. Are more coming? Yes; plenty. There appears to be a regular business going on in mummies between Thebes and Long Acre. The mummies are brought over enveloped in their rich bituminous covering, and—*horresco referens*—ground up, bones, cases, coverings, bitumen, and all! What for? Why, for paint. There seems to be no burnt sienna like ground mummy. The artists are willing to pay high prices for this mummy paint. Our Academy walls may be limned with the dust of the Ptolemies."

We are not going to preach a sermon on this, it is a little out of our line, but it will afford thought for those who think, and might suggest that a "precession of the equinoxes" could sweep from the earth all traces that the human race had ever inhabited it. *Sic transit* would be rapid transit, and *gloria mundi* would need regenerating. Verily, Macauley's New Zealander may yet stand upon London bridge and muse on the ancient race who built it, or New York become a polar sea which explorers will perish in reaching, if the earth should be re-inhabited.

YE OYSTER ARRIVETH.

BY the time that this is before our readers the oyster will be in its glory. Its four months' holiday is past and its partner, the clam, which has filled its place during the interval, is now relieved from the burden of furnishing "raws" and falls back to its position in the soup and in the roast.

The fact that transplanted oysters are good all summer is taken advantage of by wicked oystermen to advocate their use in the months whose names do not contain the necessary R. They have even suborned New York editors to keep stating the fact and urging the people to eat them in the tabooed season, that their trade may continue the year round. There is no denying that there are certain facts which are obnoxious and which should be suppressed when they come in contact with a prejudice which is better than the fact, and the prejudice against oysters in the R-less months is one that should be encouraged for two reasons. The first is, that after abstaining for four months the oyster-eater enters upon the season with a fresh appetite and makes up for lost time, and so the wicked oysterman really sells as many of the mollusks in eight months as he would in twelve. The second reason is, that during the forbidden time the delicious "Little Neck clam" opens the banquet and furnishes the daily or evening lunch, and so really has a season of its own, without which its excellencies might never be known to many; and there are those who prefer the young and tender clam to the oyster.

To show that we practice our faith in this matter we will relate an incident which happened yesterday, the last day of August. We entered our favorite restaurant and, stepping up so the oyster counter, ordered a "Little Neck raw." There were piles of oysters on the counter and we asked the conchologist who opens the bivalves if many oysters had been called for during the past month. "Oh, yes, sir," replied the oyster surgeon, "the people eat 'em just the same; that's all humbug about their not being good in months wot ain't got no R." It was evident that this bivalve shucker was in league with the wicked dealers and oystermen, and was trying to break down the wholesome prejudice, so, remember-

ing how Col. John Hay tells "The Pledge at Spunky Point," we expressed to the student of mollusc science our abiding faith that no oyster was good until after the hands of the clock had marked one minute past midnight on the last of August, and that, like the hero of Hay's poem, we should sit up and watch for it that night. "Jes like watchin' the old year out and the new year in," remarked the malacostracologist, with a smile at our credulous simplicity, as we handed him a "quarter" and bade him good morning.

INTERVIEWING A SENSIBLE TROUT.

THERE is a prize within the boundaries of that quiet pool, for, "quivering with almost the tremor of life," the leader with its flies had scarcely touched its surface when, quicker than lubricated lightning, one of those golden-tinted princes took hold and sped away, turning the reel fast as the indicator on a gas-meter goes round. The prophet Baalam was not more surprised when his ass spoke to him than was this trout, when in the simplicity of his innocence he rose so greedily only to discover that the Montreal fly was "a mockery, a delusion and a snare."

His madness that he had become the victim of trickery rendered him desperate. A bundle of nerves under galvanic action could not have been more restless. Physical pain had nothing to do with his erratic movements after the hook had been fastened in his jaws. He was angry at the unprovoked trick that had been played upon him. It was anger unjustifiable, for no fish that can augment the sum total of human happiness and help replenish human larders by being caught can reasonably expect any sympathy in his self-imposed insanity. If he is so unreasonable as to consider himself a martyr, very well; but let him emulate the examples of John Huss and Konarski and other models and suffer his martyrdom in silence.

Hold on! hold on!—that would not afford the angler so much sport; so plunge ahead, old fellow, and welcome to your freedom, if you can gain it—even at the loss of my line and leader. If we had the faintest suspicion that we were causing you needless pain we would whip out our knife instanter, cut the line, and promise never to repeat the trick that enticed you into your present predicament, for it were downright cruelty to punish you for your thinking you could make a good square meal off a few feathers and a fish-hook. But honestly, old fellow, don't you enjoy it?

"Not a bit of it. I know the afterclap. This is glorious fun slashing around in this pool, but it is the toasting you will give me your shanty that I do not like. You had better believe we know what comes of our being landed."

"Then why don't you leave my flies alone?"

"You put them on the water in so artistic a manner that I thought they were only such food as Nature provided for us, and was deceived into taking what I thought was mine by right."

"You would talk and flatter us into letting you go."

"It's the truth I'm telling you. I would scorn to earn my exemption from your broiler at the sacrifice of truth."

"Does the hook hurt?"

"Not a particle. There is nothing jollier in our watery kingdom than being yanked about on the end of a good, springy rod, if the man at the butt end of it understands the correct manner of manipulating it. It is just the kind of circus we enjoy."

"Why, then, are you fighting so desperately?"

"It's your deuced fly-pan."

"Never mind the frying-pan. Don't borrow trouble. Just as soon as you have finished your frolic and we have landed you we promise on honor to put you out of misery by severing your vertebrate column."

"All right! Proceed with the exhibition. I see you understand our case exactly and it is a real pleasure to be caught by you, and yet you would little blame me if I managed to give you the slip."

"None whatever. A good game fellow like you, who earns his freedom after a desperate fight, is heartily welcome to it."

It is a real pleasure to talk with so sensible a trout. He honestly admits that, properly hooked, he suffers no pain, and if on being landed he receives a quieting and soothing crack of the neck that sends him in a twinkling to trouty's heaven

it makes him better for the tangle than if allowed to flounder in the basket until he contracts a fever and dies a miserable and lingering death.

There are no nerves in the cartilaginous part of a trout's mouth, and his being hooked there, as is most frequently the case, causes no more pain than a man's experiences in the chair of a skillful barber.

Try it MILLARD.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW'S OBITUARY.

A POEM OF THE FUTURE.

WHEN we published the other day Bryant's English sparrow poem, we intimated the pleasure it would afford us to print also an obituary of the last bird of that race in America. Our long-time friend, Mr. Isaac McLeellan, responding to our note, has thoughtfully furnished us a poem fitted for such a purpose. Unfortunately, however, the English sparrow is still with us, and to publish a triumphal song over his extinction were premature. In fact it was not so much the song that we wanted as it was the occasion for the song. We look out now from the desk where we are writing, and in the dusty City Hall Park we see the squabbling hordes of these chattering birds twittering about, fearless of the tramps on the benches, and noisily assuring us that the English sparrow is here—and proposes to stay. We shall not dispute it. We shall not attempt to deceive ourselves nor our readers in this matter. The English sparrow brood has a long life before it in America. Publishing its obituary will not intimidate it. No words will intimidate it. Fine shot might. But we publish the poem. We put it on record in the files of this paper. The hope inspires us that in the future of promise, when the chair in this sanctum shall have been filled by another, and by yet another, some one of the editors of the FOREST AND STREAM may at length herald the going of the sparrow, and republish from this, then old and forgotten Volume Seventeen, the poem which we print here this day, September 1, 1881, descriptive of what shall then be the native song bird's swan of joy over

THE DEATH OF THE LAST SPARROW.

The song-birds rejoice in valley and wood,
For the sparrows have gone, that pestilent brood!
The meadow lark warbles his peans of praise,
Robin reed, east is sweet with his jubilant lays.

The blue-birds that perch on the old garden gate
And the little blue jays now with joy are elate,
The black-birds with unsatiate chatter declare,
As their hovering pinions circle in air.

That the fierce, fighting sparrows no longer molest,
To sting with their bills or harrow the nest,
And no longer in orchard or green forest glade
Will the haunts of the innocent warblers invade.

The cat-birds that lurk where the thickets are dense,
The martins that rove d' the barn eaves now skin;
The swallows that feed on the insects of air,
The humming-birds brilliant as emeralds rare;

The oriole splendid with purple and gold,
The bright little yellow-birds, fair to behold;
The gay bob-o-link, whose minstrelsy flows
Like the bubbling brook thro' the meadow that goes;

The b own thrush, that hermit of deep solitudes,
The lone chickadee that chirps in the woods;—
All these native harpists, a musical band,
Rejoice that the sparrow is dead in the land!

These foreign invaders all scorn'd a fat slug,
Scor'd army worm, Hessian fly, forest moth and bug;
Woe did not feast on the insects that poison the fruit,
That strip the green leaves which garland the shoot.

But stained are their bills with the blood of the grape
Whose clusters of nectar the trellises drape;
They feed on the strawberry, luscious and red,
And on all the sweets of the garden are fed.

On the round, ruddy globes of the peach tree, that fills
With fragrance the air as the honey distills;
On the brown, juicy pears that burst as they fall;
On the sweet purple plums that drop o'er the wall;

On the cherries ambrosial, whose clustering gems
Clasp and crown the light twigs with rare diamonds,
But now since the sparrows have met with their doom,
The harvests may wither, the gardens may bloom.

Yet! now the broad acres of ripening grain
May brighten in sunshine and freshen in rain;
The fruit of the orchard their treasures may store,
The song-birds may warble as ever of yore,
For the sparrows will rob and molest never more.

Shelter Island, Aug. 22.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

DEATH-TRAPS AGAIN.—We have a list of some fifty "accidents" to yachts this season, one and all traceable to a lack of depth and low weights. The list is unfortunately not yet complete. The *Herald* of Sunday adds two more of these so-called accidents. A "yacht" turns turtle on the St. Lawrence, off Murray Bay, Aug. 23, and her crew of three are drowned; and, nearer home, another yacht, the *Mahei Emma*, rolls over near Long Beach, the same day, spills her contents, and Colonel William Chalmers, of this city, expires with his life the blunders of the beamy light-draft school. Next week we will print a letter from General Frazer to the Boston *Advertiser*, which shows we are no longer alone in the crusade against the man-traps a perverted taste confounds with craft entitled to the appellation "yacht."

MANY ENGLISH SPORTSMEN are visiting America this season and seeking sport at the West.

BLOOD POISONING FROM FISH.

WE know of several persons who cannot eat fish, lobsters, oysters, etc., either one or all, without experiencing a most intolerable itching and often an eruption upon the skin. We also know a lady who is afflicted in the same manner after eating strawberries. One person can eat fish which have been out of water some days, but a visit to the sea shore and an indulgence in fish fresh from the water produces the poisoning described.

A doctor who was applied to in one instance recommended the heroic treatment of eating fish and scratching, until the system became reconciled to the diet, as in the case of the use of other poisons. This would require the devotion which the small boy brings to the mastery of tobacco, and would require his enthusiasm, which is not usually found in adults. This deprivation of fish food is, to those who love it, a serious matter, and we have written this at the request of a sufferer, in order to see if some of our medical readers cannot suggest a remedy.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

IT gives us much pleasure to chronicle an incident which took place at Whitestone, Long Island, Tuesday evening of last week, and more particularly so as the circumstances reflect great credit upon a gentleman well known to many of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM Mr. George Macdougall who upon the occasion referred to took a header into Long Island Sound, and pluckily rescued from drowning a young lady, who had inadvertently tumbled into the same. Like the brave young oysterman, who in the ballad said

To save his dear
Leander swam the Hellespont,
And I can swim this here,"

he gallantly bore her to the shore.

One of those ever-present "Arrys, whom *Punch* delights to picture, was of course on hand, in the shape of a newspaper man, to claim the glory. The young miss was pleasant, pretty and picturesque, and, if newspaper reports are to be relied upon, instead of saying to a rather pertinent question, "No, George; oh, no, George! not just yet," she looked up or down, we know not which, into the large blue eyes of her hero and said "Yes." We wish them joy. It was a brave act, and nothing could be more fitting than that the sequel should be the approved happy one of the Oliver Optic story-books.

JOHN P. MOORE, whose name has been prominent in the gun trade for more than half a century, died at his residence in this city, last Saturday, August 27, at the advanced age of eighty-one years, having been born in this city in 1799. When eighteen years old he entered the employ of Benjamin Coper as an apprentice in the trade of gunsmithing, and began business on his own account four years later at No. 206 Broadway. His building erected not long after on the site of the present *Evening Post* building was the largest on Broadway at that time. In 1860 he retired, leaving the business to his sons. Mr. Moore had an enviable reputation for sterling integrity, and held in the course of his business career many positions of trust, having been for some time a Director in the Mechanic's Bank. At the time of his death he was a Director of the Jefferson Fire Insurance Company, an office he had held for twenty-five years. He was one of the earliest members of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, and took much pride in the success of its Apprentices' Library. For many years he was President of the society. The school in charge of the society became one of the best in the city during the time Mr. Moore was Chairman of the Committee on Education.

ICHTHYOLOGICAL STUDENTS will do well to read Dr. Gill's criticism on Dr. Günther's "Introduction to the Study of Ichthyology," in another column. The need of such a work as Dr. Günther proposed to furnish has long been felt, but those who are competent to furnish it are so engaged with advanced work that they have neglected it. We had hoped that the book of Dr. Günther would prove a boon to the beginner, but Dr. Gill thinks otherwise. A book of this character bearing the name of any recognized American ichthyologist would no doubt be in demand. Hardly a day passes without application being made to us for such a work. We realize the difficulties which beset a beginner who has no teacher and knows not where to commence, for we were ourselves led into all sorts of bye-paths in trying to find a road to ichthyic knowledge.

AN ARCHERY TOURNAMENT will be held at the Fair Grounds, Waverly, New Jersey, on Friday, Sept. 20, in which all the clubs of this vicinity are expected to take part. The Corresponding Secretary is Mr. W. Holberton, of No. 65 Fulton street, this city. Lawn tennis and lacrosse are also on the programme.

A NEW MAINE MAP.—Mr. Thos. Sedgwick Steele is preparing a map of the Maine canoeing region to accompany his forthcoming book, "Paddle and Portage." The map, we understand, is prepared from original sources of information and will doubtless prove indispensable to the Maine canoeist.

WILD CELERY.—Mr. D. W. Cross writes that he has had several letters about transplanting the wild celery, and in all probability the experiment will be so thoroughly tested that the question of its success will be definitely settled.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"OLE WHEELER."

IT was nearly noon when our party emerged from the forest into a little clearing. Struck by its appearance, they rested upon its edge and gazed around. Very beautiful was this little opening in the vast forest—this oasis in the desert of tree trunks. It disclosed a broad, blue belt of sky, of which only a speck here and there had been visible in the woods. The sun, too, which sent but few pale rays into the forest depths, here shone in full brilliancy, caressing the tree-tops with its sparkling light, warming the grass and bushes and bringing a deeper blush to the raspberries, whose clustering vines filled the greater part of the clearing and ran riot over the mouldering tree-trunks. The stillness of mid-day rested upon the scene. The breeze scarcely swayed the graceful foliage of the elms, above whose tops two hawks were lazily soaring. The rippling of the little brook, hurrying over its bed, as if impatient to gain the cool of the forest beyond, was the only sound.

"This is the place, folks, and a pleasant one don't lie in the whole South woods," said Wren. "If there was only a little lake by I'd like to camp here for the rest of my mortal days. These elms show good soil."

"Where's his hut?" asked Sigourney.

"Some might call it a hut, but if he hasn't put a French roof on it since I was here last I should denominate it a novel. Over here." And he led the way to the centre of the clearing. A large elm tree shaded the brook, which here widened a little, and from its grassy banks sloped away. On one side was an irregular pile of logs and bark, covered with leavess. Wren went to one end of it and, stooping down, pushed away some boards.

"There is nobody at home. The mansion is vacant. Look!" and he stepped aside.

Merciful God, is it one of thy creatures that exists here! Through a single pane of glass, fastened in its place by a few pegs, the interior was dimly lighted. The damp earth was covered with mould and a pool of stagnant water stood in the middle. On the farther side, where the hole had not been dug as deeply, lay a ragged sheepskin—the man's bed. A shelf held a few bottles, traps and cooking utensils and in front was a stone fire-place, in which the ashes of fifteen years were standing. Wren knew they had been there fifteen years, for the man had lived there that time and such a heap couldn't have been collected in any less. The party were still curiously gazing into the den when Wren whispered, "Here comes 'Ole Wheeler' himself."

With long, swinging steps, and gun at a trail, a figure was swiftly approaching from the woods—a tall, gaunt figure, bent and awkward. A face—a face that will never be forgotten by those who then met its gaze—looked out from a matted beard and long tangled hair. Surely fancy would have named this creature some old river god, some mighty genius of the woods, had it not been for his ragged pants, torn off at the knees, and the quaint old swallow-tailed coat fastened by its brass buttons tightly around him. The Professor recognized the same figure which he had seen crossing Grass River. The man stopped and surveyed the four hunters. His eyes, black and restless, moved from one to another—eyes that glowed with a wavering light that told plainly the loss of reason.

"Have ye come to steal me taters or me sugar, Mr. Wren?"

"Neither one nor t'other. We're four honest men as wants to take dinner and be sociable-like with yer."

"Ole Wheeler appeared assured and laid aside his rusty gun. Hand and shoulder he put on a friendly and a twinning meal of jerked venison and bread spread out on the ground. "Berries!" exclaimed Wheeler, emerging from his burrow.

"Yes, that's so," said Wren. There were about six quarts of rich, ripe raspberries.

"Sugar!" said Wheeler coming up out of the tomb again.

"Right again," said Wren.

The Professor, however, declared it was syrup; maple syrup in that delicious half-way state in which you find it only in the woods. With it the berries were delicious. But the purpose of the parties' visit was to hear "Ole Wheeler" talk, and accordingly Wren soon put him on the trail.

"Do I like to be alone here? Yis, I love to; I love to sit here nights an' watch the stars an' the moon sir. I've watched 'em these fifteen years, and I know 'em every one; as well as I know the lakes an' the hills. I know how they move an' I can tell yer. Have I read the books about 'em? Yes, an' they lie sir, they all lie; they're made to sell—*to sell*. What I've seen for years an' I know it true an' no book learnin' can make me believe otherwise. Why don't I write a book? Well, I'm poor an' folks think I'm ignorant, an' they wouldn't believe me; but maybe I shall write some day. I've got papers and drawin's made. No, the books deceive ye. I know the sun isn't fur off as they say it is. I've measured it here an' I know it's near me. I can feel it warm me, an' the moon and the stars, they ain't fur off; an' sometimes in bright e'en' nights they talk to me, an' they tell me about the good God. Ye sir, I like to talk with 'em an' with the trees an' the animals, they're better'n me. Have I a family? Well, my wife is livin' sir, but she's dead to me. My son, he went to California where the rivers run gold, but the Indians killed him. My nephew said seven year ago he'd come an' visit me, and I expects him. We shall live on taters. My taters are the best in the county."

After making the old man a few presents the party started for camp. As they struck off into the trail they heard him say:

"If ye meet my nephew, tell him to hurry. Say he shall have taters an' sugar."

They promised and walked on in silence. What is that which we call the love of nature, that power which draws man to her, which has its influence over the coarse and the cultivated mind, and often endows him who passes his life with her with those refined traits of character which make him in the truest sense of the word "Nature's nobleman?" All classes of men are drawn to her. The rude hawkeaswoodsman loves her solitudes, he knows not why. The cultivated man delights in her company. The careworn merchant, the student with weary brain, seek her musing and are refreshed. The tempted commune with her and are strengthened. The upright man finds with her peace and security. The criminal trembles when she alone is by. The soul embittered by some wrong flees to her. The heart stung by some great sorrow seeks consolation with her. In that "society where none intrudes" she speaks with man; she calls to him from the vastness of the mountains, the mad dashing of the rapids, and the awful gloom of night; from

the calm lakes, the leaping brooks, the trees, the birds, the flowers. She tells him that there in that vast wilderness he is alone in the presence of his Maker.

On the sand beach at the head of Massawepie is a lovely grave. The birches bend tenderly over it and the waters of the inlet ripple by in an unending dirge. Tradition says that years ago a maniac, who had escaped from his keeper, wandered off into the woods and made his bed here. When too weak to walk he had crawled back and forth to the little brook for water and some hunters found him long after, lying dead upon his couch of leaves. No one knows what led that being to flee from his fellow men to the solitude of the wilderness, but it seems certain that to those bereft of reason, to those who are denied rational intercourse with their fellows nature speaks a powerful language.

A few fatherly men, under to a weak and helpless child, so the kind Father of all looks mercifully down upon these most helpless of his children and reveals hidden beauties to their eyes. For love of nature is love of God.

AN INVAILD IN THE FIELD.

IT is a clear, cold October morning of which I write. The woods are in the "sere and yellow." The prairie grass has died of grief, perhaps, for the bright flowers that have wilted earlier, or more likely, has had the emerald tint knocked out of it by Sir John Frost, the destroyer.

I have been confined to my room for ten days playing a game of patience ("a game I do not understand") with a severe fit of rheumatic gout; but on this morning, after fearful groaning, I have dressed and, mounting my crutches, hobbled to the window to look out.

My dogs, Don, an English setter, and Stella, a pointer bitch—both "natives"—are sleeping on the gallery in a patch of sunlight. A tap upon the window and both heads "come to attention;" another tap and their bright eyes turn toward the window and, catching sight of my face, they bolt through the hall to my chamber door and whinnying beg in the most piteous manner to be admitted.

"Open the door, mother, and let them in."

"Nonsense, Bob; they'll be sure to hurt you."

"I'll risk it; here, give me that low chair. Right; now turn that high chair—no, not that, the one with the cane back—in front of my feet and knees; all right. Now let them come."

The door is opened and in they rush! It is well that I have entrenched myself or their affectionate onslaught might have been a serious injury, they eagerly leap upon me and with low whines of intense joy, my cheeks, and their honest eyes beam with an expression of love more plain than any spoken words can express. Ah me! how pleasant it is to be the object of such unselfish devotion, dumb brutes though they be! And yet they tell us that these loving and intelligent, though, dumb, companions have no "hereafter;" that after serving us for years, learning to know our thoughts and share our feelings, they die and there is no more of them for us. Believe it who will, I do not. The preachers tell us of material joys and pains in the world to come, of golden streets and jasper walls, but who wants to walk on golden streets unless sure of leaving their ills behind them, or rather, who would walk at all if there be angelic wings with which to fly. As for jasper walls, they are doubtless beautiful, but to my mind more ornamental than useful. For myself, I could never endure "city life" in this world and I am sure I should not enjoy being cramped in the next. No, sir; God is good, and I verily believe that all of the many dogs and cats that I have owned and loved here, and who have gone before, are now awaiting me on that other shore; and to be once more with them on those eternal hunting grounds, with a hammerless gun, smokeless powder and undying youth in which to follow the chase—ah, me, but that will be heaven!

I look out at the window again, then glance at my dogs, now quietly sleeping upon the hearth rug, then at my gun-case, and the longing to be afield once more becomes irresistible. Turning to my wife I say: "Mother, will you take me on the prairie this morning in the buggy?"

"Why, Bob, are you crazy? How could you get into the buggy?"

"Not crazy, mother, but a sudden attack of 'Cacothetes'—what the deuce is the Greek for hunting?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she says; "but you certainly don't mean to take your gun."

"I most certainly do. You shall drive me—I'll shoot from the buggy."

"And come back half dead with the gout!"

"Not so, my wife, it will cure me! So, good now, please have the buggy harnessed at once. My soul's in arms and eager for the prairie!"

"But you've got the gout and can't get away!"

"Confound it, madam, will you—oh! ah! oh! Whew!"

"What's the matter with you now?"

"I struck my lame foot against that infernal chair-rocker. Ah me! but hurry, mother, and let's be off."

And now, while she goes to order the buggy, let me explain that our only living son has attained to his majority and gone out into the world to carve out his destiny, for weal or woe; and our only surviving daughter, having married years ago, has a home and children of her own. So that we, with the exception of an occasional visit from our children and grandchildren and the necessary dependents, are left alone in the old home. That is why Mrs. C. is nearly always my companion in bird hunting and fishing, and though she cannot herself shoot a gun, she takes great pride in my shooting, and "chaffs" me unmercifully when I shoot badly. But here she comes to tell me that she is ready.

With much pain and the aid of kindly hands I am helped into the buggy. Mrs. C. takes her reins, and away we go.

Ah, ha! how deliciously exhilarating it is to one who has been for days confined to a close room to drink in huge draughts of pure prairie air. How pleasant to a hunter to inhale the peculiar aroma of dead grass and weeds that in the fall pervades the prairie atmosphere.

But Don and Stella are eagerly quartering the ground from right to left, meeting and passing each other in front of the buggy, so we have no time to poetrize. Suddenly Don checks and, catching sight of him, backs for a second and then moves as he does. There is no need to caution them, but in my heart I think, "Ah, my beauties, how I love you!" Now Don halts and becomes rigid, his lips "going in an out" with suppressed breathing until his head turns slightly, and his bright eyes say to me, "Old man, they are here; I've done my work, now do yours." Meantime Stella is backing like the darling little thing she is, in the most beautiful manner.

"What is it?" whispers wife,

"Quail, I reckon; too close to timber for chickens. Turn Dandy a little and drive slowly to Don's right—a little nearer, I wish the horses to flush them." (N. B.—I always walk by my birds, and do not intend to flush in my judgment, unreliable.) "Now, Mollie, watch the old man take 'em in!" Whirr-whirr-rang! bang! "Eh, what—a miss with both barrels. Oh, confound it!"

"Not a feather," says Mrs. C. "Ahem, is that the way you take 'em in, old man?"

"Well, you see, mother, I'm weak and nervous. But see, Don has another point. Drive to the right of him again—there." Whirr-r—an old cock quail, and straightaway I throw up my gun, and, resisting the impulse to pull trigger until he is fairly between the hammers, and then my finger contracts. A few floating feathers in the air, but I feel the bird is mine.

"A long shot, Bob."

"Well, yes, so so; the fact is I had to kill him or go home. When I find myself nervous at the start I must, by a powerful exercise of the will, overcome it at once or I grow worse and make a bad day of it. Dead bird, Don, fetch. Come in, Stella, it's Don's bird." When hunting two dogs I let the dog that points the bird retrieve it, if killed; it is his right and he expects it.

"Did you mark them down, Mollie?"

"Yes; three or four dropped near you tall vesin weed."

"Good; drive that way—lie 'way Don, lie 'way, Stella!"

The dogs quarter the ground, and when near the designated weed they point at the same instant, but at different objects. "To which shall I drive first?"

"To Don; he's nearest."

"Yes, but Stella is young and may break point at gun fire, while old Don will stand all day."

"Yes, and all right, too, the dear old fellow! but we will trust Stella, and if she breaks—I point to the dog whip at our feet. The dogs are not over twenty yards apart. Wife drives slowly to Don, and up jump a brace of quails. I am ready, and remembering the result of firing too quickly at my first birds I hold hard, and with slow haste score a clean kill of both birds.

"Dead; Don, fetch." He's off at the word (and never before) retrieving both birds, of course, singly.

"Well, Mollie, how did Stella stand the racket?"

"Beautifully," she answers, enthusiastically. "At the first report of the gun she dropped to shot, but only for a second, when she resumed her point."

We turn the horse toward Stella, and Don, getting sight of her, backs her like a gentleman. We get close to the bitch but flinch nothing.

"It must be so close to her nose as to be paralyzed with—"

when out bounces a rabbit, and away goes Stella in full chase. I whistle and call frantically, but she heeds me never a bit. After a chase of a hundred yards or so the rabbit is lost in the high grass, and then Miss Stella hears my whistle and sees the buggy heading down upon her. Instantly realizing the enormity of her offense she absolutely melts under a sense of fear and shame. I stop the buggy, and order her to "come in." She starts to us dragging her feet as though they were weighted with lead.

"Here, wife, take the whip, jump out and punish her."

"Now, Mrs. C., whose *enbontpoint* is one of those self-evident facts about which there can be no discussion, is not much of a jumper at any time, and in this instance her kind heart makes her rather slow in getting out. I look to see if the bitch is coming, and lo! she is making a splendid point.

"Get back, Mollie, S'ella is pointing."

"Perhaps she's found her rabbit again."

"No, I think not; besides, look at Don!" who was now cautiously working his way toward the bitch and on arriving within fifteen or twenty steps he points in her direction. Evidently the birds are between them.

"Bet thinks they've found chickens!"

"Thanks," no. "Neither bet nor drink," says Mrs. C.

"Pardon me. Of course I didn't mean to bet with you. A man and his wife being one cannot bet with each other."

"Except as to drinks they may be one, but I'm sure that your drinks never gave me the gout."

"Don't make personal remarks, mother; bad taste—very. Drive around so as to come between the dogs."

The horse makes one or two steps, when—"whirr-r"—up jumps four or five "chickens." Although unready and a little startled, I let drive with both barrels and down once, while another gets away with both legs dangling.

"Mark the cripple, Mollie!"

I slip a shell in each barrel. "Now drive between the dogs." They have kept their points, and as we get close in, up get the chickens in a bunch. I swing my gun round and cut away right and left at two that have separated from the others, miss one, and drop the other. Stella holds her point still.

"Drive close in front of her." An old cock gets up with a tremendous clatter, but drops at the crack of the gun.

"Dead, Don! Dead, Stella! Fetch!"

"Now, mother, for the cripple."

"Wait a moment," and she picks up the dog-whip and makes a move to get out.

"What are you going to do?"

"Whip Stella for chasing that rabbit!"

"Whip your granny! Give me that whip. Don't you see that she has repented and brought forth meat for repentance."

"Job—When found make a note."

"All right; and for your scriptural quotation is correct, there's a typical example in my Bible."

"Well, I quote from memory only; but let's go for that wounded chicken and then home, for my feet begin to pain me fearfully."

"Just as I feared."

The dogs soon find and retrieve the chickens, and we turn our horse's head homeward. I am assisted out of the buggy and into the house. I lie down upon the lounge, which my wife rolls in front of the fire and hands me the hot Forest and Stream, saying else.

"Yes, ma'am; give me a dose of colicum, please."

She pours out a spoonful, which I no sooner swallow than I cry out: "Mercy, mother! What is it you are giving me?"

She snatches up the bottle and gives one look.

"Oh, Bob, I'm so sorry! I've made a mistake in the bottle and given you—"

"What? poison?"

"No, it's—it's—"

"My God! What?"

"Vermifuge!"

"Vermifuge—la! la! la! Why, confound it! don't you know I'm past—"

But she had left the room. Well, the Lord's will be done; but fancy giving a fellow "wormin'" medicine for the gout!

Crockett's Bluff, Ark.

Bob, H. C.

"PODGERS" DISCOURSETH.

AND PROMISES TO TALK SOME MORE.

DOWNS EAST, Aug. 21, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have just been reading the last two numbers of FOREST AND STREAM from beginning to end, lying flat on my back on a lounge, with coat off, a good cigar, and feet at the usual orthodox angle, the mantel of No. 89, Young's Hotel, doing duty as a foot-stool.

This time it is not stories of big fish and wonderful catches, but the burden runs more to "possum and climbing snakes. It is wonderful what a deal of experience and modern intonances the mere suggestion of a case or a query brings forth. The 'possum question has certainly been well ventilated, and snakes have now had a good run. Strikes me the friends of FOREST AND STREAM have had an undue experience with snakes; had some myself, but not the sort I fear many of those gentlemen know most of. I acknowledge a total absence of 'possum experience; really don't believe I ever saw one, much less ate one, not or cold. Do remember going out once from Virginia Springs for an evening 'coon hunt, with a dozen niggers and dogs, but beyond the dreadful hubbub, barking, and noise and flashes of torches and final death of something said to be a 'possum, I know nothing.

But when you talk about snakes I am with you, remember that. I mean the veritable, not the imaginary, and I can write a snake story for every number of the FOREST AND STREAM for the next five years. But the question mainly refers, I believe, to climbing snakes or snakes that do or don't climb. The climes certainly have much to do with it. In tropical countries we know the great boa or python climbs trees; and well he may, for it is easy for such a monster to do it. As for our common snakes, I am with the *pro's*, for I have seen them doing it, and especially in spring time when the birds were nesting and the young ones about hatching, although for that matter their snakeships are not over-particular; they will take the eggs before hatching. But all the snakes I have seen climbing did so with the spiral motion in the descent they did not so particularly, being generally considerably hurried by its boys.

I think old Otsego County, in my native State of New York, could at that period claim precedence over any other locality for snakes, big or little, especially the black and the dreaded rattlesnake. There was a ledge of rocks back of my native village and a cave under it which was designated "Rattlesnake Den." In the spring of the year, when the sun began to warm things up, the snakes would crawl out and lie on the shelf rocks, idle we boys, from our secure perch overhead, waiting until a good lot of them had gathered, would launch at a concerted signal a ton or two of collected boulders, and then gathering up the slain, drag them into town with a string and sell them to a weird old woman—generally considered a witch by us boys. What she did with them we never knew, but surmised that she used them in her incantations. She probably extracted the oil, which by popular belief contained wonderful healing properties. These snakes included all sorts—the garter, black and venomous—being in harmony, or at least had apparently spent the winter together.

That black snakes do climb is a fact forcibly impressed on my memory by the following circumstance. My governor was a man who would have made a splendid and staunch supporter of Bergh's Berghories, and a thorough sportsman of the old pattern, *i. e.*, great on deer and fox hunting with hounds, and would visit on us boys the most severe punishment for disturbing a bird's nest. The old claim back of the house was a safe and reliable judgment for nests and family raising, and especially due to the old nest, in a year after year to repair and make use of the old nest, in a smaller offshoot of the main tree. One spring, in accordance with their usual custom, a nestful of young robins were hatched, and one of my daily duties was to go into the garden with a spade, turn up the soil, and expose worms for the benefit of the youngsters, which the old birds accepted, and hopped down to the tip to pick up. From the window where the Governor usually sat in the soft spring days, making flies for the approaching season and rigging up last year's tackle, he could look down into the nest, and so late were the old birds that they would hop out; and so late the open window. One day the Governor, on looking down into the nest, noticed that two of the four young robins were gone. At once the subscriber was suspected; and whether from a previous bad reputation or strong suspicions, his protestations of innocence were unheeded, and the sudden change of temperature from a cool spring day to a most fearful and stormy minute was wonderfully. Such a warming, ending with imprisonment in the article.

The next morning, while listlessly lolling out of the window, looking down at a smaller brother, who was out thus early with a large piece of bread spread with brown sugar, as a special concession for being so much better than his elder brother, I heard a great clattering and to-do in the tree, and on looking, discovered a large black snake approaching the nest. At once it flashed on my mind that here was a key to the mystery. Disregarding the injunction to stay where I was until released, I threw down stairs a the old gent man's room and called on him to look out and see a snake robbing the robin's nest, which ocular evidence was not to be gainsaid. Tableaux—a dead snake with a young robin in its mouth; and another slice of bread and butter, with sugar on it, in mine. The Governor was a man of few words, and on this occasion, seeing the injustice of my punishment, might have had his own views, but did not express them, and in answer to my very regretful and pitying expressions from the mother, merely remarked: "Very true, he was not guilty this once, but we will credit the thrashing on general account, and then there will be quite a balance unaccounted for."

The Governor, however, made the *amende* in a way that was much more acceptable than apologies; he took me along trout fishing a few days later, and I had the privilege of following with my primitive alder rod and worm, while he proceeded with the fly; and precious little chance did I usually have to fish, as one of my duties consisted in picking up the fish as he used them to use them with a peculiar motion of the rod, saving himself the trouble of unhooking by flung off the barb of the hook. Those were the days though when every stream in old Delaware County swarmed with trout, and I usually returned from a two days' fish with a champagne basketful, supplying all the village for several days. What a hand the Governor was with the fly; and his celebrity as a fisherman earned for him the name of The Fisherman Lawyer that no man could hold a candle to. And, by the way, I never could understand what that particular virtue there could be, or wherein lay the evidence of great skill in being able to hold that candle. We hear of many that can't; there must be some that can; and then what?

I wander from snakes to fish, which reminds me to ask if it is not almost time for the summer lies to begin to come in? There's a lot of sanguine young men and tough "old sports" up at the Adirondacks and in Maine, scattered about the lakes there. Isn't it almost time for them to be heard from? Won't somebody with nothing better to do about your establishment collect, codify, and have the FOREST AND STREAM get out an official seaside or railroad edition of "Summer Lies by Angler Sportsmen?"

I would suggest also that a reward of a brass reel be offered to the man who can write an account of his trout or salmon fishing without alluding to the former as "speckled beauties," or the latter as *Salmo salar*. It makes one unwell to see those terms so everlastingly quoted. Let us call things by their right names, and not seek to air our science by scientific terms! Call a catfish a catfish, and not *Piscata felina*, and a big bass a big bass, not a *Basso profundo*. Let's have no D. B. nonsense, but settle squarely to "biz."

Thanks to your Michigan friend, who says he is glad to hear from me again, and is acquainted with that enterprising firm of George & Swindle. If he is a sportsman he must necessarily know that ubiquitous concern. As for hearing from me again, if that makes him happy, he is welcome, for I know no more agreeable way of passing idle time when stranded at a hotel over Sunday (vide present instance) than in scribbling of the pastimes of fishing, shooting or yachting. And yet there are people who make hard work of writing; and worse still, men there are, and they manage to get through their lives, that have no rest for either. For such let us pray, and sympathize with them.

Speaking of yachting, the Eastern clubs, Boston and along shore, have had a foggy time of it for their Eastern cruising. I overheard a conversation at lunch the other day:

"Hello, Jim; thought you were down East on a cruise?"

"Well, I was; but out of thirteen days we only had three clear ones, and gave it up."

"Where's the yacht?"

"Oh, she's coming along."

"Where did you leave her?"

"At Gloucester."

"Why didn't you come back in her? Such a lovely breeze to-day. Come along a-flukin'."

"Oh, well, I was in a hurry. Wanted to get to town. I had to come up by rail."

I watched that fellow. I saw at once what was the matter; looked streaked about the gills, and went in for pickles and acids for his lunch. Got seasick and came ashore.

Speaking of writing, I was exposed to my personal obligations to your correspondent who has given us such a graphic and interesting account of his trip from Moosehead Lake to St. John's. I have enjoyed his papers greatly, as doubtless have your many readers. I would rather have made the trip with him than the tour of Europe.

Well, as it is not fair to monopolize all the space of FOREST AND STREAM with my "remarks," I will put aside my stylographic and subside. Give you another dose when you have worked this off.

It is herewith declared "off."—Ed. More.—O. T. Twist.

A PARROT ON ITS TRAVELS.

I.

From the Forest and Stream, Nov. 11, 1880.

The following story comes to us well authenticated: At a certain club house in Boston there was kept in the billiard room a parrot which was so tame and such a favorite that it was not confined to its cage, but was allowed the liberty of the room, and was often seen perching upon the shoulders of the sportsmen and port wine-drinking men who still use pointers and setters had better observe parrots. On one occasion, when the bird was seated in one corner of the room, a gentleman, a Mr. B., entered, followed by his dog, whether a pointer or a setter we do not know. The dog after a few moments vindictive parrot, drew on it, and finally stood fast. The bird, which had been up to this time apparently oblivious of the presence of the canine, now turned its head slowly and in tones expressive of the utmost contempt said, "Go home, you damned fool." The dog started, looked, and then, turning tail, slunk out of the room. It is said that, although up to this time the animal had been a splendid hunter, he would thenceforth never point a bird.

II.

From the English Land and Water, July 30, 1881.

If a story we read the other day is to be relied on—and our authority is an unimpeachable daily journal published in a rare old city of the West country, famous for its sportsmen and port wine-drinking men who still use pointers and setters had better observe parrots. A gentleman living near the south coast had a fine pointer, of which he was very fond, the dog being staunch, with a good nose, reliable, and well trained. One day, however, the family received an addition in the shape of a parrot, brought over seas by the sailor son of the housekeeper. When first the dog came into the housekeeper's room he stopped at the doorway and pointed at the gay bird perched on the outside of its cage at the other end of the room. The parrot, not at all daunted by the dog's professional attitude, left its place and came mingling across the room, "with many a flirt and flutter," and squared itself in front of the setter. The two confronted each other for a second, and then the bird remarked impressively "You're a rascal!" The dog was for a second transfixed with horror at the unprecedented phenomenon of his "game" so roundly abusing him in the human tongue. It was too much for him; he had never "blinked" his game before, but now his tail sunk between his legs, and he slunk away. From that day a valuable dog was spoiled, for the pointer would never point a bird again.

III.

From the Sacramento, Cal., Bee, Aug. 20, 1881.

A gentleman living near Port Jarvis, N. Y., says an exchange, has a parrot which knows a good deal more than the law allows. Last summer a friend of his, whose name we withhold for obvious reasons, called at his house one day. A valuable young dog, a pointer, was with him. The two gentlemen sat on the porch smoking, and the parrot, which is very tame, was seated in an interstice in the trellis about the porch. The dog was lying on the floor at his master's feet; and finally his attention was attracted to the bird, which he was roundly abusing him in the human tongue. It was too much for him; he had never "blinked" his game before, but now his tail sunk between his legs, and he slunk away. From that day a valuable dog was spoiled, for the pointer would never point a bird again.

SWEEPS AWAY THE COCKLES.—FOREST AND STREAM comes to us like the visit of an old friend, cheering me, and sweeping the cockle burrs out of my soul. More power to your elbow.—ST. CLAIR.

THE FRIENDS OF MR. G. L. GILDERLEEVE, of Brooklyn, will be pained to hear of the serious accident which befel that gentleman one afternoon last week. While attempting to board a Brighton Beach train, he fell and broke his leg. At last report the unfortunate member was doing well.

Natural History.

GUNTHER'S LITERATURE AND MORPHOLOGY OF FISHES.

A REVIEW BY PROF. THEODORE GILL OF GUNTHER'S "INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF FISHES."

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
WASHINGTON, Aug 17, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In response to your favor I herewith send the review of (Günther's recent work published in the *Nation* of August 11, but have intercalated much new matter, so that the present gives a complement to the first chapter (the literature), and a tolerably thorough analysis of the second chapter of the "Introduction," i. e., the "Topographical Description of the External Parts of Fishes." I have been especially led to complete the review of the second chapter since I have read the notice of Günther's work in the January number of the "Westminster Review." The Westminster reviewer thinks "The second chapter, called a topographical description of the external parts of fishes, gives, in a manner altogether masterly, not merely an account of the structures of which it treats, in their immense variety, but some idea of their functions, with sufficient reference to individual fishes to invest a technical subject with interest and precision." (Am. Ed., p. 142.) You will thus perceive that I have said what I have not without knowledge of what can be alleged on the other side, and in order that you may be able to refer without trouble to what has been said about Dr. Günther's work I append a brief list of notices of it.

The following are all favorable reviews, but deal in generalities:

- "Saturday Review," v. 50, pp. 769-771, Dec. 18, 1880.
- "Westminster Review," v. 115, Am. Ed., 142-144, Jan. 1881.
- "Annals and Magazine of Natural History," (3), v. 7, pp. 63-64, Jan. 1881.
- "The Academy," 1881, pp. 11-13, Jan. 1, 1881.
- "Nature," v. 23, pp. 215-216, Jan. 8, 1881.
- "The Athenaeum," 1881, pp. 97-98, Jan. 15, 1881.
- "The Spectator," v. 54, pp. 479-481, April 8, 1881.
- "The Zoologist," (3), v. 5, pp. 221-226, May, 1881.

The succeeding (the first by Prof. Cope, the balance by myself) take an unfavorable view of the work and give specific details:

- "American Naturalist," v. 15, pp. 222-223, March, 1881.
- "The Critic," v. 12, pp. 123-125, April 21, 1881.
- "The New York Times," May 29, 1881, (3 columns).
- "Forest and Stream," v. 16, p. 428, June 30, 1881. (Reprinted with additions from the "Critic.")
- "Science," v. 7, pp. 323-326, July 9, 1881.
- "The Sea World," etc., v. 1, p. 7, July 13, 1881. (Reprinted from "Science" in part, i. e., the last 13 paragraphs.)
- "The Nation," v. 33, pp. 120-122, August 11, 1881.

As you will attribute the accompanying review to my own name I have been more explicit in my criticisms—more "personal" if you will—than I would feel authorized to be in an anonymous notice.

You ask, "How do you like Henshall on the nomenclature of the *Micropterus*?" Much as I dislike the change, I am glad to admit that he is right—he unquestionably is. In this new disturbance we have another example of the results of the neglect at Washington to procure the essentials for the student. I had long endeavored to have the original edition of Lacépède purchased here, but it has only been lately bought, and we were obliged till then to use what now proves to be a bad and misleading edition. As soon as I examined the first edition I saw at once that the figure of *Micropterus dolomieu* was not a very poor one (for the time) of the name, and that the illustration of *Labeo salmoides* was not a very poor one (for the time) of the name. Cuvier and Valenciennes, as we now know, confounded both species, although their description of *Gryllus salmoides* was apparently based only on the small-mouthed species, while, as you are aware, they failed to recognize in the *Huro nigricans* a relation. The error of Cuvier was corrected as long back as 1843, by Agassiz, and yet Günther, in his late work, still clings to it, notwithstanding that (1) the known elements of the American fauna, (2) the common name connected with the fish record in the Frenchmen, (3) the description, (4) the anomalous morphological deviation the admission of the type would involve, as well as (5) the unanimous testimony of American ichthyologists would have prevented a careful man from such a blunder. This illustration of Günther's negligence and slovenliness must confirm you in the belief that his work is a very, very poor one.

Yours truly,

TNGO. GILL.

An Introduction to the Study of Fishes. By ALBERT C. G. G. GUNTHER, M.A., M.D., Ph.D., F.R.S., Keeper of the Zoological Department in the British Museum. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1880. 8vo., xvii-720 pp.

Ichthyology. (Article signed "A. C. G.") in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," ninth edition, vol. xix. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1881. Pp. 630-695.

When the announcement was made several years ago that Dr. Günther was engaged on a manual of ichthyology, many looked forward with eager expectancy for its appearance; but a few who knew Dr. Günther well from his previous works, entertained considerable misgivings lest he should be unable to divest himself of prejudices and opinions once assumed. The "Introduction to the Study of Fishes" is destined to equally disappoint the former and justify the forebodings of the latter. Dr. Günther has in him a past due good service to ichthyology, and has given us the only tolerably complete "Species Piscium," in the form of a "Catalogue of the Fishes in the British Museum." This work was issued in eight volumes, from 1859 to 1870, and reflected moderately well the state of science at that period. The author, however, has been unable to any considerable degree to discard what he has once accepted and to bring himself into relations with the science of the present, but adheres tenaciously to beliefs formed in a much less advanced state of knowledge, and in a way of conclusive evidence against tenacity. This mental attitude is prominently manifested in his new work as well as in his article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The "Introduction" is really a complement to the "Catalogue" divided into two parts—viz., (1) a treatise on the principles of ichthyology, and (2) a nomenclature of the genera, with definitions of all the including groups admitted by him. The article, "Ichthyology," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is in great part essentially the same, the first or General Part of the introduction being reproduced in full; the second part is condensed, and only the definitions and remarks on

the families and higher groups are incorporated therein, the genera being simply enumerated by name. The criticisms herein are therefore equally applicable to both.

The curiosity with which the experienced ichthyologist will take up the treatise must be soon subordinated to astonishment as he proceeds in the examination of it, for it is scarcely possible that any one should be prepared for the numerous errors of one kind or another that are constantly cropping out on almost every page. It is difficult to believe that one who has written so much on fishes as the author has should make so many lapses. The errors commence on the first page and flow in an almost uninterrupted, but varying stream to the end of the work. Those chapters to which fault might seem to be the least incident are the ones devoted to the history of the subject and the external modifications of the animals under investigation. We can only afford passing glance at the former, but the latter will be of sufficient interest and importance to deserve a detailed examination.

The first chapter has the caption of "History and Literature." In the opening paragraph it is alleged that "Aristotle had a perfect knowledge of the general structure of fishes," and in illustration of the thesis Aristotle is quoted as stating, among other things, that "all scaly fishes are viviparous, but the cartilaginous fishes (with the exception of the sea-devil [*Lophius piscatorius*], which Aristotle places along with them) are viviparous," and that "kidneys and urinary bladder are absent" (p. 2). An unopinionated reader would naturally suppose that inasmuch as Aristotle's knowledge was said to be "perfect," his statements particularized were thereby vouched for as being true. Nevertheless, in subsequent chapters we find statements contradicting them in the most explicit manner.

Thus, as to the generation of fishes we are told, further on, that certain "scaly fishes" are "viviparous" (p. 159), and that of the cartilaginous "the majority of the Rays are oviparous" (p. 336).

(The contradicting statement itself is quite erroneous, for of the 150 Rays, in round numbers, about three-fourths are viviparous and very little more than a fourth a small minority are oviparous.)

Again, as to the kidneys, they are not only admitted to be present but a special chapter ("Chapter XI., Urinary Organs") is devoted to the description of those organs and their appendages.

The remainder of the chapter in continuation of the History of Ichthyology is as unsatisfactory and irrelevant as could well be. There are almost no indications as to the salient features of the progress of the science, nor as to the relations of special discoveries to the perfection of the system. The discovery of *Ceratodus* is indeed particularized in connection with the classification (pp. 25-26), but with incredible effrontery that which belonged to another (Kreft) has been claimed by the author of the work as original with himself. In fact the element of judicial exposition is entirely wanting. It would take too much time and space to traverse the chapter in detail.

A need of no instance that although the majority of the best systematists of the world, and all the recognized ichthyological authorities of the United States, consider the "fishes" to be divisible among several classes, there is no hint in the chapter that there has ever been a difference of opinion as to the limits of the class of Pisces except in the statement that "according to the views generally adopted at present all those vertebrate animals are referred to the class of fishes, living in water, breathe air dissolved in water by means of gills or branchia" (p. 1).

The title of the work is *very important* than some specified by Mr. Günther as descriptive of the "Fauna of special countries may supplement his bibliography of 'Recent Works,' and indicate how defective even this is. In the mode of quotation the titles conform to the Güntherian style and are incomplete.

A. Great Britain.—Add to (1) Parnell, (2) Yarrell and (3) Couch, the following of which the latter is more important than any of them, viz:

- A. W. Loughborough.—"British Fresh-water Fishes." (London, 1879-80), xxvi, 204 pp., about 40 pl.
- F. Day.—"The Fishes of Great Britain and Ireland," etc. (London, 1880, et seq., 8vo.).—The first part appeared in 1880, the second in 1881, and the remainder, in the words of Günther *apropos of the* "Fishes of H. B. Challenger, Fishes by A. Günther," is "in course of publication.")

B. Denmark and Scandinavia.—Add to (1) Kroyer, (2) Nilsson and (3) Friese och Ekström, the following more recent and important works:

- A. H. Widgren.—"De svenska fiskarternas natural historia." (Stockholm, 1870, 8vo., 100 pp., 10 pl.)
- R. Sollett.—"Norske Fiske, med Bemærkninger om deres Udbredelse." (Christiania, 1875, 8vo., title, 240 pp., 2 pl., 1 map.) See also Supplement, 1879.
- G. Winkler.—"Prodromus Ichthyologie Danica Marine." (In Naturhist. Tidsskr., (3) 1879, pp. 1-96.)

C. Russia.—Add to (1) Nordmann the following equally or more indispensable works:

- 2. K. Kessler.—"Fishes of the Government of St. Petersburg." (Russian. (St. Petersburg), 1879.)
- 3. K. Kessler.—"Zur Ichthyologie des Südwestlichen Russlands." (In Bull. Soc. Imp. Nat. Moscou, 1856-57.)
- 4. K. Kessler.—"Ichthyologische Fauna of Turkestan."—Russian. (In N. Mém. Soc. Imp. Nat. Moscou, v. 10, 1873.)
- 5. K. Kessler.—"Fishes of the Black and Caspian Seas." (St. Petersburg, 1874.)
- 6. K. Kessler.—"Beiträge zur Ichthyologie von Central Asien." (In Bull. Acad. St. Petersburg, v. 25, pp. 282-310, 1879.)

G. Seidlitz.—"Fauna Baltica, Die Fische (Pisces) der Ostseeprovinzen Russlands." (Dorpat, 1877, 8vo.)

D. Germany.—[Including the Netherlands, Belgium and Switzerland]. Add to (1) Heckel and Kner, and (2) Siebold, which are confined to the fresh water fishes, the following, of which two also include salt water fishes:

- H. Schlegel.—"Die Dierren von Nederland.—Gewervelde Dieren (Visschen)." (Haarlem, 1860, 8vo.)
- P. J. Van Beneden.—"Les Poissons des Côtes de Belgique, leurs parasites et leurs commensaux." (In Mém. Acad. Belg., v. 38, 1870, 100 pp., 8 pl.)
- G. Lacaze.—"Histoire Naturelle des Poissons du Bassin du Léman." (Genève, Bâle, Lyon, 1874, fol., 209 pp., 20 pl.)

E. Italy and Mediterranean.—Add to the "incomplete" works of (1) Bonaparte and (2) Costa the following complete ones:

G. Casertini.—"Prospetto Costea dei Pesci d'acqua dolce"

d'Italia." (In Arch. per la Zool., Anat., etc., iv, 1866, pp. 47-187, with pl.)

F. France.—Add to (1) *Hirachid*, which includes only the fresh water fishes, the following (a work like Couch's), which includes also the marine species.
2. H. Gervais et R. Boulanger.—"Les Poissons; Synonymie, Description, Mœurs, Frai, Pêche, Iconographie des espèces composant plus particulièrement la Fauna Française." (Paris, 1876, 3 vols, 8vo.)

G. Pyrenean Peninsula.—Insert.
1. F. de Brito Capello.—"Catalogo dos Peixes de Portugal que existam no Museu de Lisboa." (In Jour. Sc. Math., Phys. e Nat. Lisboa, 1869, etc.)
2. F. Steindachner.—"Ichthyologischer Bericht über eine nach Spanien und Portugal unternommene Reise." (In Sitzb. K. Akad. Wiss. Wien, v. 52, 1865, et seq.)

H. North America.—Add to (1) Richardson and (2) DeKay the following more recent and important illustrated works, viz.:
4. J. Kirtland.—"Descriptions of the Fishes of the Ohio River and its Tributaries." (In Jour. Boston Soc. Nat. Hist., v. 3-5.)
5. C. Girard.—"Fishes." (Washington, 1858, 4to. In "Explorations and Surveys for a Railroad Route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean," v. 10.)
6. J. B. Steadman.—"Ichthyology of South Carolina." Charleston, 1860, 4to.)
7. J. D. Storer.—"A History of the Fishes of Massachusetts." (Boston, 1867, 4to.)

I. Japan.—Add to (1) Schlegel.
2. P. Bleeker.—"Nieuwe Nolezingen op de Ichthyologie van Japan." (Batavia, 1854, 4to, 132 pp., 8 pl. In Ver. band Batav. Genoot. Kunst, en Wet., v. 25.)
3. P. Bleeker.—"Enumerations des espèces de Poissons actuellement connues du Japon." [etc.] (In Verh. Akad. Wet., Amsterdam, v. 18, 1879.)

J. East Indies.—Add to Hamilton, Buchanan, McJelland, Day, etc., the following, containing descriptions of all the species and including groups:
2. J. J. Bleeker.—"On the Fresh Water Fish and Fisheries of India and Burmah." (Calcutta, 1873, 8vo., 2 pl., x., 118, covvi pp.)
K. Africa.—Add to (1) Günther and (2) Peters the following, all of which are much more noteworthy than the unimportant chapter of Günther in Fetherick's work, viz.:
1. Sir A. Smith.—"Illustrations of the Zoology of South Africa." (London, 1840, 4to.)
2. R. T. Lowe.—"The Fishes of Madeira." (London, 1848, 8vo.)
3. A. Dumeril.—"Reptiles et Poissons de l'Afrique Occidentale." (In N. Arch. Mus. d'Hist. Nat., v. 10.)
4. P. Bleeker.—"Poissons de la cote de Guinée." (In Mem. Soc. Holl., Harlem, 1862-63.)
5. F. Steindachner.—"Zur Fisch Fauna des Senegal." (In Sitzb. K. Akad. Wiss. (Wien) 1. abth., v. 60 et seq., 1860, etc.)
6. P. Bleeker et F. Pollen.—"Poissons et Pêches." (Leyden, 1875, 4to, in F. Pollen and Van Dam's "Recherches sur la Fauna de Madagascar.")
7. C. Dabneek.—"Die Verbreitung der Süss- und Brackwasser-Fische in Africa." (In Jen. Zeisch. Naturw., v. 13, pp. 404-456, 1879.)
8. P. Bleeker.—"Contribution à la faune ichthyologique de l'île Maurice." (In Verh. K. Akad. Wet., Amsterdam, v. 18, 1879.)
9. E. B. Sauvage.—"Etude sur la faune ichthyologique de l'ogogue." (In N. Arch. mus. d'Hist. Nat. (2), v. 3, 1880, pp. 5-56, pl. 1-3.)

L. West Indies and South America.—Add to (1) Agassiz, (2) Casteleau, (3) Günther and (4) Vaillant et Bocourt the following:
1. A. Guichenot.—"Poissons." (In R. de la Sagra's Histoire de Cuba, 1843, 8vo., Paris, 1850, 8vo., and 4to.)
2. J. von Tschudi.—"Fauna Peruviana Ichthyologica." (St. Gallen, 1845, fol.)
3. O. Gay.—"Historia Fisica y Política de Chile, Zool., t. 2." (Paris, 1847, text, 8vo., Atlas, fol.)
4. F. Steindachner.—"Die Süsswasser-fische des sudöstlichen Braziliens." (In Sitzb. K. Akad. Wiss. Wien [pt. 1], v. 70, pp. 449-638, pl. 1-6, 1875 [pt. 3], v. 74, pp. 559-664, pl. 1-13, 1876.)
5. F. Steindachner.—"Enumeratio Piscium Cubensium." (Madrid, 1875, 76, 8vo., 1 p. l., 224 pp., 9 pl.)
6. D. B. Gode.—"Catalogue of the Fishes of the Bermudas." (Washington, 1876, 8vo. Additional in 1877.)

Almost equally noteworthy with Steindachner's articles are Lütken's and Cope's contributions.
M. New Zealand and Australia.—Add to (1) Hutton and (2) Hector's Fishes of New Zealand the following:
1. F. Steindachner.—"Zur Fischfauna von Port Jackson, in Australien." (In Sitzb. K. Akad. Wiss. [Wien], Math. Nat. Cl., v. 53, 1. abth., pp. 424-480, 866; v. 56, 1. abth., pp. 320-335, 1867.)
2. G. Krefft.—"Australian Veebrata Fossil and Recent." (Melbourne, 1871, 8vo. Enumerates 439 species of fishes.)
3. F. de Coste.—"Contribution to the Ichthyology of Australia." (In Prov. Zool. and Acclim. Soc., Victoria, v. 1 and 2, 1872-73.)
4. F. de Coste.—"Essay on the Ichthyology of Port Jackson." (In Prov. Linn. Soc., N. S. Wales, v. 3, 1879, pp. 347-401.)
5. C. B. Kunzinger.—"Die v. Mullersche Sammlung Australischer Fische in Stuttgart." (In Sitzb. K. Akad. Wiss. [Wien], Math. Nat. Cl., v. 80, 1. abth., pp. 325-430, pl. 1-9.)

The second chapter is devoted to a "Topographical Description of the External Parts of Fishes," and in almost every paragraph there is some ambiguous or misleading statement. The graver errors which exist may be enumerated and commented on in the order in which they occur:
"In the body of a fish four parts are distinguished—the head, trunk, tail, and the fins; (1) the boundary between the first and second being generally indicated by the gill-opening, and (2) that between the second and third by the anal fin." (p. 35.)
(1) Now, the boundary between the head and trunk may, in a certain sense, be said to be generally indicated by the gill-opening, but when we consider that all the representatives of the sub-classes of Leptocephalians, Cyclostomes, and Selachians fail to have the parts so distinguished, and that even among the Teleosts the Pediculates and others form exceptions,

the statement is too broad even with the word "generally" introduced. (2) The statement that the boundary between the trunk and tail is marked by the vent is unequalled; nevertheless there are a number of forms which furnish exceptions—e. g., the North American Aplocheilichthys and Ambloplites (the latter comprising the celebrated blind fishes) and the South American electric eel, and all the family of the Sternopygids. In the last two the vent is just behind the chin.

"In fishes which are endowed with the power of steady and more or less rapid motion, a deviation from that form of body which we observe in the perch, carp, or mackerel is never excessive. The body forms a simple, equally-formed wedge, compressed or slightly rounded, well fitted for cleaving the water" (p. 35). The form most eminently adapted for rapid progress in the water is exemplified in the tunnies and bonitos; their body is fusiform, little compressed, and boldly rounded. The form of the carp is not well adapted for rapid progress, the fish being rather a slow swimmer, and is also not what is generally known as wedge-shaped.

"In fishes which are in the habit of moving on the bottom, the whole body, or at least the head, is vertically depressed and flattened" (p. 35). In Anomodonts or Sand Launces and the Ophidiids, which are in the habit of "moving on the bottom" and of burrowing in the sand, the body and head are much compressed, and there are many other exceptions to the generalization in question—e. g., the Weevers or Trachinids and the so-called Band-fishes, as Günther designates them. Indeed only a page further on (p. 36) Günther says that the last, as well as the eel, are "bottom-fish [the idea of the bottom being thus especially connected by a hyphen with the fish], capable of insinuating themselves into narrow crevices and holes. The form of the body is strongly compressed, as in the Band-fishes (*Channas, eels, etc.*), it is chiefly the tail which is lengthened, but frequently the head and trunk participate more or less in this form" and are "strongly compressed."

"The mouth is formed by the intermaxillary and maxillary bones, or by the intermaxillary only in the upper jaw, and by the mandibular bone in the lower" (p. 37). This statement is a remarkable one to emanate from a professional ichthyologist and anatomist. Every tyro knows that the Leptocephalians and the Lampreys are entirely destitute of maxillary bones, and that the Selachians have the so-called "intermaxillary and maxillary bones," and have the upper border of the mouth constituted by the palatine bones (p. 69).

"The jaws of some fishes are modified into a special weapon of attack (sword-fish, saw-fish); in fact, throughout the whole class of fishes the jaws are the only organs specialized for the purpose of attacking; weapons on other parts of the body are purely defensive" (p. 37). This paragraph caps the climax of false statements and unscientific generalizations. The implication that the "weapons" of a sword-fish and a saw-fish are both modifications of the jaws is tantamount to the assertion that the jaws and nose are the same thing. Dr. Günther himself has known this (see pp. 336, 337 of the "Introduction"). There is possibility for difference of opinion as to what are "organs specialized for the purpose of attacking," but there is none that the saw of the saw-fish is a prolongation of the snout, and has nothing to do with the jaws, and none that "weapons on other parts of the body are not purely defensive."

If it is conceded that the jaw is a "weapon," which is efficient for the capture of prey in active pursuit, or for active assault on another animal, is *pro tanto* specialized, there are several parts besides the jaws which are subservient to those ends. None of the sub-classes of Leptocephalians or Cyclostomes having jaws, and yet all preying, the parts concerned therein are organs for attacking. (1) In the Leptocephalians the fringed margins of the mouth are concerned. (2) In the Cyclostomes the suctorial and denigriferous oral disc and the tongue-like organ are the agents. (3) In the sharks the palatines bear the formidable structure. (4) In the saw-fishes of the shark order (*Pristiophorus*), as well as of the Ray order (*Pristis*), the saw, admitted by Dr. Günther to be a special weapon of attack, is not formed at all by the jaws, but by the rostral cartilage, and thus we have an exception to the generalization specified in the same line in which it is formulated. (5) Dr. Günther himself, in his "Introduction" (p. 332), informs us, under *Allopietis*, that "when feeding it uses the long tail in splashing the surface of the water, while the saw is in greatly decreasing circles round a shoal of fishes, which it thus proceeds to catch, actually using the tail as prey to its enemy." And thus, even if we discredit the use by *Allopietis* of its tail against the whale, etc., we must consider it as to some extent a special weapon of attack. (6) The Sting-Rays (Trygonids) scarcely confine the use of their spines to defense, and these are at least offensive defensive. (7) The Devil-fishes (Cephalopterids) are said to use the cephalic fins for seizing and grasping (see Elliott's "Carolina Sports," p. 58.) (8) The Sicklebeaks are well known to use the dorsal spines as weapons of attack, and to swim under and rip the belly of their antagonists. (9) The Surgeons, or *Acanthuri*, are credited with using their lancet-bearing tails by actively slashing therewith their antagonists, and it is difficult to surmise what would be the function of their characteristic armature save as weapons of offence as well as defense. (10) The Weevers (*Trachinus*) use their opercular spines at least for offensive-defensive purposes, and Col. Montagu called them "offensive weapons."—It therefore follows that, so far from the jaws "being the only organs specialized for the purpose of attacking," and modifications of them exist in (1) the mouth as a whole (2) a peculiar tongue-like organ; (3) palatine bones; (4) snout; (5) caudal fin; (6) supracaudal spines; (7) cephalic fins; (8) dorsal spines; (9) lateral caudal spines, and (10) opercular spines.

"In Dipnoi and other Ganoids one [nostril] at least is within the labial boundary of the mouth" (p. 38). One unfamiliar with ichthyology would infer from this paragraph that one or more of several dilemmas existed, viz.: (1) that some "Dipnoi and other Ganoids" have more than one nostril "within the labial boundary of the mouth." (2) that other existing ganoids had one at least, or (3) that the characteristic was of too little importance to discuss. It is necessary, therefore, to be specific. (1) Dr. Günther at one time contended that in the Dipnoi both nostrils were intra-oral, and even in the "Introduction" (p. 355) asserts that they are "more or less within the mouth." It is quite safe to say that never has a fish been found in which there were two (pairs of) nostrils within the mouth, and the existence of the nostrils within the mouth would be an incredible anomaly. (2) No other existing Ganoid has more than one nostril "within the labial boundary of the mouth." (3) The development of the nostrils in the Dipnoi is one of the most weighty and suggestive characteristics of the group, and one by which they contrast with all other living fishes.

"In the post-orbital part of the head there are distinguished, at least in most Teleosteous fishes and many Ganoids, the *prooperculum*" (p. 38). Inasmuch as none of the Leptocephalians, Cyclostomes, or Selachians have a prooperculum, and no normal Teleosteous fishes fall to have a prooperculum, this statement is at least misleading, even after allowing full latitude to the vagueness of its phraseology.

"The gill-opening is a foramen or a slit behind or below the head" (p. 38). This statement is absolute, although we have a number of exceptions—notably all Pediculates and, as the author himself afterwards admits (p. 39), the genus *Myxine*. These, of course, have the gills behind the head (not in front), but not immediately behind, as is evidently meant.

"Sometimes (*Symbranchus*) the two [gill] openings coalesce and form what externally appears as a single opening only" (p. 38). *Symbranchus* is by no means the only form in which the two openings coalesce into a single one. *Amphipneustes*, *Monopteris* and *Urolophorus* (each the type of a peculiar family) all possessing the same characteristic.

"The margin of the gill-cover is provided with a cutaneous fringe in order to more effectually close the gill-opening; and this fringe is supported by one or several or many bony rays, the *branchiostegals*" (p. 38). The statement is utterly false, is not true as to any of the representatives of the sub-classes Leptocephalians, Cyclostomes, or Selachians, and, among living typical fishes, the Polypteroids and Dipnoans are also destitute of true developed branchiostegals.

"The space on the chest between the two ram of the lower jaw and between the gill openings is called the *isthmus*" (p. 39). The isthmus is defined as the interspace between the branchial apertures below, and consequently has no determinate relation to the ram of the lower jaw.

"In *Mysine* only the gill opening is at a great distance from the head" (p. 39). It is also at a great distance from the head among true fishes in the Pediculates, and some eels.

"The trunk gradually passes in all fishes into the tail" (p. 39). To this there are many exceptions, as in most rays, and especially in the representatives of the families Trygonids, Myliobatids and Cephalopterids, in which the tail is very attenuated, whip like, and abruptly differentiated from the trunk.

"The vent may be either close to the extremity of the tail or to the foremost part of the trunk" (p. 39). From this statement we would scarcely be prepared to learn that the vent may also be situated below the head and as far forward as the chin, near which position it is found in the Gymnoids and Sternopygids.

"In fishes in which they [the vertical fins] are least developed or most embryonic, the vertical fin appears as a simple fold of the skin surrounding the extremity of the tail" (p. 40). In *Epigonichthys* "the dorsal fringe is distinctly higher and rayed," and the caudal fringe is absent" (p. 66). In *Ophidiids* (*Ophidiichthys*, etc.), in which the dorsal and anal fins are developed, "the extremity of the tail is free" (p. 674), and in a number of other forms (*Trichurina*, *Halsacurida*, *Gymnarchidina*, *Sternopygids*, etc.), in which the dorsal or anal fins, or both, are developed the caudal fin is likewise atrophied. (See pp. 436, 628, 665, 666.)

"Many and systematically important differences are observed in the dorsal fin, which is either spiny-rayed (spinous) (*Acanthopterygians*), or soft-rayed (*Malacopterygians*)," p. 41. These differences have been very exaggerated as to words having a number of the forms regarded as *Acanthopterygian* by Günther have the dorsal fin less "spiny-rayed" than many forms called *Malacopterygian* by him.

"In the *Malacopterygian* type, all the rays remain joined; indeed, sometimes the foremost ray, with its preceding short supports, is likewise ossified, and a hard spine, but the articulations can nearly always be distinctly traced" (p. 41). In the majority of the *Malacopterygian* type all the rays do not remain joined, for the foremost of both the dorsal and anal are articulations. In these foremost rays the articulations can almost never be distinctly traced.

"The pectoral fins "are always inserted immediately behind the gill opening" (p. 42). The pectoral fins are inserted below the gill opening in many sharks, and in all the Rays they extend far forward beyond them. Among the true fishes, in the Pediculates, their bases are in advance of the gill openings which are in their axils (p. 460).

"The pectoral fins are either symmetrical, with a rounded posterior margin, or asymmetrical, with the upper rays longest and serrated" (p. 42). In none of the fishes with pectoral fins having rounded posterior margins can the pectoral fins be said to be truly symmetrical; those in which they are most nearly symmetrical—Gastrosteids—the posterior margin is nearly vertical or emarginate. The pectoral fins are perhaps the most asymmetrical, in the sense used by Günther, in the Lepidopodinae, in which they are "inserted almost horizontally with the lowest rays longest, and with the posterior border emarginate" (p. 435).

"The ventral fins are either behind the pectorals or below them, or in advance of them" (p. 42). They would thus apparently be reduced to three categories or gradations based on those, but in one family (Ophidiids) the ventral fins are at the chin and, therefore, although they are certainly in advance of the pectorals, one would scarcely be prepared to expect such a position from the phraseology used.

"The ventral fins are generally narrow" (p. 42). This is correct, although when we consider that all the representatives of the sub-class of Selachians fail to possess the characteristic a better expression would have been desirable.

"The number of the dorsal and ventral rays is of great importance in the determination of species, the numbers of the spines and rays are generally of the greatest importance. This holds good, especially for the ventral rays, by the number of which the *Acanthopterygian* affinities of the fish can nearly always be determined" (p. 43). Dr. Günther placed the Gadoid fishes *Epiplatys* (*Merluccius*), *Hypsipterus* (young Gadoid), etc., among the *Acanthopterygians*, and consequently has shown by his own example the caution with which this character must be viewed.

"The numbers of the pectoral and caudal rays are rarely of any account" (p. 44). They are generally of quite as much account as the dorsal and anal rays, and in the case of the fully developed rays of the caudal, of more account—in almost all cases of the highest systematic importance.

"In some Gobioids (*Periophthalmus*), Trigluids, Scorpenoids and Pediculate the pectoral fins are perfect organs of walking" (p. 45). It is certainly by the utmost stretch of language that the pectoral fins in any of the Trigluids or Scorpenoids can be said to be organs of walking. In fact, they cannot in any logical sense of the word be said to have that function at all.

"Scales of fishes are very different from those of reptiles, the latter being merely folds of the cutis, whilst the scales of fishes are distinct, having elements developed and grooves

or pockets of the skin, like hairs, nails or feathers?" (p. 46). There are no such differences and relationships. It is possible that Mr. Günther may have been deceived by superficial appearances and confused and reversed what he had read of others, as told by others. The facts in the cases are thus formulated by Dr. Balfour in his "Treatise on the Comparative Embryology," just published (p. 2, p. 326): "The type of osseous skeleton developed on the inner side of the general epidermis is confined to the Pisces, where it appears as scales. * * * The type developed on the outer side of the epidermis is almost entirely confined to the Amphibia and Amniota [Reptiles, Birds and Mammals], where it appears as scales, feathers, hairs, claws, nails, etc."

"Both kinds of scales (the cycloid and ctenoid) may occur not only in the same genus of fishes, but in the same fish" (p. 47). The two kinds may not only occur but do actually *co-exist together in very many species* of the Acanthopterygian type, and especially in some of the Gobies, in which all gradations are found.

"All scales are continually growing or wasting away on the surface, and it seems that some fish at least—for instance Salmonids—shed them periodically" (p. 50). This contains the most misleading and erroneous ideas as to the genesis, development and mode of growth of scales. The *periodical* and therefore *right* "shedding" of scales, if it occurred, would come within the category of innumerable practical men—fishermen, fish-dealers, fishculturists, anglers, etc.—and who of them has observed the pretended phenomenon? *Periodical* shedding would imply periodical renewal of scales. What can Mr. Günther's ideas respecting the formation of scales lead him to believe that such things occur? It is not worth while, however, to pursue the vagaries of our author.

"The contradictions of the generalizations just indicated are in almost all cases furnished by the same name, and the pages which have been devoted to the same name to the pages where the correct information is given. Unquestionably Dr. Günther has known better than might be inferred from the above enumeration of errors. The paragraphs in question are indeed due not to positive ignorance but to temporary forgetfulness (not momentary, for it has lasted from the time of composition to final correction of the proofs) and crude generalization. They are really the expressions of a peculiar mental habit, and interesting from a psychological point of view. Nevertheless, statements have been made, and it will be but poor consolation not to be conceded. But to learn what may have almost become part of his being is to ascertain that his teacher *knows better*. What is wanted is that he should *teach better*, for the work will not be generally purchased as a psychological curiosity, but for the information which it is believed to embody and which the author's reputation will be considered to guarantee. To those who know how to correct all the misstatements the volume is of no use."

It will certainly appear probable that if the author has failed grievously in the treatment of a branch of his subject, of which the data are most readily attainable, which is most within the general purview, and which has been the special object of his study, the chances are that he has failed at least equally in his consideration of the more recondite and less known branches. Such anticipation will be found to be fully realized. Every chapter, every section, will be found to be impregnated with errors. The mental idiosyncrasies already indicated may crop out in the most unexpected places, and there is no telling where fallacies of some kind or other may not be concealed. But the most apparent and radical defects are the disproportion and incongruity manifested in the systematic portion of the work. The author seems indeed to be destitute to an unusual degree of a sense of proportion and of taxonomic tact. To enter on a consideration of such questions would, however, transcend the limits of a review. Suffice it to state that he is in discord with all the best systematic zoologists and original investigators. He commences with the Sharks, and thence proceeds successively to the exposition of the Rays, Holopteleostei and Ganoids; then considers the Pikes like types; thence jumps to the Physostomes and thus places farthest away from the Ganoids the types most like them, skips again to the Lophobranchiata, and ends the Teleost series with the Trunk fishes, after which follow the Cyclostomes, the most generalized and specialized of fishes, and which in a natural arrangement would be near the opposite extremes, being consequently most approximate.

In these strictures it has never been forgotten that work should be considered with reference to the time and rank the circumstances under which it was done. Let it be again recalled then, that Dr. Günther published his truly great work on Fishes between the years 1859 and 1870, and that there was a comparative degree of harmony between its execution and the times and conditions then prevailing. As has been indicated, however the author's conceptions when once expressed became fixed and crystallized in the type in which they were cast. The "Introduction" is, therefore, not an exhibit of the present state of Ichthyology, but of (1) Dr. Günther's ideas of the families etc., defined in 1859 to 1870, in which (2) the families of "Acanthopterygians" are arranged according to his scheme of 1861, and (3) the "orders" retained with the limits, and ranked with the sequence postulated in 1871; (4) genera described since by Dr. Günther (and a few others) are intercalated. The systematic part of the work might therefore have been prepared by any copyist or cut out of the pages of the "Catalogue of the Fishes in the British Museum" and arranged as indicated.

Never has a score of years been so fruitful in researches and results as the period which witnessed the inception of Dr. Günther's "Catalogue" and the present. In that interval Darwin has given to the world his immortal work and revolutionized the methods and objects of biological investigation, while laborers almost innumerable have elucidated the various branches of ichthyology—the anatomy, embryology, the past history, the systematic relations, the species, the geographical distribution of forms, the faunas of the world. All these have been in vain for Dr. Günther. One of the principal discoveries—that of *Varia*—has been recognized by him simply to become a stumbling-block and involve him in one of the most astonishing mazes of error of modern times. Unquestionably the most prominent characteristic of the present time is the acceptance of evolution and its ramification into all the details of biological investigation and classification. But in the "Introduction to the Study of Fishes" no allusion has been made to this principle and the author's treatment of his subject indicates that it has been practically ignored. There is, however, no group of animals to which its application is more fruitful in suggestive

and profitable results than the branchiferous vertebrates. Still scattered in the waters of the globe live here and there as solitary survivors, representatives of types once abounding in species, that enable us to trace the lineage of our branch from the humblest beginnings to the specialized Acanthopterygian and ctenoid and to man in another. And in fishes in one class we find the genesis and the development of different structures more in hand than do the fishes afford in the case of the vertebrates. Morphology and taxonomy march hand in hand; the successive stages of development of the skeleton, the nervous system, the respiratory system, the viscera, etc., are instructively indicated by the conditions of those structures in the Pharyngobranchiata (*Amphioxus*), Cyclostomes (Lampreys, etc.), Plagiostomes (Sharks, etc.), Holocephali (Chimaera), Dipnoi (*Ceratodus*, etc.), Polypterids, Lepidosteids, Amioids, the allied Physostomes (Clupeids, Albulids, etc.), the Haplomi (Pikes, etc.), the Percosoids (Atherinids, etc.), the typical Acanthopterygians (Perches, etc.), and the Anacanthines (Cod, etc.); the grades of organization in their turn proclaim the natural sequence of the types enumerated. It is strange that evidence so striking as that furnished by the forms in question should have been so entirely overlooked by Dr. Günther. The failure to appreciate the facts doubtless results from the method pursued. A certain type has been assumed as "highest" on account of its physiological conceptions and, with this as an initial form, others are successively taken up, till the author has lost his bearings and recklessly dealt with the remainder. A moral seems to be pointed to by the result. Scientific taxonomists have been for some time wont to start their phyla with the lowest and most generalized known type and by successive approximations complete the series, and if they would, in deference to ancient custom, have the highest first, reverse the series they have obtained. Dr. Günther's unhappy scheme, not less than others somewhat like it, teaches us that after all the right way is the only one to be followed. Had our author been compelled to begin his subject with the generalized and then proceed with the more and more specialized types the faults that now pervade his work would doubtless have been fewer.

The existing genera recognized by Dr. Günther number fully 1,136, of which 638 are only noticed by name, while the remaining 478 are more or less satisfactorily diagnosed. If the numbers adopted for the older groups of vertebrates should be applied to the fishes, the number indicated would be nearly doubled.

THE RATTLESNAKE AND THE COPPERHEAD.

CASHIER'S VALLEY, N. C.

FOR the past two years I have had a good opportunity for studying the habits of the rattlesnake; and for the benefit of your readers will give what I know to be facts. In the mountain counties of Western North Carolina the time has been when this family of snakes were quite numerous, but of late years since the mountaineers have begun to raise so many hogs that range *ad libitum* all over the country the rattlesnake has suffered in consequence therefrom. This snake crawls out from its winter home from among the cliffs and hollow logs in the month of June, and begins its search at once in quest of food. Its favorite subjects for food are squirrels, mice, birds, rabbits and not frogs.

There seems to be a wide difference of opinion in regard to how the sex of this snake may be determined. It is the general impression that the black color is the male, and the yellow or buff the female; but on close inspection it has been found that this will not do to settle on in every instance in regard to sex. There are instances where the male has been known to be of a most yellow hue and the female of a deep black, but such is of rare occurrence. They move about in a slow manner and sometimes alarm their food; at others they attack it or lie in wait for it to come within range of their power. If their food is very large, like the rabbit, it takes them more than a day to swallow it. As soon as they catch any little animal it is held firmly in the coils of the snake about the middle of its length, while the head and mouth is engaged in depositing a thin, slimy fluid all over the animal and then the process of swallowing begins. After it has lodged its food into its body the snake remains in a coiled state from two to nine hours—according to the size of food swallowed. While in this state their food is undergoing digestion.

In the month of August, when the weather is the hottest and the small streams begin to dry up, the "rattlers" begin to come down from off the mountains in search of running water in great numbers. Then their mating season begins. While *en route* to hunt water at this season is the most dangerous time to meet this snake, for they are nearly or quite blind, mad, and in a very excited and nervous condition, and then they pair and remain near the spring head until the season is passed, which lasts from one to two weeks, or until a heavy rain has fallen. Their young are born about the 15th of September, and number from six to twelve, according to the age of the mother. They do not lay eggs as other species of snakes do. This is a settled fact, although it has been often disputed. All harmless snakes have been tails and lay eggs; all poisonous ones have blunt tails and lay no eggs. The young are born more than half grown, and are inclined to run and hide while attending to the wants of their young than the male's. They have regular periods of the day in which they move about; they never move from their coiled position while the dew is on the grass and weeds or bushes. When the sun goes down and the air is chilled they seek some dry spot and coil up, and there remain until ten o'clock next day before they begin to move about again. This statement explodes the idea that has gained much ground among the ignorant and superstitious users, who are afraid to stir out at night for fear of being bitten by the rattlers. With few exceptions all the living things upon the face of the earth rest themselves at night. We make a positive assertion that no reliable person has ever seen a rattlesnake after night crawling about in this mountain section.

The reason for their quietude is because the air is chilled, and the grass and weeds are full of dew, and they are either asleep or prefer to remain coiled up until the sun shines out to warm them up. The rattlesnake is a very brave snake. If you come near him he will strike at you, and will coil to a coil, and give an immediate force, loud alarm with the rattles from which it takes its name from. This alarm is made with a number of little rattles on the end of their tails, which are from three to twenty in number—according to the age of the snake—when they are about six weeks old three rattles appear, and from one to two appear each alternately.

On the end of the rattles is situated what is called a button, which is nothing more than an undeveloped rattle. When they give this alarm then is the time that they are mad and will strike or bite. If very mad when in this position they will bite at once; if only a little angry they will make a motion with the head, which amounts to nothing. They do not open their mouths with both jaws to bite, but only with their upper jaw in which is located two, and only two, fangs in the shape of a fish-hook with a groove on the end and to the inside. These fangs cut the way into the object that the snake wishes to bite, and these fangs are surrounded with a fleshy sack which contains a poisonous fluid, which is injected into the cavity made with the fangs while the snake is in rage. This is the dangerous element that does the harm when bitten by a rattler. This fluid is of a rum color, and in bulk about the size of a grain of wheat—it immediately ascends the veins of the system when brought in contact with them, and throws the subject into spasms. The rattlesnake does not poison its food when struggling to master it, nor do they bite while forcing their food into their coils. They never bite or attack an object without giving an alarm, this entitles them to be classed as honorable creatures.

There is a snake which is considerably smaller than the rattlesnake, with no rattles, but resembles the rattler in many respects in regard to color and habits, that is called the "pilot snake." This snake gets its name from being a guide to the rattlesnake, and seems to be a guide for them. They are found in the mountains in the spring, and take the lead in going to their winter quarters in the fall. The pilot is regarded to be more poisonous than the rattler, and it is said that if a person is once bitten by them they never recover from the attack; that if death is not immediate the poison never leaves the system. H. J. LOMBAR.

There are some points in our correspondent's article on which we hold a different opinion. We doubt the story of American serpents covering their food with saliva before swallowing it. We have fed snakes, but have not observed this, which has been a standard "fact" of writers on popular natural history. We wish that the three men most qualified to speak on the feeding of snakes, Mr. Conklin, of the Central Park Menagerie, Mr. Frank Thompson, of Cincinnati, and Mr. Brown, of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, would give their experience, which has been very great. Our correspondent has evidently studied his subject some, and is correct in saying that the rattlesnake and "pilot," which is really the copperhead, both carry their young alive, for they are ova-viviparous—that is, they have eggs, but retain them in the body until hatched; but all harmless snakes are not oviparous. The ancient story of the copperhead "piloting" the rattler early needs proof. The question, why should he? naturally comes up. On the subject of charming we do not care to express an opinion at present. We will be glad to hear from him again.

METALLIC CASTINGS OF DELICATE NATURAL OBJECTS.

The following process is recommended by Abbiss for producing metallic castings of flowers, leaves, insects, etc. The object, a dead beetle for example, is first arranged in a natural position, and the feet are connected with an oval rim of wax. It is then fixed in the centre of a paper or wooden box by means of pieces of fine wire, so that it is perfectly free, and thicker wires are run from the sides of the box to the object, which subsequently serve to form air channels in the mold by their removal. A wooden sickle, tapering toward the bottom, is placed upon the back of the insect to produce a runner for the plaster. The box is then filled up with a paste of three parts of plaster of Paris, and one of brick-dust, made up with a solution of alum and sal ammoniac. It is also well first to brush the object with this paste to prevent the formation of air bubbles. After the mold thus formed has set, the object is removed from the interior by first reducing it to ashes. It is therefore dried slowly, and finally heated gradually to a red heat, and then allowed to cool slowly to prevent the formation of cracks. The ashes are removed by pouring into the cold mold a quantity of water, which is poured before pouring it out, and repeating this operation several times. The thicker wires are then drawn out, and the mold needs simply to be thoroughly heated before it is filled with metal in order that the latter may flow into all portions of it. After it has become cold it is softened and carefully broken away from the casting.

SNAKES AFTER SWALLOW'S EGGS.—FOXE BARRACKS, IDAHO.

I saw, in 1878, two chicken snakes (Boie's black snake) or racers killed at Camp Supply, Indian Territory, while they were in the season of swallowing eggs and young of the rattlesnake. The snake-master's storehouse. The swallowed nests were fifteen to twenty feet from the ground.—T. E. WILCOX.

THE CANADA PORCUPINE IN MARYLAND.—Referring to the paper on the occurrence of the Canada porcupine in West Virginia by Mr. Goode, in Vol. I, Proceedings U. S. National Museum, page 264, I wish to mention that this porcupine, *Erethizon dorsatus*, is still, though rarely, found in Maryland. In the museum of the Maryland Academy of Sciences is a specimen from Allegany County, Maryland. Another specimen I saw living in confinement in the Blue Ridge Mountains, where it was caught two years ago. One was killed quite recently near Ellicott City, Maryland.—OTTO LUIGER.

Maryland Academy of Sciences.

RANGE OF THE BEAVER.—Newburgh, N. Y.—I spent last winter in Texas, principally in the counties of Concho, San Saba and McCulloch, and saw many indications of beavers through that section. All the large streams and many of the smaller ones are inhabited by them. These counties are situated between 30 and 32 degrees north latitude. They seem to be quite numerous, but their fur is of little value. I think that they are found much further south in Texas than these counties.—L. M. H.

"THE GUN AND HOW TO USE IT" is the title of a book written by Mr. Gwynne Price, a well-known pigeon shot of St. Louis. The book deals mostly with trap-shooting, being largely on account of Mr. Price's experience at the traps. There are many hints about loading, etc., which may be of use to amateur pigeon shooters. The author, it appears, had, previous to writing his book, been presented with some of Pittman's detonating powder, and evidently felt in duty bound to puff it. Here Mr. Price is behind the times. The FOREST AND STREAM exposed the dangerous nature of that compound so thoroughly a year ago that advice to use it now can hardly help the powder or redound to the credit of the man who gives it.

* * * The horny teeth of the Cyclostomata (Lampreys, etc.) are structures belonging to this group.

Game Bag and Gun.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE.

OPEN SEASONS.

The seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table:

States.	Deer.	Woodcock.	Quail.	Pinnated Grouse.	Wild-fowl.	Wild Turkey.
Ala.*	Oct. 20.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 20.	
Cal.*	July 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	
Conn.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Dakota	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 1.	Prohib.
Del.*	Aug. 15.	Aug. 15.	Aug. 15.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 1.	
D.C.*	Aug. 15.	July 1.	Nov. 1.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 1.	
Fla.*	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	
Idaho*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Ind.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Iowa.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Kan.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Ky.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
La.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Main.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Mass.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Mich.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Minn.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Miss.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Mo.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Neb.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
N.H.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
N.J.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
N.M.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
N.Y.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Or.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
R.I.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
S.C.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Texas*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Utah.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Va.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Wash.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	
Wyo.*	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	

* In these States there are special county laws. a The deer law applies to all deer. b A Wildfowl not protected on the coast. c In Upper Peninsula deer season opens Aug. 15. d California quail protected to 1882. e In Coos County deer season opens Aug. 1. f Moose and Caribou. Sept. 1. g First season Sept. 1. h Moose and Caribou. Sept. 1. i Quail shooting prohibited to Nov. 1, 1882, in counties of Montgomery, Schenectady, Saratoga and Albany. Wildfowl season in Long Island opens Oct. 1. j Deer season opens Aug. 1. k Dutchess County prohibited during August. A deer law relates to female deer only.

THE LAKE HOPATCONG EXCURSION.

THIS beautiful New Jersey lake lies among the Schooley Mountains, 1,900 feet above the level of the sea. We visited it last week by way of the Washington Gun Club, of Brooklyn, on the occasion of their first annual excursion. The lake is famous for its pike (N. Y. pickerel) fishing and also contains black bass, perch and other fish. The invitation set forth that a dinner, a boat race, a rifle match and a sail on the lake were to be enjoyed, as well as the music of Frank's brass band. So on Thursday, Aug. 25, we boarded the train at Hoboken and, after a two hours' ride to Hopatcong station found a little steamer, which took us three miles up the canal and one of its feeders and then up the lake to the Lake View House, where the sports were to be held.

First came the boat racing, in working boats, for a handsome cup, given by the host, Mr. A. J. Zuck. There were to be four preliminary races and the winners were to then row for the prize. The first one had four entries, the names being given in the order of their arrival at the finish: Dr. Hughes, Mr. Bernheimer, A. Altenbrand and Jost Miller. The second heat was between Rubenstein, Fieldman, C. Orbig and Cotter. The third between Mr. Griffith, of the Delta Ware, Lackawanna and Western Railways; C. Petty, W. A. Behrens. The fourth between Messrs. Trot, Condit, Hopps and Bulger. Then came the final race for the cup between the winners. They came in in the following order: Dr. Hughes, Trot, Griffith. Mr. Rubenstein declining to toss for boats was not permitted to compete. The course was one-fourth of a mile; no time taken. Judge, Mr. Fred Mather, of FOREST AND STREAM. A shell race, with single sculls, over a half-mile course, followed between Messrs. Hayes and Ross. Won by the former.

Dinner was then in order and the following menu was served:

Soup.
Green Turtle, à la Reine.

FISH.

Boiled Lake Hopatcong Pike, with butter sauce.

ROAST.

Fillet de Boeuf, à la Champignon, with Asparagus.

Spring Lamb Chops, served with French peas.

Green Corn and Lettuce Salad.

COMPOTE.

Vanilla Ice Cream, with Cake.

DESSERT.

Washington Gun Club Pudding.

Cheese.

After dinner Mr. Henry Altenbrand, the President of the club, in a neatly worded speech welcomed the guests in attendance and expatiated upon the beauties and attractions of outdoor sports in general. Remarks were also made by Dr. S. J. Brady, Mr. Mather, Captain Miller and Mr. W. Leslie Wilde. Following dinner, the shooting match, open to all

was entered upon and participated in by most of the party. The prize, a silver cup with crossed rifles on the face, was won by W. Leslie Wilde with a score of thirteen. Other sports were engaged in until 7 o'clock in the evening, at which hour the company made a start homeward, arriving in the city about 9 o'clock.

ARE THEY MONOPOLIES?

SANDUSKY, O., Aug., 1881.

Dear X: I have just received a copy of the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 18, and I presume I am indebted to you for it. If so, accept my thanks, and I thank you also for the article entitled "Are They Monopolies?" which I feel sure is from your ready pen. I approve of every word of it. But it seems strange that any such defense should be needed. Why should not a man or a corporation have as good a right to own wet land as dry—land covered with water as land above water? Why should he not be permitted to own what he can raise in the water belonging to him as well as on the land? If he cannot, let us abolish all right of property (I suppose this is what "Didymus" and all arrian, communistic sharks want) let everything be in common and thus return at once to the worst state of barbarism and confusion.

I advised the Colonel of the unusual number of ducks in the marshes for this time of the year, have sent my guns and ammunition forward, and hope to meet you and the Colonel on the 1st prox.

E. B. S.

[The above letter was sent to us by its recipient for publication.—Ed.]

INDIANA GAME LAW.

FORT WAYNE, Indiana, Aug. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Herewith find statement of the Indiana game law, as approved April 14, 1881. Open seasons, penalties, etc.—Deer, October 1 to January 1; penalty \$10. Quail and pheasant, Oct. 15 to Dec. 20; penalty \$3 for each bird shot out of season. Turkey, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1; penalty \$2. Prairie chicken, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; penalty \$10. Woodcock, July 1 to Jan. 1; penalty \$2. Duck, Sept. 1 to April 15, penalty \$2.

Penalty of one dollar for each and every quail, pheasant, prairie chicken, woodcock or duck exposed to sale, possessed or pursued with intent to kill during close season, and some penalty selling or attempting to sell any of said birds that have not been shot. Each bird creates a separate and distinct offence.

Unauthorized to take any fish with a net, seine, gun or trap of any kind (minnows excepted) or set net, weir or pot at any time, penalty not less than ten nor more than twenty dollars for each fish so taken. The use of gill and spear permitted in March, April, May, November and December. Same penalty attaches for killing or attempting to kill fish by use of poison, drugs, giant powder, dynamite, etc. Penalty not less than ten nor more than two hundred dollars and imprisonment for any determinate period added, for using or placing in the water any dip net, gill net, set net, or seine, except for minnows for bait or aquarium.

WILLIS D. MAIER.

NOTES FROM HOLLIDAYSBURG.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, Pa., Aug. 23.

SINCE the opening of the woodcock season, July 4, the weather has continued very dry and warm, but several bags of nearly a score have been made. On the Fourth of July our party of four gus bagged forty-three cocks, all nice plump birds, as sweet when plucked as when shot. We have been out several times since then and succeeded in making good bags, although none so large as the first.

On Tuesday, Aug. 19, our party of three—P. B. P. V. and self—shot six brace of cock, as many doves, one rail (a scarce bird among our mountains) and a huge gray crane over four feet high, with a spread of nearly six feet. P. B.'s ten brace "barker" brought down this gentleman at over seventy yards, with No. 8 shot.

Our shooting is nearly all in the tall weeds and willow scrub of the creek and river bottoms and it requires good dogs and snap shooting to bag the birds. With a few exceptions along the spring runs the woodcock leave us at the latter part of this month and we see them no more till another season.

Quail have been almost exterminated since the repeal of the bounty on hawks, owls and "other vermin," and quail shooting is a thing of the past. Pinnated grouse and rabbits are, as usual, abundant and promise good sport this fall. Gray and black squirrels are reported numerous on the mountains and wild turkeys and a few deer remain for those who can get them.

Although the old canal reservoir near this place, which is over a mile and a half long, by three-quarters wide, and in some places fifty feet deep, and which was stocked with black and grass bass by the Fishery Commissioners, has been drawn off, yet good catches are made in the "Junonia" farther down. Quite a number of fishermen use the fly in catching bass but the majority still stick to their old love, the minnow.

One of our sportsmen recently shot and killed a large crane, snowy white, with a pinkish bill, and the bird was sent to your city to be mounted.

T. D.

THE WILD TURKEY CALL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read interesting articles on wild turkey hunting in your paper, but do not remember to have seen any on the call notes of the wild turkey. On several occasions I have flushed flocks of wild turkeys and all my calling would not bring them back. Quite a number of fishermen use the fly in a dense woods. My friend told me his "caller," made of the small end of an ox-bone. I made frequent calls of seven notes, commencing slowly and rising fast and high. After calling a long while and submitting to the upbraids of my friend that "no sane man ever used such notes to call turkeys," etc., etc., I discovered that we were surrounded by wild turkeys. I killed an eleven-pound young cock and the flock scattered. All the calling I did failed to bring one of them back or even get a response. Some hunters say gun calls are proper, and others say five, with a rise in inflection. I have often tried this and as often failed. Which are the proper notes to call a wild turkey? Will any of your readers explain?—KROOK.

We trust that some of our experienced turkey hunter, will compare notes and give us the result of their calls. The various calls we have used the common bone calls which is made from the hollow wing bone of the bird. The ends are cut off and the call-note is made by venting sucking through the tube. With a narrow chisel hollow out a piece of dry cedar, two inches long and one and one-half inches wide and one-quarter inches thick, so that the sides are about as thick as a piece of tin; but do not let them be too delicate. It should be hollowed out within a quarter of an inch of the bottom and ends. Taking this simple call between your thumb and fingers, rub it crosswise against the butt of your gun on the barrels. No gun is required; the simple sound can be manipulated with a little practice to perfectly imitate the turkey call.

AN IOWA GAME CENTRE.

LOCATION. Humboldt County, Iowa. Can be reached by Illinois Central Railroad to Fort Dodge, thence by Ft. Ridgely Railroad to Humboldt, or by Iowa Division Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad to Algona and thence by stage to Humboldt. Good hotel accommodations at Humboldt, Dakota or Rutland at \$1 per day. Guides not needed. Teams, \$3 per day. The fish are pickerel, wall-eyed pike, black bass and rock bass in great abundance. Game birds are ducks (mallards, teal, wood, spring-tail, spoon-bill, red-heads, hooded mergansers and buffle heads), Hutchins' geese, Canada geese, snow geese, white-fronted geese (brant), sand-hill and whooping or white cranes, pinnated grouse, quail, golden plover, Wilson's snipe, rail, long-billed curlew, Hudsonian curlew and rabbits or hares.

Of course not all of this game can be taken at any one time of the year, but in their season may be taken. The west fork of the Des Moines, above Rutland, is the best fishing grounds in Iowa from Sept. 1 to Nov. 1. Black bass and wall-eyed pike may be taken beyond desire. Bass and pike of six and eight pounds are very common. During September pinnated grouse may be killed by the hundreds, but October and November are the months for ducks, geese and cranes. Hunters will find it easier to reach the shooting and fishing grounds by camping out.

Address Chas. Sherman, Ira E. Welch, or the writer, at Rutland, Humboldt County, Iowa. N. A. PRIOR.

FAMOUS FOX-HUNTERS.

SOME EXTRAORDINARY INDIES.

IT is astonishing with what enthusiasm a man—or woman—enters upon the sport when once a taste for it has been acquired. A regular fox-hunter dies in harness; the older he grows the stronger becomes his love for the pastime. Such, at least, may be inferred from the lives of men who have gained renown in the field. Men who were as blind as bats have followed the hounds with the best riders of their day, and, in one instance, the want of both hands and feet has not deprived a hunter from being in at the death. This seems hardly possible, but of it there is ample evidence. Of blind fox-hunters a dozen or more instances might be given.

The Reverend Edward Stokes, of Blasby, county Leicester, England, may be cited as one such instance. He lived to be nearly seventy years of age and died in 1797. At the time that he lost his sight, then fourteen years old, he had acquired a taste for fox-hunting from his father, whom he had succeeded as rector of the little church at Blasby. During his busy life he never lost an opportunity to mount and follow the hounds, accompanied by an attendant, who rang a bell as they approached a fence or hedge, and both went over together.

But the reverend gentleman was outdone by an officer of the British army, who equally blind, was noted as one of the boldest riders in the Mousgrubs of Granby's hounds. He had no attendant, but went with the crowd and relied on some one to say when he neared a stiff place, "A little to the right, sir," or "Half a length to the left," and over he went without our fear or misapprehension. Lord Bertie, whose portrait has a conspicuous place in Hogarth's picture of "The Cockpit," rode to hounds in the same way; and Lord D'Erhurst, who lost his sight by a fall from a horse, was not deterred by the accident from hunting. Stephen Chase, of Cowfold, was also a blind fox-hunter. But when this infirmity came upon him he reluctantly gave up the hunt and retired across the country on foot, when a chase came off, attended by a servant, and with such good judgment as to the spot where the fox would be killed that he, too, was often in at the death.

John Metcalf was a still more remarkable lover of the chase. He was long known about Knaresborough as "Blind Jack" and was the first person who set up a wheel carriage in Harrogate for the conveyance of passengers to and from places of resort. At one time he was a musician in Colonel Thornton's volunteers (1745) and was taken prisoner at Falkirk. Singularly enough, this man established himself as a common carrier between Knaresborough and York, and, blind as he was, served as guide through the intricate paths of the forest, when covered with snow as well as at other times. Fox-hunting was to him a delight, and he entered upon it heart and soul, following the hounds both on foot and in the saddle, with the greatest precision and without meeting with any serious accident. More than this, he explored the neighboring country, projected and laid out roads and built bridges and bridges by the way.

But Thomas Roberts was the most extraordinary fox-hunter of whom I have ever heard, for he followed the hounds under difficulties that would have discouraged most men. He was born without forearms and had no legs below the knees. Above one of his elbows there was a protuberance, something like a thumb, which was capable of muscular action, and this served him instead of a hand. Yet Thomas had a firm seat in the saddle and, as huntsman to Sir George Barlow, the last baronet of the ancient family of Barlow, he was a successful hunter. With all his defects, there must have been something pleasing in his manners, for he had three wives, who bore him a number of children. Daniel Lambert had the same fondness for fox hunting and he indulged it so long as he could get into the saddle. When he could no longer do that he sold his hounds at Tattersall's and drove to cover in his carriage. This taste never left him and to the last he had around him a number of hounds. Cock-fighting, a questionable pastime even in his day, also had a hold upon his mind, and he was a keen amateur, for his maternal grandfather was a noted cock-fighter.

As I have already remarked, a man once imbued with a love for fox-hunting never willingly gives it up and there have been those who at their death have been anxious for "a

in catching forty five that day. But one old fellow was the smartest of them all. Some negroes were chasing him with dogs and he gave them the dodge. He turned back, ran for a good distance, took to the water and went out and landed, leaving only his head out. We saw all of this from the boat. We went over and I shot and killed him. As for rabbits taking to water, that is nothing strange down South.—L. F. P.

WILD RICE—Ashland, Wis., Aug. 25.—I see in your issue of Aug. 18, Mr. Charles Gilchrist alludes to an article of mine on the depth of water that wild rice grows with him. I have spent the summer at this place, and, to my surprise, find no wild rice here (not a stalk) except the small kind, which amounts to little compared with species I intended in my article. I did not suppose anybody attempted to introduce the small kind, as it bears but little seed and in two feet to perhaps the depth Mr. G. says. He says: "A stalk nine and a half feet long grew in seven and a half feet of water," showing only two feet out of water. The variety I described grows from six to ten and twelve feet, and not in water over two to three feet, and in a dry time out of water. It grows so large and thick you can hardly push a boat through it. This kind has an immense seed pod, while the small variety grows little seed on a small straight stalk along the edge of rivers and sand bars in deeper water, where none but diving ducks can feed on it. The large kind spreads the top like broom, corn not broken down. I consider the large kind the only desirable one.—LUTHON.

MAINE GAME NOTES—Lincoln, Maine, August.—Woodcock are fairly plenty in this vicinity. In an hour's stroll from the office the other day my dog pointed and flushed five. They are not in prime condition here before the middle of September. Ruffed grouse are plentiful. Deer are reported very numerous about the lakes in our immediate vicinity. I, with many others here, have a decided inclination toward the view that we should be allowed to hunt deer; not that we do hunt them—that would be in violation of our laws for game—but we regard the prohibition of hunting wound and an evil to be corrected. The sketch I sent you, "Syseledobis and Passadumkeag," some time ago was the cause of a visit from the "Deputy Warden." In my desire to present a truthful and accurate account of our trip, I forgot the law for the time and introduced a hound which aided us in securing a deer. Well, that Deputy read the account and at once looked me up. So you see our game overseers attend strictly to business.—F. C. P.

"PARKER" NOT A GUIDE.—Montreal, Aug. 24.—"Ness-muk" is quite right. "Charles Parker" was no guide, his real name is Frank Cook. He was born in Sheldon, Vt., in 1846, or thereabout, and always bore a bad reputation. In 1870 he was arrested in Highgate, Vt., for adultery and taken to St. Albans jail, where he overpowered the Sheriff and locked him into a cell and escaped, but was soon after recaptured and sentenced to a year in the State prison. After his term was out he returned to Highgate, where he was once again engaged in drunken brawls and fights. In 1878 he was sent to jail for intoxication, but was pardoned out by the Governor and soon after left the State. His Adirondack escapade was fully in keeping with his reputation, where he was well known in his native and adjoining towns, and the feeling there is that at the hands of Constable Cole he has received his just punishment.—STANSTEAD.

WISCONSIN DUCKING GROUNDS—Rouen, France, Aug. 11. Editor Forest and Stream: Your issue of July 28 reached me here this morning. I notice that your correspondent J. W. B. wants to go duck shooting, and I can tell him of a good place. Let him go to Green Bay, Wisconsin. There are several professionals whom he can employ. I had a man named Welsh whom I can recommend. I paid him two dollars per day and gave him the birds, which he sold. He furnished boat. Three years ago a friend and myself in five days' shooting killed over three hundred ducks, many of them canvas-backs and redheads. I got the information which led to my going to Green Bay from FOREST AND STREAM, and think I cannot do better than "pass it along."—DUCK.

WOODCOCK ON MAIN STREET—Lockport, N. Y., Aug. 26.—Last evening as I was driving from Niagara street on the bridge that crosses the canal to Main street, near the centre of the business part of the city, a woodcock flew by and came near flying against the rear of the buildings on Main street, but turned to the right and passed over Main street up Cottage street. Some three years ago a ruffed grouse flew against a house on Park place and was killed. A few days after another was killed by the broken air glass, directly on the opposite side of the same street; and after flying about and frightening the occupant of the room, passed out through the window seemingly unhurt; and yet if you wish to shoot grouse or woodcock you will have to go far beyond the city limits to find them.—J. L. DAYTON.

MISSISSIPPI GAME—Philadelphia, Miss., Aug. 19.—At the last meeting of our Legislature the game law was put into the hands of the boards of supervisors of the various counties and a provision made allowing parties to kill game for depre-dating upon crops. Some of the counties are trying to abolish the game law, and every "pot-hunter" claims that his farm is entirely over-run by the broken air glass, directly on the opposite side of the same street; and after flying about and frightening the occupant of the room, passed out through the window seemingly unhurt; and yet if you wish to shoot grouse or woodcock you will have to go far beyond the city limits to find them.—J. L. DAYTON.

PULASKI GUN CLUB—Pulaski, N. Y., Aug. 26.—A sporting club was organized at Pulaski, N. Y., August 13, under the name of the Pulaski Gun Club, its purpose being the better protection of game and fish. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: A. F. Betts, President; A. W. Dunn, Vice-President; M. D. Bumpus, Secretary; W. E. Pier, Treasurer. This club has leased the water land and marsh known as Deer Creek marsh, comprising over one thousand acres, for the term of five years, for their private hunting and fishing.

PENNSYLVANIA—Wyalusing, Pa., Aug. 26.—Woodcock have been scarce, the drought of about four weeks' duration raising havoc with them on our sandy flats. Quail are plenty—thanks to those who fed them during the heavy snows last winter. Ruffed grouse are about the same in abundance. Rabbits are plenty; squirrels in large numbers in the oak ridges. By the way, there are two associations in this coun-

ty, Bradford, for the protection of game and fish, yet the slaughter goes on out of season. I heard of one party killing fifteen gray and black squirrels two or three days ago.—ON THE WING.

QUAIL IN ALABAMA—Hayneville, Ala., Aug. 26.—Quail shooting in this country promises to be better than usual, as the dry spring and summer has been propitious for their propagation; and numbers of half fledged little ones are seen along the roadside and in the stubble. The almost unprecedented cold weather last winter destroyed thousands of doves, and in consequence the annual wheat field sport of this section has been considerably abridged. The sluggish waters of August and the industrious mosquito deter the most inveterate angler at this season.—A. E. C.

NEW JERSEY RAIL LAW—New York, Aug. 29.—I would like to call your attention to one of the great evils of our game laws. In New Jersey the law allows rail to be shot after Sept. 1st and reed birds after Aug. 20. The result is, that our marshes are infested with poachers, who are after reed birds, but by mistake kill rail. It is impossible, even with men on the river to watch to prevent it. Reed birds and rail should be allowed to be shot Sept. 1st and then there would be no excuse.—W. HOLBERTON.

HERBERT'S IMPRESSION ON A BOY—I know Herbert well, he having spent nearly a year in Kentucky with my grandfather. My impression of him, for I was a mere youth, was chiefly—let that be a crack shot; 2d, that he knew more Greek and Latin than I did; 3d, that he knew fine old whisky. Pence to his ashes. A gentleman, a scholar, a deep thinker. Requiescat in pace.—ST. CLAIR.

NEBRASKA PRAIRIE CHICKENS—For pinnated grouse shooting in Nebraska go to Lincoln; find some of the Sportsmen's Association members and get from them a tip as to the exact spot to go to. The birds are reported plenty all along the line of the Burlington and Missouri Railroad west of Lincoln.

AN AUGUST WOODCOCK IN MISSISSIPPI—Natchez, Miss., Aug. 23.—A young woodcock was captured here yesterday in the residence of one of our citizens, where it had flown through mistake. This is rather early for them down here.—S. W. M.

TO TOLEDO FOR DUCKS—A correspondent, who has moved from Cincinnati to Toledo, O., says: "Game is getting scarce around Cincinnati and hard to get at; cannot very well get along without it, so moved up here and expect to take it out of the ducks this fall."—E. M.

ONE YEAR AFTER—Woodford, Me., Aug. 24.—Editor Forest and Stream:—It is a little late, but allow me to thank you for the good work in the cause of humanity that you have done in exposing so thoroughly the Dittmar powder.—M. S.

The Chicago and Northwestern Railway has a most appealing bill of fare for its palace dining cars between Chicago and Council Bluffs.

REED BIRDS are reported plenty on the marshes about Philadelphia now, and the season promises to be a fair one.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

FRESH WATER.	
Grayling, <i>Thymallus tricolor</i> and <i>T. montanus</i> .	Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> , and <i>P. americana</i> .
Black Bass, <i>Nicrophorus salmoides</i> and <i>M. pallidus</i> .	White Bass, <i>Roccus chrysope</i> .
Muscalonge, <i>Esox nubilus</i> .	Rock Bass, <i>Ambloplites</i> . (Two species.)
Pickering, <i>Esox reticulatus</i> .	Walleye, <i>Channobrythys glauco</i> .
Pike or Pickerel, <i>Esox lucius</i> .	Carp, <i>Pomoxys nigromaculatus</i> .
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike), <i>Stizostedion americanum</i> , <i>S. gireum</i> , etc.	Bachelor, <i>Pomoxys annularis</i> .
	Chub, <i>Semotilus corporalis</i> .
SALT WATER.	
Sea Bass, <i>Centropristis atrarius</i> .	Weakfish or Squeteague, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> .
Striped Bass or Rockfish, <i>Roccus flabellus</i> .	Spot, <i>Leiostomus xanthurus</i> .
Flounder, <i>Platichthys stellatus</i> .	Shad, <i>Alosa sapidissima</i> .
White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .	Channel Bass, Spot or Redfish, <i>Seriola lalandi</i> .
Bluefish or Taylor, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .	Sheepshead, <i>Archamia probatocephalus</i> .
Scup or Porgie, <i>Stenotomus argenteus</i> .	Kingfish or Barb, <i>Menticirrhus nebulosus</i> .
Follock, <i>Polydora carbonaria</i> .	
Tautog or Blackfish, <i>Tautoga onitis</i> .	
Spanish Mackerel, <i>Cybitum maculatum</i> .	

The bend of the rod, the gentle feeling with the finger as I checked the run of the line, told his weight almost as accurately as a spring scale. Don't imagine always that anglers have no authority for their figures when they tell of large fish that they have struck and lost. I know men who are accustomed to tell the weight of their fish before they have seen them above water, and who will hit it correctly within an ounce or two nine times out of ten; for the angler knows his rod and it grows to his hand like a part of it, so that he feels the fish on as if he were in his very grasp.—WILLIAM C. PRINCE.

"THE KING FISHER OF THE NORTHWEST."

BY REV. E. B. HAFFENSPERGER, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SOME months ago I paid a visit to Toledo, Ohio, "the great city of the future," as it is fondly termed by its enterprising people. I found there a number of strange things that were unknown in those parts when I first made the acquaintance of the "raging Maumee," a score of years ago. Then the city at its mouth had only 12,000 inhabitants, now it boasts of a population four times as large. The improvements for the past decade are of the most substantial character. Massive stone blocks of buildings have been erected that are seldom excelled in any city. It really begins to look now as if the predictions of one of its ancient prophets were about to be fulfilled, and the proud designation quoted above may yet be accorded to Toledo by those living outside the city limits who have no real estate for sale!

Among the attractions of Toledo may be ranked the Ohio Fish Hatchery. This is situated in the southern part of the

city, only a few rods from the huge water stack. My old time friend, the Hon. Enos D. Potter, a former representative in Congress from the Toledo district, and now a judge in the Circuit Court, and subsequently a Custom House officer, occupies to it the relation of founder and superintendent. He is a shrewd officer of the State, but, unlike many another man who receives large pay and does little, the judge receives little and does much. I have ventured to term him the King Fisher, or *Aleco alecon*, of the Northwest. For a whole generation he has been the referee in matters pertaining to the finny brood by all the dwellers in that region.

Shortly after my settlement in Toledo I became acquainted with his weaknesses for fish and enjoyed his wonderful stories concerning them. Having had some experience in New England trout fishing, I was greatly interested in the accounts he made to give of the speckled beauties of the mountain streams. Little did I then think that these could live in the waters of Ohio. The Judge was a member of our Board of Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church, and we held our meetings in his office in the Custom House. While he took a deep interest in matters ecclesiastical, it must be confessed that he was as much interested in the fish as in the church. He had expected to catch in the Allegany Mountains, and about to make an annual visit to a favorite summer resort in his native Pennsylvania, and he spent all his leisure moments for several weeks in scraping and tempering his elegant trout rod. A man might learn more about the peculiarities of this splendid fish by conversing with the Judge for an hour than by attempting to fish for trout in the best stream in America for a day. While he was a member of Congress it is related that Daniel Webster that he frequently induced the Judge to leave the Capitol and accompany him on fishing excursions about the Potomac. An old Toledo tradition says that one time, while the Judge was absent in Washington, several fine specimens of the *Esox nobilis*, or muskallonge, were captured in Swan Creek above Toledo. This was regarded by the Judge as a most singular occurrence, and he reproved a part of his constituents for not sending for him to come home directly from Washington, because, he said, "the thing needed looking into at once!"

The State of Ohio could not have selected from its millions a man who is so well posted in fish matters, or so well qualified to take charge of the really beneficent institution now under his care. No wonder that other States, appreciating his worth in promoting this great industry, have offered the Judge five times as much as the Buckeye State pays him for superintending the hatchery of Toledo.

The attention of the people of this land is now directed to fish in a manner that portends good in the near future. Within the past fourteen years about twenty-five fish commissions have been organized. These belong to nearly as many States of the Union. Wonderful results have been attained, and we are just beginning to enjoy the benefits of these hatcheries. Seventeen years ago Judge Potter predicted that if no efforts were made to arrest the destruction of fish food the waters of Ohio would be destitute of fish in a few years. The State finally waked up and looked at the subject through his spectacles. The few thousand dollars expended on the hatchery are already coming back into the coffers of the fish dealers. One firm in the vicinity of Toledo said that in the year 1877 its catch was 48,797 lbs., while in 1878 it reached 104,813 lbs., and it attributes this success to the hatchery under the care of the Judge. His Honor called for me one day and invited me to go out and see the "infant department" as he termed it. A ride of several miles brought us to the establishment and the process of hatching was fully explained to me.

In the spawning season the fish are captured and brought to the place prepared for them. Here the good eggs are carefully separated from the bad ones and tenderly watched and protected until the little wrigglers, that look not unlike incipient mosquitoes, emerge from their shells. Their eyes are very large and in this respect alone do they differ from baby mosquitoes in appearance. In a less enlightened community if a man, whose reputation for veracity is not well established, would exhibit the millions of wrigglers that I saw in the tanks of Judge Potter he would be looked upon as a disturber of the peace. The people of Toledo regard the superintendent as a man of truth and fully believe that in three or four years these big-eyed wrigglers will be whitefish weighing two or three pounds apiece. There is capital of producing annually twenty millions of whitefish in the baby state. At the proper time these are consigned to the water and left in the care of Him who provideth food for all the inhabitants of earth.

None but an adept in fishculture could carry on successfully such an establishment. A slight mistake would result in the destruction of myriads of fish soon to be distributed in the waters of the State. I have seen human mothers who seemed to be less careful of their infants than is the good Judge of his wrigglers. Long have they lived to serve his generation in the trust intrusted to him. He has now attained his "three score and ten," but was able recently, while celebrating his birthday, to go out into Maumee Bay and kill fifteen ducks. He loves to recount his experiences on the water, and all who hear him are astonished at the wonderful facts that have come under his observation in respect to fishculture.

Those who have enjoyed the privilege of accompanying him in his fishing and hunting excursions tell marvellous stories about the adaptation of the Judge to the exigencies of the case. He is accomplished in the mysteries of the cuisine and can provide for the bodily sustenance of the party in ways that are absolutely incomprehensible. A friend, who is a great epicure and well acquainted with the best hotels of our land, told me that some years ago he formed one of a party who spent some days in the "wilderness of sin" near Toledo. The commissariat was under the direction of the Judge, and, like Moses of old, he also encountered difficulty in providing for the hungry herd under his care. He started out with an ample supply of store goods, but had eaten up almost everything and, having killed and caught nothing, they were in distress and actually clamored for something to eat. The Judge coolly told them that if they could put up with a pudding he could keep them from starving! They advised him to go ahead. He gathered up the fragments and, with the aid of a lot of corn-meal and several damp newspapers, instead of a pudding bag, he managed to prevent for the present the clamor of his companions pronounced equal to any ever prepared at Delmonico's!

The Judge informed me that his friend Dr. Theodorus Gerrick, of Cleveland, was the first man in the United States who experimented successfully in artificial fish hatching. He prepared a hatchery in Cleveland in the year 1853 and raised a large number of brook trout, *Salmo fontinalis*. Twenty years later John Hoyt, Esq., of Castalia, Ohio, hatched out 3,000 Eastern salmon (*Salmo salar*) and set them free. He

also introduced the brook trout into the stream at Castalia and, according to the estimate of Judge Potter, that is to-day the best-tocked trout stream in America. If this be so, then the Buckeye State will take the first premium for producing trout as well as Presidents. The stream at Castalia, with its precious contents, is owned by a party of wealthy and intelligent gentlemen in Cleveland. It will give the writer great pleasure some day to accompany one of them to Castalia just for the purpose of testing the truthfulness of the statement made by Judge Potter.

Experiments are now in progress at the Toledo hatchery for producing shad, California salmon, eels, black and white bass and other species. One can estimate the blessings yet in store for fishermen and the lovers of fish that had their origin in the brain and heart of the "King Fisher of the Northwest."

FISHING IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

SWANTON, Vt., Aug. 22.

I DO not recollect having seen any report of the fishing in this locality in your journal, and as your readers should be apprised of the excellent sport to be found here, a few lines may be welcome. Saturday last, a party of three took seventy pounds of black bass and rock bass in one day's fishing. To-day the same party took fifty pounds. The fish run about two pounds each, although Mr. George Snyder, one of your neighbors, caught one to-day weighing four pounds. Mr. Fred Newman also captured a large sized bass, so you see that your part of the city contains some good fishermen. Many larger fish were lost by the vigor of the game. Double-rod snells were snapped five times, and as the fish were nearly landed each time, it is no fisherman's exaggeration to say that these lost monsters (pickled) weighed from five to seven pounds. One big fellow carried off a large-sized salmon from his snout, and twice afterwards broke the water within a hundred feet of the boat, tossing his head with frantic efforts to get rid of his artificial ornament.

Large-sized perch, weighing from one to two pounds, are contemptuously tossed back into the lake, while very fine snuffish and rock bass are in like manner consigned to perdition. I have seen half a bushel of excellent panfish, which in Fulton Market I would gladly buy for a treat—no mean dish your golden "pupkin seed" makes—fed to the hogs. The bait now used is worms and grasshoppers, but minnows will insure your catching monsters from the "vasty deep." Trolling takes a few with the spoon. Strong tackle is required, large-sized hooks with four-tye rod snells and leaders, or perhaps a gimp snell and strong leaders. Of course, if you prefer a light outfit and wish to play your fish for a day or two, come rigged out with a colweb; but, after having your tackle smashed in pieces a few times, you will have a change come over the spirit of your dream.

A new hotel has just been opened here, the "Champlain," Mr. Boynton proprietor, and guests will be surprised with fishing, gas, electric bells, etc., fine bills of fare and good beds at eight dollars per week. The Central Vermont Railroad leaves you at the door of the house, or you can come via Albany, Lake George and Lake Champlain to Plattsburg and across by boat. J. H. H.

INDIANA AWAKENS!

THE lawlessness of Indiana poachers is a matter well known outside the State. Last spring a prominent gentleman of that State wrote us as follows:

"That you may comprehend the situation in Indiana, I will state that we have some feeble laws unexecuted for the protection and preservation of fish. We have for our population the children of the pioneers, whose ideas of freedom were limited by the right to fish when, where and how they please, and cut a 'coon' or bee tree on any man's land." To these add the heterogeneous mass of emigrants from every land with communistic thoughts fairly developed, and the whole mass thoroughly demoralized by catering politicians in a pivotal state."

Recently a Spartan band has arisen in Indianapolis, who declare that the use of dynamite must be stopped. They have formed an association, and the following has been circulated on postal cards:

"INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 20, 1881.

"Dear Sir: You have probably seen by the newspapers that a society has been lately formed for the protection of fish. This is not an 'Angling Club,' but has for its object, 'Enforcing the law prohibiting the use of dynamite, etc., in the destruction of fish.' At the present rate of this warfare, but a few weeks will see the creeks and streams of Indiana entirely stripped of fish. We want the names of prominent men who will assist us in this fight, and therefore ask you to join this society. The initiation fee is only \$1. Please give or send in your name to any of the following persons: Alex. C. Jameson, President; Geo. F. McGinnis, Vice-President; W. C. Phillips, Secretary; F. T. Holliday, Treasurer; John A. French, Jos. A. Moore, W. H. Ross, Bryant Elliot, Ignatius Brown."

The new Association can count on FOREST AND STREAM as being on their side first, last and all the time. Success to them.

"ALBANY BEEF."

THE sturgeon was a favorite with the Dutch settlers of the State of New York, especially with those who made their homes on the upper Hudson. So common was it that it was known as "Albany beef." We have recently printed some notes on its being smoked and sold as halibut on the great lakes, and also a communication from an Albany claiming the sturgeon to be superior to the latter fish. In this connection we republish the following from the Hudson Register:

"The smoked flesh of the sturgeon is a favorite article of food in the towns along the Hudson River, and when it is well prepared and has not become stale, it is a very nutritious and palatable edible. In former years the catch of sturgeon in the Hudson River was amply sufficient to supply all demands for the beef at low prices. Within the past few years, however, the fish have become scarce and shy and have to be brought to Albany, where the principal smoking establishments are, from the Kennebec River, in Maine; from the St. John's, in Folsom, and from the great lakes. Albany the fish cost from five to eight cents a pound. It shrinks considerably before it is smoked and, therefore, the fish is wholesaled at fifteen cents per pound, at which price there is only a moderate profit made. The stores retail it at

about eighteen cents. The sales of one firm in Albany average over 1,000 pounds per week and have reached as high as 4,500 pounds one week this season. In this city Philip Kavanagh has an establishment for dressing and curing sturgeon. He is unable to meet the demand for the beef. Large numbers of sturgeon are received daily, coming principally from Hyde Park. The quantity of fish sold in this city alone is immense, the price being the same as at Albany. The trade is reported to be constantly on the increase in this city and along the upper Hudson, even at the prices named."

GRUBS IN BLACK BASS.—While camping (a year ago) on Brooklyn Point, Crooked Lake, near Petoskey, Michigan, I had the pleasure of taking a great many large black bass during my stay of two months in that delightful retreat. It was not until I had assisted largely in eating that excellent fish that I discovered I had more than I bargained for, as it afterward proved that a bass entirely free from grubs was a notable exception. Of course the inhabitants of that wild region, acting as guides for a living, have to furnish so many transient amateurs with fish for their friends at home that they never eat them themselves, and consequently "don't know nothin' 'bout grubs in bass" around there, whatever they may tell you about grubs in bass of other lakes.

By skinning the fish instead of scaling it the grubs are exposed in the thick semi-transparent flesh, like so many excisions of boiled rice stuck into farinella jelly. The process of skinning is very easy, by cutting down the back of the fish on each side of the dorsal fin. This harmless grub should not be confounded with the wriggling, wiry worm found in knots and large colonies in the intestines of other fish, such as for instance the sunfish, late in the summer in muddy lakes.

New York, August 27, 1881.

NOTES FROM MOOSEHEAD.—From a private letter from Mr. T. Sedgwick Steele we extract the following notes about Moosehead Lake. The date was Aug. 16.

"I have been much interested in Mr. Fay's article, 'Moosehead Lake to the Main St. John's River,' and an accompanying experiences with Mr. Fay. The fishing here has been very fine indeed, even up to the 15th of July, fifteen days beyond its usual time, but is in its usual poor state to-day and will not amount to much until Sept. 1. However, trout can be had with hard work and going off alone quickly with your guide to some inland lake or stream. I have landed some two and two-and-a-half pounders since I came, but in addition to my family there are six others to entertain, and these 'quiet knots' can not accommodate so large a party."

"The 'boiled shirts,' I regret to say, are more numerous at this hotel, the Mr. Kincaid here, this season than ever before, which makes us patrons of the flannel feel a little out of place, and before long we old sportsmen will have (like the darkey) to 'take to the woods.'"

"That trip of Mr. Fay's is very easy and accessible to even ladies. My brother-in-law, wife and two children went through it three years ago, and now there is a 'juniper' or alder on the Umbagogus and Mud Pond carries it requires little exertion."

A HUNGARY TURTLE.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Speaking of turtles, my brother said a company were fishing in a small creek, an adjoining county. They had stuck their poles into the bank, and were discussing a lunch a short distance off, when perceiving a bite on one of the lines F. approached and drew it up. A good-sized turtle came to the surface on the hook, and then letting go sank to the bottom. He soon took hold again, and was again drawn up. This time F. had a pistol in his hand, and sent a bullet through the turtles back, whereupon it let go the hook and sank, leaving stains of blood on the water. An hour or two later they were fishing near each other some two hundred yards further up the stream, when F. having a "bite" again drew a turtle to the surface, which, however, also let go, but in making off it caught one of its feet on the other hook some yards away, and was safely landed. To F.'s astonishment he found it to be the same turtle he had shot some two hours before and a couple of hundred yards down stream, the bullet having gone through its body, and its entrails were protruding through the hole in the lower shell. Yet it came back for more bait. That beats Douglass Jeroid, who cracked a joke on his death bed.—"MASONER."

A MENHADEN WAR THREATENED.—Barnegat, N. J., Aug. 28.—For the past two years our people, in Monmouth county, have complained that the menhaden fishers, with their purse nets, are ruining our fisheries by taking the menhaden in such quantities that few are left for our valuable food fishes to feed upon. When they sight a school of fish they follow it until they have caught the last one and our food fishes are decreasing, either starved or driven to seek food on some coast where the pestilent and persistent menhaden fisher, with his all-capturing pound net is unknown. Men who claim to know said that the loss to our people in food fish amounts to one million of dollars annually and petitions are now being circulated asking the State Legislature to pass a law prohibiting the wholesale catching of menhaden along our coast. Thousands of signatures have been obtained and the question will enter into politics in our fall campaign.—X.

UNWHOLESOME FISH AT BILLINGSBURY.—We learn from Land and Water that during the month of July the fishermen appointed by the Fishmongers' Company seized at Billingsbury, Mass., and on board boats bring off that place, 33 tons 15 cwt. of fish as unfit for human food. Of these 54 tons 18 cwt. came by land, and 38 tons 17 cwt. by water. Nineteen tons were shellfish. The single fish numbered 99,957, and include 8 catfish, 10 cod, 18 crayfish, 500 eels, 120 conger eels, 500 dabs, 81,560 haddock, 2,200 lobsters, 700 mackerel, 4,822 plaice, 680 skate, 73 pairs of sole, 1 sturgeon, 245 turbot and 8,450 whiting. There were also 10 barrels of crabs, and 12 of pickled herrings, 3 boxes of herrings, 108 bags of mussels, 4 cwt. of oysters, 100 pounds of eels and 106 of whelks, 2 kiln pickled herrings and 1 of prawns, 1,048 gallons of shrimps and 55 quarts of whitebait.

THE STARFISH AS A COMESTIBLE.—Editor Forest and Stream: I note the remarks under the above heading on my recipe for bisque of starfish in your issue of Aug. 18. No true Ichthyophagist should condemn the starfish until he has tasted a bisque made of it. In my opinion the starfish, properly cooked, far surpasses the crab or lobster in delicacy of flavor and should be called the king of shellfish. They may "smell to heaven" while being dissected,

but there is nothing disagreeable about them after blanching in hot water a few minutes.—THOS. J. MURRAY, Steward of Glen Island.

BASS LAKE, Vt.—Montreal, Quebec, Aug. 24.—Mr. W. L. Matzke, of this city; Mr. H. Cascan, of Sheldon, Vt., the writer and his son, spent several days last week camping at Bass Lake, Franklin, Vt. We made a fair catch of bass, the largest weighed 5 1/2 lbs. Master Barnaby used a 7oz. greenheart rod, and killed several bass that weighed over four pounds each. It gave us old fellows more pleasure to see him hitched to a large bass than to take it ourselves.—STANSTRAD.

BLACK BASS IN THE SUSQUEHANNA.—Wyalusing, Pa., Aug. 26.—In this part of Pennsylvania, living, as we do, on the banks of the Susquehanna, we have ample fishing grounds. The water being low on account of the drought, the size of the "catch" of black bass has increased and the quantity diminished. Some are caught weighing four pounds. Once in a while fishermen will catch white-eyed pike weighing from four to ten pounds.—ON THE WING.

HICKORY FOR RONS.—Flemington, N. J., Aug. 23.—I would like to know the proper time to cut hickory to make fish rods from—spring, summer or fall of the year? Do you want small saplings or from large timber, and what kind of hickory? There are several kinds, I believe. I have noticed in some book, speaking of brown hickory—what is meant by that? By answering the above questions you will greatly oblige—L. F.

My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of Hop Bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Fishculture.

THE MCCLLOUD RIVER HATCHERY.

U. S. FISHERY, BAINES, Shasta Co., Cal., Aug. 18.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I enclose herewith an extract from my next report on the McCloud River hatchery station, concerning the destruction of the stock of hatchlings by the water. The building near the hatchery is now nearly completed, and we expect to begin to take salmon eggs next week.—LIVINGSTON STONE.

Up to the 31st of December, 1880, the rain fall on the McCloud River, indeed, there and when the New Year opened the water was below the customary number of fair days until the 18th of December when it began to rain, and rained eleven days in succession, the river rising on the 25th eight feet and two inches above its summer level. This was nothing extraordinary, however, and no fears or even misgivings were entertained of any disaster from floods to the fishery buildings, they being built from eighteen to nineteen feet above the river.

There was a dense fog over the McCloud River the last two days of December, but no rain, and when the New Year opened the river had fallen back to within a foot and a half of its usual level.

The month of January, however, was attended by a rain fall wholly unprecedented in Northern California since its settlement by white men. Forty-seven inches of water fell at Shasta City during this month, and in the hatchery where salmon fishery is situated the fall must have been much greater. On the 27th of Jan., the McCloud rose twelve and one-half feet, but the water had been higher than that in previous years, and still no one supposed that the buildings were in danger. Again the river fell, but this time fell to a lower level than it had for many years. The water rose on this river before, either by white men or Indians now living.

During the first days of February the rain poured down in torrents. It is said by those who saw it that it did not fall as rain, rather as dense falls, but it fell as if thousands of tons of water were dropped in a body from the sky at once. Mr. J. B. Campbell, who lives on the McCloud, relates that near his house in a canyon, which is dry in summer, the water in not many minutes became thirty feet deep, and the violence of the current was so great that trees a hundred feet long were swept down, root, trunk and branches, into the river. On the 2d of February the McCloud River began to rise at the rate of a foot an hour. By nine o'clock in the evening it was sixteen feet and eight inches above its ordinary level. This was within four inches of the danger mark, the water rising above the fishery, Richard D. Hubbard and Oscar Fritz, made an attempt, at the risk of their lives, to save some of the most valuable movable property in the buildings. They waded through the fierce current in the blinding rain and pitchy darkness of the night, and, but for the fact that the water was so deep, was then up to their shoulders, and the unequal struggle could not be long maintained. These young men are entitled to great credit for succeeding in rescuing what they did from the flood on that frightful night.

The water was soon a foot above the danger mark, and the buildings began to rock and totter as if nearly ready to fall. There was now no hope of saving them or anything in them. At half past two in the morning of the 3d of February they toppled over with a great crash, and were seized by the reckless current and hurled down the river.

When the day dawned nothing whatever was to be seen of the main structures which composed the United States Salmon Breeding Station on the McCloud River. The mess-house, where the workmen lived and eaten and slept for also successive seasons and which contained the original cabin, twelve feet by fourteen feet, where the pioneers of the U. S. Fish Commission on this coast lived during the first season of 1872; the bathing house, which, with the tent that preceded it, had cost \$70,000; the water tank, the distribution of which had reached from New Zealand to St. Petersburg; the large dwelling-house, to which improvements and conveniences had been added each year for five years—these were all gone, every vestige of them, and nothing was to be seen in the direction where they stood, except the wreck of the water tank, which, through summer suns and winter rains has poured a hundred million gallons of water over the salmon eggs in the hatchery and which now lies dismantled and ruined upon the flat-bottoms which had supported it and which were kept from escaping by two wire cables made fast to the river bank.

The river continued to rise the next forenoon until it reached a maximum height of twenty-six feet and eight inches above its summer level. This, of course, is not a very extraordinary rise for a slow-moving river, but the fact is, however, that the water was at low water, a succession of cascades and rapids, having an average fall of forty feet to the mile, it will be seen at once what a vast volume of water must have been poured into this very rapid river in a very short time and with what velocity it must have come to have raised it twenty-six feet when its natural fall was sweeping it out of the canyon so swiftly.

Those who saw this mighty volume of water at its highest point rushing through its mountain canyon with such speed say that it was appalling, with the roar of the torrent, for just below the low water standing side by side on the bank could not hear each other when talking in an ordinary tone of voice.

It must be over two centuries since the McCloud River rose, if ever, as high as it did last winter. There is very good evidence of this in the very spot where the fishery was located, for just behind the mess-house, and exactly under where the fishery had floats with a good south breeze, is an Indian graveyard where the venerable chiefs of the McCloud tribe have been taken for burial for at least two hundred years, and there is no knowing how much

longer. One-third of this graveyard was swept away by the high water last winter and the ground below strewn with dead men's bones. Now the fact that the Indians have been in the habit of burying their dead in this spot for two centuries proves that the river has never risen to the height of last winter's rise within that time, for nothing could induce Indians to bury their fathers where they thought there was the least danger of the sacred bones being disturbed by flood.

When the water subsided it became apparent what a clean sweep the river had made. Here and there the stumps of a few posts, broken off and worn down nearly to the ground by the driftwood grinding over them, formed the only vestiges whereby to indicate that anything had ever existed there but the rocky bar that the falling waters had left.

The inventory showed that over \$1,000 worth of hatching apparatus, house furniture, tools and other articles were lost or destroyed by the flood, besides four buildings themselves. The whole loss could not have been less than \$15,000. LAYINGTON STONE.

A QUINNAT SALMON IN GREENWOOD LAKE.

WARWICK WOODLANDS, Greenwood Lake, N. Y.

Eliver Forest and Stream:

In November, 1876, a large number of California salmon, 9,000, I believe, were put in Greenwood Lake, lying partly in Orange County, N. Y., and Passaic County, N. J. They were obtained from Mr. Fred L. Fisher, of the New York Aquarium, on an order from Prof. S. F. Baird, through the instrumentality of Mr. W. O. McDowell, assisted by myself, and were placed at the mouth of the different streams. Mr. McDowell also procured from the New York Fish Commission a large lot of lake or salmon trout, which were also placed in the same place.

Since that time we have received no intelligence of any salmon having been caught, and it has been supposed that they had become extinct, but such is not the case, for on the afternoon of Aug. 25 Messrs. E. J. Peck and Irving Brown, of Haverstraw, N. Y., who for a while have been the guests of the great Mr. Jennings, at the Encampment Hotel, Warwick Woodlands, were engaged in still fishing for black bass, when the former took a very nice salmon with bluegrain bait.

This heavy-bodied fish, which looked was most peculiar and gave rise to the most extravagant conjectures as to its character. On being struck he darted with a good deal of vim about six feet and then remained almost stationary for four or five minutes, notwithstanding Mr. Peck with all the power he dared exert, being unable to get him. He was then taken to the shore, where, when at last he came up quite exhausted and was netted with ease. It was taken to the camp, where it was much admired for its beautiful marks and was the subject of much surprise and interest.

JAMES R. BOYD.

Most unfortunately it is fish was taken to the hotel and cooked, and therefore all chance of positively identifying it is lost. Mr. Boyd said in an interview that the fishermen are familiar with lake trout, and that this fish differed in shape and color from them. It was only about twelve to fifteen ounces in weight and, if it was really a quinnat salmon, it must have been a young one. We hope that if more should be caught in this lake, or any other, they will be kept in alcohol, or sent in ice to this office, when we will see that they are placed in alcohol and forwarded to Prof. Baird. This course will place the matter on record beyond all chance of a doubt as to the species caught.

NEW YORK LAW ON FISHWAYS.

CHAP. 620.—AN ACT to amend section one of chapter two hundred and fifty-two of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled "An Act to provide for the construction of fishways in the State dams across the Oswego, Oneida and Seneca rivers." Passed July 8, 1881; three-fifths being present.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows: Section 1. Section two hundred and fifty-two of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled "An Act to provide for the construction of fishways in the State dams across the Oswego, Oneida and Seneca rivers," is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

§ 1. It shall be the duty of the superintendent of public works of this State to cause fishways to be constructed and maintained in all the State dams across the Oswego, Oneida and Seneca rivers, to permit the passage of all fish endeavoring to migrate to the waters above said dams. The said superintendent of public works shall construct and maintain said fishways in such manner and according to such plans and specifications as the commissioners of fisheries may prescribe, provided the superintendent of public works shall determine that the construction and maintenance of said fishways in such manner and according to such plans and specifications will in no way interfere with the due and proper management and navigation of the canals or materially injure the said dams.

§ 2. This Act shall take effect immediately.

FISHCULTURAL NOTES.—Iowa has an additional hatchery in charge of assistant commissioner, A. A. Mosher, at Spirit Lake. From this house 2,000,000 lake trout, *S. namaycush* will be hatched for the northwestern portion of the State. The hatchery will handle brook trout, lake trout, rainbow trout and other species at the old hatchery in as large numbers as he can procure.

Some of the friends of Commissioner Sisty, of Colorado, advertise in his name for a dog, when he arrived at his office he thought by the number and quality of the canine assemblage that his next neighbor was about to start a sausage factory.

BLACK BASS WANTED.—A correspondent writes as follows: "Can you inform me as to the proper means of stocking the waters of this lake with black bass, or any other desirable fish, and whether in your judgment that is a good species for these waters. I am like to be the first person who will take the trouble to apply to, and about what it would cost, if you have the means of furnishing me with the information I ask for."

This is a sample of many letters that we receive and to all we reply that we do not know. There is a demand for live bass for stocking waters which some one should supply. If we wanted a hundred of them next week, we know of no other way to get them than to go fishing for them. Persons who can furnish them would do well to advertise in our columns.

LAND LOCKED SALMON IN LONG POND—Lincoln, Me., Aug. 25.—I am glad to report the success of our Fish Commission's plant of Soloway in Long Pond here five years ago. Several fine fish have been taken this season weighing from one and one-quarter to two pounds. One of the latter weight I succeeded in capturing with a fly yesterday. Verily, it was royal sport. We shall have mazelled lake salmon fishing here in another year or two. E. C. T.

THE COLORADO HATCHERY.—Fish Commissioner Sisty, of Colorado, has been looking for a place for a hatchery ever since June, and, having found a suitable location, it was generously presented to the State for the purpose mentioned by the owner, Mr. Wilson Waddingham. It is about six acres in extent, and is located eight or nine miles from Denver. A large spring rises on the property, and the climate is healthy. The hatchery is now under the management of Mr. Waddingham's generosity deserves hearty commendation.

TWO KINDS OF PARADISE-FISH.—Cincinnati, O.—In your editorial remarks on the Paradise-fish in your issue of August 11, you mention the *Macropodus chinensis*. This is a different kind from *M. opercularis*. I have both kinds, the manners of which are the same, the only difference is in the coloring, in *chinensis*

auratus the dark green takes the place of the blue and the deep yellow or gold the place of the crimson in *opercularis*.—Hiram Merritt.

AQUARIUM NOTE.—Dr. Soliditzky, of Salzburg, recommends the addition of four drops of a solution of one gram of salicylic acid in 500 grams of water to every 100 grams of water in the aquarium, and says this will keep the fish healthy without changing the water.

Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness will leave every neighborhood as soon as Hop Bitters arrive.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

September 21, 22 and 23, at Franklin Pa., Franklin Sportsman's Club and Game Protective Society, Bench Show. Entries close September 15. Thos. D. Adams, Superintendent; P. O. Box 61, Franklin, Pa.

September 20, 21 and 22, Montreal Dog Show. Mr. J. F. Scriver, President.

September 27, 28, 29 and 30, at London, Ont., London Dog Show. Entries close September 12. Charles Lucien, Superintendent, Tecumseh House, London, Ont.

December 14, 15 and 16, at Lowell, Mass. Lowell Dog Show. Entries close December 6. Chas. A. Andrew, West Bedford, Mass., Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

August 20 and 31, and September 1 and 2, at Norfolk, Neb. Nebraska Field Trials second annual meeting. J. F. McCartney, Secretary, Norfolk, Neb.

September 13 and 14, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Collie Trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Entries close September 8. George M. McCarty, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa.

October 1, at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Entries close on Thanksgiving day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 274, New York City.

October 23, 26, 27 and 28, at Masonstown, Fayette Co., Pa., via boat from Pittsburgh. Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. Entries close at Pittsburg, Pa. on October 15. J. H. Stanton, Secretary.

November 1, at Gilroy, Cal. Field Trials of the Gilroy Rod and Gun Club. Entries close November 1. E. Leveridge, Secretary.

November 25, Louisiana Field Trials. Entries close November 1. Edward Ouellet, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November—, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

MEASUREMENTS OF PRIZE WINNERS AT NEW YORK SHOW.

WE published in issues of May 19 and June 2 of FOREST AND STREAM the measurements of the pointers Bush, Rine, Rhoads, Princess, Water Lily and Rapp, and of the setters Spark, Petrel II, Chief, Dash, Lady Gordon and Spot. At that time we were unable to obtain from the owners measurement of the other prize winners, but since then we have secured the following, which we present to our readers:

LE GUY.

Mr. A. H. Moore's small pointer dog Le Guy, by Champion Bang out of Juno, color, dark liver and white. Winner in class for pointers, under 55 lbs. 21 entries in class. Whelped February, 1878. Weight, 49 lbs.; height at shoulder, 25 inches; length from nose to set on tail, 33 inches; length of tail, 14 inches; girth of chest, 24 inches; girth of loin, 21 inches; girth of head, 16 inches; girth of forearm, 13 inches; length of neck midway between head and shoulders, 17½ inches; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, 9 inches; length from corner of eye to end of nose, 4½ inches; length from elbow to tip of shoulder, 13 inches; ears, when extended (measurement taken across the head), 18 inches.

August, 1881.

LOO II.

Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Irish setter bitch Loo II, by Grouse out of Maybe. Color, red and white. Winner in class for pointers, under 55 lbs. 21 entries in class. Whelped February, 1878. Weight, 49 lbs.; height at shoulder, 25 inches; length from nose to set on tail, 33 inches; length of tail, 16 inches; girth of chest, 22 inches; girth of loin, 18 inches; girth of head, 16 inches; girth of forearm, 13 inches; length of neck midway between head and shoulders, 13 inches; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, 4½ inches; length from corner of eye to end of nose, 4½ inches; length from elbow to tip of shoulder, 13 inches; ears, when extended (measurement taken across the head), 17½ inches.

August, 1881.

BERKELEY.

Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Irish setter dog Berkeley, by Echo out of Loo II. Color, red. Whelped, July 1878. Winner in champion Irish setter dog class of seven entries. Weight, 58 lbs.; height at shoulder, 24 inches; length from nose to set on tail, 33 inches; length of tail, 16 inches; girth of chest, 24 inches; girth of loin, 27 inches; girth of head, 17 inches; girth of forearm, 13 inches; length of neck from occiput to tip of nose, 9 inches; girth of neck midway between head and shoulders, 23 inches; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, 9 inches; length from corner of eye to end of nose, 4½ inches; length from elbow to tip of shoulder, 13 inches; ears, when extended (measurement taken across the head), 19 inches.

August, 1881.

LEICESTER.

Mr. A. H. Moore's champion English setter dog Leicester, by Dan out of Lill II. Color, lemon and white. Whelped July 1879. Winner in champion English setter dog class of six entries. Weight, 61 pounds. Height at shoulder, 26 inches; length of nose to set on tail, 39 inches; length of tail, 20 inches; girth of chest, 28 inches; girth of loin, 25 inches; girth of head, 17½ inches; girth of forearm, 13 inches; length of neck from occiput to tip of nose, 10 inches; girth of neck midway between head and shoulders, 16 inches; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, 10½ inches; length from corner of eye to end of nose, 5 inches; length from elbow to tip of shoulder, 14 inches; ears, when extended, (measurement taken across the head) 19½ inches.

August, 1881.

BOB.

Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Gordon setter dog Bob, by Lang out of Floss. Whelped May, 1877. Winner in champion black and tan setter dog class of four entries. Weight, 70 pounds. Height at shoulders, 26 inches; length from nose to set on tail, 41 inches; length of tail, 17 inches; girth of chest, 22 inches; girth of loin, 26 inches; girth of head, 19 inches; girth of forearm, 13 inches; length of neck from occiput to tip of nose, 12 inches; girth of neck midway between head and shoulders, 19 inches; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, 10 inches; length from corner of eye to end of nose, 5 inches; length of elbow to tip of shoulder, 14 inches; ears when extended, (measurement taken across the head) 21 inches. August, 1881.

TRAMP.

Mr. E. Langdon Wilk's champion pointer dog Tramp, by Sensation out of Ferebe. Color, lemon and white. Age, 3½ years. Winner in champion pointer class for dogs over 55 pounds. Two entries present. Height at shoulder, 27½ inches; length from nose to set on tail, 42 inches; length of tail, 17 inches; girth of chest, 24 inches; girth of loin, 22 inches; girth of head, 20 inches; girth of forearm, 19 inches; girth of neck, 17½ inches; length of neck from occiput to tip of nose, 11½ inches; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, 11½ inches; girth of neck midway between head and shoulders, 18 inches; length from corner of eye to end of nose 6 inches; length from elbow to

top of shoulders, 14½ inches; length of ear from top to set on at skull, 6 inches. May 31, 1881.

DOMINA.

Mr. Charles Moran Jr.'s native English setter bitch Domina, by Charm out of Fanny. Color, orange and white; age, 4½ years; weight, 30 pounds; height at shoulder, 23½ inches; girth of chest, 24 inches; length of tail, 28½ inches; girth of chest, 28½ inches; girth of loin, 21 inches; girth of head, 15½ inches; girth of forearm above elbow, 9 inches; below joint, 6½ inches; length of neck from occiput to tip of nose, 9½ inches; girth of neck midway between head and shoulders, 14 inches; girth of neck midway between head and shoulders, 14 inches; length from corner of eye to end of nose, 4 inches; length from elbow to top of shoulders, 12½ inches; ears when extended (measurement taken across the head), 17½ inches. August 23, 1881.

A typographical error occurred in the publishing of the girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, of Mr. J. C. Higgins' Petrel II. It should have read 9, 9½ inches. We wish also to correct several errors which occurred in the measurement table of Mr. C. H. Mason's pointer bitch Water Lily. Girth of loin, 23 not 13 inches; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, 9½ inches, not 26 inches as printed, and 26 inches for girth of neck.

THE CARE OF PUPPIES.

(From Yero Shaw's "Book of the Dog," Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., Broadway, New York. Courtesy of Author and Publishers.)

AT five weeks old the whelp may usually begin to be removed from their mother, and it is well to do this gradually, as they suffer less from the separation if this course is pursued; and by extending the intervals of the bitch's absence they can be almost entirely weaned without any of the trouble that is attendant on their dam. The best method is to begin by removing the bitch for an hour or two in the warmest part of the day, so that the chance of the puppies catching cold is diminished. The periods of her absence can then be prolonged until she is only returned to them on the coldest days.

It frequently occurs that the teats of a bitch have been wounded by the teeth of the puppies when they suckle her; and inflammation, from the influx of milk, often arises when they are removed. Considerable relief can be obtained by rubbing some of the milk of the next day on the sore teats, and this can be repeated night and morning for some days, a mild dose of physic being administered when the puppies are finally removed. In the event, however, of the milk that she has secreted still bothering her, and her teats being so tender that drawing some of the milk is impossible recourse may be had to an ordinary soda-water bottle, heated with hot water, the mouth of which can be pressed over the inflamed teat. This has the effect of drawing some of the milk out, and thereby relieving the bitch of a great deal of pain. Or an ordinary breast pump may be used.

On the removal of the whelps from their mother, a very considerable change for the worse immediately takes place in the appearance, which is due mainly to the alteration in their diet and general mode of life. Instead of drawing a certain amount of nutriment from their dam, they are now cast upon their own resources for a means of subsistence. The necessity of having to get up and hunt about for the dish which contains its food is a fact which it takes a puppy's mind a long time to master. Consequently the one-litter bitch often produces many weak puppies during the night, although their food within a few inches of their bed; and it is not until a happy thought strikes one of them that it might be a good plan if he got up and looked for something, that they all follow his example, and fall to as only hungry pups could do. The removal of the puppies from their mother should be taken to rid them of such torments. The presence of worms is certain when the stomachs of puppies swell and harden, but they frequently exist without developing such symptoms, and therefore the stomachs of puppies should be given doses of worm medicine all round, especial care being taken that their delicate mouths and throats are not injured in administering the remedy. The two best vermifuges are areca-nut and santaline. The latter, in its crystallized form, is an excellent remedy for worms, and should be given in the form of areca-nut lozenges, as a vermifuge for puppies of seven or eight weeks old, whose parents weigh from forty to sixty pounds weight. If too strong a dose is given, santaline has a tendency to affect the brain and cause fits, so caution should be exercised in its use. The chief difficulty in the administration of the use of areca-nut lies in getting it freshly grated, as if allowed to become stale it loses its virtue as an anthelmintic. To avoid this the nut should be grated on an ordinary nutmeg-grater, and given immediately in butter or lard. The ordinary dose for puppies of seven or eight weeks old is one or two drachms more than two drachms should never be given. Spratt's worm powders are also excellent remedies, if an owner has to clear his pets of these pests, and are easily procured of any chemist.

It is useless to resort to any remedy for worms in dogs unless the medicine is administered on an empty stomach. Small dogs should fast for at least twelve hours, and large powerful animals for twenty-four, before the medicine is administered. It is also desirable to prevent their drinking too much water, and especially to abstain from the habit of being to deprive the worms of all sorts of food, so that the anthelmintic may have a greater chance of success. Many persons give a dose of castor-oil the night before the vermifuge is given, and a second one two or three hours after the first has been taken. As long as the puppy is young, so fast the dog's system too powerfully, these precautions materially assist the operation of the medicine; but judgment and caution must, of course, be exercised, and it would be foolish to adopt such vigorous treatment with a weakly puppy.

Grated biscuits, oatmeal porridge and bread and gravy, with the addition of a little chopped meat and vegetables, are the best diet for puppies when first away from their mother, and the amount they can get through in the course of twenty-four hours is considerable. The greatest care must be taken to guard against the puppies' drinking too much water, in as far as possible, especially being given food which is *sour* or *decomposed*. A very fruitful and common cause of this is only lately come to our knowledge. We are indebted for the following information to Mr. J. Freeman, whose canine George, a pointer, has been a very considerable. The gentleman has proved by experience that food cooked in a copper or other boiler is very apt to turn sour as soon as cooked, if allowed to stand and cool in the vessel in which it has been prepared. Care should therefore be taken to remove it, as soon as the cooking operations are completed, and to put it in a clean receptacle, where it can remain until it is required for the dogs, or is returned to the boiler, to be added to other meals in course of preparation.

All draughts should be kept away from their kennel, which must be kept dry, and the puppies will not spread and grow as they should do; and a run in a dry yard is imperative, if the weather is not too cold or damp. By keeping his puppies clean and dry, an owner considerably lessens the risk of distemper ravaging his kennel, for the disease is far more apt to attack puppies who are in unclean surroundings, and except on very rare occasions, when its origin can usually be traced, is scarcely ever present in well-conducted establishments. In our own kennels we have never experienced a single case of distemper among puppies of our own breeding. It has been known to occur in some of the best kennels where for over three years an average of nearly fifty dogs have been kept in confined spaces. A strict attention to cleanliness, fresh air, fresh water, sound food, combined with proper grooming and exercise, renders the risk of distemper well-nigh impossible, and a breeder who attends to these matters has the misfortune to have it communicated to his stock (for distemper is contagious), he will find them the better able to resist its attacks if they have been previously well looked after.

It is a common remark that we have no cases of puppies we had bought (one or two of which sickened within the week)

Brace of Spaniels—The Burdette Kennel has sold to Mr. Lewis, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., one brace of liver-colored spaniels (names of sire and dam omitted).

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 24.—The Victory long-range match was shot at Walnut Hill today, seven gentlemen entering. The conditions were

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 24.—The Victory long-range match was shot at Walnut Hill to-day, seven riflemen entering. The conditions were excellent and, to the delight of the spectators, the long-range record was broken by W. C. Gregory, who made 224 out of a possible 225, and, by the rules of rifle shooting, takes precedence of Mr. William Gerish's hitherto unequalled score. Below is the record of the day's work:

The Newark Shooting Society will hold the fall meeting at the Shooting Park September 1. The events will be confined to the members of the society.

SQUARE-HEADER.—Reble, of Boston, is having McManus & Son cut her out a square-headed topsail, English fashion.

SOUTH BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—An open match is contemplated for the middle of September with some \$300 for prizes.

TREE-PLANTING PAYS in California. Four years ago an agriculturist, having thirty-two acres of rugged hill-top land unfit for cultivation, planted eucalyptus trees (880 to the acre) upon it. This tree grows nearly as fast as the willow and furnishes excellent wood for cabinet working. To-day the land is valued at \$200 per acre. This example has set other

agriculturists to thinking and they are now paying more attention to tree-planting than heretofore.

(St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)
WEATHER WISDOM.

Under the title of Old Probabilities, one of the most useful and valuable officers of the U. S. Government, is most widely known. But quite as well known is Prof. J. H. Tice, the meteorologist of the Mississippi Valley, whose contributions to his favorite study have given him an almost national reputation. On a recent lecture tour through the Northwest, the Professor had a narrow escape from the serious consequences of a sudden and very dangerous illness, the particulars

of which he thus refers to:

The day after concluding my course of lectures at Burlington, Iowa, on 21st December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, giving me excruciating pain and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 35; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me; after suffering for three hours, I thought, as I had been using St. Jacobs oil with good effect for rheumatic pains, I would try it. I saturated a piece of handkerchief large enough to cover my chest, with the oil, and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment that night in a neighboring town had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, St. Louis, and have not been troubled since.

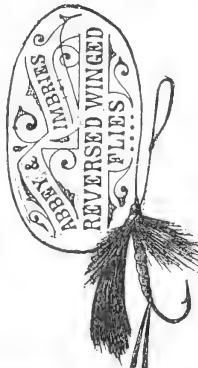


Any one can take

It is most agreeable to the taste. Some medicines are really offensive, and the stomach rejects them. This can be taken by children. It will purge gently; cure constitutional costiveness; eradicate affections of the liver; remove humors; the cause of rheumatism; brace up the nervous system without creating nausea or vomiting. In a word, this seltzer is Nature's remedy, prepared in the elements of the earth for the cure of man.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FRANK BLYDENBURGH,
STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES,
MINING STOCKS.
66 Pine St., New York.



Highest Quality Flies.

Small to medium Trout, reversed wings	- - - - -	\$1 50 Per Doz
Large Maine " " " "	- - - - -	2 00 " "
Small Black Bass, " " " "	- - - - -	2 00 " "
Large " " " "	- - - - -	3 00 " "

Any of the above flies tied with jungle cock shoulders and golden pheasant crest tails at 50cts per dozen extra.

Salmon flies according to pattern, - - - \$3.50 to 7.50 per doz

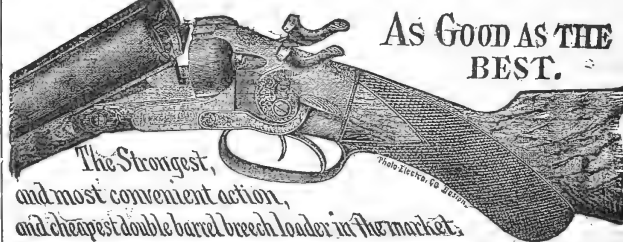
The celebrated "Corduroy" (silver or gold) trout and bass flies, \$3 00 per dozen.

We have over three hundred patterns in stock, and can tie any pattern to order. Prices are given per dozen; we do not sell less than one dozen, but will give any assortment in the dozen. All our flies are tied on our celebrated Spring Steel Sproat Hooks.

Discount to the trade only. Orders received from persons residing in cities in which dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

ABBIE & IMBRIE,
48 Maiden Lane, New York.

THE DAVIS GUN.



Price, with fine twist barrels, without checking or engraving, \$30.

Guns sent by express, C. O. D., and satisfaction guaranteed

Send for Illustrated Price List and Terms to the manufacturers,

N. R. DAVIS & CO., Assonet, Freetown, Mass

CIGARETTES

That stand unrivalled for **PURITY**. Warranted **Free from Drugs or Medication**.

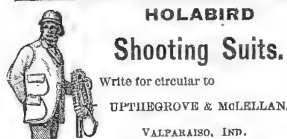
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Each having Distinguishing Merits.

HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING.

8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

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SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE.

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For Sale.

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE.—Main house, 40 by 18; extension, 36 by 16; hardwood finish; marble mantels; hot and cold water; stable, laundry, etc., two acres lawn, fruit and shade trees. Price \$6,500; cost \$11,000; \$1,500 cash. For sale, six acres near two railroads, Closter, N. J. For sale, 3 acres on western slope of the Palisades, Tarrytown, N. Y. Money loaned to build. Apply to E. R. WILBUR, 40 Fulton street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 A. M.

FOR SALE. a new Remington Midrange Rifle, Verrier, 40 calibre wind gauge sights; spirit level, pistol grip; perfect in every respect. Price \$40. Will exchange for B. L. shot-gun. Inquire of P. O. Box 110, Franklin, N. Y. Aug 25, 81

SKELETON RIFLE BREECH for revolvers, with screw attachment, \$1. PAUL PASTOR, Burlington, Vt. Aug 25, 81

RIGBY'S BEST 12 gauge, choked, C. F. pistol handle, new soap, hammer gun, 28 inch Damascus barrel, latest improvements, appointments, etc; cost, lately, \$425. Address RIGBY, office FOREST AND STREAM, New York City Sept, 1, 81

Wanted.

WANTED, POSITION as general superintendent of a gentleman's estate; thoroughly understands practically farming in all its branches, draining and reclaiming lands, breeding and raising blood and grade stock, horses, sheep and swine, raising of cereals and all root crops, use and application of all agricultural machinery, erecting agricultural and horticultural buildings; also practically all horticultural productions, grapes and plants under glass; vineyardist and thorough orchardist; culture of all vegetables, flower gardening, landscape gardening, lawns, avenues and planting; of thorough executive ability in all departments; keeping accounts. Address QUEENOUS, P. O. Box 731, Orange, New Jersey. Aug 18, 81

The Kennel.

Greyhounds.

For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from imported stock. Pedigrees examined and traced. Orders for importation solicited. For circulars or information, address L. C. F. 1072, 3312 Lake Ave., Chicago, Ill. or HENNESSY & SEBACH, Chicago Field Kennel, Peru, LaSalle County, Ill. June 2, 81

BENEDICT.

FIRST AND SPECIAL NEW YORK, 1881. Imported black field spaniel at the stud. Fee, \$25. Mr. Jacobs' strain. Brother to Squaw and Lass o' Devon; brother in blood to Kafir and Zulu. Negro, litter brother to Benedict, was second to Kafir at the West of England show last month. Black and liver-colored puppies by Benedict. For sale. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, N. Y. June 1, 81

PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE.

Price \$1.50.

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B. F. NICHOLS & CO.,

28 BEACH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

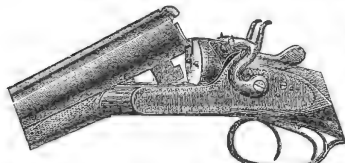
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BEST HEXAGONAL SPLIT BAMBOO FISHING RODS,

As was proved at the Fly-Casting Tournament at Coney Island, June 23.

First prize in Champion Class was won with one of our 10 ft. 9 oz. Bass Rods; length of cast, 75 feet. First prize in Amateur Class was won with one of our 11 ft. 8 oz. Fly Rods; length of cast, 67 1/2 ft. The Sea World Special Prize was won with one of our 11 1/2 ft. 10 oz. General Rods; length of cast, 75 ft. Our rods are considered superior to all others by those who have seen or used them. Send stamp for catalogue, with Mass. Fish and Game Law.

THE NEW EUTEBROUK HAMMER GUN.



I have recently invented a new hammer gun, both in single and double, which is acknowledged to be the best article in the market. All sportsmen agree that the Eutebrouk guns for flush, workmanship and shooting qualities are equal to any in the market.

REBORING A SPECIALTY.

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Hammer and Hammerless Guns made to order.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,

Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, \$150; second, \$100, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; \$10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

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Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, \$200; second, \$150; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; with \$20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBERS' STAKES.

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$40, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

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Special prices to follow others according to their value.

CREATLY IMPROVED.

NOT OVER 1 PER CENT. OF BREAKAGE AT THE TRAP GUARANTEED.

THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO CLUBS: 1st, \$100; 2d, \$25; 3d, one trap and 1,000 pigeons. For particulars, rules, score cards, etc., address the manufacturers.

[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 483.]

This flight so nearly resembles the actual motions of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent practice for wing shooting. We commend all sportsmen to test its merits."



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**The FLYING
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LIGOWSKY & CO.,
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The Kennel.
GRAND
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TO BE HELD AT
LONDON, ONT.,

SEPTEMBER 27, 28, 29 and 30, 1881.

Prize Lists now ready, and can be had of
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FLEAS! FLEAS! WORMS! WORMS!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs.
A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.
THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animal, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper-box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

Areca Nut for Worms in Dogs.
A CERTAIN REMEDY.
Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

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Both the above are recommended by ROY AND GUY'S and ROYAL AND ST. PAUL'S.

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SETH AND SHAMUEL FOR SALE. Brown, curly coat, very fine, from imported stock and (native) English setters, full pedigree. Address: WALTER ANSEL SMITH, Woodford, Me. Sept. 11.

FOR SALE. My orange and white setter bitch, 1000, yard broken and ready for the field, sound, not shy, very promising and all right. Price \$25. Write for particulars. A. McDONALD, Rockland, Me. Sept. 11.

FOR SALE. One or two pointers and a setter: all good, staunch, thorough bred, well broken dogs; good retrievers. Address: JESS. M. WHITE, Waverly Kennel, Waverly, Lackawanna Co., Pa. Sept. 11.

FOR SALE. The pointer bitch Snow Flake, No. 1 beauty and No. 1 stock, price \$15. Also one pointer pup, No. 1 stock, price \$15. Also Irish setter pup, price \$5. THEO. MEYER, 318 1/2 St. Jersey City, N. J. Sept. 11.

PULL PUPS FOR SALE. By imported Bonnie Boy out of my imported Gipsy. Three of the whelps entirely white. Born August 19. Will sell when six weeks old. None to equal them in America. Address: M. LIVINGSTON, 16 West 16th St., New York City. Sept. 11.

SETTER WANTED. at a moderate price. English preferred; color light; for mixed grouse or woodcock shooting. Must be a thorough grouse dog and "free of the gun." Buyer wants a trial and pays the fee to come from New York. AMATEUR BRYAN & SONS Office. Sept. 11.

WANTED. a setter dog not over three or four years old, thoroughly broken on partridge, woodcock and quail. Must have a keen nose and be staunch on point, and retrieve from land or water. Must be a close ranger and easy to handle. Must be willing to stand on trial. Price must be low. Address: EUGENE NOYES, Amesbury, Essex Co., Mass. Sept. 11.

WANTED a place to board 1 or 3 setter puppies for 6 months, puppies are now 6 weeks old. State price, etc. Lock Box 132, Hudson, N. Y. Sept. 11.

FOR SALE CHEAP. a litter of fine Irish setter pups, 10 weeks old, having one cross of Echo and two of Plunkett. Address: E. J. ROBINSON, Wethersfield, Conn. July 21-11

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 59 and 61 Park Row, N. Y. Dec. 11.

FOR SALE. part of a litter of setter pups from Blue Belle (Ratter-Waddington's) Irish by Dashing Monarch (Dash II—Voulture's Moil). Also Italian greyhounds. E. W. JESLER, St. Georges, Del. Aug. 11.

ROY OMORE KENNEL.—Thoroughbred red Irish setter puppies for sale by champion RORY OMORE out of Nora O'More, Magenta and Pearl. Full pedigrees. Address: W. N. CALLENBERG, Albany, N. Y. Aug. 11.

FOR SALE. four prize-bred Irish terrier pups, whelped July 1, 1881, out of imported Nora, by "Tiger" for price, etc., apply to DR. NIVEN, London, Ont. Aug. 11.

FOR SALE. an English pointer dog, 4 years old, liver and white; staunch on all game. Address: C. H. CURTIS, Little River, Middletown, Conn. Sept. 11.

FOR SALE. an English setter, broken, can be run on game, and will be sold cheap. Also Gordon pups (Glasgow Row) all very handsome. Address: G. W. EDWARDS, North Andover, Mass. Sept. 11.

LEONARD'S
Split Bamboo Rods,
WITH PATENT WATERPROOF AND PATENT SPLIT FERRULES.



No. 1 SHOWS WATERPROOF CUP IN FERRULE (PATENTED OCTOBER 26, 1879). This prevents any moisture from reaching the wood, and the ferrule from becoming loose. The constant wetting and drying of the bamboo must rot the wood, and make other makes of rods less durable than Leonard's.

No. 2 SHOWS SPLIT FERRULE (PATENTED SEPTEMBER 3, 1879). This split thoroughly strengthens where the ferrule is joined to the wood, which is the weakest part of a rod, and where so many of other makes of rods (bamboo especially) break. Mr. Leonard has yet to hear of a single instance of breakage at this point since the PATENT SPLIT FERRULE has been applied. We consider this the GREATEST IMPROVEMENT that has been introduced in rod making since rods have been made.

No. 3 SHOWS SPLIT FERRULE WHIPPED WITH SILK AS IT APPEARS ON THE ROD.

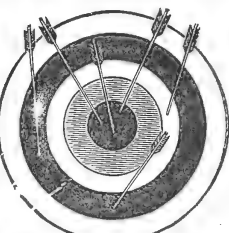
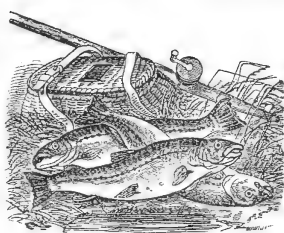
EVERY ROD WARRANTED.

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MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

FISHING TACKLE, ARCHERY,
CUNS,
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SPECIALTIES FOR 1881.

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ALDRED'S NEW BOWS: Gents, \$18 up; Ladies, \$16 up. ALDRED'S PEACOCK ARROWS: Gents, \$10 per doz.; Ladies, \$9 per doz. ALDRED'S FINGER TIP SCREW, \$1.50 set; Plain, \$1; Quivers, \$2. Bow Sticks, 75c. each. FRANCIS DARR'S Cricket Bats, \$3.50 up; Balls, \$1.50 to \$3.50. AYER'S London Lawn Tennis, \$20, \$30, \$40, \$50 per set. LONDON TENNIS Bats, \$3.50; Cork Handle, \$4 and \$5. J. B. CROOK'S Greenheart Black Bass Rod, \$12 and \$15. J. B. CROOK'S Newport Bass Rod, \$15; Patent Rubber Multiplying Reel, \$30.

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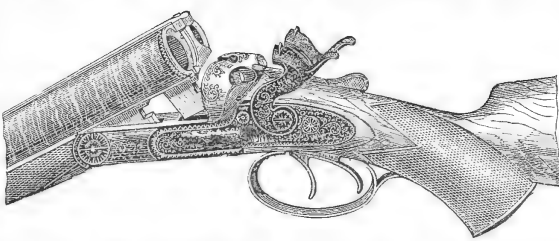
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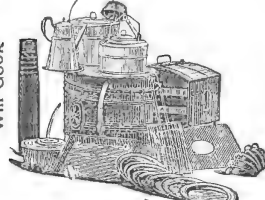

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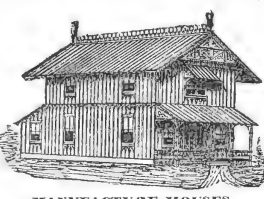
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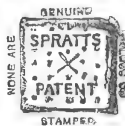
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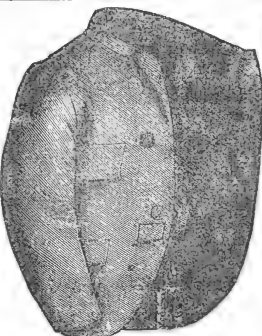
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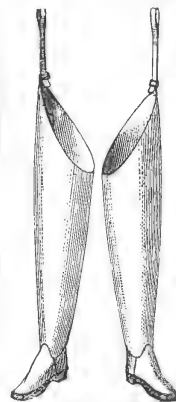
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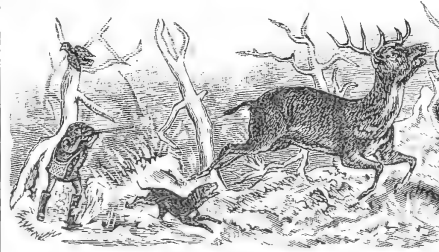
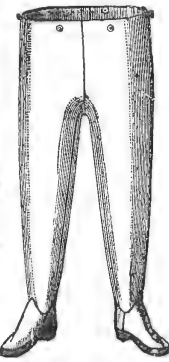
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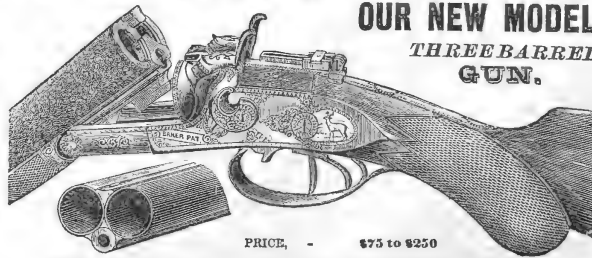
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, September 8.

The Index of Volume XVI. is published with this issue.

LAST WINTER it was the cold, and now it is the drought. Between the two the game birds are having a hard time. Sportsmen naturally think of the effect of the drought and the forest fires upon the birds, but the prolonged dry season has a much more serious aspect than this; the crops in many parts of the country have suffered severely, and the area of crops thus damaged is an unusually extended one.

THE DAILY PRESS devotes a large share of space to reporting the sport of the day. "Sport" means horse racing, athletic games, base ball, lawn tennis, polo, yachting, target shooting, cock fighting, dog fights, rowing contests, boxing, polo, and the various kinds of diversions of the time. The daily papers can give more space to these different events than is afforded by some of the special weeklies. Thus the Brooklyn Eagle devotes a column of small type to a description of a pigeon shooting match, while the FOREST AND STREAM, in order to find room for all its matter, is compelled to condense its report of the same match into ten lines. There can be no question, either, but that the ten-line report is enough. Our daily press has a way of spinning things out which is of profit only to the reporter, who is paid by the column. Our aim, on the contrary, is to give as much as possible in the space at our command.

RAIL SHOOTING.

THE first of this month was the opening day for rail shooting on the Delaware, but as the tides did not suit, the bags were not large. The morning high tides are always considered poor except when it is cloudy and hazy, but the afternoon tides are those when the large bags are made. Should the wind blow from the eastward, either north or south, the water is driven in the mouth of the Capes and large tides are the results. Northwest winds are bad, as the low water prevents the boats from being pushed over the flats. As yet, the reeds have not been broken down, and the mysterious little fowls have too many hiding-places to be easily flushed. Should a northeast storm prevail, one that will last a day or two, we advise our friends to leave in the storm, and they will be sure of splendid sport when it clears, as birds this season are exceedingly numerous. The 15th of this month is considered to be generally the height of the season, but we have had fine sport on Oldman's Island, below Chester, Pa., during the last of the month.

The shooting is conducted out of boats, which enter the marshes about an hour and a half before high water. The gun stands on the bow, and the skiff is propelled by a pusher who uses a long pole of about fifteen feet in length, with a pronged foot, which prevents the pole from being driven deep in the mud. Light charges of powder are used. One hundred and fifty cartridges should be always taken out, and number twelve-shot is the thing. For a number ten-gauge gun, the charge is three and one-half drachms of powder, one ounce of shot, and for a twelve-gauge, three drachms of powder, and the same quantity of shot. To keep one's perpendicular is not an easy matter at first, but by putting the left foot forward, if a right hand man, the motion of the boat is soon acquired. All the sportsman need wear is an old pair of trousers, a flannel shirt and broad-brimmed hat. A couple of thick pairs of worsted stockings on the feet will be less difficult to stand in than shoes, the soles of which are apt to become slippery. When muzzle-loaders were in vogue, the exploded caps which were dropped in the boat prevented the use of stockings. The changing of the clothes can be done in one of the private rooms of the hotel along the river edge.

Once fairly in the reeds, the rail spring before the bow of the skiff, and are easily dropped. The sportsman need not heed their whereabouts, as it is the pusher's business to mark the birds and retrieve them. This he does with wonderful accuracy and rapidity, considering the sameness of the reedy growth and its matted nature. Often a large flock of reed-birds will swoop down, and cluster within easy reach, on the tops of the wild rice.

Occasionally a passing flock of yellow legs will be called down in shot, by an imitation of their shrill, tremulous whistle. At times an English snipe will spring from off a raft of floating reeds; and during the top of the tide, large flocks of teal disturbed by the incessant popping of the guns skim over the flats, darting here and there with their whistling wings, running the gauntlet of innumerable guns, and leaving brothers and sisters behind as trophies of the correctness of the sportsman's aim, and as dead as a duck (et) dead.

Two of the best places on the Delaware to make a start from are Miller's Hotel at Lazaretto, one mile distant from Moore's Station, on the P. W. and B. R. R. and Goff's Steamboat Hotel at Chester, Delaware County, Pa. Both places are equally famous as headquarters for rail-shooters. In olden times the boats made from each place were immense, and that in the days before the muzzle-loader, loading rail and rail box had to give way to the breech-loader and its trimly-turned cartridge. The rail box, by the way, was an ingeniously contrived magazine, which was constructed of tin and divided up into different parts, one to hold wads and caps at either end, while the powder and shot were contained in the two centre divisions, between which a lid was hinged, so that when the powder was being dipped out by the two little tin chargers, which were soldered together, the shot was covered, and when the shot was being handled the lid covered the powder and prevented to some extent the burning wadding from igniting it.

Miller's Hotel can be reached by the following trains, which leave Broad street and Washington avenues, Philadelphia, daily (except Sundays) for Moore's Station, at 6:45

and 10:35 A. M.; 1:30, 12:30, 2:30, 3:15, 4:45, 5:30, 6:20, 6:40, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 and 11:30 P. M.

Although there are generally a large number of pushers and their boats it is always well to telegraph to the hotel proprietors several days in advance and engage one of the first-class men. At Lazaretto John McCollum has the reputation of being one of the best men on the river, but any of the Wood boys, Dick, Bill or Mill, George Morris, John Brown, Lem Gilbert, Ben Badger are good ones, and the e is hardly any choice among them. We print elsewhere the high-water table at Lazaretto during the season that our friends may from afar calculate their trips and save much time.

Mr. John Goff is proprietor of Goff's Hotel at Chester, a grand stamping ground. It is really historic in its way and many redoubtable shots have enjoyed its hospitality and pushed out from it to have a day's sport in the reeds. It was here that Herbert, Col. De Pyster, Porter, Andrew Staley and many other gentlemen sportsmen used to rendezvous and spend a week or more every season in shooting and fishing.

There are no better pushers on the river than those which hail from Goff's place, the principal being Isaac Rothwell, Dick Brown, Sam Brown, Perry Allen, Ben Harris, Sam Preston, Bill Rump, Charles Goff, Ben D iskett, Jacob Miller and a great many others, but not considered first class. Those named can be relied upon and are hard to beat.

GREAT SOUTH BAY.

THE sea fisheries of Long Island bring in a great amount of money to the inhabitants, especially of the South side, both directly and indirectly. A great number of people go there for pleasure fishing who spend five times as much money as the fish are worth commercially. To this class of people the Long Islanders, if they are wise, will cater. They come, hire boats, buy bait, pay hotel bills and other expenses, which brings in a revenue to the South Siders, the loss of which would be seriously felt. And yet they permit a few men to fill the Great South Bay with nets, to the detriment of the line fishing, when even the owners of the nets would be benefited in the end by keeping them out of the water, in the increase of visitors, some of whom say all summer.

Instead of general assertions on this subject let us look at the figures. At Fire Island there are from fifteen to twenty boats sent out each day for ninety days, containing three to five persons each, who pay for boats and hotel. There are twenty-one places on the Great South Bay which send out from three to twenty boats each day. From information received we can calculate twelve places sending out from three to twenty boats a day for 100 days, or about 4,500 boats, which, with three persons to a boat, would be 13,500 people during the season. The boats are mostly "cat boats" of two to five tons and, with a man to sail them, cost \$4 per day, making \$18 00 per season, for the boats.

Board averages a dollar and a half a day, by the week; refreshments and extras, 50 cents; railroad fares, \$2; making \$7 for a three-days' trip for each individual of the 12,000 people estimated to visit the Great South Bay in a season; equalling \$94,500 for the season, which, added to the boat hire, amounts to \$112,500. This amount might easily be doubled if the dozen nets which do not bring in \$600 each to their owners, and are a nuisance to all orhets who must sail around them, were kept out.

For the \$7 which the visitor pays for his three-days' trip he is perfectly satisfied if he catches what would be worth \$2 or \$3 in market, and he usually gives to his boatman. Looking at the fisheries of the South Bay as a common property of the citizens living on it, they cannot do better with it, in a pecuniary sense, than to prohibit all netting within its waters.

If the bay were free from nets the fish would spawn there more freely, for the angler seldom takes the spawning fish, and in a few years the fame of the fishing on the South Side would be so great that the summer rush of anglers, who now straggle all over our coast from Maine to Florida, would be increased ten fold, and the hotel men and the Bay men would be busy and wax fat, figuratively speaking. At present it is financial suicide for them to allow a few men to fill the bay with nets.

We take an active interest in this question because the South Bay is a convenient fishing-ground for New Yorkers, and we have advised many people to go there. Every day *FOREST AND STREAM* is asked many times, either personally or by letter, how the fishing is there, and if it is better to go there or to Barreget Bay, or elsewhere. If this state of things continue, we will be under the necessity of advising our readers to go anywhere for good fishing, rather than to the Great South Bay.

W. C. COUP.—Our old friend Coup, formerly of the New York Aquarium, has been lost to the sight of New Yorkers for the past two years, but he has not been idle. Mr. Coup is a restless man, who is never satisfied with playing second fiddle in anything he undertakes, and is always planning, regardless of the cost, to astonish the world with something which it has not seen. He first appeared in New York as the business manager of P. T. Barnum and built the Hippodrome, where his "Congress of Nations" is remembered by New Yorkers as the most dazzling pageant ever beheld here. He soon after left this concern and built the Aquarium. Now, after two years' search of the old and new worlds, he turns up at the old place with an exhibition which eclipses everything in the way of circus, menagerie or museum that has ever appeared here.

It is the custom of circus owners to advertise "The Greatest Show on Earth," but Coup's undoubtedly is the largest, handsomest and costliest. It contains three rings and a hippodrome track forty feet wide around them all, beside the menagerie and museum, with simultaneous performances in all. The trained broncho horses are indeed wonderful, one of them distinguishing colors and bringing a flag of any color ordered from among several different ones, walking on stilts, etc.

Who does not love the glory of the circus!—its glimpse of fairyland to the youngsters and its exciting "hoop-la." And how necessary it is for all of Johnny's uncles to attend it, "just to see him enjoy it." We hope never to get too old for the circus and its feats of darning, and intend to study Coup's animals often before he starts again for the road. Perhaps after he leaves town we will give our readers a hint to how menageries are made. He only came in for a two weeks' season, beginning on the 5th, and, knowing him to be an honest, large-hearted and enterprising man, we wish him full measure of success.

THE GREENWOOD LAKE SALMON.—In our last issue we published a letter from Mr. James R. Boyd, of the Encampment Hotel, at Greenwood Lake, N. Y., in which he reported the capture of a strange fish, which was supposed to be one of the California salmon placed in the lake some years ago. As the fish was cooked all hope of identifying it was lost, but Mr. Boyd promised to take good care of any other specimens which might be found. Yesterday we received a letter from him dated September 5, saying that another one was caught and was held there alive. We immediately telegraphed to have it rolled in muslin, to keep it from bruising, and packed in fine ice and sent to our office for identification. It came, and alas! proved to be a fine twelve inch specimen of *Simotilus bullatus*, called in different localities "fall fish," "dace," "chub," "trout," etc. It grows to eighteen inches in length, and is a game fish, rising to the fly. We are under obligations to Mr. Boyd in enabling us to identify this fish, and are exceedingly sorry that it did not turn out to be a salmon.

THE AMATORY CLAM.—The "loves of an oyster," and "an oyster crossed in love" have been so often mentioned as to be familiar phrases. It has, however, devolved upon Mr. Langman, of the New York *World*, to show how clams can love. We publish his poem, "Molluscus and Bivalvula," in another place wherein he tells in tuneful verse how the loves of clam-kind do not always run smooth. The argument is that Molluscus, a noble young clam longs to see the world and perhaps conquer it, and declines to be detained at home by the tears of fond Mollusca, whose siphons overflow at the thought of the dangers her hero may encounter. We have been permitted to publish this entire, for the first time, by favor of the fair Secretary of the "Pot-Luck Club," and henceforth we will eat our "Little Necks" with circumspection, lest our molars may crush a tearful "Bivalvula" just parted from her "Molluscus."

"BET GIVE ME," said the Postman to us the other day, "a young woodchuck. Fellers talk about game birds, but I take a woodchuck every time." The Postman is not alone in his taste. A correspondent of Mrs. Lewis's *Food and Health* says that since the woodchuck lives on clover and other "clean" food, it ought to be good eating. He has actually tested its edible qualities by having some woodchuck dishes served at a New York restaurant, and he, together with his friends, who were not aware what they were eating, pronounced it a delicious dish. Clearly there is yet a line of food experiments which are out of the scope of the Ichthyophagous Club. Can we not, following the example of those gentlemen, extend the list of the edible inhabitants of the earth and air? We might take a hint or two from the Digger Indians.

HAWK DESTRUCTION.—The new Ohio hawk law is working well. One county in the State has already paid \$94 in bounties on 183 hawks. Let the good work go on.

WHO DESERVES THE CREDIT?—A correspondent asks who first imported English sparrows into America. If we are not mistaken several claimants for the honor have appeared. In the year 1846 Thomas Woodcock, President of the Natural History Society of Brooklyn, N. Y., brought over from England several specimens of the field birds of that country. Among them were some English sparrows, although it is not on record that they bred. Eight years later, in 1854, Col. W. Rhodes, now of Quebec, Canada, imported some sparrows into Portland, Maine, and subsequently into Quebec. In the year 1858 the Messrs. Chas. Reiche & Bro., bird dealers, of this city, imported a number of the birds into this city, and from these and subsequent importations the present birds are descended. We have no precise data to give our correspondent.

WE are deeply pained to chronicle the death of Alexander Moseley, for many years senior editor of the *Richmond, Va., Whip*, at his residence in New Kent County, Virginia, August 30. A more fitting notice of the life and character of our friend will be given next week.

It is said that large numbers of orioles are being killed in Maryland to be used in advertising the coming oriole festival in Baltimore. This is a very foolish piece of business, and the bird-killers should be punished according to the law.

POT-LUCK POETRY.

WE have before recorded how Mrs. Marion T. Fortescue, the Secretary of the Pot-Luck Club, gave a piazza picnic and banquet on August 7, at her villa at Rockville Centre, Long Island, in honor of the fifty-second birthday of Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, the president of the club. In our brief mention of the jolly occasion where the wit flowed, rippled and bubbled over among the assembled *literati*, we only hinted at the poetry, two specimens of which we have been fortunate enough to secure for publication. First comes one on the president's family or familiar nickname:

"BOB."

BY JOHN HARBERTON.

When man was boy in days long past
And compliment seemed fame,
How swayed his heart when first he heard
"Mister" before his name.

But when the years with cruel hand
Had scrawled his features o'er,
Frown changed to smile if some one spoke
His boyish name once more.

Lucky the man we greet to-day,
Though time may meanly rob
His store of years, it cannot steal
His youthful nickname, "Bob."

Long be it days among us all,
And, knowing him, may you
Search out the way to be addressed
As boys at fifty-two.

A clever journalist who could not be present to help slaughter the clams sent the following account of their loves:

MOLLUSCUS AND BIVALVULA.

BY G. T. LANGMAN.

In a far beach, remote from human view,
From youth to claustral bold Molluscus grew;
Of all the clams were in his sandy space
None so valued him in beauty, vigor, grace;
Was none more sweetly burrowed in the mud,
Was none whose siphon sucked an ampler food,
Was none that sought to thwart him in his suit
For fair Bivalvula's hand—I should say foot.

Fair was Bivalvula, a fay might well
Envy the foot thrust coyly from her shell.
Plump and plumpant, old Ocean ne'er a more
Dewy creature had seen upon his shore
Since lovely Venus in the shell of the
Tritonæ gigas rose from the sea.
Suits had she by scores, from all apart
She kept, with vigorous reserve, her heart.
The clam you in the restaurant behold
Upon the ice-block could not be more cold!
Valvally their love the suitors strove to tell;
Told the mud she divined and closed her shell;
Contentiously silent as—I am
At loss for simile—as—a clam!

But when his tale of love Molluscus told
Through all her tube a throbbing current rolled,
And b'ushling to her shell, the maiden coy
Confessed her passion and revealed her joy,
And in the sand they nestled side by side
Happy as clams at a propitious tide.
Blest was their wooing, yet Bivalvula
From time to time with secret anguish saw
Within Molluscus' love-passions swell
That fairly seemed to corrugate his shell.
The wild desire for a wider life,
The tumult, the mastery and the strife.
Once as they sat, nor feared the fisher's toe,
(The moon had risen and the tide was low)
Canto Bivalvula, whose siphons eche
Her pensive shells betrayed, Molluscus spake:
"Valvally, adored!—clams, you'll regret to see,
Have such diminutives as well as we—
"Valvally, adored, there is a world without
This fluted beach, we nothing know about;
I long to quit this narrow life and time,
And make myself a fortune and a name—
Spout not that positive tale! All will go well,
I will return and coo to you as to my shell,
And cheer our happy life until the last
With talos of all the stegies I have passed."
Then she: "Molluscus, mine's a timid heart,
And from my tube the unbidden tear will start,
I know thee good and brave, but oh! I fear

Perils that await thee in another sphere.
Peruse the annals of our house and race,
What clam has risen or to power or place?
Stay, my Molluscus, stay at home and test,
Homesteading bears are ever happier;
Health, for true, love breeds last but not got,
The patios of glory lead but to the pot!"

But he replied: "Bivalvula, my dear,
Trust thy Molluscus (and have no fear:
The face of men we long have to read and hated
Have been, I fancy, much calumniated;
They recognize our virtues in their speech,
Our qualities for imitation teach;
In gladdened hours a man exits, I am
As happy as a—man? no; as a clam."
To claims they come when they would mark their scud
Of the surprising worth of reticence.
Did not ANNE BOLLYN at the fatal block
Of "LITTLE NECKS" unto the head-man talk?
"Among Austrian peers none hold their heads so high
As our friends the Clam-Gallias family.
In our own land important parts we've played
In politics, society and trade.
Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Our cast-off shell (for currency designed;
Behold the Pilgrim Father in despair,
As Mother Hubbard's is the cupboard bare,
Shall not their work in famine drip, and tears?"
No! Liberty is saved—the clam appears.
Scud's clam's cabinet—my love, be calm!
As well as Fish, we long have to read and hated
Is there one board, the poorest to the best,
At which the clam is not a welcome guest?
Nay, when our hardy fishers go abroad
Pursuing or the haddock or the cod,
The clam goes with them as an honored freight
In the unexplained capacity of bait.
I do not know what "bait" is, but across
My mind comes a suspicion it means "boss."
Still shed Bivalvula the peaty tear:
"Cucina not thy Molluscus, Valvally, dear:
"Thyest shall with him fare, then too shall we;
To-morrow, morning, thou shalt come with me.
"You have not been invited?" True, but still come:
I know that any friend of mine is welcome.
The feast is in our honor—claims to eat
(Eat! means to worship) do the convives meet,
And we our choice shall take of the menu—
Rice, roast, soup, chowder, y'e fry, broil or stew,
For us the cook collects, and proud surveys
The tasselled treasures of the golden hue;
For us the onion, white and red, thy tear
With tears of rapture from its earthly fair;
For us a host of dishes rare thy grace,
Made of Pot-luckments I cannot name;
All tidings await us, Valvally, shall we not
Take pot-luck too? Forbid thy unclingly thought
That treachery is meant! In that case, then!
We'd be consoled to disagree with them,
And in the silent watches of the night
Laid indignation wait on appetite.
No! Let the virtues of our hosts fair
Be our strong succor—we'll to the feast repair."

He spoke; Bivalvula wiped her tearful eyes.

Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise!
They came! The young, the beautiful; O! where
Are brave Molluscus and Bivalvula the fair?
O, may the god that on the lovers waits
Ordain they were not served on different plates;
And may the guests who met them here to-day
Enjoy a pleasant Pot-luck with they.

L'ENVOI.

Precious, accept these verses, written down
On a hot morning in the dusty town.
And when you read them may it pleasant be
By the cool waters of the sounding sea,
May you not find them stupid, harsh and hard;
And eat a clam unto your absent bard!

Mrs. Fortescue then read a poem of greeting, of which we only possess the following verses:

From mountains green and mountains white,
From gray old Castles' rugged height,
From distant seas where the amorous breeze
Lays down its life in golden ease,
From brimstone springs that flow by night,
Where dawdling the day out hour by hour,
Fair maidens bide the broad I lustre,
In straggling cluster of liquid lustre,
On the dusky æsthetic kitchen duster,
With shodded wheels in a shady cover;
From Spanish hill and Alpine rock
Our scattered herd, and faithful flock,
Send word of go home to the fold,
"God bless our Prince of Pot-luck bold,
For whom e'en Time turns back his clock."

From "Savage's Ride," by Mrs. Sprague, descriptive of the adventures of Dr. John Savage in search of "Marion's Rest" on a former occasion, we take this:

"My heart," said the bard, "is blithe and gay;
Queen Marion holds her court to-day;
A court marine beside the sea,
(Its lady chief-justice, not Shen, but she)
And the clerk of that court I'll surely be;
And oh! the rolicking time to-day
At Marion's, twenty miles away."

THE TRAJECTORY studies of our correspondent, "P.," which were published in our last issue, are supplemented to-day by a paper on the subject from the able pen of Major H. W. Merrill. Both gentlemen have a thoroughly practical as well as theoretical knowledge of rifle-shooting, and both are sportsmen of long experience. The two articles are valuable contributions to the literature of the subject of projectiles. Major Merrill explodes the "dead on" fallacy in which many shooters still persist,

The Sportsman Tourist.

MARK COCK:

BY PAUL PASINOR.

AUGUST'S fiery rays and sad dry days, like opposite levers crying away incessantly at old earth, have loosened to the intense summery vigor of her frame, her glossy locks begin to fade, her limbs droop with the burden of the harvest, her maternal cloak of green grows dim and rusty in places, and her mother's mother has passed on to other seasons' print, and is hushing toward her annual decay.

But what cares the ardent sportsman for the sentiment of the seas? 'Tis all summer long, while nature was in her bloom, while all things were fresh and rank in field and wood, and birds cheerily vowed the holiday of the year, he has been languishing, whether at to play, whether chained to the urban desk or stretched at length beneath the shade of some pleasured grove, languishing and pining for the sound of his beloved brood-land, and the indescribable arm of a cloud of gun smoke. Here he waits, and here he still to solace himself with the little conciliatory pastimes and diversions allotted to the summer months. He has cast and trailed the various seductive baits of the fisherman with passable success, and occasional zest, but then, as he very sensibly remarks, fishing would be a somewhat better apology for sport if the two ends of the pole could be a little more equitably balanced. He has fished, and read, and slept, and eaten. But his principal enjoyment has been to dream—dream of the time coming, when the heat and the law would fall off together, like a seamless garment, and he would be free to enter the forbidden land—

"The realm of sweet desire."

And now at last the first of September has come; the catlike, sneaking suits that infest the covert, in hopes of "bagging" an unwary and impatient sportsman, have folded their tennis like the Arabs, and as silently stolen away. Nothing prevents it is a charming, crisp-aired day—shall we not pay our respects to that prince of the covert, the woodcock? Yes! yes, by all means! Our breech-loader is in the best of trim, and fairly aching for a duel at dialogue with dame Echo: our shells are freshly loaded with keen little No. 3, our luncheon is set out, our team stands ready, and the sun is shining, as the redoubt has doubtless been suspected, we have been getting ready this week past for the first day of September. We have been meditating a grand initiatory descent upon the little brown prince of the wood. The hour has come, our heart bounds with expectation—we are off!

We rattle briskly through the town, and stop at the house of that best friend and fellow sportsman with whom a day at gunning would seem almost tame. He is in readiness and waiting. Beautiful liver-colored "Quand," the queen of feathered spaniels, looks nervous at his side. "Charlie," like a bronze statue she is frozen to the earth. My friend mounts up and takes his seat beside me. We commence to move away. There lies Quand pitifully staunch, but with bright, pathetic eyes pleading as no tongue can plead. See how the beautiful creature trembles in every limb! A moment more of trial, and then the word is given. "Come!" And she comes!—like a cross-bolt out of a bow; like an arrow drawn to the head. A few minutes' ecstatic scamper, and then we take her into the team, for Charlie and she are not anxious for the number of these humane sportsmen whose hearts suffer them to lie on a blow, panting and dust-choked dog in a suitly cover.

We agree, as we ride along, to make the very most of the day. We must visit all our favorite coverts and keep the upper hand of our nerves—no pottering shots to-day.

First in order is the river-bottom. We must take that in the cool of the day, for it is so hemmed in with hills that by noon the pools will fairly steam. We leave our team in a cool glade above the interval and plunge down the bank as excitedly as the sunbeams. Here we are, right in the thick of it. We must go carefully now and Quand must be encouraged to work close, for it will be like shooting stars between two flying clouds to hit the brown whistlers here. We move on, about two rods apart, and Quand quatters back and forth in front of us. Steady now! That bog looks fairly prolific. Quand is gingerly working around the edge. See! the spell is upon her—the witching spell of the scent. She's all alert; her little docked tail vibrates excitedly; she bays and she jumps the creek. Place your sportsman—your cunning shot—in an emergency and note his lightning-like decision, his quick, clean action, his splendid self-possession. Here is where he learned it, and here he needs it all, and needs it now. A third of a second to will, a third of a second to do—two-thirds of a second and it is all over. Time is never quite so valuable and so significant as just after the whistle of a flushing cock.

We are comparatively in the open and that saves our credit. The two reports are almost instantaneous. The cock turns in the air and drifts sideways down, deluged by the force of the shot. "Dead bird, Quand! bring it!" Quand, who has been charging faithfully since the cock flushed, now follows the finger of her master and her own sharp nose, and soon emerges from the thick ferns bearing her prize as tenderly as if it were a lady's glove. The bird is pretty badly torn with shot, so we unobtrusively conclude that we both hit it and thus enjoy the luxury of being generous and selfish at the same time.

Fun now has fairly commenced. Quand has snatched blood, and we have snatched powder. The thicket opens a little, and we drift farther apart, whistling occasionally when the leaves hide us from each other's sight. Pretty soon I catch sight of Quand on a dead point! Her little body is stiff and motionless, her tail stands out straight, one of her forefeet is slightly raised, and she is drinking in the electric aroma of the game. At first I am inclined to call Charlie, that he too may wonder at the beautiful and unusual manœuvre; but slight signs—perhaps I should rather call them premonitions—of a break on Quand's part causes me to change my intention. I throw myself and gun into an attitude of readiness, now too soon. Quand makes a lightning-like dash, and, scarce three feet in front of her, flushes a magnificent cock. Bang! bang! Nothing but leaves, I declare! Not even a feather flows down. Just then Charlie's gun cracks, out to the left and a little in advance, and presently I hear him calling, "Here, Quand! dead bird! dead bird!" Quand is "up and away" in an instant and I know that her mouth is watering over my lost bird. Charlie and I exchange halloos and then move on again. Ere long the stillness is broken by my friend's quick, clear cry: "Mark cock!" I know he has flushed a bird, but for some reason or other been unable to get a shot at it. I keep my eyes and ears open, and am rewarded by hearing a bird whistle through the top of the undergrowth

and dive down a few rods in advance of me. Quand comes dashing after, but a cautionary signal puts her on her guard, and she charges to await further instructions. As soon as I can come abreast of the intelligent little creature, I induce her by a wave of my hand the course I wish her to pursue. She takes it all in at a glance, and when I give the word sails in. I am standing in a sort of glade comparatively open, but bounded on both sides by thick covert. On the side opposite from me the cock appears to have dropped. Somewhere in that thick brush he must be hiding. Quand goes through it like a mosquito through a window netting. She glides through thorny apertures, which would hardly admit the nose of a pointer or a setter. She works as if she were made of rubber and steel. No plunging or crashing, no changing of her course to avoid disagreeable situations. Silently, swiftly, faithfully she canvasses the covert, and puts me up the cock right where I want him. Her blood is now up, and as with the previous bird, she flies after him through the air in a succession of glorious leaps—herself a veritable witch of the wood, her feathered caravanserai, her bright eyes glistening like stars. For a moment I watch her. The sight is too lovely to disregard; it is fairly fascinating. Then, fearing to shoot lest I may down the wrong bird, I cry out sharply: "Charge!" She drops as if I had shot her! Ah, here is a creature that is fearfully and wonderfully true! I raised the cock, but I gain a spectacle that is worth a half lot of them.

But time and space fly. I cannot stop to tell you in detail how we finished the river bottom, and how I retrieved my reputation by bagging half a dozen birds in six straight shots, for I have no more right to trespass on the choice preserves of the FOREST AND STREAM outlying the proper bounds of this article than I have to snatch the first shooting in my neighbor's "posted" ground. But I must tell you in conclusion how we crowned our day's sport.

It was drawing toward sunset, and, hot and tired, Charlie and I and Quand were weary, and we way back to the team across a wide meadow. We had just been all the way round Half-Moon Cove, and were discouraged at not having flushed a single bird in that remarkably promising cover. A large patch of corn lay right in our path, and at one corner of the corn was a small 6 by 9 birch covert—as you might describe it. Into this we sent Quand as a last resort, and before she came out we wished we had resorted to her earlier. Cock after cock came whistling out over the corn so fast that we couldn't possibly get a shot at all of them. The winged sun shone in on our faces, and we were somewhat tired and nervous with the day's work, and, all in all, I suppose we could have done better. As it was, however, we bagged nine cock out of that little birch covert! Although they were all shots in the open, the birds flew with compensating swiftness. I have never seen cocks so active on the wing. Imagine yourself facing a blaze of western glory, your eyes still further blinded with boiling perspiration, and somebody of strong arm flinging good-sized potatoes across the sunlight with all his strength, and you will have some idea how those woodcocks flew. And the difficulty of cutting them down in good shape. I say we got nine. I do not know how many flushed out of the covert—I should judge about fifteen. All the feathered population of Half-Moon Cove seemed to have adjourned to that little grove for a caucus or a picnic, or something else of equal interest.

When we reached home our combined bag yielded up twenty-three of the brown beauties, so I do not think we disgraced ourselves.

My parting advice to the amateur woodcock shooter (and such I count myself) is this: Go buy there a first-class cocker spaniel, and that right quicky.

"PODGER'S" PUTS A MOTION.

DOWN EAST, August 25.

SINCE writing you last, wherein I gave my "experience" on the snake question, I have carefully perused the last number of the FOREST AND STREAM, and have found additional evidence on snake gymnastics, and I see that the general weight of testimony is that snakes do climb, and that they go straight up. I stated that those I had seen climbing had ascended with a spiral movement. I should have qualified the statement by saying that I had only seen them ascending small trees, and before some one sails into me and proves firstly, that I never saw a boy; secondly, never "got cocked," and thirdly, never saw a snake, I want to concede that snakes do climb, and that they go straight up. The method it is their business, not mine, and I hasten to admit that they go straight up before foremost or tail foremost, or any other way that suits them best—they can take their choice. This concession to the general verdict I trust will save me from being "sat upon" by some hypercritical correspondent disposed to prove that I don't know anything about snakes. You evidently have a large number of readers who have snake on the brain, in their boots and everywhere else. Can't we pass the snake dispute, and take up crows and their peculiarities to feed on fish? We have exhausted "possum, skunk bites, and woodchucks and snakes; now crows have the floor. I move that crows have a chance, or let us go back to dog stories, a much more interesting subject. I bar the previous question on the above subjects including that of whether trout flip the fly into their mouths with their tails. Strikes me you will have to limit the latitude of discussion on any subject, for the varied experiences of your numerous readers on every known topic or query that arises is wonderful, and shows how extensively the FOREST AND STREAM is read.

I so by your last number that has seen to be troubled with worms. It must necessarily be the angle worms. I want to suggest that your correspondents give their statistical experience as to how many squirms and contortions to the square inch can be got out of a stale Boston lobster. After all have banded in their evidence I want a show, and when I have given my experience if I can be out-squirmed I am ready to go to jail.

I may not be quite as sound as some of your correspondents on snake feed, oh, Jerusalem! what an experience I have got in my mind—the result of misplaced confidence in a Boston restaurant's bill of fare. Give me a show when the time comes.

Speaking of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM I must tell you what a time I had in Boston to get a copy of your last issue. I went to every news-stand I could hear of, to every place where papers were sold (this was on Monday, and blazing hot at that), and in every instance the answer was, "No one here." I could not find a copy in the town. At last I espied one familiar face projecting from under a pile of papers at a hotel stand kept by a Frenchman, and when I asked it out, to his view after he had denied having a copy, he remarked, "By Shorge! I did not know nuthings about dot one. I could have sold him six times ago." All of

which goes to show the popularity of, and great demand for the paper. But don't get excited or put on any airs; it is your correspondence that is doing it, and it is not a bad idea to have an interchange of views and ideas even on skunks and woodchucks. We fellows will write up your paper for you every week if we are let loose, and the observations of a sportsman are often instructive as well as interesting, bringing to light as it does many peculiarities of game animals and birds, and a copy of the FOREST AND STREAM is about as interesting reading as you can find in a day's journey.

I observe that your nautical editor has got to have his comb cut a little. He has been let alone so long that he fancies he has things all his own way, and the way he is sailing in on deep water models renders it very necessary that we flat-bottomed fellows should come to the rescue; and now that this English cutter "Mudge" has come over, there's no living with him. I won't admit that he has got us under, and we must stand up as our models do, and take the life of the conceit out of him. I, for one, am not a dog to be "sat on," on this question either. Eight tons of lead on the keel of a little craft of thirty-eight feet, forsooth! He can't prove that we want any such craft in our shallow bays by me. Not being amphibious, I prefer staying on top of the water. If I have time I will go over for his next week, and give my experience of a little cruise I had down East recently in a deep boat, by jingo! It is all very well to call our craft "tubs," but a tub possesses the merit of being able to stand on its bottom when the tide goes out. Fun is fun, but I don't see any in a mud bath. There is a "pint" beyond which, etc. Lastly, as the long-winded preachers say, and should say everlastingly. I want to make a suggestion to my brother sportsmen, and that is to show up in all communications the impositions by "Gouge and Smith" (don't print Gouge and Smith, but Gouge and Smith, and the way they are going to be). Whenever a sportsman is gouged by swindle and swindled by gouge, show him up. When railroad officials are impertinent and unaccommodating, give examples. I propose that we, the great body of sportsmen, do form ourselves into society for the general reformation of all people whom we, the sportsmen, are, by virtue of our pursuits, thrown in contact with. We will go for the man that kicks our dog (pretty likely to do that on the spot) and the baggage snatcher that snags our guns and things around, and the fellow that puts up rates for his nob next week, and give him no more than he is worth. Let us not forget either to give credit and praise where due. Who seconds this motion? PONGERS.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

READING, some time since, a reminiscence of the late war, put me in the notion of giving to your readers some recollections of my adventures and escapades. I am quite sure that a portion of our unwarlike sportsmen find pleasure in making love to a pretty girl, almost as much as standing behind a brace of thoroughly broken dogs ready for the flush. The troubles and pleasures I am about to speak of came to me through my love for a regular old-fashioned Virginia pointer and his mistress. It was a clear case of love at first sight and "if you love me, love my dog." It was a truism in this case. I was young then, so young and yet felt so old. She stood framed in the doorway of her father's house as I rode up, and when I had dismounted she came with hesitating steps and inquiring eyes, and I knew what I wished. Off came my forage cap, and as I caught the light of her blue eyes, the deed was done and I was a prisoner.

The Harris Light Cavalry, of which I was a member, was encamped near Catlett Station, and at the opening of my story we were about to break camp and march with other forces on Fredericksburg, some twenty-five miles south. I had not been around the country much during our stay at Catlett's, and it was only some three or four days before the departure of the regiment that I made the acquaintance of the blue-eyed and brown-haired girl. So on this beautiful April morning, 1862, riding some three miles from camp, I came across the comfortable residence of Mr. Joslin; met his youngest daughter, fell in love with her, was introduced to the family, Mrs. Joslin and three daughters—Mary, Lucy, and the young set (she of the blue eyes), Abigail or "Mab." I overstepped the bounds of propriety, I fear, for I stayed fully two hours, and left with many regrets and a most cordial invitation to come again. As I was mounting I saw coming toward me the gate Miss M., followed by a fine pointer. I inquired if the dog was his. Miss M. answered that it was and that his name was Bob. "Did I shoot?" Was I a sportsman? If so I should shoot over her dog and she would go with me, only we could not go until October. Oh, my, what a beastly game law not to allow shooting in April.

I rode back to camp in a meditative mood—that is, meditating how I should arrange to make another visit to this hospitable roof. I arranged it a couple of days after, and had a charming visit; and how I did pet Bob, and how he and his mistress appreciated it. Arriving in camp late in the afternoon, I found we were under marching orders for Friday, the next day but one.

I stayed in camp until after dinner Thursday, then rode out to bid my good friends adieu, possibly never to see them again, for we were not going to Richmond, and so on south? The future was full of possibilities—one was promotion, the other death; and it was possible that I might find death destroy us. And so it fell out that as the twilight was coming on I stood in the midst of that family group and bade them farewell. I had mounted and was about to turn away, when Miss Lucy banded me a picnic case. I opened it and saw the face of a handsome young man in full uniform of gray. Said she, "Mr. Dick, that is James Davis; he is serving with Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. Should he ever fall into your hands, be kind to him. Should you ever fall into his hands, he will do all he can for you." I at once drew my own conclusions as to the relation James Davis sustained to the speaker. I took a good look at the picture, then returned it, and, putting spurs to my horse, I galloped away with a heavy heart in one respect and a light one in the other.

"Boots and saddles" sounded at five o'clock next morning. Twenty minutes later the Harris Light Cavalry were well on the march, the objective points being Falmouth and Fredericksburg. That day was to see the first engagement with the enemy. The battle of Falmouth Heights, the first battle of Fredericksburg, and the occupation of Fredericksburg followed.

During the summer the cavalry was kept busy doing picket duty and raiding in the enemy's country. I had managed, however, to make two visits to the front. I had seen the positions I ran great danger of capture, but with my usual good fortune escaped by showing a clean pair of heels. In July Gen. McDowell was ordered to join Gen. Banks in the Val

ley of Virginia and while the army was marching North and in proximity to Catle's Station, I embraced the apparently good opportunity of making a third visit. Striking off from the main column, I rode for an hour, when I sighted the house and soon thereafter was riding through the gateway. I was met at the door by Mr. Joslin. The family were about to sit down to dinner as we entered the dining-room. I did not notice anything unusual in the bearing or behavior of any host, hostess or the young ladies, but it all came to me afterwards—their rather strained conversation, Miss Lucy's pale face and agitated manner, and I remembered so well afterwards of Miss Mabel sitting so close to me at table. I sat facing a staircase, the mount of which was quite steep. I noticed then that Miss Lucy excused herself twice and ascended the stairs, quickly returning each time. Dinner being over, Miss Mabel, "Rob" and I went to the front of the house and there, in the shade, sat for nearly an hour. Mabel remained close to me the whole time. I afterwards remembered her agitated manner and how careful she was to keep the dog near and that she would not let me go to the barn to get hay for my horse, but called a negro, who fed the animal. At 8 o'clock I prepared to go, bidding good-bye to the family. I was soon on my way. Taking the road back of the house, I followed it to the woods, then taking bearings, I struck through the forest the nearest way known to myself, by which I would probably reach the main column. I had ridden possibly two hundred yards when from the side of the path the negro Tom appeared, out of breath and the perspiration streaming down his black face.

"Mars Dick, don't take de ole road to de creek; take de road what you knows to Kelley Ford; an' go, for de Lor' sakes, as fas' as yer hoss kin make it; de danger in de air. Miss Mabe say dis, and may de Lor' stan' by yer."

"But, Tom, what on earth is wrong? What have you seen?"

"Mars Dick, 't's seen lots an' heard lots. Go, go, go." Now thoroughly aware that a great danger hovered near and somehow feeling Miss Mabel knew it, I instantly followed Tom's advice and direction. Changing my course from north-west to a little north of west I urged my horse forward at a rapid rate, keeping my pistol ready and a sharp lookout. A few minutes past four I left the woods and found myself on the track leading to the ford and probably four hundred yards from it. At this moment I heard hoof-strikes behind me. Turning in the saddle, I saw two horsemen approaching at an easy trot. I did not wait for further investigation; I felt a near danger. Striking my horse sharply with the spurs I fled down the road. At the same instant "zip, zip," came two rifle shots in close proximity. Glancing back I saw a little cloud of blue smoke over the horsemen and they were flying in pursuit. It was now a question of horse flesh. The fine animal I rode had never yet failed me. Could I reach the ford and get safely over all might yet be well. The river lay in sight. Faster and faster flew the horse that carries my life and my liberty. A minute more and I am in the swift current of the Rappahannock, the horse making tremendous plunges under the spurs. "Halt!" Three horsemen in blue appear on the river bank. I point back. Instantly three carbines are raised and three balls speed over my head. I look back—the pursuing Confederates are wheeling about; they fly up the hill and are soon "lost to sight—to memory dear."

Lieutenant P. said that night in camp: "Dick, that's another one of your close calls. You'll be picked up yet. You can't combine love-making with war in the enemy's country. Some of these girls will betray you."

Lieutenant P. did not know the guiding faith in my heart for at least one of those girls. She had saved me that day.

Fall, winter and spring passed away and, although I had been a regular scout all that time, I had never been able to visit the Joslins. It was three days after the battle of Chancellorsville. I was alone on the road from Fredericksburg leading to Beaton. I had left Falmouth the evening previous and, encountering Federal pickets ten miles north of town, started with the officer of the picket all night. Four A. M. found me in the saddle. I knew that the road was dangerous, being well patrolled by Confederate cavalry, but, trusting to my knowledge of the country and ability to keep from beaten paths, I pushed on.

By 9 A. M. I reached Morrisville, some miles from Beaton. Here I met as prearranged another scout. He struck for the river, going west; I passed on north. After getting away from Morrisville a mile and a quarter I was walking my horse through a hollow in the road musing and thinking of things far away when, out of the thick dark pines on my left sprang three men in patterned, thick clothing with their carbines. "Fire!" I said. "Halt!" Second, "Get off that horse!" Third, "Down with that pistol or your head man!" My horse was quickly seized, I dismounted, and was hurried into the woods, and in a trice was quickly disarmed.

The man who took my belt was James Davis. "Mr. Swiviller this is the third time I spotted you, and followed you, and now I've got you." The big, handsome fellow smiled grimly, and shook me warmly by the hand. I was completely crestfallen and bewildered and felt about as mean as a man feels after anything in this world.

Davis then recounted the following: He said that the day I took dinner at Mr. Joslin's he was in the house, and while we were at dinner he was in the room immediately over the dining-room, and through a small knot hole in the floor (there being no plaster) he watched me. He was then anxious to effect the capture, but he was deterred partly by the position I occupied facing the stairs which would give me a chance of seeing him about as quick as he could get his pistol on me, and partly by the fact that he was afraid to step quickly and a horse's step in common with the rest of their family had for serious results that might attend the attempt. He pursued me as soon as I left, being joined by a companion Miss Mabel divining their intentions sent Tom to warn me not to go the way I came. They missed me at the creek crossing, so must have crossed my trail a couple of miles back in trying to intercept me at the upper ford. Had they changed their course five minutes earlier there would have been trouble for me; as it was I saved myself by superior speed.

Going back in the woods to a place well screened from the river by a thick growth of locusts, hickories, and oaks, I sat down. We dined, and the rest of the day was spent in talks of the war, and telling sportsmen's yarns for all were fond of dog and gun. Davis and his companions had not learned of the death of Stonewall Jackson until so informed by me. They had been inside the Federal lines almost a week previous to my capture. I will not here describe how I was conducted beyond this line at night, and of the magnificent ride across the Blue Ridge, and the splendid trout I caught from mountain streams. Four days after my capture I was

delivered at Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's headquarters, was introduced to that officer, and most agreeably entertained. My parole and exchange occurred six weeks later.

October found my brigade fighting Gen. Stuart at different places along the Rappahannock. At the close of a day's skirmishing we bivouacked in the woods. My horse was through to doing, I was preparing to wrap up in my blanket, when it suddenly occurred to me that I was but ten or twelve miles from Joslin's house. Could I make a visit? But then a portion of the enemy must be nearer to Calletts than our forces. However we wanted information as to the enemies whereabouts, and particularly if they were amassing near Catle's Station, and I had already been ordered to ascertain this fact if possible. I therefore determined to combine pleasure with duty, get what information I could of the enemy, and visit my friends in the bargain. I at once communicated my plans to Geo. Kenner, one of the best scouts on our staff; he fell in with them at once. My idea was to visit Joslin's that night, leave there before day, and scout the country back.

Eight o'clock found us in the saddle and away. After a ride of a short distance Kenner stopped as if struck. "It will be strange if James Davis is not at this moment making himself comfortable in the very house we propose visiting," said Gen. Stuart's command must be nearer there than we, since he. The whole thing flashed on me in a moment, of course I would be there. Could we not capture him, if such was the case? We would try. So it was arranged to approach the house with caution, and find out if his horse was in the barn, if so that would tell of his presence.

We pushed on as rapidly as the course we were taking would admit. Ten o'clock found us in the woods two hundred yards back of the Joslin House. We stayed there until midnight. Leaving Kenner, I made my way to the barn, being careful to keep out of sight of the house, not being willing to take any chance of being discovered. The barn string was out and I opened the small door by the rear of the barn and entered. Taking a match from my case I struck it and slowly made my way along the stalls. There were three cows and two mules. The light went out. The second match blazed up. The family horse. Ha! With hands trembling with excitement I cautiously struck the third match, and, looking right at me, was David's bay mare. Two more matches and I found his saddle. There would be no mistake now.

I quickly and silently made my way out of the barn and joined Kenner. It was arranged for one of us to go to the rear and the other to the front of the barn and rouse the folks. Kenner was to do the talking, his voice being stronger. We hoped by this that Davis would think it some of his own men.

We started for the house, and when within fifty yards of the barn, his! what's that? We distinctly hear a horse walking quickly through the barn yard. A moment of intense suspense and there breaks on the stillness of the night the clatter of a horse's hoofs on the road.

Telling Kenner to wait, I go into the barn; as quickly as possible I made my way by sense of touch to near the stall that contained the bay mare and struck a match.

The bay mare had vanished! Danger was in the air. We left the place, mounted and rode away. It was some days before we joined the command, but I made that visit before returning and had the mystery solved.

DICK SWIVILLER.

CONSULDED IN OUR NEXT.

THE PREVIOUS 'POSSUM QUESTION.

TUCSON, Arizona, August 20.

Editor Forest and Stream: The courtesy which you have extended to the 'possum question, so innocently raised last spring, emboldens me to ask the usual parliamentary favor of closing the debate.

The mass of literature, which has been so cheerfully given to the public through your columns has perhaps refreshed the lagging senses of many a gouty planter and revived memories harmless and pleasing.

The 'possum is now ready to enter in the summer, and only matures with the falling of per-missions in the autumn, when the frost crisps the pro-and.

Americans are fond of imagining that no other country produces the 'possum, but in No. ten China I have seen a 'persimmon orchard set in rows expressly for the purpose of feeding 'possums, which are esteemed a great luxury among the Chinese, who are exceedingly fond of fat things such as pig and 'possum, and invariably eat them hot.

One of your correspondents suggests hunting 'possums with a gun. In England, where you would know, a man who would shoot a fox is banished from polite society forever, and a man who is so lost to sportsmanship as to hunt a 'possum with a gun in the night should be condemned to eat him cold and afterward to undergo a nightmare.

Any negro in the Southern States can catch a 'possum. He may climb out on the limb of a pap-paw tree ever so far and twist his tail around a limb; but a hickory pole in the hands of an expert darkey or ten year old boy will fetch him to the ground; and then you place the pole across his neck with your feet on each end and give a jerk with the hind legs and his neck is broken.

The controversy did not originate about catching 'possums, but cooking them, and the pre-ponderance of evidence is in favor of baking with sweet potatoes in an oven or skillet, or in the ground surrounded by stones, "tatama" fashion, and seasoning with sage and red pepper.

In the coming autumn no doubt the voluminous intelligence you have spread abroad will revive a taste for 'possum sport and 'possum supper.

The time may come when the American people will plant persimmon orchards like the Chinese and give the 'possum his due as an epicurean gratification. The question is settled by the majority in favor of baking with sweet potatoes and eating while hot.

With many thanks for the polite consideration the subject has received I call the "previous question."

CHARLEY D. POSTON.

TOADS FOR GARDENS.—According to a French paper a market for the sale of toads to gardeners is held regularly every week in Paris. Dealers bring their "goods" in well-ventilated casks, in which the toads are packed in lots of a hundred, in damp moss. A lot of a hundred good individuals will bring fifteen to seventeen dollars. The gardeners use them to keep down the destructive insects that annoy them. A Dutch gardener, M. Krelage, of Haarlem, recommends the use of the toad in greenhouses, as furnishing an excellent means for destroying the millipeds that infest the plants.

Why be sick and ailing when Hop Bitters will surely cure you?

Natural History.

HABITS OF SNAKES.

AS OBSERVED AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.
Editor Forest and Stream:

In your number of September 1 you ask for further information on the habits of the rattlesnake, as stated in an interesting letter on that subject from a writer in North Carolina. While considerable observation has evidently been made by your correspondent, some of his conclusions are not altogether correct, and you will perhaps be struck a few facts, which are reasonably well ascertained to be such.

1. No serpent covers its food with slime before swallowing it. There is no organ provided for such a purpose, and it would be about as easy to paint in water colors with a sharpened slate pencil as to smear a "slimy fluid" over the hair or feather of an animal with the slender pointed tongue of a snake. Deglutition usually begins at once without any preliminaries when the prey is secured, and the secretion of the salivary gland serves merely to facilitate its passage down the esophagus and into the stomach.

2. As to the supposed powers of fascination in snakes. In general, animals placed in a cave to serve as food are perfectly indifferent to the presence of the snake until the latter becomes aggressive when they naturally show much fear, but under no circumstance have I ever been able to find any trace of a power to charm on the part of the snake. It is reasonably safe to strike out the *intentional* element implied by the common belief, and to attribute the behavior of the victim to trance or nervous exhaustion. It is well ascertained that this curious mental state often known as "Braidism" or "Hypnotism" can be induced by fear, and also by having the attention strongly attracted on one object in a fixed manner, for even a short space of time. Without going into a long discussion it will be apparent to all who are at all familiar with the experiments which have been made on this subject that the slow approach, and the fixed, glittering eye of the snake might be a frequent cause of this condition in the prey which it was about to seize, under the circumstances so long as no external force was exerted, as in the case of a snake being given a shock to the nervous system of the animal affected, there would appear to be a complete paralysis of the motor nerves and an incapacity to effect any voluntary motion to escape from the spot. It is almost needless to say that these conditions not infrequently exist with human beings in the face of sudden danger, which may often be of such a nature that the most firm believer in the supernatural could hardly suppose it to be gifted with a voluntary power of fascination.

3. When a snake is quiet for a few hours after feeding, it can hardly be supposed that it desires so to allow digestion to take place, as this process in most if not in all snakes requires several weeks instead of from two to nine hours. The muscular force exerted by the snake in drawing food down its throat is considerable and long continued. Furthermore, the arrangement of the two bones composing the lower jaw and of some of those entering into the base of the skull is such that they are movable on each other, and can be dislocated at will, and the throat is thus able to give passage to the food. After this is swallowed they are drawn back into position by contraction of the elastic ligaments which hold them together. When the operation is completed a greater or less time must be allowed for these overstrained muscles and ligaments to recover their tone and contract. During this time it is reasonable to suppose that the snake would—just as in ordinary cases of fatigue—be disposed to be still, and to some extent, probably be incapable of exertion.

4. The usual number of young produced at a birth by the rattlesnake is very probably six or six to twelve as stated, but it has been known to be as high as fifteen on one occasion in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden.

5. The generalization that all harmless snakes lay eggs, and all poisonous ones do not is unsound. The young of the rattlesnake, as stated by your correspondent, and probably all of the North American venomous serpents are produced alive, but so also are the young of many of our harmless species, as in the familiar cases of the eastern snakes and conular snakes. The young of the latter are produced on oviparous or viviparous principles really does not seem to be a matter of vital importance in the economy of the animal, as it can frequently be influenced to some extent by artificial conditions.

6. The reason given for the quietude of snakes at night in this latitude is probably incorrect—viz., the chill of the night air and the dew on the ground, but in this quietude reptiles—if indeed it is general among them—differ from most animals instead of agreeing with them. The great proportion of the animals which are nocturnal in habit, notably all those, both birds and animals, of a carnivorous and therefore predaceous nature.

7. The development of the rattles differs somewhat from the manner stated. The snake is born with a small knob at the end of the tail, which becomes the button of the forthcoming rattle. At the end of about six weeks—depending much upon the time when the first food is taken—the young snake sheds its skin and one rattle is then added, and subsequently, as a general rule, through life, one new rattle is formed whenever the skin is shed, but this is exceedingly irregular; the snake some times sheds three or four times in the course of a year; sometimes two or three rattles are produced at once, and occasionally none at all, also rattles are frequently lost by accident from the end of the tail—the new growth of the rattle—which are never reproduced, as the new growth is the base. It is thus readily seen, that while under normal conditions there is a general relation between the number of rattles and the age of the snake, it is much too uncertain to afford any correct indication of the latter.

What a nest of strange notions is that part of the human brain which may be supposed to be devoted to snakes. All men are prone to misrepresentation and superstition in their regard. Everywhere their graceful, gliding motions and their colors—often as striking and brilliant as Nature can paint—are looked on with aversion and fear. Hardly a religion of ancient or modern times, be it classed as mythology or theology, in which the serpent is not recognized either as an object to be feared and therefore to be propitiated by worship, or to be feared and therefore hated as the incarnation of evil. Probably few readers of FOREST AND STREAM has ever had their attention drawn to the fact that in all thebrite creation, the monkey alone—"that rough sketch of man"—shows his sentiments in this respect, and that universally in the animals of that order, so far as inarticulate sounds and the language of gesture can make plain, horror, aversion and fear mingled with an invincible curiosity are found, just as the same feelings are displayed under the highest development of all Nature's forms.

necessity for the term point-blank, as I have defined it in my article. Then why speak of "the exact distance from the muzzle of the piece at which the bullet ceases to travel in a straight line." There is no such distance in rifle shooting. He further says: "The scientific point-blank adopted by the British artillery means the exact spot where a ball fired with out elevation, *i. e.*, with the axis of the barrel set quite horizontally, will first graze the equally horizontal earth."

Just so! and all British artillerymen and authorities will say, that the ball, as Hans Bask states it, falls in a curved path from beginning to end. In this assertion I but vindicate the intelligence of the British officers and nation. This definition, like the American and French, recognizes in practice and theory that the axis of the bore points *above* the object when the piece is discharged, and both alike make a point-blank with a *falling* ball—the American by falling to the line of sight, the British by falling to the ground. Both point-blanks are made separate and distinct from the line of fire—that is, point-blank shots can never be made along this line or the axis of the bore continued, and why? Let Hans Bask truly answer: he says, "If the axis of the piece be directed upon an object, the bullet will never hit it, but will always pass below it." This is just what my article taught. Then why present the delusive idea of straight shooting? It can only be done, strictly speaking, for the length of one barley-corn. I admit that some persons, but not authorities disagree, as to what constitutes true point-blank. He further says: "The time occupied in reaching this exact spot (on the ground) is exactly the same as that during which the same ball would have fallen to the ground from the muzzle of the fire-arm."

Ex-*ex* *su*. The horizontal velocity imparted to a rifle-ball, however great it be, does not prevent the bullet from falling, just as it had no velocity. Philosophical experiments and ordinary rifle practice, as well as theory, all establish this fact, which we will call Fact No. 1.

Fact No. 2 is that we know the law governing the fall of a bullet as well as we know the alphabet. Fact No. 3 is the law itself, *viz.*, "The spaces passed over by a falling body are proportional to the squares of the times occupied in falling."

Fact No. 4 under this law is that if the rifle-ball falls through a space, which we will represent by 1, in one time, it will fall through a space represented by 4 (the square of 2) in two times, and by 9 in three times, and by 16 in four times, and so on, the times being regarded as equal and the fall in a vacuum (no air).

Fact No. 5 is that these falls, 1, 4, 9, 16 and so on, correctly indicate the effects of gravity on the ball after it leaves the muzzle and when considered as lines of fall, they locate the bullet and thus establish four points in the curve or trajectory.

up. He goes on: "The point-blank of our artillerymen is not accepted by those of other countries, as with them it is the extreme horizontal distance reached by the bullet before it falls under (or cuts the second time) the line of sight."

The parentheses are ours. He here evidently refers to the French and American point-blank, though not quite clearly. I will now insert this definition as I gave it in my article, which he copied. For a full explanation of it see the article itself.

"By POINT-BLANK is meant the SECOND point, where the trajectory or curved path of the ball cuts the line of sight."

"This second intersection of the line of sight by the ball is made in its descending flight, after having first cut it near the piece in ascending." (Figure 1.)

With the present article I further contribute a very important drawing, clearly illustrating this definition and the principles of rifle shooting.

He continues: "This principle (the French and American system) Dougall in his treatise on the art of shooting, considers a better definition than the British, although it is open to the grave objection that it *mistakes* by not admitting that there may have been a curve in the flight of the ball before cutting the level of the sight (or line of sight)."

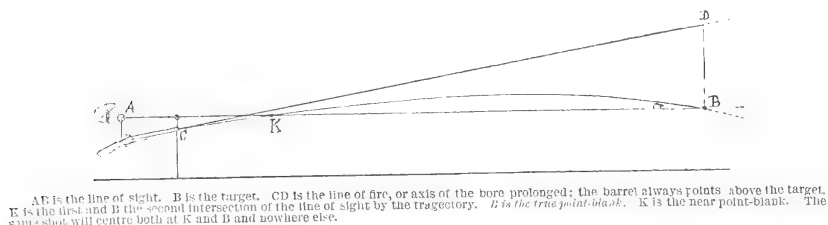
Now, I have never seen the treatise of Mr. Dougall, a prominent gunmaker in England, and, I believe, of Express repute, but I will assume that his meaning is correctly represented above, if not quoted exactly, and will reply accordingly.

I am unable to see that the definition is open to any "grave objection" whatever. It is simply the announcement of one plain fact, which every point-blank shot verifies. It does not profess to define the nature of the path of the ball in any part of its flight. This evidently was not its original object, but only to fix a mathematical point from which, as an element, in combination with others, the trajectory could be mathematically determined and plotted. This fixed point and the one at the centre of the bore determine the length or base of the curve. From these points and the base we can reason, and so solve the problem, but without them we are helpless. Point-blank is also made a very useful term of reference in works on gunnery as well as in ordinary practice. Whether any part of the trajectory is straight or not is left for scientists and practical men to say, but certainly the definition, in the general application of which Mr. Dougall sees "grave objections," repudiates the idea of the trajectory being anything but a curved line throughout its course.

As we have before illustrated, the law of gravity settles the nature of the trajectory, and this fact sets aside the complaint made by Mr. Dougall. It has no bottom to it.

A New Definition.—The editor continues: "The true and

FIGURE 1.



AT is the line of sight. B is the target. CD is the line of fire, or axis of the bore prolonged; the barrel always points above the target. K is the first and B the second intersection of the line of sight by the trajectory. B is the true point-blank. K is the near point-blank. The same shot will centre both at K and B and nowhere else.

Construction.—Now draw a horizontal line, A, B, from left to right to represent the axis of piece and the "line of fire," which is but the continuation of the axis of the gun. Draw it, say 10 inches long, then divide it into 10 equal parts, each part to represent one yard and one equal time—the whole line thus representing 10 yards and 10 equal times. From "A," considered as the muzzle, the path of the trajectory commences and you wish to represent it further. To do so from the divisions 1, 2, 3, 4, and numbered from the muzzle, let fall four vertical lines, whose lengths shall be to each other as 1, 4, 9, 16, etc.—1-10, 4-10, 9-10, 16-10 in. will be found satisfactory and easy to plot.

Now draw a curved line from the muzzle through the lower ends of these lines and you will have a curved trajectory for the first ten yards of the range, though greatly distorted, and the values of the falls are unknown. It is the principle that I am illustrating. The point of all this is that,

honest point-blank range he [Dougall] holds, and we (the editor) agree with him, is the extreme range attained without sensible curve or trajectory, so that up to that range the shooter has to make no calculations or allowance in firing, but to aim "dead on" to the exact point he wishes to hit."

The above is very easily said. Now, let us see if it can be done, and notice the sad results of such shooting.

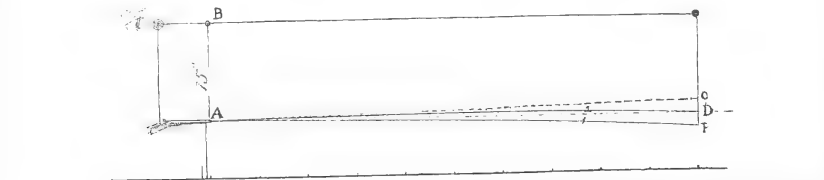
But first in order. Why use the words "true and honest" before point-blank range? This "side-hit" calls for the definition of point-blank range, and is taken from my article.

"By Point-BLANK RANGE is meant the straight line or shortest distance from the piece to the point-blank, or in practice, to the target whose centre is struck at this point."

—CB Diagram No. 1.

Now, in both the English and American point-blank

FIGURE 2.



AD, horizontal axis of the bore. BC, line of sight. The axis is at C for two shots. First, the horizontal shot, of which the curve 1 shows the fall of the ball from AD according to the table of figures; and second, the oblique shot, of which the curve 2 shows the height run above AD (AD'). AD' represents the oblique line of the under oil in elevation. OB and OC are each equal to .003 in., the drop for 10 yds. AD and BC are parallel. 75 is the distance from the centre of the bore to the line of sight.

with these facts before him, no one can deny that the first ten yards of the trajectory is a curved line (as will be proven hereafter), or assert that it is a straight one for an inch. I remember that call and time both begin at the instant of discharge. We specially invite the attention of Mr. Van Dyke, "The Still Hunter," to this point. The difference of the fall of the bullet *in vacuo* or in air is inappreciable for ten yards, also any change in the velocity of the ball, and thus the times are virtually equal for each ten yards of the range. The same law of gravity governs a trajectory for one yard and for one inch as it does for ten yards.

Then why, with the law of gravity staring them in the face and demanding a curved trajectory throughout, do some persons argue or rather write to the contrary? I do not mean the editor of the *Land and Water*, but rather those who have an axe to grind, or some particular rifle to erect

ranges the distances are measured in practice. There is, then, no want of "truth and honesty" in this. So also are the two given points defined as point-blank. There is, then, no want of "truth or honesty" in either of these. Thus, both definitions define only plain, positive facts, and facts necessary to be known, in order to nail the trajectory just where the facts in the case place it.

Query—May it not be possible that these stern facts serve to nail it too exactly in its true place? I confess I sometimes think so, and that some persons, having a hobby, would like to escape the true awards of the definitions, that is, measure for measure, without regard to this or that kind of rifle. Thus the definitions, both American and British, are "truthful and honest." One might infer from Mr. Dougall's remarks that they are not.

Mr. Dougall is silent, as it appears, on the subject of a

point-blank. I regret this, for I do not understand whether he completely ignores such a fixed point or not. Be this as it may, his definition does not allow of any change of elevation or variation in the mode of sighting for his ideal range, and thus he will hold him to it.

To my mind, however, it appears as if he wishes to have it understood by the public that certain rifles (his express, perhaps) shoot so nearly straight at long hunting distances that no elevation is required, nor judging of distances necessary, nor varying the aim, but that the shooter has only to draw sight up and "to aim dead on the exact point he wishes to hit" in order to hit it.

For Mr. Dougall to claim the right (he may not) of any elevation for his ideal range I think is inconsistent with his loose definition, but I will allow him a point-blank elevation for each range and so treat the subject.

As he failed to commit himself in regard to the length of his range, or of any range, we are obliged to hunt for it, as best we can. This may be done by asking questions in regard to the range and then applying the approximate results of rifle shooting to answer them. In the future we hope to learn from Mr. Dougall himself his approximate results in rifle shooting—mean genuine results, not guess work. The public want facts.

"Sensible curve or trajectory," as will be seen, appears to be the ruling fact in determining the length of Mr. Dougall's undefined range—hence I put these questions to him:

First—What amount of curvature in the trajectory constitutes "sensible curve or trajectory?"

Second—At about what distance from the muzzle will this amount be found?

Third—Under his definition for "point-blank range" is a point-blank recognized?

Fourth—If so, what determines it, and where is it found?

Fifth—Is the definition for "point-blank range" in his ideal range general in its application, or only applicable to this or that rifle?

Sixth—Can his definition or definitions be used in science to calculate the trajectory and to plot it?

Seventh—What advantages have they over the British and American definitions that he should prefer them?

Explicit answers to these questions, especially to the first and second, will throw much light on this subject. Facts only must settle the doubtful questions.

To proceed in the inquiry for the ideal range, I will first assume the rifle or rifles to have a point-blank elevation for 200 yards and 100 grains of "FG" American powder for loads.

Q. 1. Can the range be 200 yards?

No, unless we wish to shoot about 7 to 10 inches over a turkey's head at 110 yards, when "aiming dead on" on the exact spot we wish "to hit."

Most surely such wild shooting as this will never bag the turkeys in the United States or Canada, nor will it in hunting kill any but large deer, though it may frighten the smaller ones away with their white flags a-flying.

This 7 to 10 inches gradually diminishes to nothing at first and second intersections of the line of sight by the bullet, as fully explained in my previous article.

In the next case I assume the rifle's point-blank to be 150 yards.

Q. 2. Can the range be 150 yards?

No, unless we wish to shoot about 2½ to 5½ inches over at 75 and 80 yards, "aiming dead on the exact point we wish to hit." Such shooting would be very apt to miss a deer's head or a turkey, while all small game along mid-range "aimed dead on" would escape. This will never do.

This 2½ to 5½ inches gradually diminishes to nothing, as remarked above.

Thus "aiming dead on" is again a failure, especially in the case of all small game shot at along the range, between about 30 and 135 yards.

I next assume the point-blank to be 100 yards.

Q. 3. Can the range be 100 yards?

No, unless we wish to shoot about 1½ to 2½ inches, "aiming dead on the exact point we wish to hit," at 40, 50, 60 and 70 yards.

This "sensible curve or trajectory" will never answer to give us the best results, as, for instance, where the object is to knock off a squirrel's head along mid-range. Not you will shoot right over four times in five by aiming "dead on" the centre. Every person who has used the rifle much knows this to be so; then why set forth absurdities or issue lessons pointing to them? But in hunting large game—deer, antelope, bear, wolves, geese, turkey, etc.—aiming "dead on" will usually answer. Thus "aiming dead on" the exact point we wish to hit is a failure in shooting along the 100 yard range for the rifle will certainly shoot over all small game along mid-range. To this rule there is no exception, no matter who makes the rifle or what is its name. This error of 1½ to 2½ inches (too high) at or near mid-range, diminishes gradually both ways to nothing, as before described.

I next suppose the rifle to have a point-blank for 50 yards.

Q. 4. Can the range be 50 yards?

Yes, for all hunting purposes, though the rifle will shoot "aiming dead on" to one-half inch at 33 yards. But over about one-quarter to three-quarters of the range, unless the rifle has the proper point-blank or the aim is a little changed on the face of the target. Strictly speaking, aiming "dead on" can never win, for the ball falls below the object aimed at.

NO ELEVATION.

I have now presented the sad results of aiming "dead on" (in accordance with Mr. Dougall's theory) under the most favorable circumstances, by allowing the rifle to have four different elevations. I will next recast the case of no elevation, or point-blank, which I think tallies with his definition or views.

First.—If the rifle has no elevation of sight, then it will always shoot too low and can never make a point-blank, or centre shot, at any distance. The instant the bullet leaves the muzzle it is nearer the centre of the target, considered vertically, than it will ever be again throughout the range.

Second.—If "aimed dead on" the centre, the bullet will miss a pigeon or a 3-inch circle at 50 yards, a large turkey or a 12-inch circle at 110 yards, a large buck or a 24-inch circle at 150 yards, and the largest elk or a 48-inch circle at 200 yards. Here I stop, for the animals are becoming too small in proportion to the distance to be hit in the "dead level sights," "aiming right on the centre."

We therefore see that aiming "dead on" with "dead level sights" and making good shooting is preposterous. I am ready to prove that point-blank shooting, which is always made under an elevation of the rear sight, is at least 500 yds. ahead superior to "aiming dead on" (so called), which is represented to be always made without any elevation of the rear sight, the rifle being even held "dead on" the exact

her present cargo in London and go to the Nor'h Sea fishing grounds (if the prospects were good), and run a cargo thence to Billingsgate safely in the hottest weather."

—BOW-BELLS.

REMINISCENCES OF FORTY YEARS.

I.—LOON LAKE IN 1856.

IN your issue of to-day one of your correspondents recommends Loon Lake, Franklin county, N. Y., for fishing. I can fully endorse his recommendation, having been one of a party who visited this delightful wild country, made delight full from its sports of flood and field, or rather, I may say, forest and lake. This magnificent sheet of water, if I remember correctly, is about one and one-half miles wide and three or four miles long. Picked out an enormous size are there in any quantity, together with trout of great weight. A party of half-a-dozen from Saratoga in September, 1856, visited this wilderness. After steaming up Lake Champlain we hired a team, and in climbing the thumps and bumps experienced in the rocky hills. From noon until about midnight we journeyed, inquiring from persons we met, "How far is it to Smith's Hotel?" "Oh, about six miles." After journeying an hour or two the next inquiry, "How far to Smith's place?" "Up this place and down there, then straight on about two miles." We kept on expending and bumping along for another hour, when we expected to see the hotel in the short distance. However we struck a cabin, by the roadside, and, lo! long out to the denizens, asked, "How far to Smith's Hotel?" "Oh, I guess about six or seven miles." We still went on, inquiring as we went, and found all our answers varied in distance from fifty to one hundred per cent. one with another. At last we reached the much-desired spot, were ushered into a nice comfortable tavern or hotel, and mine host Smith, seemed (as Le Prov'd.) a good fellow, fond of his mountain sports and a good hotel man in every respect, providing all comforts necessary for man or beast.

Our first morning, after an early breakfast, we start'd for a deer hunt. According to the custom there the dogs drive the deer in these ponds or lakes, as a boat was in readiness to put out after the dog's order, either to knock him in the head while swimming or to shoot him. I protest, of, however, against such butchery and would only shoot him on the run. The drivers and butman accordingly agreed to give me a bounding shot by driving the deer direct to my standing place, which is done more easily than I imagined by paddling behind the swimming deer, then to the left or right as may be to turn him in a bee line to the spot (they knew where we was stationed). I waited the first day one, two, three or four hours. No sign of dogs or deer, although soon after the start I heard the dogs give tongue some two miles across the lake, but the deer took over the hills to another point, where he made good his escape, and the dogs could not be got together that day in time for another drive.

As I was standing there, my brains working at nothing, my attention was suddenly attracted up the lake, some two miles probably, to a flight of birds skimming and hugging the shore in flocks and gradually approaching me. In a few moments I discovered them to be ducks, as they came within 200 yards of the mound on which I was stationed, when they settled down in a cove, which was probably 100 yards in circumference, edged all round with tall reeds from four to five feet high.

"Hello, my boy!" says I to myself, "here's a chance," and luckily I had carried with me about half-a-dozen charges of No. 7 shot from Saratoga, having shot a fifty double pigeon mark the week before, killing 95 wild birds out of 100; traps 5 feet apart, 21 yard-rise, 100 yards fall. Lots of old residents of Saratoga at the present season greeted me and gave me a hearty shake of the hand, especially the woe by host of the Adelphi Hotel—at that time Mack's the American.

But to the flights of ducks. I accordingly drew out of my barrel the wads, then the twenty buck shot and put in place one and one-half ounces of No. 7s. I went on hands and knees, some times flat, crawling around through the tall rushes in order to get within shot at the edge of the curve where the ducks were. This took me probably half an hour, the distance around to avoid sight of my game in quest being several hundred yards. At length I made my journey, and, peering up, beheld a wonderful sight. A dead log, a tree without limbs, was hanging across this cove, some twenty yards in length, on which the ducks were sitting, some jumping off, fluttering and splashing the water, the next moment on the tree shaking their feathers.

I never saw such a shot for a raker, and as I had waited some hours for the deer and got nothing I made up my mind this once for a broadside. I accordingly crept in a line with the log. The ducks had no apparent danger for some were feeding themselves on berries with their beaks under the wing. I took a level sweep and, being ready in the rushes, the gun in position, I gave a whistle; they all raised their heads for a look—twenty-one ducks—the first, a right barrel, heched forth fire and smoke, and the roar reverberated all around.

Two ducks arose; one of these fell to my left barrel. And the flashing and fluttering on each side of the log I will not easily forget; the water red with blood, all being shot through the head.

Nineteen shell-drakes at one shot out of twenty-one, of the other two, shooting off, one full to the left barrel, bagging twenty out of twenty-one. I did not then know the shell-drake, never having shot any, but from the head knew it was a fish duck. The boat came now for me and my bag, and the wonder was great at the prodigious sweep, but you could not miss them if you held right for the first duck, lowering sufficiently to take in the lot.

The next day I shot my deer, being driven two miles to my stand as before described, but let her bound (a large doe) and gave her a shot for her life, showing myself as bolding just as she jumped on land. It seemed more like murder in the first degree, or shooting down a calf, the poor thing being only some twelve or fifteen years from me, but she gave a tremendous frightened leap on hearing and seeing me, that a second or third leap would have carried her from harm of the gun, behind a bluff. Therefore I had to do or not to do, a dozen buckshot going through neck and shoulder. Our friend Smith at the hotel had three ducks or shell-drakes cooked for dinner on our arrival the next day's deer hunt, and as you have lately had much discussion on cooking 'possum I will tell you how these ducks were served up, and the process used for taking away any fishy taste. I gave Smith the idea. All seemed young, large birds, legs like a mallard's, and fully as heavy as a plump mallard.

Just skin the ducks, as the skin generally contains the oily, fishy taste. Clean them, wrap them in wet cloths; dig a hole in ground, and bury them over night; take them up in morning and wash them well, and soak an hour in salt water. We came home hungry enough from our hunt, and with appetites sharp. But I never sat down to a stew with onion, that surpassed these tender, juicy, sweet, deliciously, served-up shell-drakes.

Our worthy host, then of the hotel Loon Lake, has since left that locality. If this should meet his eye will I please address me in care of the FOREST AND STREAM? I will be very happy to find his whereabouts, and probably pay him a visit.

We saw the day we left Loon Lake an immense wolf caught in a trap there. Deer in those days in that mighty wilderness were as plenty as sheep on the plains. How they are now I do not know, but the lake, for the forest fishing in the world of its kind, I think cannot be surpassed.

Now, as I have made a commencement with you I will continue giving you only some remarkable and strange shots made during forty years' handling the double-barrel. I will give my experience of shots I made myself at different times and different parts of the United States. WM. KING.

HORNELLVILLE.—There was a slight mistake in the letter about Loon Lake in your issue of Aug. 23. It should read (15) fifteen miles from Hornellsville not 95 as printed. The lake was stocked some years ago with trout, but none were ever caught, until last week when Seth Green went there, and caught a fine lot greatly to the surprise of the local fishermen.

—J. O. F.

THE WHITE PANTHER.

BY XIL YORRIS.

THE days passed pleasantly away with boating on the river and angling in the mountain streams for trout. The evening were spent in the library with Mr. St. Clair, who was actively engaged in collecting and describing the ferns and mosses in which the Alleghenies are so rich. One evening he remarked that Randolph, a young hunter living in the wild recesses of the mountains, had paid him a visit that day and that he had noticed in his cap a very rare and beautiful fern, but the fronds were so withered and broken that he was unable to identify it. The hunter could not remember positively where he had gathered it; he was in the habit of placing beautiful plants and flowers in his cap and thinking no more about them. He was under the impression, however, that he had found it growing near the Panther Pond, a small lake situated near a wild gorge among the mountains.

"Let us hunt the fern to-morrow, Vivian," said Karl, as they retired that night. "I was just going to propose it," replied his friend; "let us be up early and away."

At dawn they took the boat and rowed across the river. Vivian carried a repeating rifle and wore a long hunting-knife in his belt. Karl was armed with a well-ried gun.

"To the lover of nature," said Vivian, "the wild mountains have peculiar and unfeeling charms. In summer, deep carpeted with moss and glaucous with the bloom of rhododendron and azalea, there is about them a mysterious beauty found nowhere else. In winter color and pine are columns of silver and the pillared rocks are turned to marble monuments of austere, perfect, beside the graves of the red hunter who has vanished long ago. Hunting the wild deer all through the autumn evenings—

"Till many a night I saw the pleads, rising through the mellow shade, glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid."

"I could understand why the Swiss live in love with the Alps and the Gael with the Highlands." Returning, after a long day's hunt on the mountains to his lonely camp by the waters, the hunter may hear the scream of the cougar in the laurel and the mocking laugh of the owl in the pine. Yet, wrapped in his blanket before his blazing camp-fire, his slumbers are none the less sweet, though he knows that the king of the mountains is abroad in the storm.

"Your hunter is a naturalist, too, in his way; knowing little of books, he studies living nature in the wild world where he is not familiar with the habits of the animals around him his labors would bring him no returns. He knows that during the month of September the bucks will be found quiet and alone on the highest mountain peaks, drying their antlers in the sunbeams and rubbing off the velvet against rock and pine."

"Yes," replied Karl, "the hunter, though surrounded by danger, learns to forget fear. His mind is filled with the love of the forest and he can find his way anywhere by the moss on the trees—don't you see that it is so abundant on the side toward the north? Then one feels so different here from what he does in the crowded city, there he is lost in the march of the busy multitude, a drop of water is when mingled with the ocean; here he walks the earth like a god—"

"In the olden, golden glories
Of the golden, olden times."

"Those were happy days, Vivian, in the morning of the world, when forest and stream, lake and river, vale and mountain were peopled with strange, wild forms. But the beautiful fairy no longer dances to the sound of elfin music among the golden flowers of summer, when the moonbeams are painting ghastly pictures everywhere. The treasure caves of the dwarfs are all closed and the gnomes and genies are hidden away far in the secret mountain folds. The merry eyes of the Basileus are harmless now and the Hippogriff no longer bears away knight or paladin on rapid wings to deeds of arms or fields of chivalry."

"True," replied his companion; "when the sun of civilization shone brighter and clearer over the earth the creatures of the world of fairy faded and passed in the light of its splendor. They retired to lonely caves in lonely lands and are now seen only by the dwellers in mist-wrapped mountains, far away from the gaze of man and the reach of the engine. These forests here, it is said, there roams a phantom creature, fierce and terrible—a snow-white cougar, but I suppose that it is only a hunter's dream, though many claim to have seen it."

"But here is a beautiful spring, clear as crystal and cold as ice, bubbling up from among the rocks and perfumed by the bloom of the red rhododendron. Let us sit down on this mossy stone and rest. You must be hungry," he continued, drawing from his pockets great lumps of cheese, butter, rolls and roasted venison and spreading them out before him on the moss—"The rapid walk and mountain air gives one an appetite. Yes, the Alleghenies are grand and picturesque, but the mountains of the torrid zone are more beautiful by far. They are like wonderful gardens, rising terrace above terrace, until their snowy summits are lost among the clouds."

Tempera ure, you know, is the principal agent governing the geographical distribution of plants, hence we find growing at their base in a sunny Eden the palm, the arborescent fern, the aloe, the pineapple and the banana. Higher up the slopes the orange, the olive tree and the laurel; above these again the magnolia, the live oak, the cypress and the cedar. Ascending yet higher we find the forest of our native country, the birch, the beech, the elm and the willow. Among the eternal snows on their summits we find the plants of Spitzbergen and Lapland—the mosses and lichens of the far North growing under the equator!"

"Botany has always been my favorite study," replied the other, "and plants are quite as wonderful as animals. Indeed, so closely are they blended in their lowest forms, that we are quite unable to distinguish the one from the other. Like animals, they move, eat, drink, sleep, breathe, perspire, have circulation due to vital causes, and are male and female. They have sensibility, too, similar to animals. Poison will destroy some as quickly as it would a bird, and opium throws others into a profound sleep. Many are carnivorous, feeding upon the blood and flesh of animals, like the lynx and the cougar."

"Yes, and the vegetable, like the animal edifice, is built up from the cell. Every seed contains an embryonic plant—the trunk, the branches, the roots, the leaves, all are there, like the bird in the egg, only waiting to be buried in the earth, to push their way above to kiss them into flower and fruit. The roots and the branches of trees are identically the same, and the one may be made to become the other; the flowers are only transformed leaves. But I think the Panther Pond is there between those mountains. Let us hurry on."

A rapid walk of half an hour up the slopes brought them to the summit, where a wide and beautiful prospect was spread out before them. Far as eye could reach there were piled upon them the peaks and pinacles of the Alleghenies, clothed everywhere, except on the castellated rocks in the green of rhododendron and pine and here and there between the peaks they caught a glimpse of the crystal river gleaming in the sunbeams far away.

"There's the pond," said Karl; "don't you see it there shut up in the hollow of the mountains and surrounded by the dark fir trees?"

"Yes, and I saw its look gloomy and dark, as though a sunbeam had never kissed its bosom. Let us try to go down and climb them the peaks and pinacles of the Alleghenies, clothed everywhere, except on the castellated rocks in the green of rhododendron and pine and here and there between the peaks they caught a glimpse of the crystal river gleaming in the sunbeams far away."

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"Yes, and I saw its look gloomy and dark, as though a sunbeam had never kissed its bosom. Let us try to go down and climb them the peaks and pinacles of the Alleghenies, clothed everywhere, except on the castellated rocks in the green of rhododendron and pine and here and there between the peaks they caught a glimpse of the crystal river gleaming in the sunbeams far away."

moss-covered rocks, and immediately cried, "It is the walking fern. I thought it must be. We have surely walked far enough to find it. This is certainly the very plant that Mr. St. Clair is so anxious to obtain, and it is quite different from all the others on the mountain." Vivian collected some of the finest specimens of the fern for his father's conservatory, wrapping them carefully in moss, and sprinkling them with water from the pond.

"It is time that we were off," said the hunter, "the mountain paths are rough, and we have far to go. It will be nightfall before you can reach your home. I will accompany you to the river, and guide you the nearest way through the forest."

"Do you never lose your way in the dark pine woods?" asked Karl.

"No," replied Randolph, "I have always lived among the mountains, and I know each path."

"Why is it, Randolph, that your language is so different from that used by the other hunters?" asked Vivian with a smile.

"Were you ever at school?"

"I am a graduate," replied the hunter, "of the Normal Institute at St. George. The others and I were formerly very abundant among the All-ganies, and I was a very successful trapper. I sold my furs and purchased books, studying late every night by the light of the blazing pine knots. I was at last able to open a large book lying dead by a mountain spring. 'Sh! through the he re!' said Vivian, thrusting his finger into the wound. 'Yes!' replied the hunter. 'I can shoot.' Bending down a young birch tree they tied the hunters to its top with a cord, and then releasing the tree it immediately regained an upright position lifting the deer far above the reach of the prowling wolf. 'It will be safe there,' said Randolph, 'until I come for it in the morning.'"

"The laws of inheritance," he continued, "apply to all the lower animals as well as to us. They are gaining knowledge, and among wild species those individuals possessing the most perfect faculties—keenness of scent, of sight and of hearing, the greatest courage, strength and fleetness, the longest teeth and sharpest claws, combined with the highest development of the reasoning powers, survive and perpetuate their race—the others perish. Thus the cougar succeeds in capturing only those deer that are deficient in some of these characteristics, as hearing for example. The wise old buck with perfect faculties rears the forest until age impairs them; the weak and foolish die in youth. There are deer on these mountains that have never been in reach of cougar's claws or hunter's rifle. Others have great curiosity and little caution. They must stop to investigate any unknown object and listen to every unusual sound; it was this peculiarity that caused the buck I killed a few months ago to lose his life. Those having the most caution and the least curiosity live to the greatest age."

"Yes," replied the student, "the laws of heredity have been in force upon the earth since the first appearance of life, and it is the same, and apply to the vegetable kingdom as well as to the animal. Man, by taking advantage of these laws of nature, improves everything that comes under his dominion. Among domestic animals it seems as though an artist had taken the rough sketch and covered it all the rude outlines with beauty. He waves his magic wand over a poor and bitter fruit and changes its juices into the sweetness of the orange and its color into the glory of the lilies."

"Here is the river and there is the light in the windows of your house," said Randolph, emerging from the laurel and passing on the shore just as the moonbeams were gleaming over the mountain summits and throwing their lines of silver across the crystal waters. "Good night, young gentlemen; I have far to go," he said, throwing the snowy cougar skin into the boat and disappearing under the arches of the pines. The two young friends rowed rapidly over the stream and were met on the opposite shore by Prof. St. Clair, who, becoming alarmed at their prolonged absence, was eagerly awaiting their return.

"What is this?" he exclaimed, as Vivian tossed the cougar carcass over his shoulder and started up the gravel walk toward the villa.

"The robe of the White Cougar, the mountain king," replied Karl with a laugh. "Yes, Randolph, the hunter told me that he had often seen this remarkable creature near the Panther Pond, but I thought he must be mistaken. So he has killed it at last and sent me the pelt." "Randolph did not kill him," said Vivian, stopping to pluck a roach; "we invited ourselves to his banquet at the house of the wise man over his wine, and his good friend should be, we organized a 'gunpowder plot' for the purpose of delecting him." "You do not mean to say that you killed him?" exclaimed the Professor excitedly, turning to Karl. "Certainly," replied the latter; "after we had defied his power which else could we do but imitate the example of Cromwell, and put the king to death."

"If," said Vivian, "you draw your sword against your prince, you must throw away the scabbard."

"What I must do," said the Professor, "is that you have exhibited wonderful courage I still think that you were reckless and foolish and your conduct merits the severest censure."

"But here is the father, father," said Vivian, drawing it from under his coat as they entered the library.

"So it is, my son!" cried the delighted Professor, forgetful of everything else in his admiration of the beautiful fronds of the walking fern!

When Vivian and Karl returned to college at the close of the winter vacation, Randolph, the hunter, went with them and remained until he graduated with the honors of his class. He is now the most distinguished physician in the city where his father failed, and comes every summer to the mountain villa.

RAIL SHOOTING SCORES.

Following are some of the scores made this season: From Golt's Hotel, Sept. 1.—Isaac Rothwell pushed James Rhoads, of Spring Hill, and boated 44 rail and 10 roed birds. Benj. Hanks pushed F. Engle, of New York, and boated 35 rail; Dick Brown pushed John Goff, of Chester, and boated 27 rail; P.erry Allen pushed Frank Weaver, and boated 36 rail; Chas. Goff pushed Thos. Butler, of West Chester, and boated 38 rail; Sam. Preston pushed D. Johnson, of Philadelphia, and boated 22 rail; B. n. Driskett pushed T. S. Dands, of Philadelphia, and boated 23 rail; Jacob Miller pushed Harry Black, of Chester, and boated 19.

Sept. 2.—Isaac Rothwell shot 21; Bill Rump, 18; J. Miller, 22; Sept. 3.—S. Brown, 30; Rothwell, 23; Bill Rump, 18; Benj. Harris, 20. We will be pleased to furnish to all inquiring friends information concerning the cost of the shooting.

On the Hackensack meadows there was a large representation of gunners last Thursday, so many, in fact, that some of the men took the shot intended for the birds. Seven men were "shot marked." Constable Earle receiving eleven shot as his share. Among the gentlemen whose records are considered good, John Ryan leads the list with 48 birds one tide and 36 another. Lawry, of Griggs, of Paterson, had a string of 41; Julian Wood, of this city, 61 in two tides; G. C. Van Houten, of Paterson, 38; F. B. Spencer, Brooklyn, 38; Shepherd Knapp, this city, 31; C. Terwilliger, 32; Ed. Ackerman, Hackensack, 35; George Ricardo, 31; Chris. Huber, Paterson, 29; Charles Knapp, 25; S. F. Spencer, Elizabeth, 24. A New York correspondent writes, under date of Sept. 3: On the opening day I again went to Hackensack to try my hand at rail birds. We started out on Thursday about noon, but soon found that the tide was not yet high enough to get in the meadows. So we pulled ar and in the creek, putting up a bird now and then. At one o'clock the tide was high enough, and then the fun began. There was a continual popping on all sides for about two hours. There were not so many birds as last year, but still enough to keep us at it quite lively. There was in all about fifteen boats, out of which I came in "high boat," with a score of 44 birds; other boats came in with the scores of 41, 40 and 39. I can safely say I had one of the best pushes out that day, and I would advise any one going here to inquire for Mr. Henry Terwilliger, who can always be found in the Franklin House, and he can give them as good a day's sport as any one could wish.—G. E. J.

Boats' score from Riverside Hotel, Lazaretto, Delaware Co., Pa., Thursday, Sept. 1, 1881. Giltart Griffin, 47; E. McCready, 76; Jos. Thorn, 121; Arthur Goudin, 44; Jos. M. Lin, 58; Mr. Purves, 57; E. C. Pease, 16; F. B. Rogers, 40; C. L. Wormley, 39; Wm. Stroud, 62; Frank Sartori, 57; W. Andron, 34; Geo. Martin, 10; A. J. Morton, 17; Mr. Grant, 55; Mr. Paterson, 10; Ed. S. Townsend, 21; Ed. Maher, 41; M. Bailey, 37; Samuel Adams, 11; Mr. Hon. C. J. Jacob Albright, 30; Mr. John P. Cole, 24; A. J. Guyer, 15; Mr. Clew, 20; Mr. Shronk, 23; Tot. 1,955.

Friday, September 2. Elwood James, 35; E. C. Pease, 7; T. B. Rogers, 23; Frank Sartori, 18; Geo. Martin, 16; C. L. Wormley, 61; G. E. McCready, 20; Louis Good, 20; B. Ogden, 22; Chas. Johnson, 37; G. J. Jas. Thorn, 35; E. Harrison, 38; Thos. Waddington, 16; Arthur Goudin, 26; W. Crawford, 10; Geo. Smith, 51. Tot. 4,381.

Saturday, Sept. 3. Mr. W. Gardner, 30; John F. Pole, 45; M. Andrews, 25; C. M. W. Armley, 26; Louis Good, 18; Chas. Richter, 11; H. Mingle, 12; Jas. Kirk, 29; Geo. Smith, 62; Thos. Thompson, 40; Isaac Worrell, 13; W. H. Harris, 8; Stacy Springer, 16; Mr. Mansfield, 6; Henry Shultz, 26; H. Houbt, 12; W. Anderson, 10; John Richardson, 14. Tot. 403.

Mr. William Miller is the proprietor of the Riverside Hotel. If advised by mail to Ridleyville, Pa., or by Telegram (Philadelphia and Reading Railroad telegraph lines) to Lazaretto, Pa., conveyance will be furnished to meet any train from Philadelphia on its arrival at Moore's Station, P. W. & B. R. R.

HIGH WATER AT LAZARETTO AND CHESTER.

Sept. 8.....1:02 p. m.	Sept. 21, 11:26 a. m.	Oct. 4.....9:43 a. m.
" 9.....1:47 "	" 22, 12:12 p. m.	" 5.....10:46 "
" 10.....2:53 "	" 23, 12:50 "	" 6.....11:45 "
" 11.....3:20 "	" 24, 1:27 "	" 7.....12:37 p. m.
" 12.....4:06 "	" 25, 2:06 "	" 8.....1:22 "
" 13.....4:53 "	" 26, 2:47 "	" 9.....2:53 "
" 14.....5:42 "	" 27, 3:31 "	" 10.....2:53 "
" 15.....6:29 "	" 28, 4:18 "	" 11.....3:42 "
" 16.....7:22 a. m.	" 29, 5:09 "	" 12.....4:29 "
" 17.....7:59 "	" 30, 6:00 "	" 1.....5:17 "
" 18.....8:50 "	Oct. 1, 6:57 "	" 2.....6:05 "
" 19.....9:45 "	" 2, 7:26 a. m.	" 3.....6:19 "
" 20.....10:38 "	" 3, 8:34 "	

*Marked thus shot one tide only, the others both morning and evening tides.

THE SCARCITY OF BAY SNIFE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to hear from your readers as to their observations on the growing scarcity of bay snipe and plover. My own experience, confined to Long Island, is that they had fair at the present rate, in a few years to afford no remuneration to the market gunner and no sport to the sportsman. I spent four days on the Rockaway marshes last spring and had been once on a week since July 11, without one day's fair sport; and some of the days have been in every way favorable. The season, in fact, has been a failure there—so it has been at Shinnecock Bay—as I learn from gentlemen, who have been there two weeks at a time (not the hotel keepers).

One theory is that the birds have changed their course and now fly down the Mississippi Valley. The following from a recent letter from Cobb's Island, Va., indicates that they have been recently making their purchases and going down the Atlantic Coast. "The bay between the island and the mainland surrounds hundreds of acres of salt marshes. From May until October these marshes are the home of thousands of bay birds—snipe, curlew, willet and plover. May is the great shooting month on the island. The birds stop on their way to the breeding grounds and they are killed by thousands. In fact so many of them are killed at this season that there has been a marked diminution in the fall flight during the past two or three years. It is estimated that the number of one thousand birds were killed each day during the month of May last."

Is not this the solution of the matter? Are not breech-loaders and spring shooting, especially the latter, the cause of the decrease of bay birds?—L. New York Sept. 5.

SEVERAL POSSIBLE EXPLANATIONS.—Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 31.—Editor Forest and Stream: Inclosed I send this clipping from the Indianapolis Journal of Aug. 31: "Nimrod Returns d.—Rev. Myron Reed and Prof. Ora Pearson, who have been re-licensing in the Brule River region, Michigan, returned to the city yesterday morning after a two-day tour. They report having enjoyed a delightful time, the only regret being that they could not remain longer. Fish and game were plentiful, five deer having been bagged a short time previous to their return." I would like to know what right the parties mentioned therein have to kill deer in Michigan before the expiration of the close season? If I understood the game laws, I believe deer shooting opens in the above State on Oct. 1.—BUCK.

[Several possible explanations suggest themselves. Newspaper items like the above are not always reliable; but, granting that the report is correct, (1) it is not stated that the Indianapolis gentlemen bagged the deer, but simply the fact of the deer having been bagged. Some one else may have done it. Again, the reporter may have misunderstood and (2) instead of "bagged" the tourists may have said "seen" or, (3) the deer may have been simply an invention of the reporter, who did not know anything about game laws and who is thus guilty of a base libel on the Indianapolis sportsmen. Any one of these three suppositions, or of a dozen others, which might be named, is more plausible than the story the Mr. Reed and Pearson killed five deer in Michigan in the month of August, 1881.]

CALIFORNIA QUAIL IN MISSOURI.—Of the importation of California quail into Missouri, a Jefferson City, Mo., correspondent writes: "I have never yet seen any of the birds myself since they were liberated, but have had repeated information, that is, from reliable sources, that they are doing as well as this spring. I am satisfied they will do several birds last summer, and I have heard of their being seen this summer but have not yet heard of any young ones. Some were seen last winter in Pulaski county, at least seventy-five miles from here; and last summer they were seen repeatedly on my farm six miles below this city. Then this spring Dr. Glover reported seeing some in his neighborhood, and Judge Clarenbach saw them in two different places near here. I believe their acclimation and increase here will be a success. As to the Missouri or Indiana quail I am not so sure. They were liberated in four different places; in Callaway, eight miles west, eight miles southeast at Mr. Wards, and six miles east on my farm. I have not this summer received definite information, except from two places. In Callaway none have been seen this summer. On my farm I have information that two or three have been seen this summer, but my informant may have been mistaken in the bird, yet I believe they were seen. From the other two places I have no information. I hope we will succeed in stocking the country with each kind.—H. E.

WHY THERE ARE NO WILD PIGEONS.—GOSHEN, N. Y., Aug. 15.—Editor Forest and Stream:—A friend and myself desire to take a little hunt, and would especially like to have a wild pigeon hunt for a few days. Only a few very years since pigeons would be about this region in September, about the time acorns began to shell, upon wheat fields recently sown. No great bugs could be got, but enough to satisfy a reasonable man. Do you know of any local fly, not too far from New York City, where we might go and have a few days of such hunting? I have tried to describe? For some unexplained reason pigeons do not come about as formerly, but I cannot but believe that there are sections they still visit for a few weeks in early fall. W. H. N.

[The only sure plan for getting some shots at wild pigeons is to join an "association for the protection of fish and game." Then you will be sure of an opportunity to shoot ten or fifteen, or fifty half-fledged squabs fired out of a trap and unable to fly. No reasonable man could ask for pigeons in the field and pigeons in the trap too; and if our correspondent is a "true sportsman," he will doubtless be willing to forego his favorite sport for the sake of the cause of "game protection."]

GAME BIRDS WANTED.—Rushville, Ill., Aug. 20.—Editor Forest and Stream: Can you refer me to any party in the East who has live black ducks, seaonant brant or other kinds of water-fowl which are not common in the West, who would be likely to exchange for our woodcock? We are trying to get a collection of our native game water-fowl, and have several pairs of woodcocks that we could spare, which we would like to exchange for good specimens of the above mentioned birds, which are very rare and difficult to obtain in the West. Any information you can give me that will put me in communication with persons likely to exchange will be thankfully received. J. P. LEACON.

Several years ago, 1870 to 1875, we had a collection of live fowl, including mallards, wood ducks, black ducks, Canada geese, blue geese, white-fronted geese and brant. A change of business necessitated their sale. During this time we bought, sold or exchanged with the following persons: Lewis Homan, Patchogue, L. I.; W. A. Conklin, Central Park, New York City; Zoological Gardens, Philadelphia; John B. Eicher, Oakwood Cemetery, Troy, N. Y.; G. H. Boardman, Weston, Vt.; Gree E. Smith, Petrorho, N. Y. (now dead); Dr. J. N. Bates, Worcester, Mass.; N. Guilbert, Goodhue, Pa.; Geo. Irvin, Mysville, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.; J. Y. Bicknell, Westmoreland, N. Y.

Explosions of various kinds have been numerous within a fortnight past. The list is headed by the explosion of a great quantity of fulminate gun caps, which imbedded themselves in the body of a workman with fatal effects. (2.) This was followed by an explosion of fifteen pounds of powder in a Connecticut armory, nine persons being injured. (3.) The premature explosion of a torpedo, at the Newport torpedo station, killed two of our country's best experts. (4.) An explosion at a factory in New York wrecked a building and killed two men. (5.) A bomb-shell, thought to be unloaded, was thrown into a Brooklyn foundry furnace, but did not stay there very long; it went out through the windows. No one was hurt. (6.) And there was the usual accident whereby the "thought-it-wasn't-loaded" victim was killed by the discharge of a gun. (7.) The seventh did not explode. Some workmen in a foundry were about to pour the molten iron into the molds, when a slight explosion occurred, which attracted attention and it was opened. The cavity was full of gunpowder. One drop of the molten metal would have caused an awful explosion, probably killing everybody in the building. That the strikers were guilty of the plot was shown by the fact that, instead of crowding about the doors and windows to jeer at the new men, as they

had done on previous days, they remained at a considerable distance. A detective claims to have discovered that the powder was deposited by a committee of three men, to whom the task of wreaking vengeance had been given by their comrades.

"LEFT-EYED SHOOTING."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am an abominably bad shot; and have lately seen what appears to be a plausible explanation of my trouble. It is this, that I am "left-eyed." Forming a ring with my thumb and first finger, and holding my hand a short distance before my face, I "focus" the ring, so that I can see a small object, such as a duck, through it with both eyes open. Now, holding my hand perfectly still and shutting my left eye, I am unable to see the object through the ring with my right eye, but shutting my right eye, I can see it with my left. Hence, I am told, I am "left-eyed," and in order to shoot accurately I must learn to shoot from the left shoulder. Do you think that this is so? And will it pay me to try to learn to shoot left-handed? I should like your opinion.—**INVIDIUS.**

[Our opinion is that the philosopher who was seen peering to see about left-eyedness was a fool. If you can shoot from your right shoulder you certainly cannot from your left. What the experiment you mention has to do with sighting along a gun barrel is more than we can understand, or you either.]

MAINE LARGE GAME.—I have been on a hunt lately in the neighborhood of Bangor, Me., and met many tourists on their way to the Rangeley and Moosehead Lakes. At Portland I learned from undoubted authority that a yearling bull moose had been killed this summer at either Rangeley or Moosehead. I forgot which of the lakes. This was contrary to law, and the rare animal was shot from behind a jack. My informant tells me the slayer was a native of Portland and one that should have known better. I could have been taken to the skin and seen it drying. What is more shameful, I heard of a caribou having been shot at Moosehead this summer a few days, by a tourist, before I left Bangor, Me. I trust these lines may meet the eye of both the worthy gentlemen who participated in this rare illegal sport. The names of the men are only withheld from me on the promise I made to my informants. You may rely on it is true. Moose and caribou are too rare now-days in Maine to be slaughtered out of season as soon as they put their noses into the State. Deer are becoming very plenty in Maine. More have been seen this summer than for twenty years past, notwithstanding "tailing and jack hunting."—**HOMO.**

ANOTHER ANCIENT FIREARM.—Richmond, Va., Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent's story of the long gun he found in a Virginia country store reminds me of a famous old rifle I once saw up in Highland County, of this same State. It is a mistake to suppose that we can shoot any better with our "old fash" arms than our fathers shot before us. The arms may be better, but we certainly do not use them to better purpose. The rifle to which I refer is the property of Mr. William Lockridge, a man well advanced in life. His home is on the Bull Pasture River, in Highland County. The rifle is a flint-lock muzzle-loader and must be over 100 years old. Its present owner has had it more than fifty years. The game which he has killed with it counts up 1,200 deer, besides numbers of wolves, bears, foxes, wild cats and squirrels and *infinitesimally*. The old gaiters' eye is still bright and his arm steady.—**ALBERT.**

SCUMPER, South Carolina, August 24.—Quails, or partridges as they are universally called, are quite plentiful about here. I knew of about fifteen or twenty coveys within two or three miles of our house last season. Some of them, however, were "swamp birds" and would be lost after the first flush. Numbers of them are annually destroyed by the darkies and poor whites with their traps and pens, by one of which a whole covey is sometimes taken at a time. Coons, possums, squirrels and foxes abound in the swamps and woods. Wild cats are sometimes seen. Doves are very plentiful. The nearest good fishing place is the Wateree swamp, about ten miles off. This swamp is about four or five miles wide and is interspersed with bayous or lakes, as they are called. The red water of these lakes abounds in fish of a lighter color and better flavor than those caught in the black water streams.—**R. B. F.**

AN INDIANA GAME CENTER.—Clovefield, Putnam Co., Ind., is reached from Indianapolis, via the Vandalia Railroad, to Greencastle, thence south ten miles, via the L. N. & C. R. R., time four hours from Indianapolis. Hotel Central House, J. J. Lewis, proprietor; rates \$3.50 per week, open the year round. Ducks are hunted in the fall and spring, most plentiful in spring, mostly of the small kinds. A few English snipe in the spring; quail very plentiful in season from Oct. 1 Jan. 1. Permits to shoot will have to be obtained in some localities. Rabbits are very numerous, and are killed during the whole of the winter season. Bass are plentiful in Fall River and Deer Creek. Fishing with the fly is entirely unknown. Squirrels are also plenty. In this region of country modern breech-loaders are entirely unknown.—**J. B. B.**

VIRGINIA SHOOTING GROUNDS.—BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have heard from various sources of the good shooting to be had in Virginia, and as I shall spend a week or so in that State the last of September, I would be obliged if any of your correspondents or subscribers who are acquainted with the country would give me any information concerning it.—**HOWARD.**

[Our correspondent will find excellent quail shooting, we presume, in the vicinity of Bellefonte, Northway county, where game there being deer and turkeys. He is striking out from Norfolk in almost any direction good quail shooting may be had. Excellent shooting is to be had along the Rappahannock River bottoms. Warrenton Springs, Farquhar county, is recommended, as is also Littleton, in Sussex county.]

THE DUCKY DECK FRAMES, made by Mr. F. A. Allen, of Mountmouth, Ill., are by all odds the most effective decoys yet invented. They are ingeniously constructed to support in a life-like position upon the water the dead bird, and every one knows that nothing looks more like a duck alive than a duck dead. The ducks themselves think so, for with the Allen decoys the fowl can be brought within gunshot when all other decoys have failed. Mr. Davis, team and duck shooter and keeper the ways of the ducks, has made and sold 50,000 of the frames and has sold 8,000 of his duck decoys.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., Sept. 2.—Dr. E. C. Bass won the Wendell gold badge at the regular weekly shoot of the Cazenovia Gun Club, held at their grounds Sept. 2, 1891. He is in favor of a third term, and says it is never too late to win. Will Thomas went grouse shooting Sept. 1, and remarks that it is his first and last appearance in the woods. Grouse season opened here yesterday, and the following bags were made: Morse and Dwyer, three grouse; Card and Conn, nine grouse and one woodcock; Brown, Atwell and Webber, eight grouse and one woodcock; Smith and Cruttenberg, seven grouse and five woodcock. Never saw it as dry as now and birds are scarce.—**HAMMILLERS.**

THAT STEAM LAUNCH.—Vicksburg, Miss.—You published some time ago a story of "A Duck Hunt in a Steam Launch." The launch was put in first-rate order and we made several very successful hunts in her. On one such occasion I bagged with my own gun alone twenty-one mallards and four geese, besides other birds which escaped with broken wings.—**ONE OF THE MARQUERS.**

TWO NEW HAMPSHIRE QUERRIES.—BOSTON, Sept. 5.—Will some of your New Hampshire correspondents please inform me through the columns of your excellent paper in what part of New Hampshire good white rabbit shooting can be had, so if the law in that State in regard to sheep compels the owner of a dog to pay damages (if the dog should kill any sheep) provided that the dog is licensed?—**H. P. U.**

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Long Island Forester Club was held at Brooklyn, Thursday evening, September 6. The following officers were elected: Henry Thorpe, President; Chas. M. Edwards, Vice-President; C. W. Field, Secretary, and R. T. Sabu, Treasurer. Messrs. Thorpe, Field and Sabu were appointed as a committee to investigate the credentials of proposed members.

A LARGE WOODCOCK.—Georgetown, Del., Sept. 2.—On Thursday morning Mr. P. B. Hillen was called into the yard of Judge Layton to shoot a woodcock, which was feeding there. Mr. H., it is said, at first thought it was a spring chicken, but his quick eye soon detected the mistake and he "pulled," bringing down the bird, which, when placed upon the scales, was found to weigh twenty-four ounces.—**M. A. M.**

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

FRESH WATER.
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor* and *T. montanus*.
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. pallidus*.
Muscalunge, *Esox nubilus*.
Perch, *Perca flavescens*.
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Silurus americanus*, *S. glanis*, etc.

SALT WATER.
Sea Bass, *Centropristis striata*.
Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Morone saxatilis*.
White Perch, *Morone americana*.
Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
Scup or Porgie, *Stenotomus argenteus*.
Pollock, *Polachius carbonarius*.
Tanner or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis*.
Spanish Mackerel, *Scomber maculatus*.

All fish should be killed the moment they are taken out of the water, not only on account of the inhumanity of allowing them to linger in an agonizing condition, but also because they are liable to die by slow degrees rendering them less valuable, nourishing and conducive to health as food. E. Jesse, Esq., in his work, "Anglers' Rambles," says he always has a large knife with a hammer at the end to kill fish as soon as they are taken. He was so polite, at my request, as to refer me to the cutter who made it; but the knife was large, consequently heavy, and the price high. I had one used very neat and lighter, at less than a quarter the price, and the blow of the hammer on the skull of the fish kills it instantly.—**W. WRIGHT.**

ANGLING IN THE BAY OF QUINTE.

DESEROFOTO, August 20.
SEEING that you oftentimes request communications from your readers, I write to describe this part of the country where I have been enjoying the fresh air and sport for a few days, and trust if any of your numerous readers should come this way that they will enjoy themselves as much as I have.

This place is generally known as Mill Point, is situated at the head of the long reach on the Bay of Quinte (an inlet of Lake Ontario) and about thirty miles from Kingston. The place has two large saw-mills, machine-shop, and a blind factory, flour-mill, shipyard and other industries all in active operation. It is easy of access as boats run from Kingston, Belleville, Napanee, etc., and in the near neighborhood are Hay Bay, Carnahua Bay and the Lake on the Mountain. The two former are well-known as good shooting and fishing resorts in this season; while the latter is a natural wonder, being a lake of about 300 acres in extent situated on the top of a hill some 400 feet above the level of the bay, and without any visible inlet. From the top of the mountain hill, a magnificent view may be had, Lake Ontario, Hay Bay, Carnahua Bay, a large portion of the Bay of Quinte, and the surrounding country being at once in view.

There are numerous good places for camping both up and down the Bay from this place, within easy reach of which may be had excellent fishing at this season. Black bass, pickerel, muskellunge and perch are caught. Last evening your correspondent and I went out with our rods and took six tilt dark, catching ten fish, weighing twenty and a half pounds, the largest four and a half pounds. The evening before two young men caught eighteen weighing fifty-four pounds. Just now the fly, or trolling with either fly or spoon, takes well.

As a place easy of access where good shooting, fishing and camping may be had, the Bay of Quinte takes the lead.

GARNHEART'S LAKE, LOUISIANA.

WOODLAND PLANTATION, WE T. FELICI N. PAI CHI, LA.
LIVING IN New Orleans as I do, I hardly realized there could be within a distance of one hundred and sixty miles a region so rolling as in this parish. Really it is astonishing, the skill that is required by driver and animals to engineer a vehicle up and down the hills in safety. To look up, it seems impossible to make it, and to look back it seems a great achievement. The most interesting of all the rides is to the "Bluff" to see the sunset. One rises so gradually in the course of the ride that it is hard to realize the height one has attained. Suddenly you find your self on the brink of what might have been an inland sea, the margin reaching as far as the eye can range. It is filled with a forest of immense cedar trees covered with moss. In fact, it is what is called, "The Cedar Forest." Below is the swamp land and famous for fishing. Imagine the sensation of overlooking these immense trees, and then a distance above them as great as their height. The view of a sunset at this spot beggars description and we could hardly realize there was any access to the life and forest houses.

Our host, a most sociable and thoughtful bachelor, arranged a fishing party and "fish fry" for us. The morning arrived, and at the darkest hour we were aroused, to be in complete readiness to move by the early light. It was clear and lovely, and the morning star shone brilliantly and was a stranger to most of us. Now the idea was to provide all the breakfast to be made complete by the catching and frying of the fish. "The gentleman of color," who officiated as cook, combined the art of fishing to while away the time before the morning meal. After alighting from the wagon, we descended to the lake by a winding path down the edge of the hill, and it seemed to be the very bottom of a bowl, as we could only see up through the dense foliage to the sky above us. Overhung with trees, quiet, except the noises of birds and insects, the morning hour before the rays of the sun were perceptible, it seemed an enchanted spot indeed. The party scattered to different points. Some went out in dugouts, others took a stand on an old raft in the middle of the lake. On the first morning of the visit Lord Egremont asked Turner what he should like to do, and the great painter replied he would go fishing. The next morning at breakfast Lord E. inquired again what it would please Mr. Turner to do and he replied that, having enjoyed himself so much yesterday, he would go fishing again. On the third morning Lord Egremont thought he would wait for Turner to announce his own plans and was greatly amused when he quietly said he was again going fishing. On the fourth morning Lord E., unable to conceal his anxiety, said: "Well, Mr. Turner, I am only too glad for you to enjoy yourself, but you are talking of going away to-morrow and I felt anxious about the pictures." "Come upstairs to my room," said Turner, "and set your mind at rest." Nothing could exceed the surprise and delight of Lord Egremont when Turner introduced him to two exquisite pictures, painted as he had desired. The great man had risen each morning with the sun, and before breakfast had, by a good day's work, earned his pleasure in fishing.

TURNER'S ANGLING.—Of Turner, the painter, an English writer gives this reminiscence: "Lord Egremont once invited Turner to stay a week at Petworth and paint two pictures for him of some favorite bits of scenery on the estate. On the first morning of his visit Lord Egremont asked Turner what he should like to do, and the great painter replied he would go fishing. The next morning at breakfast Lord E. inquired again what it would please Mr. Turner to do and he replied that, having enjoyed himself so much yesterday, he would go fishing again. On the third morning Lord Egremont thought he would wait for Turner to announce his own plans and was greatly amused when he quietly said he was again going fishing. On the fourth morning Lord E., unable to conceal his anxiety, said: 'Well, Mr. Turner, I am only too glad for you to enjoy yourself, but you are talking of going away to-morrow and I felt anxious about the pictures.' 'Come upstairs to my room,' said Turner, 'and set your mind at rest.' Nothing could exceed the surprise and delight of Lord Egremont when Turner introduced him to two exquisite pictures, painted as he had desired. The great man had risen each morning with the sun, and before breakfast had, by a good day's work, earned his pleasure in fishing."

A FEW TRUTHS.—The *Sunday Call*, of Newark, N. J., has a fisherman upon its staff who is an o'er-seen man, nay, and a philosopher. He formulates certain angling truths which have the merit of containing much that is beyond argument. He says: "All observing anglers will admit that among the most prominent of the natural laws governing fishing the following are incontrovertible: That the biggest always bites on the hook of the biggest duffer. That you have arrived just when the fish have's opped eating for the season. That there's a good place for fishing all the time further up the river. That when you go there you will have of a better place five miles further. That you could cross the continent on just such information if your money held out. That the guides will convince you that you have neglected to provide appropriate tackle, and that they have got just what you need, to sell at a fabulous price. That it will rain and blow, and be too dry, and too warm, and that the water will be too high, and too low, and too muddy, and too clear, everywhere you go. That the largest fish will be the one you lose just at the top of the water. The fishing ain't what it used to be. That you won't go again. That in spite of your resolutions you will be at it again within a week."

CONSERVATION NOTES.—PUTNAM, Aug. 27.—Up here in Windham county, we have our sport just now with the black bass, one fisherman taking 214 in three days' fishing, ranging in weight from one-half to four and a half pounds. They were taken at Webster Pond, a few miles east of this place, by Mr. Jesse Herendeen. Others have taken large strings of bass recently. Messrs. Eric Johnson, Hiram Fenn and John Sharpe, of this place further up the river, from a month's trip to the Rangeley Lakes. They report a fall in the fair fishing, and a gain of about ten pounds each in good solid fishes. A few of the old campers expect to go up to the lakes the last of next month. If so, look out for some of those six-pound trout, for they always bring some home with them, and of which *FOREST AND STREAM* readers will know more about in due time.—**E. T. W.**

FISHWAYS FOR NEW YORK.—OSWEGO, N. Y., Aug. 30.—Leuth-erstocking Club, of this city, had their annual meeting this afternoon to petition the Commissioners of Fisheries to make the specifications for the construction of fishways in the waters of Onondaga and Oswego rivers, and submit them to the Superintendent of Public Works, according to the provisions of an Act passed last winter appropriating \$5,000 for the purpose. The following officers were elected: Dr. G. D. McManus, President; O. L. Osterhout, Vice-President; G. P. Matson, Secretary; Hon. N. W. Nutting, Treasurer; H. C. Tanner, Attorney; C. W. Tanner, G. W. Lyman, W. H. Hall, Oswego; A. E. Ewerick, Fulton; and A. F. Blair, Pulaski. Board of Managers, Hon. F. W. Colligan was elected as honorary member.—**Y. TRIBUNE.**

Subscription Match—200 yards.

At the conclusion of the Winchester match one of the popular subscription matches was opened at 200 yards. It is true off-hand shooting, or "free-handed," as the German riflemen say. The match was won by Captain William E. Fitch with the best 24 possible out of the 25 points. The scores were as follows:

Subsc

William E. Fitch, Bal S.	4	5	5	5	5-24
James I. Mlie, S. M.	4	5	5	6	4-23
William J. Miles, R. S.	4	6	5	5	4-23
C. E. Wendell, S. M.	5	5	4	5	4-23
R. J. White, Bal S.	5	6	4	4	4-23
W. E. Webster, Bal S.	4	4	5	5	4-23
G. H. Chadwick, Bal S.	5	4	5	5	4-22
Charles Croissant, Bal S.	4	4	4	4	4-20
James B. Schuyler, Bal S.	3	5	4	3	5-20
Peter Smith, R. S.	3	4	4	3	4-15

Forty duplicate scores were made.

At the conclusion of the match Capt. Fitch shot a score for a record

At the conclusion of the match Capt. Fitch shot a score for a record and made 48 out of the possible 50, the score standing 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5—48, and being the best score of ten shots at 200 yards ever made on the range. Great preparations are being made by the small-bore men for their visit to Creedmoor at the fall meeting, which commences on the 12th inst.

NEW JER-EY.—The 20th instant will be given up at Brinton Range to an all day military prize meeting. The programme includes the following matches:

1. State Prize for Military Teams: Open to teams of twelve from any regiment, battalion or battery of the National Guard of New Jersey. 200 and 500 yards; position, standing at 200, any with head to the target at 500 yards. 5 rounds at each distance; weapon, the rifle arm. First prize a silk flag, to be held by the winning team; second prize a silver cup, to be held by the winning officer; the prize money to be divided equally among the members of the organization whose team shall win it three times, not necessarily in succession. Won in 1879 by team from Ninth Regiment; won in 1880 by team from Seventh Regiment.

RANGE AND GALLERY

11. Headquarters National Guard Watch; Open to any member of the National Guard of New Jersey in uniform; any military title; 200 and 500 yards; 5 at each distance; 1430; 1 gold badge.

and 300 yards; 1st and 3rd at each distance. Prize—A gold watch, called the "Mott Badge." To be won three times, must necessarily be consecutive, before becoming the property of the winner. Won in 1878 and 1880 by Capt. T. W. Griffith; won in 1889 by Col. J. M. Dart. 11th. Match for the Sterling Badge. Open to any member of the National Guard of New Jersey in uniform; any military rifle; 500 and 500 yards; rounds, 5 at each distance. Prize—A gold badge, presented by Gen Wm. H. Sterling, of N. J., and to be won three times, must necessarily be consecutive, before becoming the property of the winner. Won in 1818 and 1879 by Capt. T. W. Griffith; won in 1880 by Col. J. M. Dart.

IV. Champion Badge, First Brigade, N. G. N. J.: Competition open to all members of the First Brigade of the National Guard of New Jersey; weapon, the military rifle furnished by the State; 20 and 500 yards; rounds, 5 at each distance. First Prize A gold badge presented by Col. I. J. Wardell, N. J., to be won three times, not necessarily consecutive, before becoming the property of the winner. Won in 1878 by Lieut. W. P. Wood; won in 1879 and 1890 by Capt. T. W. Griffith.

by Gen. George A. McClellan, of N. J., will be awarded to the individual making the highest score in the Military Team Match for the State prize, the Headquarters N. G. Match or the match for the "Sterling Badge." This badge to remain in the possession of the winner until the next fall prize meeting of this Association, when it will be placed in competition as may be then directed. Won in 875 by Lieut. W. P. Wood; won in 1876 by Capt. T. W. Griffith; won in 1880 by Pvt. F. M. Ahlre.

BRIXTON, N. J.—The September programme of the New Jersey State Rifle Association embraces the following matches: Sept. 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29, Champion Marksman's Badge of 150, open to all members of the National Guard of New Jersey or members of N. J. S. R. A.; 200 and 500 yards; rounds, five at each distance; gay military rifle;

position, standing at 200 yds., with head towards the target, at 500 yards. A gold badge, value, \$ 5 will be awarded to the competitor who, at the close of the season, shall have won it the greatest number of times. In case of a tie, the highest aggregate score of all the competitions participated in up to that time to decide.

National Guard of New Jersey or members of the N. J. State Rifle Association; 200 yards; position, standing; ten rounds, any military rifle, with out cleaning; twenty entries to constitute a match; entrance fee, \$1; re-entries permitted; three prizes, value, \$5. At the end of ten competitions, or at the close of the season, the prizes will

be awarded to the three competitors who have won the most competitions. Ties to be settled by the greatest aggregate scores made in all competitions, counting one score in each competition.

Regular Prize.—To the highest score in each competition a military rifle (Borchardt pattern); value, \$22.50. Only one military rifle can be won by one person and for this prize final winners of first prize in

Sept. 8, 10, 17 and 24. Whitney Match, for a Whitney ride; value,

530; offered by the Whitney Arms Company; open to all comers; 20 yards; position, standing; ten rounds; any rifle; entrance fee, 50 cents. To be won three times, not necessarily consecutive, before becoming the property of the person winning the same. One-fourth of the entrance money to go to second score, one-sixth to third score and one-twelfth to fourth score.

GREKDMOOR, Sept. 3.—The only match completed to-day was that for the Gen. Hiram Buryea prizes for skinnin'-her furring. It was the second competition and was open to all comers; ride, any except repeaters; 500 to 200 yards; shots not to exceed 20. Competitors assembled at two o'clock, in a large room, the day appointed for the event. A

At the command of the officer the competitor in each squad whose number is called advances to the firing points, halts and loads. At the signal he (together with the rest of the squad) advances in double time until the signal "Halt," when he assumes any position, fires and continues loading and firing in his discretion until the "Forward."

which will be sounded twenty seconds after the signal "Halt," when he again advances in double time. When the competitors arrive at about 200 yards the lifts on each target are signalled by the markers, after which "In retreat" is sounded, when they face about and return, bring as before (carrying their rifles on the right shoulder). Five bullets are expended on each target, the first being a head shot, the second a body shot, and the third a head shot.

points are made advancing and he is retreating. Competitors fire as they please, not to exceed 20 shots in all, but must fire at least one shot at each halt. On their arriving at the 500 yards firing point the firing ceases and the remaining hits on each target are signalled. Five points will be deducted from a competitor's score (1) for each failure to fire at least one shot at each halt, (2) for each shot made after the

Signal "Forward," (3) for each shot found on his target over 20. A competitor firing upon a wrong target will be at once debarred from further competition. Entrance fee, 50 cents for each entry; entries unlimited. The score stood:

	Advance.	Retreat.	Total.
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T J Dolan.....	34	37	73
J S Shepherd.....	29	38	67
J McNevin.....	35	37	62
J L Paulding.....	25	29	54
G W Wingate.....	20	26	46
T T. Irving.....	34	36	70

L. Price.....	24	19	42
W. A. Robertson.....	15	7	22
T. C. McLewee.....	2	17	19

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 25.—The fifth shoot for the Denver trophy won by the New Orleans team last year took place to-day, and was

	300 yards.	200 yards.	100 yards.	Tl.
Enight.....	4 4 4 5 4-21	5 4 3 4 3-19	4 4 5 4 4-21	61
Berkeley.....	4 5 4 3 2-19	5 3 5 4 4-21	4 3 4 4 5-22	60

Verl.	4	4	3	3-17	4	4	4	3-19	3	5	6	6	24-60
Gebl.	3	4	3	3-17	4	4	4	4-20	5	4	5	4	22-59
Spornl.	4	4	4	3-18	4	4	4	4-19	4	5	4	4	21-58
Foult r.	3	2	3	3-14	4	4	4	4-20	4	4	5	4	21-55
Gerte	3	3	2	2-14	5	4	5	3-21	4	4	2	4	19-54
Montgomery	0	4	3	4-15	3	4	3	4-17	4	4	4	4	20-52

Charlton.....3 4 3 6-15 3 4 2 4 3-15 4 4 4 3 4-19-52

This is the second winning for Mr. Knight. Messrs. Gschwind and Spori have also made two winning's each, and should claim one of the three be victorious in the next contest they win the prize. On Friday next the first shoot for positions on the Atlanta team takes place.

NEW YORK RIFLE GALLERY.—The eleventh week of the Ballard match has been a busy one and has developed some new holding. Mr. F. Kolb leads with a total 492 out of a possible 500, and Mr. Gibbs has 491 to his credit. The leading scores up to date at 35 yards, 6 shots, possible 500, 4 scores to win, are:

F Kolb.....	492	J H Brown.....	417
C Gibbs.....	491	H Oehl.....	414
J N Mergenthaler.....	465	E Bennett.....	412
G John6.....	452	E Bart.....	410
Dr Toul.....	481	J Henry.....	406

H Gunther.....	427	W Williams.....	402
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himself of a very severe attack of the gout in New York just before his last voyage by the use of the same remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and, hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After noting so I covered him up snugly in bed and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his stateroom and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him and inquired how he felt. "Like a new man," he answered, with a grateful smile. "I feel no pain and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty. I fancy I'll get up." "No, don't get up to-night," I said, "but let me rub you again with the oil, and in the morning you will be much better able to go above." "All right," he said, laughing. I then applied the

oil again, rubbing his knees, ankles and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went up on deck for a breezy promenade, according to my custom, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, and without his crutches, although he limped in his movements, but without pain. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of our voyage—some four days—applying the oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp spring breeze, and on landing at New York he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting West for his home, that evening. With a bright and grateful smile he welcomed me, and pointing to a little box, carefully done up in thick brown paper, which stood upon the table, he said: "My good friend, can you

guess what that is?" "A present for your sweetheart," I answered. "No," he laughed—"that is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the druggist across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother, which has saved her son's life and restored him to her in health. And with it, I would like to carry you along also, to show her the face of him, without whom, I should probably never have tried it. If you should ever visit the little village of Sedalia, in Missouri, Canfield Townsend and his mother will welcome you to their little home, with hearts full of gratitude, and they will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil unshaken in its silver and gold cases, which will serve as a parlor ornament as well as a memento of our meeting on the Canada steamer."

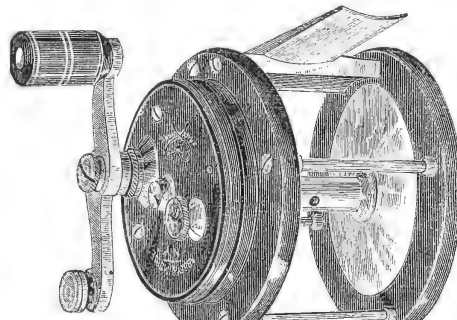
"We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat, with mutual good-will and esteem, and a few days after I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health and containing many grateful expressions of his affectionate regards."

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

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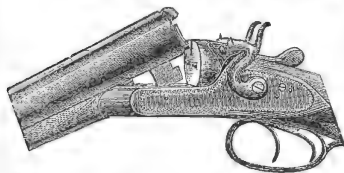
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BEST HEXAGONAL SPLIT BAMBOO FISHING RODS,

As was proved at the Fly-Casting Tournament at Coney Island, June 23.

First prize in Champion Class was won with one of our 10 ft. 9 oz. Bass Rods; length of cast, 75 feet. First prize in Amateur Class was won with one of our 11 ft. 8 oz. Fly Rods; length of cast, 61 1/2 ft. The Sea World Special Prize was won with one of our 1 1/2 ft. 10 oz. General Rods; length of cast, 56 ft. Our rods are considered superior to all others by those who have seen or used them. Send stamp for catalogue, with Mass. Fish and Game Law.

THE NEW EUTEUBROU HAMMER GUN.



I have recently invented a new hammer gun, both in single and double, which is acknowledged to be the best article in the market. All sportsmen agree that the Euteubrou guns for fish, workmanship and shooting qualities are equal to any in the market.

REBORING A SPECIALTY.

C. H. EUTEUBROU,

Hammer and Hammerless Guns made to order.

27 Dock Square, Boston, Mass.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.

Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1881. Prizes: First, \$100; second, \$400, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; \$10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

PECANIO OR ALL-AGED STAKES.

Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, \$250; second, \$100; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; with \$20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBERS' STAKES.
Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

Special prizes to follow others according to their value.



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THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO OWNERS: 1st, \$1000;
2d, \$250; 3d, \$100. For particulars, rules, score cards, &c., address the man-
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 443.]
" * * * This flight so nearly resembles the actual
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practice for flying shooting. We commend all sportsmen
to it with merit."

THE "IMBRIE" BLACK BASS REEL.

STEEL PIVOT AND CUP-CENTRE ACTION, MULTI-
PLYING ADJUSTABLE CLICK.

Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the
dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

No. 1—MASKINONGE SIZE.....\$16
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None genuine without the name of

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CIGARETTES

That stand unrivalled for PURITY. Warranted Free from Drugs or Medication.

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8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

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HOLABIRD Shooting Suits.

Write for circular to

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Keep's Shirts, the Best.

KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily
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KEEP'S KID SLOVES, none better, \$1 per pair.
KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the best.
KEEP'S UMBRELLAS, the strongest.
KEEP'S JEWELRY, rolled gold plate.
KEEP'S NECKWEAR, latest novelties.
KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure,
6 for \$9.
KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, 6 for \$6.50.
KEEP'S SHIRTS delivered free in any part of the
Union.

KEEP'S GOODS ALWAYS THE BEST AND
CHEAPEST.
Money refunded for goods not satisfactory.
Samples and circulars free at any address.

Keep Manufacturing Co.,

631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, N. Y.

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WANTED, POSITION as general superintendent
of a gentleman's estate: thoroughly under-
standing practically farming in all its branches, drain-
ing and reclaiming lands, breeding and raising blood
and grade stock, horses, sheep and swine, rais-
ing of cereals and all root crops, use and applica-
tion of all agricultural machinery, erecting agricul-
tural and horticultural buildings; also practically
all horticultural productions, grapes and
plants under glass; vineyardist and thorough or-
chardist; culture of all vegetables, flower garden-
ing, landscape gardening, lawns, avenues and
planting of thorough executive ability in all de-
partments; keeping accounts. Address QUERCUS,
P. O. Box 781, Orange, New Jersey.

QUERCUS, 11

For Sale.

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE—Main house, 40
by 18 extension, 26 by 18; hardwood finish;
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Price \$8,500; cost \$11,000. Cash. For sale
six acres near two railroads, Closter, N. J. For
sale, 9 acres on western slope of the Pisgahs, Ten-
nisi, N. J. Money loaned to builders. Apply to E. H.
WILHELM, 50 Fulton street, N. Y., between 10 and
12 A. M. Aug. 25, 11

FOR SALE, seven live wild mallard decoy ducks
12 months old, worked two seasons on snipe
and woodcock; has stood some quality; good retriev-
er; a good dog and a real bargain—\$35; handsome
and best. L. S. KENDALL, 45 Winter street,
Boston, Mass.

The Kennel.

FOR SALE, lemon and white Llewellyn setter dog,
22 months old, worked two seasons on snipe
and woodcock; has stood some quality; good retriev-
er; a good dog and a real bargain—\$35; handsome
and best. L. S. KENDALL, 45 Winter street,
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The Kennel.

IMPORTED PURE BRED

English Foxhound Pups.

(1) one bitch, 3 months, by Saucelock and Star-
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Watchman and Venus, from Earl of Macledisland
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FOR SALE, setter pups out of Belle of Nashville
(property of J. Louis Venturie, Esq.) by that
world famous king of the field, Chas. John Joe, Jr.
A rare chance, only a few choice ones to offer, and
sold under guarantee. Just right, now for fall
shootings. Pointers and setters for sale. Address
NASHVILLE KENNEL CLUB, Nashville, Tenn.
Sept. 11

FOR SALE, Blue Belton English setter bitch
Pamie, 3 years old, broke on Quail and Partridge,
and a very valuable blood bitch. Price, if
taken away at once, \$10. Not until I have the
accommodations for her. Lock box 231,
Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Sept. 11

FOR SALE—A dark liver and white pointer dog
puppy, whelped Feb. 1, 1881, by Dr. Smith and
Miss (old George) dog, sire of Sir John's Cardiganshire
of Barker's champion Finches (Ranger's son). The
puppy is offered for sale on account of the owner
having no convenient place for rearing him.
Address HADLEY, P. O. Box 2308, New York city.
Sept. 11

FOR SALE, a handsome red Irish setter dog, 2 1/2
years old; broke on all game; very staunch;
true nose, and a good retriever from both land and
water; sound and healthy; will show him on any
kind of game. Price \$50. CHAS. F. KENNEL, Mon-
treal, N. Y. Sept. 11

\$15 WILL BUY a grandson of J. R. Allen's
1851 Champion Ned; orange and white puppy,
4 months old; strong, stylish and healthy. Will
be purchased at once. W. H. WOODEN, 14 South-
side, Mich. Sept. 11

FOR SALE, one dog and one bitch pup, whelped
July 4, 1881, out of my orange Fido (Dane's son,
now Bailey's Fido) and my black and white
Scott's. P. R. Perry's Fido-Bigelow's 11b. GEO. A.
CULMAN, No. 11 Wesley street, Chelmsford, Mass.
Sept. 11

FOR SALE, a very handsome red Irish setter
bitch, 2 years old; fine pedigree; out of York
and Lyle's; beautifully feathered all over; per-
fectly yad and hot and broken and thrives in the
field; is offered for sale because her present owner
cannot keep her. Will show him on any kind of
game. Price \$50. CHAS. F. KENNEL, Mont-
real, N. Y. Sept. 11

FOX TERRIERS.—The best pair of workers in
America—dog and bitch. Imported; warranted
to be a fox and a badger; in the best of the best
condition; black and tan heads, excellent legs and
feet; game to death. Also, six grand pups from
above. The whole will be sent by train to make
room for other dogs. Price, pedigree, etc., apply to
HUME, Orange C. H., Va. Sept. 11

ROBERT HUME, Orange C. H., Va. the only re-
corded pair of Danes in America (see record of
shows), has two bitches due to pups in October. No
vetting. Write me to procure a pup of this grand
winning strain. Sept. 11

WANTED—Two first-rate bitches of Sensation
or Shapsum's get. Address BOISTALL
KENNEL, Box 199, Morrisstown, New Jersey.
Sept. 11

50 All Gold, Chromo & Lit's Cards (no 5 alike).
Name on, loc. CLINTON BRUCE, Cin-
cinnati, Conn. Sept. 11

The Kennel.
GRAND
International Dog Show,
TO BE HELD AT
LONDON, ONT.,

SEPTEMBER 27, 28, 29 and 30, 1881.

Prize Lists now ready, and can be had of
J. PUDDICOMBE, Sec'y,
OR
CHAS. LINCOLN, Sec'y.
Office, Technisch House, London, Ont.

ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 12.

**FLEAS! FLEAS!
WORMS! WORMS!**

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs
A BANE TO FLEAS-A BOON TO DOGS.
THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animal, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper-box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

Area Nut for Worms in Dogs.
A CERTAIN REMEDY.
Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per box by mail.
Both the above are recommended by ROD AND GUN and FOREST AND STREAM.

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65 Fulton Street, N. Y.
HENRY C. SQUIRES,
1 Cortlandt Street, N. Y.
WIEGEL & DIXON,
359 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Greyhounds.

For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from imported stock. Pedigrees examined and traced. Orders for importation solicited. For circulars or information, address L. C. F. LOTZ, 3315 Lake Ave., Chicago, Ill., or HENNESSY & SEBACH, Chicago Field Kennel, Peru, LaSalle County, Ill.
June 4, 1881

BENEDICT.

FIRST AND SPECIAL NEW YORK, 1881.
Imported black field spaniel at the Stud. Fee, \$25. Mr. Jacobs' strain. Brother to Squaw and Lass o' Devou; brother in blood to Kafir and Zulu. Negro, litter brother to Benedict, was second to Kafir at the West of England show last month. Black, and liver-colored puppies by Benedict for sale. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, White-tone, L. I. June 14, 1881

SETTERS AND SPANIELS FOR SALE. Brown, curly retrievers, from imported stock and (native) English setters; full pedigree. Address: MAX-ASSEL SMITH, Woodford, Mass. Sept. 14, 1881

FOR SALE, one or two pointers and a setter; all good, staunch, thorough bred, well broken dogs; good retrievers. Address: JESS. M. WILTZ, Waverly Kennel, Waverly, Lackawanna Co., Pa. Sept. 14, 1881

FOR SALE CHEAP, a litter of fine Irish setter pups, 10 weeks old, having one cross of Elcho and two of Plunkett. Address: E. J. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn. July 21, 1881

POURTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec. 17, 1881

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Thoroughbred and Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion Rory O'More out of North O'More, Margaret and Pearl. Full pedigree. Address: W. N. CALLEN-DELL, Albany, N. Y. Aug. 11, 1881

A YOUNG, newly-bred liver pointer dog for sale cheap, or will trade for anything in sporting line or a riding bridle. No room to keep or time to use him. C. T. PIERCE, 30 Tiffany place, Brooklyn, L. I. Sept. 11, 1881

FOR SALE, the celebrated black Burdett spaniel "Whisker," whelped Dec. 7, 1878; sire of "Brig," 1st New York; "Fellow's Robt," Adair and "Pansy," McKoon's darkness, Jet and Daisy Dean and many other fine and dark dogs. For printed pedigree and further particulars address, with stamp, to F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y. Sept. 11, 1881

FOR SALE, my partridge-freedom dog Jack, four years old; color, yellow; weight, 30 pounds. This little dog has had over 1,000 partridges shot over him; is sound and healthy and a tough, unerring hunter; price, \$20. CHAS. F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y. Sept. 11, 1881

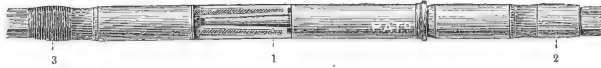
GRAND OPPORTUNITY.—Six bull pups for sale, by "Honnie Bull," second New York, 1881, out of my imported bitch, first New York, 1881. Address: R. M. LIVINGSTON, 16 West 36th Street, New York City. Sept. 11, 1881

A BARGAIN—Highly-bred, very handsome, young pointer dog, is now old; color, liver, with little white on chest; brother to winner of 2nd prize 100 lbs. and 1st prize a few birds shot over him. Price, \$30. Address: W. F. SAGE, Fishkill-on-Hudson, New York. Sept. 11, 1881

STONEHEDGE ON THE DOG.

Price \$3 50.
For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

LEONARD'S Split Bamboo Rods, WITH PATENT WATERPROOF AND PATENT SPLIT FERRULES.



No. 1 SHOWS WATERPROOF CUP IN FERRULE (PATENTED OCTOBER 24, 1878).
This prevents any moisture from reaching the wood, and the ferrule from becoming loose. The constant wetting and drying of the bamboo must rot the wood, and make other makes of rods less durable than Leonard's.

No. 2 SHOWS SPLIT FERRULE (PATENTED SEPTEMBER 3, 1878).
This split thoroughly strengthens where the ferrule is joined to the wood, which is the weakest part of a rod, and where so many of other makes of rods (bamboo especially) break. Mr. Leonard has yet to hear of a single instance of breakage at this point since the PATENT SPLIT FERRULE has been applied. We consider this the GREATEST IMPROVEMENT that has been introduced in rod making since rods have been made.

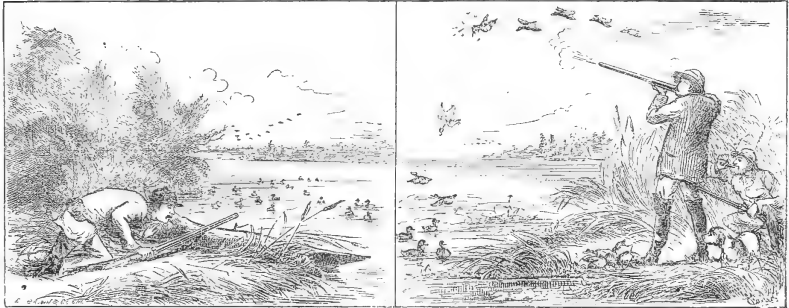
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EVERY ROD WARRANTED.

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WILLIAM MILLS & SON,
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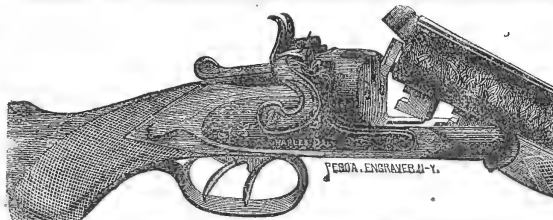
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Is simply a device for holding a dead duck in a natural position in the water, on ice or land, as a decoy. Sent to any address, C. O. D., or on receipt of price, \$4 per dozen. No. 1 for mallards, etc., No. 2 for widgeon, etc., No. 3 for teal. For sale by the trade everywhere, or by F. A. ALLEN, Monmouth, Ills.



AGENTS FOR CARD'S NEW DOUBLE REVOLVING TRAP.
Sewall's Steel Head Shells—Quality guaranteed. Price lower than any other.

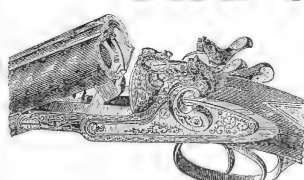
The Daly Gun,
HAS FINER BARRELS,
THE FITTING IS SUPERIOR
To any other Gun
COSTING TWICE THE MONEY.
Shooting Unsurpassed.
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Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.



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Every genuine Colt Club Gun has the rubber heel plate, with the words,

THE CLUB GUN

around a circle, within which appears the rampant Colt beautifully embossed. We are also agents for the celebrated guns of Enos James & Co., Birmingham, and Forchard & Wadsworth's Great Single Breach-Loader. Besides these we offer a small job lot of Wadley Guns and some choice Parker Guns on special terms.

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TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A W Langdale, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champions Lawyer, Batchelor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzie, Louie, Leicester, Limerick, Liba, Lounston, Lena, Lydney, Bobb, Young Bobb, Bessie H., Banness, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. Mar. 1, 1881

FOR SALE, four prize-bred Irish terrier pups, whelped July 1, 1881, out of imported Norah, by Home Ruler. For price, etc., apply to DR. NIVEN, London, Ont.

The Kennel.

GORDON SETTERS.—In order to reduce the Kennel will sell any of the blood bitches and young dogs belonging to the estate of the late Jas. R. Thiley, who, during his lifetime, had spared no pains or expense to bring this strain of dogs up to the very highest standard. They combine the blood of Copelan's imported shot, Moore's imported Grouse, Burrar's imported Ruppert, Stoddard's imported Duke. Parties familiar with Gordons will at once see that this blood can't be beat. Several bitches are now in whelp to Duke of Louisa Valley, by Mr. Moore's Grouse out of Duke. For full quality refer to Col. Albert J. Sloc, Vincennes, Ind.; Mr. H. Malcolm, Baltimore; Col. Jas. Gordon (of Pious Secus?) Pontoon, Miss. Address for full pedigree, etc., GORDON KENNEL, Locust Valley, L. I. Aug. 13, 1881

The Kennel.

NEMASKETT KENNEL, Richmond & Vaughan, Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass. — Sporting & dog boarded, broken and handled by men of experience. Setters, Pointers, Fox Hounds and Beagles trained for their respective work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also, a number of well-trained setters and pointers for sale. Address BOX 333, Middleboro, Mass. H. B. RICHMOND, N. H. VAUGHAN. June 2, 1881

FOR SALE, an English pointer dog 4 years old; liver and white; staunch on all game. Address C. H. CURTIS, Little River, Middle town, Conn. Sept. 13, 1881

—See Kennel Advertisements next page.

The Kennel.

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PRINTING AND COMPILING.
CHEAPER THAN CAN BE DONE BY ANY OTHER
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which does first-class work and guarantees satis-
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VON CULIN PATENT SPIKE COLLAR AND BOOK.
By mail, for \$3.
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IMPERIAL MANGE CURE.

A sure cure for all SKIN DISEASES. For sale by
Druggists and dealers in sportsmen's goods. Price
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TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND,
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exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any
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"PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS."
Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of prin-
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Cockers in the Stud

To a limited number of approved bitches.
BRAGG, black, winner of 1st and special N. Y.
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CHAMPION CHARLIE, liver and white ticked,
winner of 1st and special Leeds, Eng., 1878; 2d N.
Y., 1879; 1st Philadelphia, 1879. For stud fees, pe-
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SPANIEL KENNEL, Claremont, N. H., Lock-box
35. June 1st

BRANDYWINE KENNEL.

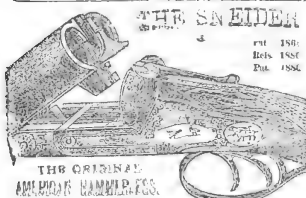
DASHING LION IN THE STUD.

The Import of dog Dashing Lion will serve a lim-
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HARE BEAGLE KENNELS.—For sale, the pro-
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have been hunted since able to follow the dam on
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nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON,
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and puppies, address with stamp, ROBT WALKER,
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GUNS WITH HAMMERS ON OUR GRIP
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SIZES FROM 4 TO 20.
Muzzle-Loaders Altered
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Pin-Fire Guns Altered to Central-Fire.
Stocks Bent to Any Crook.
GUNS BUILT TO SHOOT CLOSE.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

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LYMAN'S PATENT COMBINA-
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Makes a Sporting Rifle perfect. Send for
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Good Ones, \$4 per Dozen.

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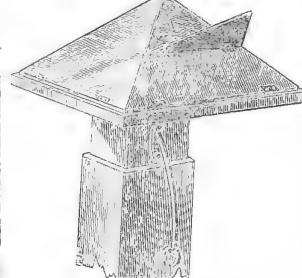
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the head waters of the Kennebec, Penobscot, St.
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\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples
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FITZSIMON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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First-class sporting garments. Designs and price,
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One Price Clothier,
410 7th St., WASHINGTON CITY.
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SELF-CLOSING PLUNGE
TRAPS.

PATENT SELF-CLOSING TRAPS, WITH EXTRA
DOOR TO SHOW WHEN BIRD IS NOT
IN TRAP.
Price per pair, \$25.

This trap is used by all the principal associations
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PARKER BROS., Meriden, Ct.,
MAKERS OF THE WORLD-RENOVED
PARKER BREECH-LOADER.

Send for Catalogue of Gun Implements, etc.

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Trap Shot!

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NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

No. of pellets to oz., 573 472 688 1056 Soft.
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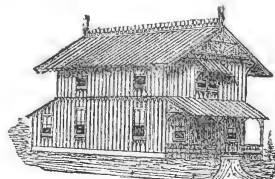
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Pittsfield, Mass. Cuts Free.
Full-Length CUT in this case,
CAMBROUSE CO. \$10; LANCE, in this case, \$8.
Sold everywhere by the Trade.

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MANUFACTURE HOUSES

on an entirely new and novel principle, whereby
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4 1/2 by 8 feet, with floor, one door and four windows,
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THE ONLY ROUTE TO THE
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FAMOUS SUMMER, HEALTH AND GAME RE-
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NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

The waters of the
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and the Michigan North Woods are unsurpassed. If
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contained.
The TROUT abound in the streams, and the
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these waters.

The TROUT season begins May 1 and ends Sept. 1.
The GRAYLING season opens June 1 and ends
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BLACK BASS, PIKE, PICKEREL and MUSCA-
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TAKE YOUR FAMILY WITH YOU. The
scenery of the North Woods and Lakes is very
beautiful. The air is pure, dry and bracing. The
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Hay Fever and Asthma Affections.
The hotel accommodations are excellent, and will
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TICKETS WILL BE SOLD AT LOW RATES, and
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Lakes Again Open.EXCURSION TICKETS
VIA
BOSTON AND MAINE
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Boston to Andover and return.....	\$9.00
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Also tourists' tickets to all Sporting and Pleas-
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Tickets for sale at all principal ticket offices and
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DEPOT, HAYMARKET SQ., BOSTON.
Send for list of excursions.

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UPLAND SHOOTING.

Deer, Partridge, Woodcock, Ducks and
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in fine numbers. Good fishing, boats, dogs and
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TO SPORTSMEN.

The Pennsylvania R. R. Co.

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afforded by their lines for reaching most of the
TROUING PARKS and RACE COURSES in the
Middle States. These lines being CONTINUOUS
FROM ALL IMPORTANT POINTS, avoid the diffi-
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tracks enable STOCK TO BE TRANSPORTED
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THE LINES OF

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GUNNING AND FISHING

In Pennsylvania and New Jersey. EXCURSION
TICKETS are sold at the offices of the Company in
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Also, to

TUCKERTON, BEACH HAVEN, CAPE MAY,
SQUAN, and points on the NEW JERSEY COAST
renowned for SALT WATER SPORT AFTER
FIN AND FEATHER.

L. P. FARMER, Gen'l Pass. Agent,
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THE ROUTE OF THE SPORTSMAN AND ANGLER
TO THE BEST HUNTING AND FISHING
GROUNDS OF VIRGINIA AND
WEST VIRGINIA.

Comprising those of Central and Piedmont Vir-
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bass, pike, pickerel, etc.,
Guns, fishing tackle and one dog for each sports-
man carried free.

The Route of the Tourist,
through the most beautiful and picturesque scenery
of the Virginia Mountains to the White Sulphur
Springs and other famous summer resorts.

The C. & O. R'y. is reached by rail at Huntington,
W. Va., from the West, North-west, and south-west,
at Charlottesville, Va., from the North and East,
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The completion of the Pennsylvania Extension in
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THE ONLY ALL RAIL ROUTE TO THE
"YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL,"

and establishes a continuous rail line, via Rich-
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B. W. FULLER,
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OLD DOMINION LINE.

THE STEAMERS of this line reach some of the
finest waterway and upland shooting sections
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Cabo's Island and points on the Peninsula, Chi-
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Sail Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Leaves, Del., Monday and Thursday at 8 a.
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Wild Fowl Shooting.

SPRINGVILLE HOUSE, R. SPORTSMEN'S RE-
TREAT, SHINNECOCK BAY, L. I.

BY A PRACTICAL GUNNER AND AN OLD
Bayman. Has always on hand the best of
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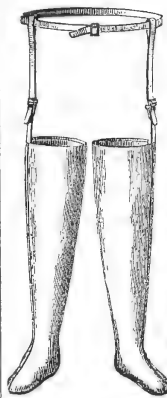
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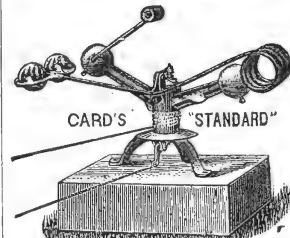
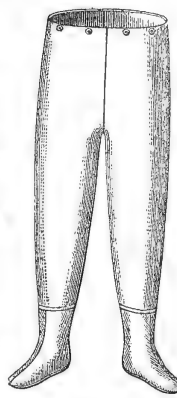
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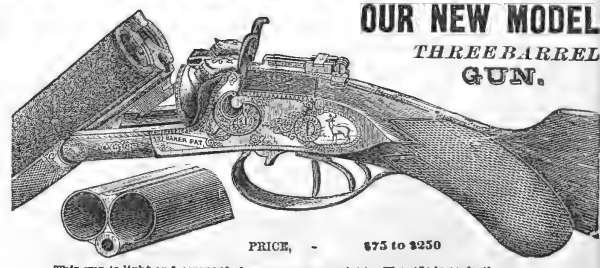
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1881.

Vol. 17—No. 7.
(Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.)

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions.

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Address: Forest and Stream Publishing Co., Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York City.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, September 15.

Specimen copies of the FOREST AND STREAM sent free upon application.

SUPERSTITION LINGERS.—A man in Massachusetts the other day was bitten by a dog and dressed the wound with the hair of the brute that bit him. It did not cure him. A week's argument would not convince some people that the flesh of the snake applied to the wound is not a sure antidote for rattlesnake bite.

THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.—The prospects are that, despite the niggardly holding aloof on the part of the State authorities, the fall meeting now in progress at Creedmoor will record a fair success. Walnut Hill has sent her best shots to make matters lively for the small bore home guard, while the "woodchuck hunters" from the edge of the Adirondack wilderness have come down to see if they can pick up a prize or so from their metropolitan fellows in arms, and if not, at any rate get a point or two on rifle practice. Pennsylvania sends a team for that State prize, and this only makes the absence of New Jersey and Connecticut the more conspicuous. With a promise of fine weather, there is every indication of top scores, and next week the facts of the meeting will be fully set forth in cold type and figures that cannot lie in our columns.

CHIEF among the employments congenial to old age, Cicero cites the tilling of the soil and the pruning of the vine. The peaceful pursuit of agriculture and the quiet of rural surroundings have ever been counted a solace of declining years. Many a man who has striven amid the toilsome scenes of life has, Sir Lancelot-like, found contentment at last in his garden.

Our cities, the bone and sinew of them, are replenished from the country; and deep in the heart of the country-born man ever flows the fond love for the scenes of his boyhood. Its current may seem to lie buried and dormant, but when some mighty convulsion comes it is revealed strong and full. King David, sorely wounded, cried out for a drink from the springs of Bethlehem, his childhood's home; and one of the most pathetic incidents in the long and weary struggle in that darkened room at the White House was when the other day the President begged to be taken back to Mentor, and forgetting the concerns of office and political life, talked of caring for the old farm.

Fortunate are they whose life is so ordered that they may retire to rural life; and thrice happy they who having realized their dream of peaceful years are content!

The telegraph brought to us the other day tidings of the death of a friend whose life of busy toil and commanding influence had been thus rounded with a period of retirement in a Virginia country home where, with the light cares of his estate, the visits of old friends, and the pursuit of his favorite pastime of angling, the days passed into weeks and the weeks into months and years, until the years were merged at length into that which is beyond. Here then was a man who, retired from the world, had gratified his longing for a quiet country life, and whose best eulogy is, that unlike an anchorite, he had wrought well, had done his part, and in his retirement from active duties neither forgot the world nor was forgotten by it.

Alexander Moseley was born in 1809, and had therefore at the time of his death, August 30, 1881, more than filled the three score years and ten allotted to man. For many years the senior editor of the *Richmond Whig*, he had been for more than half a century a leader of public thought and a moulder of public opinion. Withdrawing at two separate intervals from the active duties of his chosen profession, he was led in each instance by the vicissitudes of fortune to resume his work, until some eight years ago, health and strength beginning to fail, he again yielded to his longing for quiet and seclusion and removed to a country farm, with humorous conceit dubbing his abode "The Shanty." One reason which influenced to the selection of this farm in Kent County, was its nearness to fishing ponds and angling streams. Mr. Moseley was much devoted to the pursuit of angling, and made many excursions among the streams in the vicinity. He was deeply and intelligently interested in fishculture, having served with success as one of the first Fish Commissioners of his State; and his fondness for angling increased with his years and with the opportunities for gratifying the taste. His last years were spent in this quiet way at "The Shanty," caring for his farm, writing letters and carving curious pipes for his many friends. Last winter there came from him to the FOREST AND STREAM office, with an article which was published at the time, a box of these fantastic creations of his leisure hours, and one of them lies before us on our table as we write. We shall cherish it with his letters as a reminder of the kindly heart and friendship of Alexander Moseley.

GENERAL BURNSIDE.—The death of General Ambrose E. Burnside on Tuesday morning last at his residence in Bristol, R. I., recalls the fact that he was the first President of the National Rifle Association. He held the post but a short time, other duties so engrossing his attention that he could not devote the care to the subject of rifle shooting which he considered should be paid to it. He appreciated earlier perhaps than any other officer of the army the general lack of efficiency in the art of marksmanship among the rank and file of the regular army, and took every occasion to urge a more thorough system of drill and practice in that direction.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS will oblige us by sending their descriptive catalogues and price lists to this office.

THE State of Tennessee has a fish commission composed of good men who have the interests of the State at heart and have done some work at their own personal expense. But they are now powerless because of the lack of funds at their disposal. Why the Legislature ever created a board of commissioners and then gave them nothing to work with is a comundrum which we cannot answer. The fact of their giving the Governor power to appoint the board shows that they realized that something of the kind was needed, but perhaps they thought that somehow their mere appointment would cause the fish food of the State to increase in some manner, without further action.

Writing at this distance, we are not certain that it is the Legislature which is to blame for this state of affairs; but that the blame rests somewhere is apparent. It cannot be possible that the law-makers of this State want the benefits of fishculture argued before them at this late day, a course which appears as unnecessary to us as it would be to circulate tracts among the farmers on the benefits of cultivating their lands. Certainly the State has public waters which at one time supplied the people with a portion of their food and which can be made to do so again, if properly stocked and protected from destructive modes of fishing and during spawning seasons. But we need not enter into argument on this question—the day for that has passed. The battle has been fought and won, and those who ridiculed fishculture a dozen years ago are silent now in sight of its triumphs.

We have been moved to write this on account of the destruction of the carp in some parts of Tennessee by drought, when a small outlay could have saved them, if the Fish Commissioners had possessed the means. These carp were reared in the National carp ponds and sent to Tennessee at the expense of the Government. The Tennessee Commissioners were at some personal expense—not to speak of their time—in distributing the fish, which have since grown rapidly. In one pond in Sumner County there are several thousand of these imported fish dying from the extreme drought, which is drying the pond. There are certain mottoes, such as "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung," and the one relating to pence and pounds, which might profitably be placed before the eyes of the law-makers of Tennessee.

THE OLD RED ROOSTER.

BEFORE the days when the rage for Asiatic fowls filled the land with great coarse specimens of domestic fowls which do not mature under two years old and then are stringy and tasteless, there existed the old-fashioned red rooster. A cheerful fowl was he, combining the qualities of gallantry, domesticity, beauty and excellence for the table. He is gone! Not a specimen is extant in any of our museums. He has disappeared before a desire for improvement, which, so far from being a real benefit, has displaced a good fowl by Mougolian hybrids until not a barnyard has been spared the pollution.

In place of the gallant fellow whose not distant kinship to the sprightly and toothsome game fowl gave him a brightness of eye and feather and a hardness of wing, we have awkward, fluffy mongrels whose hoarse attempt to crow is a burlesque on the clarion challenge of the old red. These big-footed interlopers are fibrous when brought to pot and stingy on the platter, and as for fat, you might as well try to fatten a threshing machine by running oats through it. The young generation of Americans do not even know the bird of which we write, but those of our readers who have left forty or more milestones on the road of life behind them can call him up well.

The old red rooster never was guilty of the gross ill manners of the Asiatic fowl. He never found a worm and ate it himself after calling his harem to first look at it; but he ever summoned the nearest pullet to the feast and chuckled to see her enjoy it. When a strange dog entered the yard he never fled ignominiously to save his carcass, leaving the females of his family to their fate, as the Cuchins and Brahms do, but presented a bold front to the enemy and fought for them.

Alas! poor fellow, you have gone before the imported hordes of chanticleers, as our song birds are destined to disappear before the European sparrow, and your place is filled

by an ignoble bird. It has been long since your red hackle and graceful tail, with its curled green feathers, has greeted our optics, but, as we journey through unfrequented routes, we hope to come upon some settler's cabin where we may yet behold one of your unpolished descendants mount the rail fence and announce his challenge to the world.

Adieu! The only place we find your picture is where it heads a column in a country newspaper announcing a political victory. There you will be handed down to posterity to be wondered at as a *mura aris*, for your clumsy follower will surely never appeal to an artist's eye as the symbol of victory.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—This organization will hold a special meeting to-day for the purpose of selecting the judges for the trials. It is full time that the names of those who are to judge were made known, and, as the entries close on October 1, the public will receive the information through the sporting press only eight days before that date. This is not time enough. No one should enter a dog either at a bench show or for a field trial without first knowing the names of all the judges.

DOG ASYLUMS.—Paris is to have a dog shelter, and Boston will follow suit. Some time ago we published the details of the Philadelphia institution of this character, and the Boston asylum will be conducted on the same plan. The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has recently been empowered by the State Legislature to establish such a home. We understand that Mr. Nathan Appleton is the promoter of the enterprise. He will receive subscriptions at No. 96 Tremont street, Boston.

"HOPELESS CASES."—A note from the Adirondacks, referring to the many deaths of tourists in the Saranac region this year, says that in almost every instance these were hopeless cases. The invalids had deferred seeking the Adirondack air until it was too late for them to receive any benefit from it. This sad story is repeated in scores and scores of melancholy instances.

THE PORTABLE BOAT AND CANOE INDUSTRY is assuming important proportions. Our advertising pages show that the manufacturers are wide-awake to the increasing demands for the craft. Great perfection of construction has been attained and the advance of the small-boat trade is a notable one. It is in a large measure also an instructive example of the wisdom of advertising a good thing in the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

INDIAN JOURNALISM is yet in its infancy. The specimens which find their way to our table are edited and published by the Indian pupils at Carlisle. The editorials and communications have a healthy tone, despite their mixed English, and are a pleasing evidence that the Carlisle school is doing a good work so far as it goes.

FOREST FIRES have devastated the counties of Huron and Sanilac, in Michigan, nearly ten thousand acres of land having been burned over. Three hundred lives have been lost and fifteen thousand people are left homeless. The country, with ready sympathy and prompt liberality, is responding with funds to aid the sufferers.

SARATOGA HOTEL PROPRIETORS have been interviewed by one of the game protectors of the State, and we understand that one man settled up, as the law provides, to the tune of \$500. Expensive birds out of season.

MR. GEORGE LIGOWSKY, of clay-pigeon fame, was on the staff of Carl Schurz in the war. Mr. Ligowsky is a Pole. The name is one which seems destined to become familiar to sportsmen, as the clay-pigeon is being well received.

A WORD TO EXCHANGERS.—The *FOREST AND STREAM* always gives credit to its exchanges when copying from their columns. Is it too much to ask that a similar courtesy be shown to us by our friends?

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY; and every dog swindle his day, too. The Modoc rascal has come to the end of his rope.

MONETTA, Georgia, Sept. 4, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was glad to see the republication of your article on "The Forester's School of Baiting."

To Herbert, as one of the earliest writers on American field sports, we are indebted, no doubt.

His writings, particularly those on fishing, contained many errors, however; and his style was not the "straight-forward English" of later times.

Is the much-worn phrase, "speck'd beauties," to be traced to Herbert? He was too well-read a man to be responsible for that vulgar one, so often seen of late, "Sir Isaac Walton."

I have a constant delight and surprise at the variety and excellence of your correspondence, and it seems to improve regularly till *FOREST AND STREAM* now is a treasury of sporting literature, natural history and scientific research.

The capture of a thirty-five pound muscogelon in Intermediate Lake on a seven and a half ounce bait, reported in your paper of August 25, seems to me a great angling feat, nearly equal to that of a tarpon weighing 140 pounds on a bass rod in the Indian River, Florida, by Mr. Jones, of Philadelphia, in 1880. This I had from an eye witness of the performance, or, knowing well the immense strength and activity of the fish, I could hardly have credited the story. Very truly yours,

S. C. CLARK.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NOTES FROM LAKE GEORGE.

WHAT do you think of hunting a bear with a steamboat? And yet this was the way one was hunted up here a few days ago. It happened in this way. The little beauty "Horicon" was near Anthony's Nose when the pilot saw something which, on closer examination, proved to be a bear swimming directly across the lake. As the boat neared the object all doubt was dissipated. There, sure enough, was a big black bear making "quick time." A couple of adventurous fellows had already started out from the steamboat in a small boat armed with an axe only, intending to intercept the animal. But warned by the shouts of the pilot not to tackle brain with such a slight weapon they turned back. The boat was then headed directly for the brute with the intention of running him down. As this became manifest to the sagacious animal he turned and put back. The two men who had returned to the steamboat again started out to attack him despite the advice not to do so, and were soon up with him. Bear now adopted different measures. Facing his enemies he swam directly for the boat, and tried to climb in. But as no more passengers were wanted, the over-crowding statute was rigidly enforced, and the boat was saluted with the axe, only a splash would be inflicted, however. It was enough to infuriate him, and again he renewed his attack with flashing eyes and foam-dropping mouth. As he seized the side of the boat with his powerful paws another blow of the axe disabled one of them, and now unable to climb in with one paw he turned his efforts to capsize the boat! The hunters now became the hunted. It was deemed prudent to beat a retreat, and with some difficulty the thoroughly frightened pair got back to the steamboat. The bear pursued them, and was "in and out." Now he began to roar, then the rowers. At last when they climbed back into the steamboat the bear tried to follow. But one of the boat hands, prepared for this, had a rope arranged with a running noose all ready, and with the first throw he cleverly slipped it over the brute's head, and quickly drew it tight. The game was up, and bruin was drawn to the stern of the boat, lashing and tearing the water. Full speed was put on and he was drowned. But to prevent any humberg on the bear's part he was promptly kept in the water until the boat reached the dock. If anybody wants to hunt bears in this fashion I refer him to Mr. F. A. Johnson, of Glen's Falls, who witnessed the hunt, and who can supply particulars as to outfit, etc.

So, you see, there is a spice of adventure left here notwithstanding the conventionalities of society. A party of us ascended Black Mountain one afternoon, taking hammocks, water and provisions for an all-night stay. After a four-mile walk in the ascent of the 2,000 feet, we gained the summit, lighted a camp-fire, supped on eggs *a la hard*, and with a *la moutarde*, but cooked *sans sale*, and imagined ourselves at Delmonico's with real French names for our bill of fare. Night passed joyously, Mentor savagely insisting on sleep for all hands in order to be fresh for the sunrise and the descent in the morning. But, given a girl in a hammock, sleeping out doors in the night on a mountain top, clouds scudding over the moon, stars glowing almost in her face, so near did they seem, and you get but little sleep. *Q. E. D.*

Mentor burnt up fifteen good-sized trees keeping the fire going, furnished hay at half-price intervals, and roused us all for sleep chained its victims at last in the first gleams of sunrise. The glory of the scene, of course, repaid all the labor.

A few nights after two of the gentlemen essayed another peak. But the results were not so satisfactory. The summit was reached at dusk, no time was left to gather wood for a fire, and the shelter of a ravine was sought from the furious winds. The resort proved to be the shelter also of something else, for while the twain were making earnest efforts to light a fire, another Frenchman, sent by the guide, followed by another, before one's wits could be well gathered. The wriggling by of a large snake completed the discomfiture and the rocky top of the mountain became the only safe spot. Morning enabled the chilled pair to find a path down, and mountain climbing suddenly fell below par. One of our best pianists took his hands so badly in this venture that for a while Orpheus politely declined all invitations to play. But he is all right again, and the noble fellow is none the worse for the trip. This adventure very agreeably breaks into the monotony of "cake walks," "romans," "commerce parties," "chops" and the inevitable rut of young society men, and while these last are kept under by the rugged nature yet left around the lake there is more variety to be found here in the way of holiday amusement than in any place in the State. Of course the fishing cannot amount to much where there is a man for every minnow, but nevertheless from fifteen to thirty pounds of black bass, pickerel, yellow perch, etc., can be taken by a good angler in half a day, and this is enough for anybody.

September is the most charming month in the year for a visit to this place, and the summer boarders leave so rapidly that landlords reduce their prices to seven dollars per week. There is nothing to complain of in regard to the price of board at any reason. Good fare and comfortable rooms can be had at from eight to twelve dollars per week, and at these rates all are well satisfied; the guests are merry and the landlords make a nice profit. But, where you are charged more than this, you get less in proportion, and are unfairly dealt with. And the lake is the best place to visit, and the cheapest place, and is charged at three times the price.

The day is rapidly coming when the lake will be one vast boarding house—more is the pity! Now, you can go to the table with an ordinary flannel shirt, but as your snobby New Yorker begins to flock here, with or without his snobbish wife, the old set fade away. The men and women make a brave stand at some of the houses for the old-fashioned plain style, but shoddy will have her full dress volantes, and the "lah-dah-dah!" days generally triumph. Thus, prices go up and comfort goes down, the flannel shirt succumbs to the "romans," and Mrs. Phingor gives way to Mr. and Mrs. Flasher. There is one remedy; get the State to sell the islands which, at present, are occupied mainly by squatters in utter disregard of the people's rights, and settle upon them in your own way of living. Run a railroad from Glen's Falls to the lake, supplanting the present stage monopoly, which is a fantastic burlesque on comfort and convenience and about one hundred years behind the age, and the lake will hold its own, otherwise newer and less conventional resorts will be sought year after year, and the birds of fishing, get tired of this place, Lake George will have had its day. I want any items as to fishing-

grounds, etc., up here, let me know and I will give you ranges and "points," so that you might fish in the dark. Lake George, Sept. 1. ONE HUNDRED ISLANDS.

ADIRONDACK NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me a word from the Adirondacks. I am pleased to know that the Adirondack guides have received a good word through your columns within the past three weeks, and justly thus. In connection with Parker as a guide, they may have suffered somewhat from outside influences, but no further, for all, who are conversant with and know the Adirondack guides, cannot recognize him as a lick. Parker was never recognized as a guide, speaking in a professional manner and was only required under urgent circumstances. A mysterious enshrouds the entire trouble, and there allow it to rest.

The Saranac guides suffer the opprobrium as Adirondack guides in connection with the transaction, and in their behalf one word. I have known them intimately for many, very many years. Their character for honesty and faithfulness in every respect, is without reproach. I would trust them anywhere, and with any amount. And I add for reference, Dr. J. H. Roney, of Keeseville, N. Y., who has employed them for thirty years; Col. T. J. Hoyt, of New York, for twenty years; Mr. J. M. Wiman, of Bergen Point, N. J., for nine years, and many others; but the above gentlemen, well known, I take the liberty to refer to.

The Adirondacks for the past season have been overcrowded. No such rush was anticipated, or preparation would have been made. Another year and every house will be prepared to meet every emergency and every demand made for satisfaction, in every respect.

In regard to the great number of deaths in the Saranac region, I would add that in nearly every case they were hopeless ones, and it was a last resort, and it proved thus; and, as it was anticipated in every case before they left home, therefore no blame can be attached to Doctors Trudo, Roney, Loomis and others to whom advice was applied for.

S. S. N.

SEYMOUR'S ISLAND.

I SAW in your columns inquiries as to the best way to reach the fishing grounds in this part of the world. From Saratoga go to North Creek, thence to Blue Mt. Lake, where you will put up at John Holland's. A more genial, kind and accommodating landlord is not known in the Adirondack Mountains. Mr. Frost, his head clerk, is composed of kindness, and that in no small quantity, for he weighs 250 avoirdupois, and many a tourist, tired and hungry after a ride of thirty miles over a rough road from North Creek, has been comforted by his cheerful smile and hearty welcome, and afterwards a supper as good as to be found there and the refreshing sleep one enjoys in the mountains he will be prepared to enjoy a ride on the lake, and comment on its surroundings.

About half a mile from Holland's is Thatcher's Island occupied by Mr. Boyd and family. A little further down and to the right is Col. Seymour's Island, occupied this season by Mr. Hawk (proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, New York,) and his family, and there let us stop and look around us. The island is one of nature's choicest productions, with its bold front to the south and sloping gradually down to the water's edge on the north. It is heavily timbered with balsam spruce, hemlock, pine and cedar, also white maple, birch and mountain ash in abundance, with foliage so dense you are protected from the rays of the sun at mid-day. Down the centre of this island is a row of tents fitted with every convenience for comfort and health, even to windows of rope cordage opposite every sleeping apartment, through which steal the zephyrs of morning, that freighted with the perfume of the *Nymphs odorata*, mingled with the odor of the balsam, and aided by the ozone of the surrounding mountains, brighten the glow of health on the cheeks of the unconscious sleepers. At the landing is a natural flower garden, where the cardinal flower and the wild rose grow in profusion on the shore, while the arrowweed grows at the margin of the water, and the white water lily pillows its snowy head on the heaving waters of the lake, whence they are daintily plucked by the ladies of the island and transferred to vases, and bloom for days in all their loveliness owing to the gentleness with which they were handled.

But those tents are not closed as early as they lie, neither do the inmates rise with the lark, but are sure to be singing with the nightingale in the evening. An amusing event occurred on the last evening in July, when all were gathered around the camp and song was at its best. Miss Davis was just finishing one of her choicest selections, with bell-like clearness, or as when a tiny silver cord is touched by the hand of some unseen fairy, the sweet melody dying away into far-off dream-land. The spell was broken by noise in the lake and, looking through the trees, we saw three boats from the new Prospect House. This house is filled with guests, some of whom were out with their guides for an evening boat ride and were attracted to Seymour's Island by the full, rich strains of music floating from it on the evening air. When they neared the island and saw so many tents and heard so many voices they concluded they had come upon an island camp-meeting. One old gentleman, who sat with solemn face and uncovered head, not knowing whether the music was human or divine, was soon undeceived by Wm. Penn, who never could keep still for any length of time, striking in and singing, in his clear, full voice, "I love my love, I care not what the world may say." The transformation was sudden in the old man's countenance, which quickly changed from devotion to disappointment, and the last we saw or heard of that party they were turning the point of Thatcher's Island and singing at the top of their voices—

"Pull for the shore, sailor,
Pull for the shore."

The choir broke up for the night, but not before they had planned to ascend old Blue Mountain in the morning.

The morning was cold and rainy, but the ladies and ladies of decision and the gentlemen could not say no, so taking an early breakfast, they started at half-past six in the morning, prepared for the ascent, having for guides James McClelland, Jr., and Bert Proctor.

No accident occurred and all went merry as a marriage bell, but, as they neared the top of the mountain, they were met by parties who were on their way back to Holland's, perfectly discomfited by the rain. The party with whom we saw clouds and rain. A gentleman of the party was long in telling his story, as the rain was dripping from his

garments and his teeth chattering while he talked, and he had much the appearance of a chicken just rescued from a pail of water, with drooping plumage and downcast air.

After passing the descending pedestrians the Hawk party were soon on the summit of the mountain. Though somewhat fatigued, they were well repaid for all their trouble, for at that moment the rain ceased, the clouds cleared away and a more beautiful view was never seen from the top of old Blue Mountain.

Standing on its lofty summit they could overlook a terrific storm in all its majestic grandeur, and hear the crashing sound of the heavenly artillery and watch the lightning which, in its zigzag course, seemed like some fiery monster writhing in the last agonies of death. But as the storm passed off to the east the party were aroused from their reverie by the irrepressible William Prentiss singing in a well-modulated tone:

"Now up, now down, now lurch, now low,
We plodded through the rain,
A brighter or a happier time
May never come again."

The party said they could count fifteen bodies of water from the top of the mountain besides all that had soaked into their garments. After a lunch and two hours' sunshine they started for camp, which they reached in high spirits.

With daily excursions and many adventures to relate in the evening, time passed pleasantly until the 15th of July, when other duties claimed the attention of some of the party so they were forced to leave the scenes where they had passed so many pleasant hours. The vacuum has since been filled by Mr. Samuel Hawk, who presides at the head of his bountiful table, and it appears that all that will come may come and partake of his hospitality. He remains in camp until the last of August, when he leaves for the city, when Wm. S. Hawk will do the honors of the camp. He expects to be joined by other friends. Late in September the party will break camp and start for Saranac Lake by the way of Little Tupper Lake. I will by and by give you an account of their trip.

SARANAC GUIDE.

Blue Mountain Lake, Aug. 20.

(Concluded from Page 104.)

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

NOT waiting for further examination of Mr. Joslin's bare head, I took the opportunity to ask him the missing mare, Kenner and I had ridden rapidly southeast for five miles, hardly exchanging a word; I did not feel at all like talking. I was deeply chagrined at our failure to make the capture and busy with my own thoughts as to how it all came about. James Davis' mare was certainly in the barn and so was his saddle, but was it he who took her away? Was it possible that we had been discovered? Had he, while in the house, even at that late hour, received an intimation of the close proximity of an enemy and in desperate haste fled? Had it all happened so? Had he intended to go at that hour and done so unconscious of his danger? And so, the more I thought of it the more determined I became to fathom the whole thing at an early day.

We found a place to camp away back in the deep woods. Having unsaddled and fed our horses, we talked freely of the night's work and matured plans for the morrow. In the silence of the black woods we talked, ate our hard tack and pork, not daring to build a fire, for we did not know but some scouting parties might be lurking near. However, we were not without our comforts. Rolling up in our saddle blankets, with a saddle for a pillow, we were soon lost to all sound and sense.

The sun was an hour high when we awoke.

It was arranged we should part company there, Kenner to go south and west and work north to Catlett's, but to keep out of that place, gain all the information possible, then return to the command and report; I to strike the vicinity of Bristo Station and thence work toward the Rappahannock, cross as best I could and reach the command, that is if it had again crossed to the south side, which was hardly possible. I kept steadily northeast, keeping sheltered by the woods, traveling, as I had often done before, by compass.

That night I discovered the enemy in considerable force at Bristo Station, showing he had fallen back from near Catlett's and was possibly alarmed that he might be surrounded and captured. Resting my horse and self until about 2 o'clock A. M., I started to find our command; rode cautiously until daylight, then pushed rapidly on to cross the railroad a couple of miles to the south of Catlett's. The position of the enemy's cavalry at Bristo caused me to take, to a certain degree, my back trail. I felt sure the Confederates had left the vicinity of Catlett's, and if so Kenner would know this and then if such were the case, which was highly probable, why could I not make a visit, if even a short one, and thus combine pleasure with duty and at the same time know what I was burning to know—why I had not captured the man who rode James Davis' mare?

Hiding along the edge of the woods back of Mr. Joslin's house, I met the black man, Tom. I questioned him closely, knowing I would get the truth. He had not seen James Davis; "fo' de Lawd Mars James hadn't done bin dar sence de battle at Bristo." It was enough.

I went directly to the house; I entered and was greeted warmly by all. The clock struck two; I felt safe. I determined to spend the remainder of the afternoon and travel that night toward the command. Yes, James had been there, so Miss Lucy said; had told them all about capturing me, etc. "saw" said Lucy, "he left here suddenly at about 1 o'clock night before last. He and I were sitting here by this window talking. Suddenly he went to the door, quietly opened it and looked over toward the barn. Telling me to wait a moment, he disappeared in the direction of the barn. I could not imagine why he went to the barn unless it was to look after his mare. I sat looking out toward the barn for possibly ten minutes, when I heard the barn-yard gate open and James crossed the road, leading 'Corn' and saying he must go on once. He rode away as lively pace up the road." I held my peace. I did not tell them anything I knew, still it was only a partial explanation. He came in the night quietly and left in the night suddenly. Tom had not seen him at all.

And now I come to that part of these adventures, if so I may call them, wherein the ending was as near as it could have been without being a bloody tragedy.

It had struck three. Mrs. Joslin and Lucy were in the spring house, Mabel and I sat in the parlor. I was on a stool at the rear of the dining-room (the dining-room) and at the end of the piano. Mabel sat on the piano-stool, facing me almost, and slightly between me and the door. Suddenly a man's step sounded on the dining-room floor, and—James

Davis stood in the doorway. The recognition was instantaneous, mutual. Revolvers leaped in the air, accompanied by an ominous clicking, and we covered each other almost at the same time.

"You are my prisoner," I cried.

Mabel gave one frightened look and jumped between the leveled pistols, crying, "Don't shoot; for God's sake don't kill each other. Are you real men?—are you gentlemen?—that you would dishonor with blood the house that has welcomed you and sheltered you?" It was all done in so few seconds—pistols were slowly lowered; shame came upon us.

"Have you friends with you?" I asked of him.

"No, sir."

"Quits. I am alone also."

Mabel seized my arm and Lucy, rushing in, seized Davis. "Well, Mr. Dick," said he, "I reckon we are both captured."

We shook hands. Like myself, Davis could not resist the temptation of making a call at the Joslins'. Conversation became general; Davis and I declared a truce for twelve hours and sat amicably at tea. And then he explained the mystery. He saw the uncertain light in the barn, thought at first that the barn was on fire and went to examine. He opened the small door almost in the rear of his horse, when he distinctly heard some one leave the barn, or else come in. He waited and listened a long time and, hearing nothing, determined to go in and get his horse; said he did not feel right about the situation and concluded to leave any way. So mutual explanations occurred on both sides. We parted that night with mutual good wishes and a warm grasp of the hand. He took his way, I mine.

Although I scouted through that country much after these events, I never met him again. We both, by mutual consent—a tacit agreement—did not visit Joslin's unless, indeed, the forces of either were near in goodly numbers. But I never forgot those good people and I lived to see the day when I shot quail over "Rab" and enjoyed the hospitalities of the house untrammelled by a war cloud. After the surrender and when gentle peace had come, I spent many happy days at their guest.

James Davis lived to marry Miss Lucy. The last I knew of them they were in West Virginia, doing well. But as for myself—well, that tale cannot be told. "All's well that ends well." It ended well and therefore must be well.

DICK SWIVELLER.

FLORIDA AS A SUMMER RESORT.—San Mateo, Fla., Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our weather in Florida since September came is very beautiful—mercury rarely above 90 degrees, and seldom up to that point; pleasant, bright days with plenty of air stirring, splendid moonlight nights, cool and delightful. Never think of Florida as "proportionately hot" when you are "roasting." A letter received in early summer from Central New York said, "Mercury nearly at 100 degrees. What must it be with you?" That same day it was about 85 degrees with us.

O. R. T.

Sportsmen's Wives should not fail to purchase their scissors from C. L. Ritzmann, 914 Broadway, New York.—*Adm.*

Natural History.

CLOGGED FEET OF YOUNG PARTRIDGE.

THE annexed weird and uncanny-looking engraving is an exact representation, natural size, of the remains of a young partridge found a short time since by a correspondent. The bird was obviously destroyed by its inability to drag about the mass of clay which had adhered to the left foot. It is difficult to imagine the manner in which so immature a bird could have existed so long as it did with such an incumbrance attached to it and impeding its progress. These balls on the feet commence on the claws, which become separately incrustated, and they increase by what a botanist would term an exogenous mode of growth, layer after layer being deposited until the mass attains a considerable size. In the present instance the weight of the clay in the dry state is almost exactly an ounce. This weight would have been considerably increased by the amount of moisture present when the bird was alive.

Were such a weight attached suddenly to so small a bird it would be quite incapacitated from active locomotion; but the gradual and slow increase day by day enabled the



animal to become habituated to the incumbrance, and to survive, though obviously with great discomfort, until it had attained the size depicted.

The right wing conceals the skeleton of the animal, which was intact, the flesh having been removed by the maggots of the blow-fly—whose universal and useful scavengers of exposed animal remains.

In poultry-yards and pigeon-houses similar instances to the one represented above not unfrequently occur; but the case is so interesting an illustration of the struggle for life under unfavorable conditions that I have thought it worthy of being illustrated by an engraving; and I beg to return my thanks to the gentleman who kindly forwarded it.—W. B. TROSTEL, in *London Field*.

HABITS OF THE ALLIGATOR.

TO the student of natural history, or those of inquiring turn of mind, it is interesting to note the character and habits of the American crocodile.

Perchance the reader will question whether the huge and ugly reptile really has a character.

We will not debate that question now while the weather is so warm. Perhaps he has no morals even; but having been among them rather more than less for five years, I venture the assertion that he at least has habits of a most positive nature, and think my position on that point is invulnerable. I propose to defend it, at least, and if vanquished, will gracefully retire.

The brain or nerve center of a twelve foot alligator, is hardly as large as a man's thumb; still he does sharp things sometimes and the hunter may steal a march on the timid, watchful deer or wild turkey as easily as he can approach this scaly monster-looking reptile without being observed. It does not follow, though, that he is as dilatory to capture, for often when lying on the bank your boat may glide up within a few feet before he makes the plunge for deep water, or they may remain quiet while you pass near enough to touch them with an oar. The expression of his eye, however, and a very slight motion of his head, reveals to a close observer that he is not quite *sans froid*, and any sudden demonstration about the boat is liable to start him; and then, having decided to go, nothing less than a well directed bullet will check the impetuous charge, though he may come in contact with and nearly capsize the craft in his headlong rush for the bottom of the river. Where they are often disturbed by passing boats, they become very wild and one must be a crack shot with the rifle to have much success with them. They are confirmed cannibals, and as a measure of self-preservation, the young are compelled to avoid the company of those that are grown.

The alligator is fond of fresh fish, and the black bass, (called trout in the South) seems to be his favorite. In dark water he is really skilful if not artistic in taking them. One method is to remain slow and wait a few feet from the bank, stopping in favorable locations to open his jaws above the water and bring his tail around slowly toward his head on the same nearest shore. The frequent result of this maneuver is that the fish, when it feels the commotion in the water caused by the moving tail, takes alarm, and leaps from its native element to escape the unseen foe, but sometimes only to become a victim of the terrible jaws which close on it like a steel trap.

People who have noticed the habits of the black bass in Florida are aware that when feeding they often operate in large numbers together and make short work of any unfortunate school of minnows or small fish that come in their way. Alligators, where numerous, often adopt a similar plan of operation, and then the bass must suffer in his turn: the alligators swimming about among them and each individual taking what he can get as the fish leap from the water to escape the supposed danger from the long moving tails of the reptiles. This jumping habit of the bass, by the way, often puts the canoeist in possession of fresh fish, *ad hoc* *causes*, for the bass, alarmed by the dip of the oar, they, in making the leap, had plunged into the boat. In that way I have secured as fine fish as I ever caught with the fly or spoon.

When collected in large numbers the alligators are very bold, and show more curiosity at the presence of a boat. On one occasion I rolled seventeen very large ones as fast as I could shoot, and left nearly twice that number that were of no use to me.

To suppose that "a large alligator is never killed at the first shot" is a mistake. One big properly directed bullet will answer. If a party of hunters boast that they required nine balls to quiet their game it indicates a lack of marksmanship, or else that their arms were inferior.

Of all the appetites that of the alligator is probably the most indiscriminate. They will catch turtles, and the immense strength in their jaws enable them to crush the shells before swallowing them. They are excessively fond of dogs, but the average Florida canine seems well aware of that fact, and is constantly on the alert when his duties require him to swim or pass through low grounds, where dogs are so often object of his lurking, yet many of them are caught, and the old Floridian is frequently heard lamenting the loss of "the best hog-dog in Floridy." Many hogs are also destroyed in newly settled regions, and young cattle are sometimes victimized; even grown cows have been attacked by the largest of these vicious reptiles, and severely injured if not killed outright. I found in the stomach of one alligator the hoofs of a nearly half-grown bovine, a number of the indigestible bones or shields from the heads of black bass, the bones and complete set of ten rattles of the diamond rattlesnake, several abraded pieces of wood, sections of cypress limbs, etc. But why do they swallow chunks of wood? Is it for the same purpose that the hen takes gravel? I never knew them to indulge in any other kind of vegetable diet. Inherent in their habits they explore lagoons, make long journeys, sometimes overland from one river or lake to another. The walk of a muscovy duck is graceful when compared with the pedestrian efforts of an alligator.

His travels are slow, and his gait is awkward, but we cannot say the same of his evolutions when in the water.

The way he snatches a boat through the water when harpooned or snared suggests the idea of a mule race at the other end of the line. Probably before he is overpowered or dispatched he will make things lively on board by reeling the line upon his body, and unless well handled may pile himself aboard or turn the craft over. A light, frail boat will be in danger, too, from his powerful jaws. Repeatedly they have splinters as large as my fingers from the head of my yellow pine skiff. Good nerve and promptness on the part of the hunter will usually avert disaster, though taking them by this method is somewhat dangerous, and the best employed ought to be a good strong one. Other requisites are a half-inch line, ten to fifteen yards long. Once end fastened to bow of the boat, and the other to a fifteen-inch harpoon, which is used by means of a staff similar to the ordinary spear or gig pole, said staff to be detached the instant after the alligator is stuck or, of course, it would be broken in the *melee* that follows. The secret may be in the harpoon or in the staff, or in the use of destructive weapons, as guns, pistols, axes and hatchets completes the outfit.

In the spring of the year fierce battles often occur between the males, in which they get severely punished. "Catch as catch can" embodies the rules of the fight, and, having latched, a lively flouncing, whirling and twisting, with savage blows from the powerful tails, makes things interesting for all concerned, and the water is lashed to a foam.

made a good start for a full bag. About a mile from camp we came to a high hill, with open woods on every side. Concealing ourselves in a fallen tree-top, at a point from which we could see two hundred yards in every direction, I felt sure we would bring up a gobbler before sundown, especially since I knew this hill to be a favorite range in the spring time.

A slight rain while without any response. Then I tried gobbling. (Success!) One of the few men in this State who can gobble successfully. My first effort was successful, for some three hundred yards off two turkeys gobbled their loudest. In a few moments we saw them coming toward us in a full trot, the front one holding his wings down in a sort of half strut. I whispered to F. to cock both barrels and wait until I fired, then to try them both on the remaining turkey, if necessary. F. was a good wing shot, and I felt sure he would bag his game. On they came, one of them fully thirty feet in advance of the other. Waiting until the front one came within twenty-five yards of us, I whistled and brought both to a full stop. I fired at the one furthest off, and dropped him in his tracks. F. let drive the first barrel at the other one. He staggered and fluttered, I think, with a fatal shot; but he didn't die fast enough for F., so he fired into him again and settled him forever. I don't think I ever saw a finer turkey but once, and I am sure I never saw a prouder man than my friend.

Concluding that we had had enough glory for one day, and now being quite late, we return to camp.

A farmer, a farmer, living a mile away, came down to chat with us a while. During his stay, he told us that he heard turkeys gobbling that evening back of his field, and that whenever he heard them at two or three evenings he always heard them near the mornings following; so he felt sure the ones he heard in the evening roosted near his field. He was quite certain that they usually roosted in some large oak trees which grew on a steep hill side, a place very easily found, as a path ran near by.

Waking up about two hours before day the next morning F. and I started for the place in the hope of finding the turkeys by moonlight. Arriving at the place designated by the farmer we got down and commenced hatching our horses; during which the owls in the creek bottom half a mile off began one of their pandemoniac concerts, and to our amazement a turkey gobbled near them. Once before I had heard a turkey gobble on a moonlight night, but that was where they were very plentiful and but seldom hunted. This did not cause us to change our programme, but we went right on and looked for the timber on the hill side. It was surely a fine place for turkeys, but they were not there. Meanwhile the owls kept hooting and the turkey in the bottom kept gobbling. At my suggestion we concluded to "go for him." Leaving our horses at the edge of the bottom we walked in. When about a hundred yards from the turkey we came to the creek, which was too wide to jump across, but a small log was near by. On proposing to cross on this I was astonished to hear F. say that he could not walk a log in day time much less at night. The only thing then we had to do was to take a shot gun and go after the turkey. This I did in a few minutes, and with "many a flutter" he came to the ground.

We concluded to separate, F. going back to the place which he had hunted to wait until day, feeling assured that the turkeys could not be far off, and he was not disappointed. I went down the creek a mile, then struck out into the hills. Before I had gone as far as I wished I heard the red birds begin to whistle, and I knew day was breaking. Going a little further I happened to scare out of a tree, and almost right over me, a heavy turkey, dropping quickly. I listened for him to light. Soon I heard him strike in a tree a good distance off. Riding in that direction as far as I deemed it prudent I dismounted and hunted for him. He was soon discovered perched in the very top of a small oak tree. It was quite dark yet, but I didn't want to wait, and I knew I had killed many a turkey with my rifle when I had no more light than now, so I fired. Away he flew, but he made an awful fuss. I knew he was badly shot, so I listened, and in a moment heard him strike the ground. It was no trouble to me, as he did not fly more than a hundred and fifty yards.

By this time I heard turkeys gobbling in several directions, but none seemed nearer than a mile. On arriving near two I saw it was too light to get a shot on the roost, so I resorted to the best plan any man ever tried for killing a turkey in gobbling time. I went out on the very crest of the hill in which the turkeys roosted. Concealing myself, I gave a low, soft yelp or two. The gobblers both rattled loudly. I knew right away that I had fixed my man. In a moment I heard one fly, and then I saw him light within thirty yards of me. On comes the other one, but he dropped down further off. It was too dark yet to shoot at heads, so I fired at the body of the one near me, and down he came.

Loading quickly, I slipped around and headed off the other gobbler four hundred yards from where I shot. I yelled; he strutted but would not gobble. After waiting some time he came in sight but would not come close. He was promptly killed at one hundred and twenty-seven yards. I stepped it. From here I returned to camp to find that F. had killed a young gobbler and had fired at a large one, but didn't hurt him. We concluded to go home, feeling well satisfied with our trip, having killed a deer and nine turkeys, two of which were the first F. had ever bagged.

I am very fond of a "breach-loader" for all small game; but when I go after turkeys or deer, I prefer the old rifle, a muzzle-loader, with which I have killed hundreds of deer and turkeys.

TEXAS.

ROASTED WOODCHUCK.—The Postman, in your issue of Sept. 8, is not the only one who knows the flavor of woodchuck when well roasted. The first one I ever cooked was about eight years ago, during a trip with team and camping outfit through the State of New Hampshire. We had stopped for the night at a place about five miles west of Deerfield. One hundred and thirty miles from the place we had been, I was hungry, and I had a good idea of what a woodchuck was. I was dressed, stuffed and cooked him, using an open tin baker set before a hot fire of hard wood coals (by the way we could bake biscuit in that same baker in ten minutes.) We baked well with salt pork cut in three slices, and did wait till our game was done brown; but with the savory roast-pig-like odor, it was a big strain on the patience. One fall before that while camped near the head waters of Passadunkong Stream in Maine, we had a fine rabbit boiled ten minutes with onion and turned a lesson. But our woodchuck was well roasted. Was it good? I only wish that the Postman could have been there. The meat was rich, juicy and delicious. It was just like every other woodchuck we have roasted since, and we always eat them while in camp; and we go on our regular fall hunt every year.—H. L. M.

WILD TURKEY CALLS.

MILLSBORO, PA., Sept. 6.

"Keouk" in the last number of the *FOREST AND STREAM* asks about turkey calls. Having had some experience in the matter, we may perhaps impart some information, but it is doubtful if "Keouk" or any one else will ever learn a certain method to call up a wild turkey. The instrument adopted by us is the little horn with a stem three or four inches in length. We have used the turkey bone to good advantage, but found it too severe on the lips; and the hand should be used to cover the end of the bone in order to give the note that far-off sound so necessary when the birds are wary. We have used scrapers of many patterns, but have found them wanting in one or more particulars, and have discarded them. A common clay pipe scraped on a piece of slate makes as good a sound as any scraper, if properly handled. The best caller we ever met called with his mouth only; he somehow twisted his head to the right and downward, twisted his mouth to one side of his face, and, placing one finger to the side of his nose, pushed it over to the other side and gave forth the call of a turkey. As the occasion might require, he could do the old hen or the old gobbler up to nature, or imitate the young birds to perfection. That boy would be worth five dollars a day to any one wanting a day among the turkeys.

We use the horn; all things considered, it is the best when an instrument must be used. As to the style, tone and number of yelps, we invariably leave that for the birds to decide. We do as they do; if they make three or four yelps we do the same; if they make one yelp, we come down to their figure; if they call cautiously and shy, we do likewise; in fact, we imitate their call. In case that we suspect that turkeys are about and are too shy to call, which often occurs late in the season, we come the old hen on them, and most likely the bird will come, unless it be the old hen herself; as to that we cannot say. The mother turkey's call will generally bring the answer, and is the best to start a stray youngster to yelping, or will even make the father of the flock come to bag. We would advise "Keouk," or any one else so inclined, to visit the turkey hen and learn. She may now be found surrounded by her numerous family. Scatter that family well and listen to her plaintive note. If a wild brood is not at hand, go to her tame sisters and cousins and aunts, and have your farmer friend scare the flock badly, and you will hear the mother's note. She knows how to do it as well as her timid relative of the woods. It is made up of two or three long, fine, plaintive whistles, finished up with two or more coarser notes. Turkeys do not, however, always call alike, and there is as great a difference in their voices as in the voices of many. Sometimes the sound is cracked and grating, sometimes it has a bold, metallic ring, and sometimes it is quite subdued. We have heard them give from one to a great many yelps. Times, circumstances, flocks and individuals differ widely, and the hunter must, if he wants to bag the bird, come down to his whims.

Sometimes a flock can be walked into and the birds do not seem surprised very much—they even appear in no hurry to get away, but they do get away pretty quick, anyhow. A flock of turkeys, knowing that they are pursued by either dog or man, will generally run the distance, and not unless forced to do so, and if they do fly they will nearly all take the same or nearly the same course, and no calling, however good, will bring them back. If one bird should get astray, that one may be called in; if a flock is surprised and quickly scattered in all directions, they may be called back; in fact, some of the birds will come back without being called at all. It is next to impossible to call up a turkey after he has seen the hunter; therefore the hunter should be well hidden and not move until he is sure he has the bird near enough to kill him. We hunt turkeys with a "yaller dog." Our dog gives no tongue until she gets into the midst of the flock. She leaves none upon the ground, and usually, when she is done with them, they are well scattered, and some of them can be called in and bagged. Sometimes a number of birds will take to the trees; we would prefer that they would not, as they are hard to approach, and will certainly see us, which lessens our chance of making a good bag. Sometimes one or more of the treeing birds will see the hunter make his bid, and flutters, and when a "yaller dog" made this bird will sing out, "Pee, pee, pee," very low and somewhat long drawn, and as long as that bird is there none of the rest will move or utter a sound in reply to the hunter's call; and even after the fellow has been driven off or shot the chances for bagging a turkey out of that flock, for the dog being, as slim. When a flock is scattered we secure the dog and hide ourselves and dog where the dog struck the birds as near as we can tell. When everything is quieted down we try to hear the call very carefully; by an "eye" again, until we either get a reply or are convinced that none are coming. In the latter case we get the dog to stir them up again, if possible. If not found we try the next best new ground and new flocks.

We have failed many a time, and always promised to do better next time; we have, however, brought to bag four or five at one sitting and out of one flock, and we think that glory enough for one day—and turkey enough, too.

Noise does not seem to affect turkeys, but the sight of man or dog will generally scare them. A black smoke screen, their suspicion, and they can see a black coat or hat quicker than any other garment worn by man. They can carry off more shot than most men would imagine possible, and unless the head or neck is riddled they will get away with a handful of shot. We use No. 4 shot, and find it to answer the purpose well. We hunt turkeys on high ground, not on the tops of the mountains, but just below the tops. We seldom meet them upon flat or low ground. They do sometimes come down to the fields to feed, but they come with their eyes open, and seldom lose any of their number. They are a wary bird.

We think turkey hunting fine sport, and have never seen any one who was not well pleased after a day among the turkeys, when things were done according to instructions and no blunders made. We have never baited turkeys with the purpose of killing them. We have never hunted them in spring, when all good turkeys should be hunting a mate and housekeeping, and all good sportsmen should let them alone. No game should be hunted between January 1 and September 1.

C. X.

SARAS, Miss., Sept. 4.—I notice "Keouk" in this week's issue asks how to call turkeys. From his letter it is my opinion that he gets little excited and calls too fast and loud, which was for a long time my fault. I have often been squirrel hunting in the creek-bottoms of Carroll and Benton counties, Tennessee, where I would flush a fine dove of turkeys. After waiting a reasonable length of time I would

build me a blind of old chunks of logs and brush, and with caller I began to fool the poor creatures, but the fooling would not last long because at about the second or third answer my excitement would be at such a pitch that I would strain myself to bring them just a little faster, and consequently would "yelp" too long and frequently, and scare the turkeys off. But I have found that a turkey is not at all easily deceived—at least such has been my experience.

My way now is when I scatter or flush a drove, first to get them well separated, then to build my blind not far from where I flushed them, to wait about forty-five minutes or an hour, and then call slow and low, and with not more than three or four "yelps." When I get an "answer" I keep perfectly composed, and am fully ready for an emergency. The next time I call I am careful not to make the note too loud or frequent. A turkey has a splendid car.

When the turkey gets within 200 or 300 yards he gradually stops calling, and reconnoiters for danger, especially if he is an old gobbler, and he is just as apt to put in an appearance on the opposite side from that expected as otherwise. Then is the time to hold your piece of horn or bone away from your mouth, and not try to call, for if you do, nine times in ten you lose your chance for baked turkey. Now is the critical moment, but if you are bound to call or die from impatience, call just twice and loud enough to be heard about forty yards, but it is much the most sure to keep silent. If the turkey is not assured that it is one of his companions he will come up through curiosity to see what you are. I have had old gobblers in the spring come within 100 yards of me, and get behind a log or large tree, and there strut and gobble for half or three-quarters of an hour, but I had "been there before," and it was only a question of time as to who could hold out the longest, I or he, and every time the turkey comes to ruin. In the winter and fall you don't have to be near so cautious, as most of the turkeys are young and do not understand the "ropes" as their long-headed forefathers do.

I think if "Keouk" will try my plan he will have better success. I will, if he wishes, explain how to make a "call" for every person with a little practice can fool the smartest old gobbler in the woods with.

W. H. C.

A BADLY SCARED MAN.

CAPTAINS—now of Canada, late of H. M. Service, who is the most orthodox and conventional of British sportsmen, is in the habit of coming South every year for the quail shooting and is fond of relating his first day's experience in Virginia.

The Captain's host, being particularly anxious to insure him sport of the best, with warnings that he was going to take him into a back country where some of the social amenities would have to be sacrificed for the sake of unusually excellent shooting, landed him on a bright November morning in—County, and had a goodly muster of local sportsmen well, if somewhat rudely, armed assembled to do the sporting honors of the neighborhood.

The Captain, though an excellent sportsman, was of that strictly conventional order so often found in the mother-country that like to follow the sports of the field under certain conditions fixed in his own mind, or not at all. His boots must be of a certain description, or they must be worn in a certain way, and he must be in a certain mood. His party must be either two or four—"any other number is absurd." He must be on a particular side of the line, or he cannot shoot. If a companion, who does not know any better or from a spirit of mischief, cuts down a bird in front of him, he is deeply shocked and scandalized—a heinous crime that can never be forgiven. So, when he found himself bestirring a Mexican saddle on top of a mule and going along at a shuffling canter, with six other sportsmen kicking up the dust with all sorts of gait and upon all sorts of quadrupeds, the rustiest and most (to him) unsportsmanlike-looking garments, with powder-horns and shot flasks that he never recollected to have seen before out of old armories and curiosity shops, he felt and looked a miserable man, and could not for the life of him reconcile such crude surroundings with "true sport." Everybody did his best to make him feel at home, as Virginians of all classes always do; but the Captain, having been in a quiet infantry regiment and a non-hunting man, was in agonies upon such a saddle and such a horse.

Some of the sportsmen, who had met together to do honor to the stranger's visit, did not handle their rusty old muzzle-loaders for two or three years. Others were not professed sportsmen at all, or, at best, turkey and squirrel men, and brought, in all good faith and in the highest spirits, the most awful blunderbusses to the fray, with a vague intention of having a frolic and a good time generally. The dogs, too, though each individually excellent—far more excellent, in fact, than they looked to the orthodox sportsmen—were out, in response to their owner's order, to demoralize and endeavor to transform themselves at a moment's notice into hounds or "possum dogs, when they thought that the occasion demanded independence of action.

This was nothing, however, according to the Captain, to the shooting. He declares that at no time during the day at Inkerman and the Alma, in both of which engagements he conducted himself gallantly, was he in one-half the danger that he was upon this memorable occasion. He says his horse, or rather his mule, was a good one, and he was under no special day—or shot from under him would perhaps be the correct term—for the noble charger left the Captain up in the ground, as I made for home with the deliberation and accuracy that only a mule, charged with a load of "pure cussedness" and half an ounce of No. 6 shot, can do.

The roar of musketry that followed the closing up of the column on a devoted covey resounded in his ears for three weeks after the day was over.

By two o'clock two dogs had fallen, one bull and the other a slightly wounded, and a negro boy had been shot twice—both times, fortunately, in the head. The Captain so far had not fired off his gun, as there was no such thing as outside and inside the line, and he had been so engrossingly occupied with ducking and dodging the leaden hail, which he declares fairly filled the air, that so far out of the forty birds (for there were some really good shots out) that had found their way into the bag he could claim none.

He thought he was getting used to it, and would soon be able to walk to get on a bird, when a stray wren got up behind him, was fired at by his next neighbor, who wheeled around for the purpose to utter disregard of sportsman number six, who, with his back to the gun but in a straight line with the bird, was tying his shoe against a fence about fifty yards off. A violent rubbing of the back of the head and a torrent of unparliamentary language from the said number six, was the only result of the shot. The shooter in the meantime, with his hand over his eyes, still marking the

sending bird, quietly observed: "All right, old fellow; I saw you had your back turned toward me when I fired!" The complete unconcern of Indian custom appeared to the Captain to be here distinctly indicated, and put a finishing touch to his already agitated nerves. "The rest of the day he devoted to keeping as near out of shot as common decency would allow, and in the morning was seized with a sudden indisposition that compelled a return to his host's house."

"The Capt'n's a right good fellow," observed one of that famous party to a friend of mine, who was himself hunting in the neighborhood the following year; "but, dorrnmed, if you can get him within a hundred yards of the dogs to save your life."

KINWOOD.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE.

OPEN SEASONS.

The seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table:

States.	Deer.	Woodcock.	Quail.	Ruffed Grouse.	Pinn. Grouse (Partridge).	Wild. Grouse.	Wild Turkey.
Ala.	Oct. 20.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 20.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 20.
Cal.	July 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Col.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Conn.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Del.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
D. C.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Fla.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Ill.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Ind.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Iowa.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Kan.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
La.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Mass.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Mich.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Minn.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Miss.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Mo.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Neb.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Nev.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
N. H.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
N. J.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
N. Mex.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
N. Y.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Ohio.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Pa.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
R. I.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
S. C.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Texas.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Vt.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
W. Va.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Wis.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Wy.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.

Antelope—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb. Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 1.

Caribou—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb. Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 1.

Mountain Sheep—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb. Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 1.

Pronghorn—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb. Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 1.

Reindeer—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb. Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 1.

Squirrel—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb. Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 1.

* In these States there are special county laws. a The deer law applies to sale or possession. b Wildfowl not protected on the coast. c In Upper Peninsula deer season opens Aug. 15. d California quail prohibited to hunt. e In California deer season opens Aug. 1. f Moose and Caribou, Sept. 1. g First open woodcock season begins July 1; will close Aug. 1. h Quail shooting prohibited to Nov. 1, 1882, in counties of Montgomery, Schuylkill, Berks and Albany. i Wildfowl season in Long Island waters opens Oct. 1. h Deer law relates to female deer only.

ARE THEY MONOPOLIES?

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Sept. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The question at issue seems to be conveniently pushed aside by the spokesmen of the opposition, and they rave about railroads, potatoes, etc., etc., as if they had something or other to do with shooting ducks. I simply mentioned railroads in connection with the general tendency of mankind toward monopoly and oppression, but they have no part nor lot in this discussion.

So far, not a solid argument has been used by them; but that modest little organization, the seventy-mile club, has not been heard from yet. Perhaps they will think of something that will utterly convert your humble servant into "anathematised." I am sure that the opening of this "on-pneumatized" that they had the legal right to deprive their brother sportsmen of any share in the pleasures of the field—if they had money enough to accomplish their purpose; but I also have the right to oppose them, and I will, but I mean to do it decently, and not get mad and throw potatoes and ugly epithets, for that would only prove that I had no arguments.

One wicked man calls me a communistic cuss, or words to that effect, and says: "Let everything be in common, and thus return at once to the worst state of barbarism and confusion." Now, that's good! But I'm afraid it was "wrote sarcastic," for that state of barbarism to which he wishes to return is just what we had till the monopolists began their work (though I never saw any "confusion"), and its just what we ought to return to with some modifications.

"X" of Cleveland, says: "There are hundreds of such clubs established all over the United States and Canada by the best of men and for the best of purposes—the protection and preservation of game, etc."

One game preserving club preserve it after it is dead; and if they protect it at all, they protect it from others so that they may have the exclusive privilege of killing it. All endeavors to suppress illegal shooting will meet a hearty response from every one, but not one of these men would raise a finger in that direction except in their own interests. Their motto is: "Protection and preservation of game for our exclusive benefit."

They have a game law in Connecticut, and it permits woodcock shooting from October 1, but in my travels through the State this summer, I was told that lawless

loafers had been shooting them all over the State since the 1st of July, and not a person cares or dares to stop them. It is much worse than no law, but it's the very thing these men advocate for it gives them all the birds. It is pretty well settled that no one but a paid game constable will arrest a man for illegal shooting, and these game clubs are no exception to this rule, except on their own domains.

My antipathy to game clubs is based on their selfishness. They are not content to buy up enough for their purposes, but they want to prevent all other sportsmen from ever having a day's shooting. There are never many members of any club on the grounds at a time, yet they claim jurisdiction over miles upon miles of shooting-ground. My hostility to market-shooters is as great as theirs, and if I had it in my power I would prevent any one from making a business of what ought to be an occasional pleasure. A market-shooter is usually too lazy to work, and is next thing to a vagrant. There is where the destruction of game comes in; and in looking after them, these clubs could find ample scope for their anxiety to preserve and protect game without owning the country for miles around them.

It is generally conceded that to be a Christian or a gentleman, it is necessary to believe in the Golden Rule. Are these advocates of monopoly ready to say the Golden Rule is all bosh? Some of the "best of men" are sportsmen, outside the clubs as well as in them, but the clubs have the money and can snap their fingers at them and ask, "What are you going to do about it?" I furnished them at the start with their only available argument: "We have the right to buy what we please and to do what we please with it."

DITMUS.

WILD RICE.

POUR LOVE, Ont., Sept. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in your issue of September 1st an article by "Lutron," in which he speaks of my rice as being of the small kind. The rice of which I wrote in my letter of the 18th had not fully matured when I pulled it; it had but a very faint sign of a head, and would have grown two or more feet in length. Although the bed from which I pulled the stalk was growing in water six feet or more in depth, yet in the bays and some of the lake beds it grows in less than the same number of inches of water. All the rice in this lake grows from two to six feet above the surface. Night here allow me to state a fact: I never yet saw rice bear seed where the water had gone down to such an extent as to leave the roots dry; it would have a large and apparently well filled head, but upon feeling it you would find the seed vessel had never filled up, and that there was in fact no seed. I have seen places where the mud to the depth of three or more inches had from some cause risen to the surface, bringing the rice bodily and erect with it. In a case of this kind the seed would be good and the stalks large and strong.

Mr. W. F. Whitcher, Commissioner of Fisheries, wrote to me Sept. 5th of some seed—about fifty bushels—he got from me last fall. The following is an extract: "It (the rice) has since appeared very thick and high. I expect a fine crop if the water does not find the seed vessel had never filled up, and that there was in fact no seed. I have had some samples of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan seed, yet none were to be compared to Rice Lake seed."

Most of those desiring rice wait until it is too late in the fall to sow it, and have to wait for spring. It will grow even if planted then, yet Mr. Whitcher and others besides myself have proved by experiments that it is not so sure a crop as it would be if fall planted. To give it a fair chance, at least several bushels should be planted. Wild ducks and geese, and where it comes to the surface and heads up, tame geese and blackbirds will feed upon it, and if only a small quantity has been planted they are almost sure to clean it out. If a larger amount has been sown it gets a chance to sow itself, and once it does that success is assured.

By to-day's mail I send you a sample of rice stalk pulled before it was matured, yet it is very large and has several stalks growing from one root. I also send you sample of new seed, some of which is full one inch in length and very plump.

CHAS. GILCHRIST, Fishery Inspector.

A WILD BUCK IN THE CITY OF VICKSBURG.

IN 1874 I was residing in the city of Vicksburg, Miss., not far from the business centre of the town. The rear of my premises looked out upon the shops of the V. & M. R. R., a couple of hundred yards distant, with an intervening canal and a pond.

One morning before breakfast, when in my back yard, I heard a hue and cry over toward the pond, and I went out, dozen workmen, with hammers, axes and other tools, in pursuit of something, which I supposed to be a fugitive thief or malefactor of some kind. I saw at the same moment a splash in the pond and then the antlers of a buck above the water. The deer swam through the pond and climbed the steep bank on my side, the men running around. I ran into the house and seized my gun, a muzzle-loader, which had been standing some time, loaded with No. 8 shot. When I came out the deer had gone over a spur, down into a small hollow and was making his way over a low wall, toward the Episcopal Rectory, on Cherry street, one of the principal thoroughfares of the town. The rector, Dr. Lord, was in his gallery, in his slippers, reading the morning paper, and was very much astonished at the spectacle. The deer, being very much exhausted, was cornered by his pursuers and I, taking up a close position, snapped both barrels behind his ear. I then took a pistol out of the hand of a negro and shot the buck in the forehead, but his nose being elevated the bullet glanced over without entering the skull. He was then struck on the head with an axe and tumbled over the wall.

The negro, a young man named the carcass, as he had run through their shop and they had found him. I claimed the horns, which I have yet—a very pretty pair.

It seems the deer had been run by hunters out of Big Black Swamp, some twelve miles distant, and got bewildered in the suburbs of the town in an exhausted condition, having been pursued all night by hounds.

MAROONER.

season the old birds are very careful to keep their young hidden in the long grass. A dog is necessary to insure successful sport, but the sportsman will need to be careful to look to the condition of the animal every night, as the "wild harrier" sticks to the coat and, unless removed, draws itself into the flesh and eventually leads to death. Ducks are plentiful wherever there is water. Every pond and little lake you passed swarmed with them, principally mallards and gray ducks. There were, too, black ducks and blue-winged teal of all ages and sizes, from the full-grown ones down to the flappers and the little fellows in their "yellow fluff" but a day or two out of the shell. We could quite understand what a settler would have said when he could not look at a duck in the face. Flocks of all kinds and "snipe also about in places, and in the autumn this must be the sportsman's paradise. A few moose are found in the Pembina Mountains, some of very large size. Elk are more plentiful. At Mountain City we saw the heads of two which were shot last winter within a mile of that place, the horns of one being nearly five feet long. At Pembina Crossing we were told of eighteen having been shot there last winter, and of three having crossed in sight of the stopping place on the morning of the day of our arrival. There were no deer, but we saw both wolves and foxes, one of the former on the banks of the Pembina, not three miles from Brandon. Geese, sand-bill cranes (of which we saw a couple of dozen), and pelicans make up the list of the game which came under our notice."

THE SATURDAY CLUB EATS VENISON.—Last December, Dr. Theophilus Parvin, of Indianapolis, who is an intimate friend of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, sent to the latter a saddle of venison. The characteristic reply from the poet was as follows:

BOSTON, Dec. 28.

My Dear Dr. Parvin:

The venison arrived in perfect order. I suppose that Mrs. Holmes and myself could have feasted on it for a month and found ourselves in good condition at the end of it. But I felt a solemn responsibility in the disposition of such a monumental piece of game, and I thought the best thing I could do was to have it served up at the meeting of our "Saturday Club," which was held yesterday. The club, which included a number of members for more than twenty years, has included, and still includes, many whose names you know. In fact, it has counted so many distinguished persons that I am perhaps a little proud in mentioning the names of those whom we have met or still meet in the large club room at "Parker's" Agassiz, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Sumner, Gov. Andrew, Motley, Chief Justice Gray, Judge Hoar (formerly Attorney-General of the United States), Prof. Pierce (head of the Coast Survey, etc.), President Eliot, Alexander Agassiz, Francis Parkman (historian), Howells, William Hunt (painter), Asa Gray. Is not that a remarkable list? Some, as you know, are dead. Emerson is too old and forgetful to come; Lowell is Minister to England, and so on, but we had President Eliot, Francis Parkman, Judge Hoar, Alexander Agassiz, Prof. Norton, Gibbs and Gurnay, and other persons of name and note less widely known than some of these. I introduced the venison in a very brief speech, telling you sent it and where it came from. Very soon the blazers or blazes—I can't find the word in my dictionary—were adrift all round the table. Then ensued a remarkable silence, each diner being occupied with his volcano for a while, and then with the product of his culinary art. Well, the venison was voted more than excellent. I should say it was the best I ever tasted. The company drank your health with great enthusiasm and loud applause, and I felt that I could not have done better in the disposition of your most acceptable gift. For my own part, I beg you to accept my very sincere thanks, and to assure you of the great pleasure you have afforded me by your kindness which enabled me to extend to others. Believe me, my dear sir, very truly yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

WISCONSIN DEER SLAUGHTERED THE YEAR AROUND.—Chicago.—I have just returned from a two-months' trip through Wisconsin and Michigan, and I was greatly surprised to find that in some parts of the former State the game laws were entirely ignored and openly violated. The open season for deer commences Sept. 15 in Wisconsin, and the hunters take knowledge deer were slaughtered by the hundreds for the months of July and August of this year. Deer meat is kept on hand the year around at the butcher's shop in Peshtigo, Wis., and the citizens of the latter place are never happy except when they are butchering fawns and does out of season. Their plan of shooting is to go out in large parties, accompanied with a score of hounds, and set the dogs on a fresh deer trail. If they are lucky, and they generally are, they run the deer to the river, where pickets are established, and when the deer attempts to swim across he meets with a volley from the sharpshooters and musketeers of the "pickets" which is liable to end his days. In the vicinity of Marinette and Oconto the same state of affairs exists, and unless the game laws of Wisconsin are rigidly enforced the deer will soon be all exterminated.—C. V. T.

ILLINOIS GAME NOTES.—Quincy, Illinois, Sept. 4.—A few days ago, my friend H. S. and I went to Bay Island, a few miles above here, after woodcock; had only about three hours' shooting, and bagged seventeen woodcock, besides three blue wings. We had very high water the spring, and the old seeds were washed up the high, across the shores of the rivers, lakes, and swamps, and covered with a fine growth of grass. We had summer we had yards upon yards of paddy and to go over before we came to the water's edge. This made fine woodcock ground. The birds are plenty, but most of the shots are snap shots, as the birds have but a few yards to go before entering the tall weeds from ten to twelve feet high, resembling a real old-fashioned canebrake. The fall shooting near here will be unusually fine, consisting of quail, prairie chickens, ducks, geese, etc. We also look for good spring snipe shooting.

Over the outlook is even better, especially for fall shooting, including turkey. We are going over there chicken shooting as soon as business permits.—J. A. B.

RARE SCORES.—Chester, Pa., September 11.—Inclosed you will find a score of birds killed for the week ending September 11, 1881, which I think is good:—Sept. 4, B. Harris, 52; C. Goff, 45; Ike Rothwell, 43. Sept. 5, P. Allen, 45; C. Goff, 47; Harris, 34; Driskett, 23; D. Brown, 28; Sept. 6, B. Rump, 23; C. Goff, 47; B. Harris, 41; Rothwell, 38. Sept. 7, Allen, 33; Harris, 48; Rump, 35; S. Preston, 23; C. Goff, 36; D. Brown, 31. Sept. 8, B. Rump, 59; S. Preston, 63; P. Allen, 30; J. Rothwell, 51; B. Harris,

39; D. Brown, 27; J. Miller, 33; B. Drisket, 35; E. Rump, 31. Sept. 9. D. Brown, 35; S. Preston, 45; B. Rump, 31; S. Brown, 53; J. Rothwell, 38; C. Goff, 31; N. Rump, 52; J. Miller, 40; B. Harris, 44; J. Rhoads, 107. Sept. 10. J. Rothwell, 31; B. Harris, 44; Bartleson, 55; P. Brown, 35; S. Preston, 35; B. Rump, 40; C. Goff, 49; J. Preston, 35; N. Rump, 43; S. Brown, 49; J. Miller, 31.

ADDITION GUN CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Audubon Gun Club, for the election of officers for the ensuing year, was held last Monday evening at their club rooms, 31 West Street. The following officers were elected: President, Robert T. Sabin; Vice President, E. J. Schaffenberg; Secretary, Henry Beer; Treasurer, Frank N. Gehring. The club also held their twelfth monthly and final competitive contest for the club medal last Thursday, at Newtown, L. I. Twelve members participated in the match, which, toward the finish, grew quite exciting, from the fact that a tie shot took place between three members, of whom two, Messrs. P. Post and R. T. Sabin, had each won the medal three times during the year. Finally, after four ties had been shot off, Mr. Post won the medal. —LA GAZ.

THE SCARCITY OF BAY SNIPES.—Your correspondent "L," in issue, Sept. 8, wishes observations on the growing scarcity of bay snipe and plover. Each succeeding year for the past twenty-five years has shown a decrease, and the past ten years the decrease has been very rapid. Spring shooting and breech loaders are especially to blame, but eging at Coby's Island, "writing up" shooting resorts by hotel keepers and enthusiastic amateurs, who "give away" the places dear to sportsmen, establishing watering places along the coast and shooting by the coast. Life-saving crews are the principal causes of the diminished numbers of bay birds. Men and boys tramping about the meadows and sand-bars instead of shooting from ambush, also tend to frighten the birds from our shores. —CUTLER.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S PARTY.—CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—General Phil Sheridan and party, consisting of General Strong, Colonel M. V. Sheridan, Colonel Gregory, Edwin B. Sheldon, and Inspector-General Sackett, of this city, returned last Tuesday from a big hunt and exploring expedition, which extended through Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho. The party's line of travel was through the Black Hills, then over the Snow Mountains, and then down to the Yellowstone National Park. The country traveled through was full of game, and the elk, which bears the small game was killed, that could make use of. General Sheridan reports that the streams well stocked with trout. Ducks and chickens are very numerous here at present. —"TEX BORG."

IN THE DAYS OF MUZZLE-LOADERS many ludicrous mistakes in loading were made when the abundance of game prompted to haste. Our correspondent "Dell" tells of such an experience: "In my frantic haste I got both loads of powder in one barrel and both loads of shot in the other. An old gunner now came directly on the opening day of the season, and I took careful aim, and the result was a winged goose, but he got away, minus nearly all his feathers. The next shot was a double, and, as will be imagined, I stood drawing the shot from my left barrel with a look of mortification on my face, for the larger one of the pair raised a short, startled "honk," and winked one eye at me as he soared but a few feet above my crazy head.

THE HACKENSACK RAIL SEASON.—New York, Sept. 8.—I notice in your correspondent's account of rail shooting on the Hackensack that he states that rail are not so plenty as last season. I have been out every first day for the last ten years and never saw rail so plenty as on the opening day of this season. We only pushed over a little bit of the ground and most of it had been shot over. I brought in forty-five birds that day and since then larger bags have been made. —W. HOLBERTON.

"LEFT-EYED SHOOTING."—Will you be kind enough to "Invidius" to inform him that, if he will try the experiment he has mentioned with his left hand, he will find himself "right-eyed" according to his theory. Evidently he used his right hand before, which made him "left-eyed." As he can thus prove himself to be both "right-eyed" and "left-eyed," he must blame the gun or the game for his bad shooting. I believe it is always safest to blame the gun or the charge. —D. (Girardville, Pa.)

DUCKS IN SULLIVAN COUNTY.—Wild ducks, such as wood ducks and black ducks, are here in great numbers. I have never known them so plenty before. Some good shooting can now be had, and here is the place—via Erie Railroad to Shohola Station. My house is six miles from Shohola, and I will meet all parties on appointment. Address J. M. Bradley, Eldred, Sullivan County, N. Y. I have boats, dogs and guides.

VERMONT WOODCOCK.—East Townshend, Vt.—A part of our grounds are well stocked with the woodcock, and I think I am the only one that knows what they are. Ruffed grouse are thick, and up to the present time are not wild and the flocks are not broken up any. Ducks are not plenty, but there is a flock now right in front of my window of fourteen redheads, and full grown. —H. T. E.

KENTUCKY GAME NOTES.—Mt. Sterling, Ky., Sept. 9.—Partidge are plenty. The first hatching full-grown birds strong, the second hatching still gray, but doing finely. There is a numerous second crop, it having been dry and nothing to prevent full broods. The hawk bounty has been a blessed success, so this fall every club offer a bounty, and we can have many more birds to put in bag. —VAN A.

WOODCOCK IN PENNSYLVANIA.—A Philadelphia correspondent reports that the spring swarms of Lehigh County, Pa., were taken possession of this year for housekeeping purposes by a greater number of woodcock than ever was known before. Just before cold weather will be the time to catch these fellows in that section of the country. Ruffed grouse may be come across on nearly the same grounds at the same time.

AMERICAN QUAIL IN ENGLAND.—Several "empts" have been made to introduce "Bob White" into England, several thousands of the birds having been at different times imported into that country. All of these importations were unsuccessful.

We have received from Mr. J. Page Fisher, 112 N. 12th street, Philadelphia, a copy of his "Pocket Edition of the Game Laws of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland."

NEWPORT NOTES.—Newport, R. I., Sept. 5.—Plover, rail and some snipe are shot on the marsh every morning. Black-fish, bass and bluefish are the principal fish sought for, and good catches are made every day from the piers, rocks and boats.

Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing with Hop Bitters in each drop.

For the names and descriptions of every description go to C. L. Kitzmann, 912 Broadway, New York.—Ad.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

FRESH WATER.
Crayfish, *Thymallus trieter* and *T. montana*.
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. poliopterus*.
Muskellunge, *Esox nubilus*.
Pickering, *Esox reticulatus*.
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
Brook Trout, *Salvelinus (pike) gairdneri*.
Stizostedion, *Micropterus* (pike) *gracilis*, etc.

SALT WATER.
Sea Bass, *Centropristis striata*.
Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Morone saxatilis*.
White Perch, *Morone americana*.
Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
Scup or Porbe, *Stenotomus argenteus*.
Pompano, *Trachurus carolinianus*.
Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis*.
Spanish Mackerel, *Scomber maculatus*.

FRESH WATER.
Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*.
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus*.
White Bass, *Roccus chrysops*.
Rock Bass, *Ambloplites*. (Two species).
War-mouth, *Channobryttus gulosus*.
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus*.
Buckeye, *Pomoxys annularis*.
Shub, *Seneciolella corporalis*.

SALT WATER.
Weakfish or Quetques, *Cynoscion regalis*.
La Fayette or Spot, *Leiostomus xanthurus*.
Clamper Bass, Spot or Redfish, *Microgobius ophiodon*.
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatopterus*.
Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrhus nebulosus*.

AN ANGLING DAY.
A LONG by the banks of a rushing river;
Alone, alone, with the birds and daisies;
The birds that sing,
And the daisies that smile,
That memories bring
The soul to beguile,
That such things may be forever,
Alone by the banks of a rushing river;
Alone, alone, with the past and future;
The sunbeams that gleam
From the mountain's wall,
And the shades that fall
In the day's advance,
Tell that such joys can't last forever.
W. H. HANBROCK.

AN ICHTHYOPHAGIST COMES TO GRIEF.

ONE of the most daring of the Ichthyophagists Mr. Thomas J. Murray, Steward of Glen Island. He dives into the water (this is a figure of speech, as A. Ward would say) and, if he does not pluck up drowned honor by the locks, he at least brings up things most strange to himself; for he is known, and not at all to his disgrace, that the accomplished caterer of this famous summer resort, with his great interest in the fish-eating club with the hard name, is no zoologist. We have embalmized in our columns how he has dared to experiment with the despised starfish, and pronounced them excellent in a lique of his own making. And now we record what we are glad has not turned out a tragedy, although every morning we are prepared to read in the daily papers that the Coroner's jury have decided that Mr. Murray came to his death by eating of some fendish and diabolical marine monster, whose name and habits are unknown to the said jury. The facts are these. Last week we received a letter as follows:

"STARR'S GLEN ISLAND, Sept. 10.
"To the Scientist of the Ichthyophagists Club:
"I am in trouble at last through my propensity to experiment with the unknown inhabitants of the vasty deep. I inclose you a shell or outer habiliment of the individual which made this trouble. I don't know the name of it, but presume that it is familiar to you. I made a stew of the mollusk who wore this stony overcoat, and I ate the stew. Then began the trouble alluded to. Shell-bearing mollusks, I need not tell you, are not wary of the swiftness of their movements in life, but the way that stew "traveled" was marvelous. What in thunder is it?
"T. J. MURRAY."

The shell in question is one commonly found on the outside of oysters, scallops and other shells. It is a univalve and is known to science as *Ureplida fornicata*, and the children who pick up the empty shells along shore call them "boat shells" and "lady's slippers," on account of the transverse partition in the middle. We are greatly pleased to know that the daring experimenter has met with nothing worse than what might be called "dissoving views" in his researches after the eatable among the neglected mollusks of our coast.

FISHING NEAR NEW ORLEANS.

A WRITER in the New Orleans Democrat says that the fall-fish are coming in now. That salt water fish come into Lake Pontchartrain freely because of the absence of Mississippi River water to freshen it, he says.

"Since the low water in the river and the cessation of the flow of water through Bonnet Carre Creek, the increase in the number of fish in Lake Pontchartrain has been tenfold. The water in the lake is once more assuming its transparency, and again the needle fish and mullet play around the wharf. Sheepshead have been caught off the old break-water outside Milneburg, and flounders on the flats near West End. This return of salt water fish is hailed with delight by all those living along the shore, and they are all united in hoping for the closure of the crevasse.

"One fisherman in speaking to the reporter said: 'You don't know, sir, how much the people of New Orleans would be benefited by having that crevasse closed up so that no river water could pass through. As it once was the fishing smacks could bring their red fish, red snappers, and other fish caught outside in deep water, alive and kicking right up to the city. Since river water has been running into the lake all the fish supply must come either by rail on ice or from Terre-aux-Bœufs in wagons, or from Bastarion. Fish transported in that manner cannot be good. With the crevasse stopped we can bring fish alive in the wells of our smacks right up to West End, and they will be alive on reaching market.'

"We have the best fish country (?) in the world, and it is a pity that on account of a little break in the river a whole city has to have its fish supply brought to it on ice. I don't believe it's healthy. Why, I can remember the time that sheepshead, croakers, red fish, flounders, sea trout and numerous other good eating fishes were most plentiful in the lake. Look what it is now or what it was a month ago. Nothing but cats. You'd bait your hooks out on the croaker banks, get a bite, and haul in a nasty little cat-fish. You just go around and ask the people living on the lakeshore about that crevasse. Ask the captains of schooners. They will tell you fish are driven away, the lake is shoaling, the oyster beds outside are being ruined, and all for the lack of a little money to shut that plaguey thing up. There ain't any use in looking to the government to do it. They don't care for Lake Pontchartrain, but we fishermen do, and the people of New Orleans ought to. You just tell some of them chaps with plenty of money, who like good eating, to help clear that crevasse up and they will have fish what is fish. The Democrat can close it up if it pushes it, for the people will when they see it in the right light, back up the paper with the stuff."

"The fisherman went on much in the same strain for some time as he tarried his seine."

GULF FISH AND HOW TO COOK THEM.

[From a Tract issued by the Pensacola Ice Company.]

RED SNAPPER.
This fish, varying in weight from three pounds to thirty, should be either boiled and dressed with drawn butter and egg or oyster sauce; baked, stuffed with oyster dressing or plain; broiled after slicing lengthwise, removing the back bone; fried, dip the slices in corn meal and cook in hot pork fat, Cape Cod style.

BLACK GROUPER.
This fish, with flesh similar to halibut, should be skinned, then cook same as snapper.

RED GROUPER.
This fish has a distinct lobster flavor. Skin and cook same as snapper; requires more cooking, as the flesh is harder; when well done, will suit the palate of any lover of good eating.

BLUE FISH.
Eat this fish broiled, fried or baked. Prepare for baking by stuffing, and score with a sharp knife to backbone, and insert thin slices of fat pickled pork. For broiling, split open down the back; clear fire and only one turn.

POMFAC.
Split down the back, clear through the head; dry with a cloth; broil over a clear fire; be careful not to burn; salt only after the side is cooked and turned up; dress with a little good butter and the fourth of a good lemon dropped on the flanks and centre; when hot it will permeate and develop its unsurpassed nutty flavor. Lives there a man with soul so dead, etc.

JAUREL (PROPOSED "WARRELL").
This fine fish is best adapted to the pan. Clean and score to the backbone with four cross cuts, fry in sweet pork fat or olive oil, and you will be able to emulate the secretaries of a certain corporation, who are five at one sitting on board one of our smacks and then quit only in consideration of the feelings of the fish. Baked similar to the bluefish it is rich and highly flavored.

SILVER WHITING.
This fish, equal to the speckled brook trout, treat in a similar manner. Sheepshead, spadefish, salt-water trout, bass and blackfish, ditto.

SPANISH MACKEREL.

Cook same as the pompano.
MEM.—In all cases a hot fire and clean dish. Of the forty varieties in use "from the depths of the sea," we commend all for varied qualities of nutritive and flavor.

Some of our friends in the interior who submit them to the trying ordeal of "frying in warm oil" over a slow fire, never will discover that they are other than "almost as good as cat" until they treat them with good cooking and common sense. By order of NEPTUNE'S "CHIEF COOK."

THE GREAT LAKES FISHERIES.—The fisheries of the great lakes lying within the United States are confined to eight States, and form an important industry. A forthcoming report from the U. S. Census Office for 1879, the business employed 1,676 vessels, of which 19 were steam tugs, and 5,650 fishermen. The annexed table gives the number of men and the amount of capital contributed by each State engaged in the fisheries and the value of the product which accrued to each:

	Fishermen.	Capital.	Product.
Minnesota	319,160	25,400	2,500,000
Wisconsin	800	2,225.00	234,000
Michigan	1,781	417,005	716,170
Illinois	390	43,000	81,000
Indiana	52	29,300	32,500
Ohio	1,010	475,000	515,420
Pennsylvania	1,010	475,000	515,420
New York	922	20,000	134,750
Total	8,950	\$1,315,015	\$1,745,000

The heaviest fisheries are on Lake Michigan and Lake Erie. The value of the products for the several lakes during the year are set down as follows: Lake Superior, \$105,535; Lake Michigan, \$612,410; Lakes Huron and St. Clair, \$349,365; Lake Erie, \$578,690; Lake Ontario, \$138,050; total, \$1,784,050. The products were marketed in the following conditions: Fresh fish, \$1,102,950; salt fish, \$402,670; frozen fish, \$123,100; smoked fish, \$109,970; caviar, \$34,310; sturgeon, \$6,705; oil, \$2,280; total, \$1,784,050.

The foregoing shows the value of the products, being in excess of 100 per cent. on capital invested.

A PENNSYLVANIA RESORT.

STRICKTON, Dauphin Co., Pa.

I desire to add my mite for the benefit of the disciples of the rod and gun. White House Station, on main line of Pennsylvania Railroad, seven miles east of Harrisburg, in this county, is an excellent place for bass and salmon fishing from June 1 until winter. The river is also full of the more common varieties of fish, such as carp, chub, cat fish, mullet, a few rock fish, and plenty of shad in season. There is also excellent duck shooting in the spring and fall. Hotel on river bank. Accommodations plain, but good and substantial. For particulars address, with stamp, E. M. Stoner, High Spire, Pa.; R. M. Neiman (prop'r hotel), High Spire, or the writer at Strickton, Pa. Boats plenty at low rates. Mr. Neiman was for a number of years a resident of the lumber regions of this State, and to persons wishing it could give all the necessary information in regard to the trout and bass streams of Northern and Central Pennsylvania. The hotel is a popular stopping place for lumbermen and raftsmen on their down river trips, and from them the sportsman could gain much valuable information in regard to choice trout streams and game regions known to scarcely any one else but these hardy backwoodsmen of the mountains and forests of Pennsylvania. All way passenger trains stop at White House.

JOHN H. HORTHOKE.

FISHING AT BEAUFORT.

NEW BERN, N. C.

FISHING at Beaufort and vicinity is now at its height, and all the species usually taken here are plenty, especially Spanish mackerel and bluefish. The harbor is alive with boats in charge of capable men and occupied by amateur fishermen who, with hook and line, catch in a short time such quantities of fish as newly arrived anglers could not obtain elsewhere. The result of active fishing. Postmaster Hubbs of this city, Internal Revenue Collector White and his chief clerk, Tinker, constituted a party in the Ives Sharpie Lucia, in charge of Captain Ben Piegott, and had admirable success in taking the members of the finny tribe. Although these gentlemen, leading as they do comparatively sedentary lives and lacking the experience that unlikes good fishermen, hauled in on this occasion seventy handsome Spanish mackerel and seventy-nine bluefish. One of the former, caught by Mr. White, measured thirty-seven inches in length and weighed nineteen pounds—the finest caught this season. In this connection one of this party assures us that whole schools of fish are disputing themselves, the big ones eating the little ones, and the whole hovered over by gulls, who dive down for their prey.

G. N. L.

SALMON FISHERIES OF SCOTLAND.—From the *Scottsman*, of Aug. 26, we learn that the net salmon fishings on the Dee and Don terminated on the 25th. The season has been a very successful one. At the outset the returns were comparatively poor, but as the season advanced the catches of fish largely increased, and at the close the yield from both rivers was considerably ahead of the last two years. In the latter end of July, and during the present month the netter Don has yielded between 300 and 400 fish per day. The fishing on the Dee all round was over an average, the greater portion of the fish having been got at the Pot and Fords. From the middle of June onward big hauls have daily been got, and it is estimated that not for twenty years have so many fish been got at these stations as there have been got this season. The returns at the Mill-ingham were also good. Since the beginning of the earlier season the fishing has been interrupted by disagreeable weather. The best catch of the season was got about the middle of July, when some 600 fish were landed in one day from the Pot and the Fords on the Dee. All through the season the quality of the fish has been good. Price for salmon in Aberdeen has varied during the season from 2s. 8d. to 10d. per pound, and grise from 1s. 6d. to 9d. per pound. Quantities of fish were retailed for the Aberdeen market at London prices, but the greater part of the fish went sent by train and steamer to the London Market.

STRIPED BASSING AT NEWPORT.—Wm. Rotch Wister, Esq., of Philadelphia, has recently returned from Newport, R. I., and is reported in the *Germaniston Telegraph* as saying that striped bass fishing was very successful there just before his departure. One angler succeeded in taking nine fish in one day, aggregating 450 pounds in weight. Angling there for this fish is quite as expensive as angling for salmon in Canada. It bites best when the ocean is rough. The angler rents one of the small rocks which abounds in the vicinity. The fish is prevented from being washed off it into the sea by an iron railing. He engages a man to bait the ground for days in advance of the time he intends to fish. He may remain there every day for a week without getting a single specimen. The tackle used by these anglers is the best which is made, a rod and reel not unfrequently costing \$200. Much skill is required in landing large fish, an hour or longer not unfrequently being spent in this exciting amusement.

UNWILDERFUL FISH AT BILLINGSBURY.—We learn from *Land and Water* that during the month of July the fishermen appointed by the Fishmongers' Company seized at Billingsbury Market, and on board boats lying off that place, 33 tons 15 cwt. of fish as unfit for human food. Of these 54 tons 18 cwt. came by land, and 38 tons 17 cwt. by water. Nineteen tons were shellfish. The single fish numbered 99,937, and included 8 catfish, 10 cod, 18 crabs, 50 eels, 250 conner eels, 500 dabs, 81,500 haddock, 2,300 lobsters, 750 mackerel, 4,822 plaice, 630 skate, 73 pairs of sole, 1 sturgeon, 245 turbot and 8 450 whiting. There were also 10 barrels of crabs and 12 of pickled herrings, 168 bags of mussels, 4 of oysters, 30 of periwinkle and 106 of whelks, 8 kits of pilchards and 1 of brans, 1,648 gallons of shrimps and 55 quarts of whitebait.

When an arm of the sea encircles a neck of land look out for fishing smacks.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

BASS IN SWARTSWOOD LAKE.—Newton, N. J., Sept. 8.—A party of three gentlemen from Newton caught forty-eight pounds of black bass in Swartswood Lake last Monday morning. The largest bass weighed four and one-half pounds, and the others weighed four pounds. The fish were brought to Newton to-day, and attracted much attention. Nearly all the lovers of the sport in the town have gone, or are about to go, to try their luck. The lake was stocked with bass a few years ago by the State Fishery Commission. Previous to this time few had been caught. Since Monday's excitement, however, the yield has been large and constant, affording the greatest gratification to the successful anglers. The bass are caught with the little black crickets as bait.

THE STREAMS DRY.—Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 6.—We are having a severe drought in this part of the State, and in consequence the rivulets and mountain streams are dry and our rivers are lower than ever known but once before. The fish are reported all dying. A gentleman, just in my office, who came down Monongahela River this morning, reports seeing large numbers of dead bass and other fish along the river, on the rocks, and along the river bank. A few more days of such weather will certainly kill all the fish in our streams, except possibly those in deep holes.—L. R. S.

TROUT IN THE THAMES.—Mr. J. Harrington Keene, in the *London Fishing Gazette*, favors the extermination of pike in the Thames and the establishment of a large trout hatchery thereon. He thinks that a seven years close time for Thames trout, a yearly introduction of the true trout of the river, coupled with a persevering decimation of the eels and pike, would render the river the finest trout stream in the world. We know little of the local peculiarities of the river, but on general principles we agree with Mr. Keene.

HOW DOES A BLACK BASS TAKE A CRAWFISH?—Paris, Ky. One thing has been agitating our fishermen—viz., How does a black bass swallow a crawfish? Which end of crawfish ahead? The contest waxed warm, and they agreed to leave it to FOREST AND STREAM for decision.—CARPOT.

We have the impression that the black bass takes the crawfish by the tail, but as our observations have been limited we would like to hear from others on this subject.

TO A CLAM.

I LOVELY TANGENT of the sea,
Shell-bound doughnut dead to me,
Dear to me where ripples play,
On the beach at Rockaway,
Dear to me as porgie bait,
Dearest still upon a plate,
Dear as porgie to the wish,
You eclipse all other fish.

Far beneath the sizzling wave,
Leaving touch some coral cave,
How you waltz in happy glee,
Merrily make their golden bags,
How you close one eye and grin
At the clumsy terrapin—
While you watch the blue fish grab
At the nervous soldier crab.

Little saline dealgud,
Pisces in a peppy pod,
Lying on the ocean bar,
Thinking at the lappet star;
Humors, below the surface,
Cousin of the cod fish ball,
How you set my soul a-dream
With your aquatic steam.

Ever you lead a quiet life,
For you never get a wife;
Ever your earthly pain elude,
In your sandy solitude.
I would I were a clam like you,
With a seaweed outfitline
In mid ocean's deepest dives
Far from clashing oyster knives;

Far from Rockaway hotels,
For you never get a shell;
Far from Samuels's and Mott's
Patent liver chowder pots;
The fish market, which my chain
With a diabolo grin,
Vowing man should never scoop
Me in Coney Island soup.

Mr. M. T. Bailey has a clam, in *Snook's Sunday Times*.

Fishculture.

FOCUS IN THE HISTORY OF FISHERY.—The conclusion of Prof. Goode's "Epochs in the History of Fishiculture" is in type and will be given in our next issue, its publication being deferred to that time that the proofs may have the author's supervision.

FISHCULTURAL NOTES.

North Carolina has a shad hatchery at Avoca and a trout hatchery at Morgantown, both under the charge of Mr. S. G. Worth, the Acting Commissioner of Fisheries. The State Fishery Commission has at their hatchery at Red Wing, in charge of Mr. S. S. Watkins, brook trout, California salmon, rainbow trout, Atlantic salmon, lake trout, wall-eyed pike, yellow perch, and hybrids between the brook trout and quinnat salmon. The hatchery at Madison, Wis., in place of H. H. Welser, resigned.

Mr. William H. Forman, the veteran trout culturist of Maspeth, near Brooklyn, N. Y., has bought a place on the Nissequogue River, Long Island, and is making trout ponds there. He has a fine place near Smithtown.

The Maine Commissioners are stocking lakes with black bass. They have also stocked the Rangeley Lakes with whitefish.

CARP IN KENTUCKY.

PARIS, Ky., Sept. 10.

Fish Commissioner Dr. W. Van Antwerp, of the Ninth District, has been turning his attention to the carp which have been placed in the hands of private parties and can therefore be protected, for our public waters are depleted by the cured giant powder and seines, so the only fish that can be protected are those in private ponds. Our country is plentifully covered with artificial ponds for stock water, they average from three to ten feet deep, with muddy bottoms, and aquatic grasses furnish plenty of food with an occasional bunch of cabbage and lettuce from the garden, and they are happy and grow finely. From four inches I have measured and weighed them, and find their growth very even—one foot, one foot and fourteen inches, one and one-half feet. The leather carp being larger than the scaled variety, the farmers who have them are very enthusiastic concerning their culture, and I know if Prof. S.

F. Baird could hear the words of praise he gets for their introduction he would feel happy.

I learn from a friend that Dr. Van Antwerp has promised to get some pamphlets on the growth and culture of carp from Prof. Baird, and distribute them to the lake and pond, that the knowledge of the requisite of this valuable fish may be more widely known. A discussion as to the taste merits of the carp resulted in a practical test. A company of epicures dined of black bass and carp recently in Clark Co., Ky., and they say no difference exists as to flavor that they could discover.

CARPOT.

For the Holidays.—A Present which will be kept and remembered for years is a fine Graphoscope or stereoscope with some handsome Photographs of celebrities. The largest and finest assortment to be found at L. Ritzmann's, 913 Broadway, New York. Will send Photograph of any celebrity desired per mail.—Ad.

At the change of life nothing equals Hop Bitters to allay all troubles. Incident thereto.

For a good Razor go to C. L. Ritzmann, 943 Broadway, New York.

For a good Boy's Knife or Spring Back Knife go to C. L. Ritzmann, 943 Broadway, New York.—Ad.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

September 21, 22 and 23, at Franklin, Pa., Franklin Sportsman's Club and Game Protective Society Bench Show. Entries close September 15. Thos. D. Adams, Superintendent; P. O. Box 61, Franklin, Pa.

September 27, 28, 29 and 30, at London, Ont., London Dog Show. Entries close September 12. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, Tecumseh House, London, Ont.

December 14, 15 and 16, at Lowell, Mass. Lowell Dog Show. Entries close December 6. Has. A. Andrew, West Bedford, Mass., Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

September 13 and 14, at Pittsburgh, Pa., Collie Trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Entries close September 8. J. B. Leveley, Secretary, Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, Harrisburg, Pa. September 22, at Franklin, Pa., Collie Trials, held under auspices of Franklin Sportsman's Club and Game Protective Society. J. B. Leveley, Secretary, Franklin Sportsman's Club, Franklin, Pa. October 1, at New York City, Collie Trials, held under auspices of Eastern Field Trials. Entries commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 24, New York City.

October 19, 20, 21 and 22, at Masonville, Fayette Co., Pa., via boat from Pittsburgh. Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. Entries close at Pittsburgh, Pa., October 15. I. L. Clayton, Secretary, 201 North 10th St., Pittsburgh, Pa. November 3, at Gilroy, Cal., Collie Trials, held under auspices of Gilroy Club. Entries close November 1. E. Leveley, Secretary.

December 25, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 1. Edward Odell, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November 5, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

NEBRASKA FIELD TRIALS.

AT CAMP, TEN MILES N. W. OF NORFOLK.

THE second annual Field Trials of pointers and setters under the auspices of the State Sportsman's Association, of Nebraska, was held at this place some ten miles northwesterly of the thriving little town of Norfolk on the east side of the north fork of the Elk-Horn River, in Platte county. The encampment was located on a high point on the left bank of the river, a beautiful stream of clear, wholesome water, skirted by one of the handsomest and richest valleys in the State, and at this point about five miles wide, and studded with fine fields of corn and groves of forest trees—planted and nurtured by the deft hands of the farmers of the State. Here upon this big plateau of "smooth-slaven grass" stands four canvas tents. The largest one, a hospital tent, is assigned to the cuisine. The three smaller ones for the use of the attendants, competitors and the judges. No more fittingly expected of their ages, and when the last peg had been driven to hold the trusty tent cords in place we felt ourselves at home.

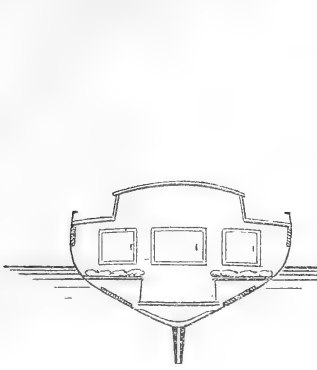
I must not omit to mention that this delightful location was suitably wet down with copious libations of cool, clear ice-water. In this regard score one for the Nebraska Sportsmen. Another fact men, who neither smoke nor chew tobacco at all, or moderately, so; we saw no whiskey on the ground during the whole time, except a single pint flask in the hands of one of the numerous medical gentlemen present who had taken it simply as a precaution against "snake bites." It was wonderful how many titled gentlemen congregated at such an encampment. Boys instantly become captains, colonels, generals, doctors, lawyers and judges, and seem to bear out their heavy titles with a song, and scarcely expected of their ages. And yet there were many really titled men present and several distinguished ladies with their children a portion of the time, which especially made the encampment more pleasant, and may sufficiently account for the orderly demeanor of the sportsmen, and the absence of whiskey from the program. The camp being settled we were summoned to dinner by our congenial restaurateur, Capt. Bigalow, whose rotund and stalwart form and genial good nature (except when some luckless dog invaded his apartment) made all feel at home.

The dinner being over, and there being no entries in the stakes for puppies under twelve months old, and as other parties were expected to arrive with dogs to run in the second stakes—for Nebraska dogs—it was arranged to hold the entries open until the following morning, and thus give all who desired a fair opportunity to take part in the trials. A sufficient number of tennis being at hand nearly the entire number of sportsmen rode out into the broad prairie outside the limits of the ground assigned for the trials to take place, with dogs and guns to pick up a few chickens for the use of the camp, and in the afternoon a very pleasant afternoon was spent, and about eighty birds were brought in as well as about the same number of wonderful things, and incidents of this dog and that dog, of this shot and that shot, from which one might easily conclude that every dog was not only a clipper in his way, but a natural winner.

Blue bloods, Natives, English, Irish and Germans, setters and pointers of high and low degree, pedigreed and unpedigreed, and all of them imported, or would have been able to lay claim to that distinction but for the fact that like the American setter, the Irishman who labored under the misfortune of not being born in his native country, they were all begotten, whelped and reared this side of the "Big Pond."

A pleasant evening was spent in recounting the afternoon's experiences, and at ten o'clock all turned in for the night anticipating the events and misadventures that awaited the scenes of the next day. Here it may be well to note who and whose dogs are here. In the list is Mr. C. B. Wiltman, with note-book and pencil; Hon. C. B. Mathewson, of Norfolk, late speaker of the House of Representatives of Nebraska, an ardent sportsman with his Irish setter dog Mack, by Livingston's Brian out of his Mon; Captain J. D. Brown, of Missouri Valley, Iowa, with his black and white Belton setter and his Irish setters whose names are "The Great White" and "The Great Black"; Dr. J. B. Leas, of Norfolk, late speaker of the House of Representatives, with his Irish setter dog "The Great White"; Mr. Ed. Johnston, of Omaha, with his white and black Belton Fleet II., and black Gordon dog Jet; Mr. W. J. Irwin, of Topeka, Kansas, with his famous lemon and white setter dog Major, liver and white pointer dog Rock, and several young dogs; Dr. J. B. Leas, of Norfolk, late speaker of the House of Representatives, with his Irish setter dog "The Great White"; Mr. W. H. Brooks, with a beautiful black Gordon, Jet; Mr. E. B. Kennedy, of Omaha, with his Irish setter dog "The Great White"; and his all liver pointer dog Dick, whose lineal ancestor

1st Halifax Garrison Artillery.....	307
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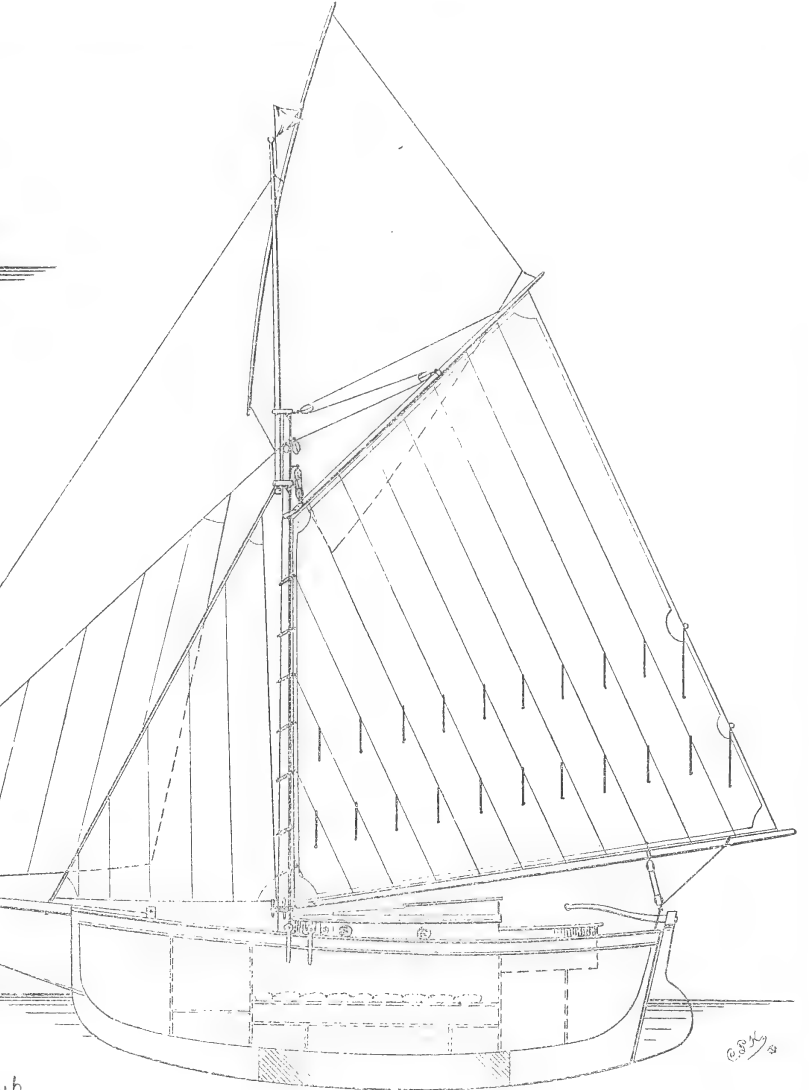


Length over all	18 ft.
" " E. W. L.	17.6 in.
Beam extreme	6.9 "
Depth amidships	3.2 "
Greatest draft	2.10 "
Lead on keel	500 lbs.
Iron inside	1500 lbs.
Sheerboard top of rail	1 ft. 9 in.
Twist of mainsail	12.
Boomsprit outboard	8.6 "
Area lower sails	275 sq. ft.
Length of cabin	7 ft. 6 in.
Depth in cabin	3.6 "
Width cabin floor	2.5 "
Width of berths	1.10 "

Ehira, Iron Cutter.

1.85 tons displacement.

Scale 3/4"



LIVADIA AGAIN.

HAD FOREST AND STREAM been gifted with prophetic vision no clearer verdict upon the Livadia could have been rendered than appeared in these columns. While that nondescript was yet untried, and while contemporaries were going into fantastic ecstasies about the great revolution the Livadia would create, FOREST AND STREAM stood alone in its warning and hesitated to believe that modern naval science could be driven from its throne by the haphazard hobby of a prince and his old sea dog or two. We decline to follow the wild craze for beam which set in for a while and condemned the principles, or rather want of principles, upon which Livadia was being built. We pronounced her slow, wasteful, unmanageable, a wicked boat in a sea, weak in structure and generally impracticable. That the mark was hit as squarely as when we condemned the Autarcic quackery can be gathered from the official report of experts who recently examined the Livadia in the interests of the Russian government. The report concludes that the Livadia "does not satisfactorily answer the requirements of a seagoing vessel, either in a nautical or mechanical sense, as she rolls too much, is too slow, too weakly built and the materials used in her construction are of inferior quality. It is, therefore, suggested to take the yacht to pieces and build a gun boat and three cruisers out of the materials and use the fittings and furniture for a new yacht to be built on the lines of the original Livadia." Almost the identical words were many months ago in FOREST AND STREAM! Exit the latest revolution. A little more naval science and a little less clumsy, primitive stumbling will hereafter be the rule in the Russian service. The work has not built ships in vain during the last half century and naval science, resting upon the experience and deductions of such a term, cannot be denied by stubborn ignorance without the risk of serious consequences. The Captain, the Livadia and the Autarcic are the most prominent illustrations of the folly of trusting to the overweening confidence and conceit of self-sufficient men bent upon creating sensations and dismissing the consideration due to well established fundamental maxims and to the diligent and persevering investigations of their betters.

THE OLD WANDERER.

FOREST AND STREAM goes everywhere. Not long ago a correspondent inquired about the old-time Wanderer built way back in the "fifties." The next week brought an answer from the far West with information about her model. This week, from another quarter, comes a full description of the famous schooner. It is safe to say that the knowledge sought could have been procured through no other sporting paper. Its prompt publication is more evidence of the unqualified circulation these columns enjoy.

Concerning the yacht Wanderer, I send you the following: She was launched in 1851 at Setauket from the shipyard of Joseph Rowland and was the largest yacht ever built on this side of the Atlantic at the time. She was modeled and built by Mr. Rowland under the immediate superintendence and direction of Capt. Thomas B. Hawkins, quarter, for Mr. John H. Jousseaume, the New York Yacht Club; and from her model, which appeared to be a happy combination of all the late improvements, gave promise of great speed combined with strength and beauty. Her length of keel was 95 ft.; breadth of beam, 25 ft.; depth of hold, 10 ft.; length over all, 114 ft.; tonnage, 250. Her sails were made by R. H. Wilson, of Port Jefferson, the maker of the sails of the yacht America on the occasion of her

visit to England. She was rigged by Messrs. Barker & Cochran, of Port Jefferson, and her cabin fitted by Messrs. Youngs and Cutler. The following were the dimensions of her spars taken from her sail plan now in my possession: Mainmast, 84 ft.; fore mast, 84 ft.; main boom, 58 ft.; main gaff, 34 ft.; fore gaff, 30 ft.; lug foresail, topmasts, 26 ft.; bowsprit outboard, 21 ft.; flying jibboom, 18 ft. The Wanderer fully met the expectations of her builders. Being very staunch and a good sea boat she made many voyages at sea, making the best time between New Orleans and New York ever made by a sailing vessel. The Wanderer was wrecked on the coast of Cuba in 1875 or 1876. Any one wishing to see the model or sail plan can do so by applying to T. B. Hawkins, or Wilson's sail loft, Port Jefferson, L. I. A. Wilson.

CATS ABROAD.—The Providence Daily Journal publishes an account written by an eye-witness of a race between Mr. Gower's boat Gleam, sent out from Providence, and two English built Unas, off Cowes, Aug. 13. One of these was sailed by the Prince of Wales, the other by Lord Leresford. Gleam did not enter, but went over the course, we should say, about two or three times to the other's once. In view of the failure of the George and Annie to do anything of the kind with the Clyde yacht, we are compelled to believe the story of the eye-witness is little fishy, or else the Prince of Wales and his competitor might be poor sailers of small boats. In logging the race in question the English sporting prints fail to record anything wonderful on the part of the Gleam. To suppose they refrained from mentioning the striking performance an "eye-witness" sends home, merely from prejudice as asserted, is proof enough that "eye-witness" himself has not yet shed his provincial shell. If Mr. Gower is honestly seeking races for his boat, he can be accommodated with plenty of private matches if open to fair terms. There is no necessity for relying upon the brag of a giddy head for his boat's reputation.

TORONTO CANOE CLUB.—Races, Sept. 10, included a combined paddling and sailing race, which was won by Hugh Neilson's Racine Shadow Telephone, beating S. Hicks in the Lapstreak Whisper; F. M. Nicholson's Racine Shadow Sable N.; W. R. Burrage's open lino Lake Scagull, and Wm. Black in the Fairy. The last two capized. In the 100 yards capizing race S. Hick won in his Rob Roy, with M. F. Johnston second in a Racine Rob Roy; W. Arnold third in the Fairy; H. W. Kent fourth in the Scagull. Johnston was the first to board his canoe after the upset, but he was passed under paddle by Hicks. The remaining races will probably take place Saturday.

IOIA.—Mr. Oswald Jackson's new sloop Ioia has arrived here from the builders at Mystic, and will soon go on an Eastern cruise. She is 48 ft. over all, 22 ft. w. l.; 15 ft. beam and 5 ft. 6 in. deep. W. H. Decker has been appointed skipper.

TORONTO YACHT CLUB.—The following gentlemen have been elected officers: Thos. McGaw, Commodore; Wm. Kyle, Vice-Commodore; G. H. Duggan, Captain, and H. F. Wyatt, Secretary and Treasurer.

SAILORS' HANDBOOK.—Attention is directed to the advertisement of Chas. Scribner's Sons, in another column. The Sailors' Handbook is invaluable to all seamen and yachtsmen.

IRON KEEL.—Tawley & Son, City Point, So. Boston, are to build a keel sloop, 33 ft. long, for Mr. C. Armstrong. Iron keel, hard wood finish.

NAUTILUS YACHT CLUB.—Wave Crest, E. B. Rogers, won the sixth race for the Challenge Cup, beating Peri and Comus in 37m. 18s.

FOR SALE.—In the "For Sale" column floating property is offered this week which may suit the wants of some readers.

For a good Compass go to C. L. Ritzmann, 913 Broadway, New York.—*Ad.*

For a good pair of Skates go to C. L. Ritzmann, 913 Broadway, New York.—*Ad.*

For first-class Carvers and Table Knives go to C. L. Ritzmann, 913 Broadway, New York.—*Ad.*

Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS. C. G., Pittsburg, Pa.—Rabbit season in your State opens Oct. 15. No provision in the law respecting doves.

A. R.—Get Mayhew's book, Management of Dogs; it will give the information you wish. We can furnish it.

F. L. N., West Gartner, Mass.—A misprint in our reply to you last week. Have applied for the desired information.

ELMIRA.—Do not know whether the sectional iron boats are still manufactured. Have not seen them in use of late.

H. W. K., New York City, need not try to find any shooting "just in the woods near by the city." There is none to be had.

B. R., Buffalo.—Would there be any difference between the recoil of a 30 cal. 35 grains, 20 grains lead and a 50 cal. 70 grains, 400 grains lead cartridge? Ans. The latter would have the greater recoil.

F. L., Boston, Mass.—A canvas shooting coat from continued exposure has become very stiff. Can you give me any information by which I can make it soft and pliable? Ans. Some coats have this peculiarity, and we know of no way of making them pliable except beating and "moulding" them.

B. B., Ellenville, N. Y.—The subject you refer to was fully discussed in this paper last winter. Turn to your files and you will find what you want. Any dog that has a nose, and will bark when the grouse flush, will cause the birds to tree. The best dog we ever saw was a foxey-looking "yellow dog." We do not consider the popping off of stirring grouse very high art, and you would find more sport in the hunting of these birds with either a setter or a pointer.

J. E. F., Huntsville, Ala.—1. Ducks, geese, sand-hill cranes, plovers, blue grouse, spruce hens and pintails and ruffed grouse are found in Wyoming. 2. The dusky grouse is found in the open and also in wooded country. They nest on the ground in thickets. 3. The importation of migratory (they should not be called Messias) quail into this country has been a success in some localities. It is too early as

yet to say whether we are to regard the importation as on the whole a success or a failure.

T. & H. Harrisburg, Pa.—The amended fish law of Pennsylvania, section 2, page 93 of P. Laws, 1881, declares that no bass, etc., shall be taken by scum or spear. Will you enlighten the readers of your journal in this community with a definition or explanation of the device called a scum? Ans. We never heard the word used in connection with fishing. If not a printer's error it must be some local name, probably for a spear which is in some parts called "grains," "cigs," and perhaps other names. Who knows what the name means and where it is used?

J. D. P. Patterson, Ont.—We always have pleasure in answering the queries of our readers. For the shooting such as you have at grouse and woodcock, would say, that a setter or pointer is the dog you want. We would advise you to get one already trained, first giving him a trial before putting him to work. The best book on training is "Hutchinson's Dog Training." We published this book last year that covered the ground; they applied to American shooting. Read them. The name of dog breeders in this country is legion. Write us exactly what you want, and we will mail a list of some of the setter and pointer men.

H. N. T., Chicago.—To blue a barrel is very nice work and requires great skill. We give the receipt as follows, though it is better to send the barrel to a gunsmith to be blued: Tinct. of muriate of iron one oz.; nitric ether, one oz.; sulphate of copper, four scruples; rain water, one pint. After thoroughly cleansing gun with soap and water, and having securely plugged up each end, cover it with sanded lime. When this coating is dry remove it with an iron scratch wire-brush. Then apply a coat of the above fluid with a rag, and let it remain 24 hours, when a rust will have appeared. Immerse barrels in boiling hot water, and scrub thoroughly with scratch brush. Repeat this immersion until the color suits, which will be after two or three applications. Let barrels remain in lime water a short time after operation is completed.

For Spratt Dog Biscuits go to C. L. Ritzmann, 943 Broadway, New York.

Keep the kidneys healthy and unobstructed with Hop Bitters and you need not fear sickness.

[Philadelphia Times.]

WE'LL NAIL ITS COLORS TO THE MAST.

"Hello! Denny, what is the trouble?"

"Oh! I'm 'broke up'" was the response to the inquiry of an old shipmate of William C. Denington, one of Farragut's war-veteran rais. well known in the southern section of this city, who came tripping into the "American" office yesterday.

"I thought I would go under the hatches this time," continued Denington. "I never suffered so much in my life. I had the rheumatic gout so bad that I could not get off the bed or put my foot to the floor, and would have been there yet if a friend had not recommended St. Jacobs Oil to me. I hesitated some time before getting a bottle, thinking it was only another one of those advertised nostrums; but was finally induced to give it a trial, and a lucky day it was for me. Why, bless my stars! after bathing the limb thoroughly with the Oil I felt relief and my faith was pinned to St. Jacobs and his Oil after that. I freely say that if it had not been for St. Jacobs Oil I should, in all probability, be still housed. My foot pains me but little and the swelling has entirely passed away. It beats anything of the kind I have ever heard of, and the person who doubts it send them to me at No. 1,924 South Tenth Street."

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.



HOLABIRD Shooting Suits.

Write for circular to

UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,
VALPARAISO, IND.

KEEP'S SHIRTS.

GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c., &c.
SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE.

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631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.

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STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES,
MINING STOCKS.
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WILD RICE SEED for sale. \$3 per bushel. CHAS. GILCHRIST, Fishery Inspector, Port Hope, Ontario.

For Sale.

Field Cover, and Trap Shooting.

BY A. H. BOGARDUS.

Price, \$2.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE—Main house, 40 by 15; extension, 36 by 16; hardwood finish; marble mantels; hot and cold water; stable, henry, etc.; two acres lawn, fruit and shade trees. Price \$6,500; cost \$11,000; \$1,500 cash. For sale, six acres near two railroads, Closter, N. J. For sale, 3 acres on western slope of the Palisades, Tarrytown, N. Y. Money loaned to build. Apply to L. H. WILBOLD, 40 Fulton street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 & M. Aug 15, 1881.

FOR SALE, seven live wild mallard decoy ducks—four drakes and three ducks; perfectly tame; have been shot over last fall and spring; will call every duck in sight; price, \$25 for the lot. Address BOX No. 66, Hamilton, Ont. Sept 4, 1881.

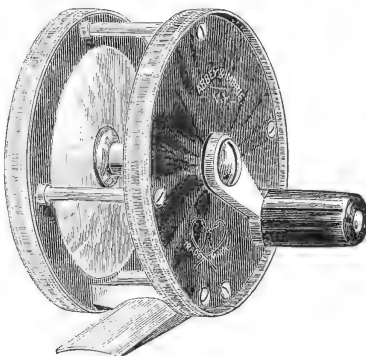
FOR SALE, a Remington rifle, 35 calibre, shoots 100 yds. or more; carries 30 rounds; weight 35 lbs.; 28-inch barrel; Tang peep sight and beach front sight, reloading tools. Price \$20, or will exchange for B. L. shot-gun. Inquire of P. O. Box 102, Salmon Falls, N. H. Sept 15, 1881.

FOR SALE, Maynard rifle complete, 32 in., 40 lbs., \$25. Parker shot-gun, twist, 30 in., 12 g., \$35. Maynard rifle, long range, 12 in., 40 lbs., \$25. I. BISHOP, West Northfield, Mass. Sept 15, 1881.

FOR SALE, one new Winchester repeating rifle, 16-shotter, pistol grip and all the improvements, will be sold at a bargain. One Winchester D. B. match gun, cost \$55, very fine and splendid shooter, 32 in. barrels, 10 gauge, left choked, right open, pistol grip, Scott action. These guns will be sold at a bargain, as I have no more of them. P. A. SINCLAIR, Motville, Oneonta Co., N. Y. Sept 16, 1881.

FOR SALE, the small iron cutter Elvira, recently described in FOREST AND STREAM. Is in perfect condition, fully fitted and furnished ready for a cruise. Safe, roomy, able and a fine single-hander. Reason for selling, owner wants larger boat. Address G., care FOREST AND STREAM. Sept 16, 1881.

CANOE FOR SALE, built of Spanish cedar with oak frame, moderate shadow model. Very fast under paddle and sail. Cost \$75; has been used but little. Will be sold at a bargain, as owner has 20 ft. canoe to use her. Address J. JOHNSON, care FOREST AND STREAM. Sept 16, 1881.



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OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END.

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ESTABLISHED 1836.

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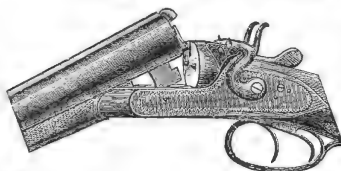
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JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St.

A FILE OF N. Y. HERALD, 1847, AND TIMES,
TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.

THE NEW EUTEUBROCK HAMMER GUN.



Hammer and Hammerless Guns made to order.

I have recently invented a new hammer gun, both in single and double, which is acknowledged to be the best article in the market. All sportsmen agree that the Euteubrock guns for finish, workmanship and shooting qualities are equal to any in the market.

REBORING A SPECIALTY.

C. H. EUTEUBROCK,
27 Dock Square, Boston, Mass.

B. F. NICHOLS & CO.,

25 BEACH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of the

BEST HEXAGONAL SPLIT BAMBOO FISHING RODS,

As was proved at the Fly-Casting Tournament at Coney Island, June 23.

First prize in Champion Class was won with one of our 10 ft. 9 oz. Bass Rods; length of cast, 75 feet. First prize in Amateur Class was won with one of our 11 ft. 8 oz. Fly Rods; length of cast, 67 ft. 10 in. Sea World special Prize was won with one of our 11 ft. 10 oz. General Rods; length of cast, 75 ft. Our rods are considered superior to all others by those who have seen or used them. Send stamp for catalogue, with Mass. Fish and Game Law.

CIGARETTES

That stand unrivalled for PURITY. Warranted Free from Drugs or Medication.

FRAGRANT
VANITY
FAIR.

THREE
KINGS.

NEW
VANITY
FAIR.

Each having Distinguishing Merits.
HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING.
8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO., Peerless Tobacco Works, Rochester N. Y.

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The FLYING
CLAY PIGEON
and TRAP.

LIGOWSKY & CO.,

33 Vine St.,

CINCINNATI, O.



NOT OVER 1 PER CENT. OF BREAK-
AGE AT THE TRAP GUARANTEED.

THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO CLUBS: 1st, \$100;
2d, \$25; 3d, one trap and 1,000 pigeons. For
particulars, rules, score cards, etc., address the manufacturers.

(Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 448.)
"This might so nearly resembles the actual
motions of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent
practice for wing shooting. We commend all sportsmen
to test its merits."

Wanted.

WANTED, POSITION as general superintendent of a gentleman's estate; thoroughly understanding and practically farming in all its branches, draining and reclaiming lands, breeding and raising blood and grade stock, horses, sheep and swine, raising of cereals and all root crops, use and application of all agricultural machinery, erecting agricultural and horticultural buildings; also practically all horticultural productions, grapes and plants under glass; vineyardist and thorough orchardist; culture of all vegetables, flower gardening, landscape gardening, lawns, avenues and planting of thorough executive ability in all departments; keeping accounts. Address GUEKOUS, P. O. Box 131, Orange, New Jersey. Aug 18, 1881.

The Kennel.

\$10 will buy a pure Irish dog pup, 4 mos. old, \$10 having one cross of Elcho and two of Finkert. \$20 will buy a native setter bitch, 10 mos. old, of the purest strain. Address F. H. BODDINS, Wethersfield, Conn. Sept 15, 1881.

\$25 will buy a setter dog, 16 months old, yard broke and has been hunted on woodcock, snipe, Hory O'More, dam English setter Vic. Has had distemper. M. L. NORTON, Greenbush, N. Y. Sept 15, 1881.

FIVE HUNDRED FEETINGS for sale at \$7 per pair, single female \$4, single male \$3, wire muzzles to cis. Address with stamp, CHARLES H. VAN VECHTEN, Victor, Ontario Co., N. Y. Sept 15, 1881.

FOR RED IRISH SETTERS and Cocker Spaniels of the most fashionable blood address CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Ct. Sept 15, 1881.

E. J. VASS, Newark, N. J., has for exchange an English setter bitch (broken) for a Winchester or Remington rifle, cocker spaniel or English bull. Sept 15, 1881.

FOR SALE, a brace of superb Irish setter puppies, 5 1/2 months, by Elcho III. out of Mag Champion Scribey-Tully. These are near chasers. Sire and dam are both A1 in the field. Address R. BENNETT, 23 Robinson st., Lowell, Mass. Sept 15, 1881.

FOR SALE, two pure bred Gordon setter puppies, dog and bitch, whelped May 26, 1881. Address A. WEEKS, Locust Valley, L. I. Sept 15, 1881.

ADDRESS R. M. LIVINGSTON, 16 West 26th st., New York city, for bull pups from prize winning stock, also English setter, first, N. Y. 1879; second, Newport 1881. Price \$30 if taken at once. Sept 15, 1881.

FOX TERRIERS FOR SALE. Two bitch puppies, color black, white and tan, whelped August 23, 1881, by my Crick (Yand-Mott) out of my Phylis (duff 24-July). To be delivered within two months old. JAS. PAGE STINSON, Leavenworth, Kansas. Sept 15, 1881.

FOR SALE, the beautiful cocker spaniel dog pup, Tim, color rich river and white; handsomely marked; parents have won 1st prize at Price \$20. CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn. Sept 15, 1881.

FOR SALE CHEAP, pointer dog, is a beauty of good pedigree, one year old, but charges no retrieve, but not broken on game. Will exchange for cocker spaniel pups not over 2 or 3 months old. Address GEO. H. BRIGHAM, Nashua, N. H. Sept 15, 1881.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE and the North Maine Wildlife illustrated. The only complete and comprehensive guide book to Northern Maine, St. John's and Moosehead rivers, and the numerous lakes and ponds connected with them. 256 pages, 10 illustrations and a large map. Fine paper, illuminated covers. Price, by mail, post-paid, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FAIRBANK, Jamaica Plain, Mass. Sept 15, 1881.

The Kennel,
GRAND
International Dog Show,
TO BE HELD AT
LONDON, ONT.,
SEPTEMBER 27, 28, 29 and 30, 1891.
Prize Lists now ready, and can be had of
J. PUDDICOMBE, Sec'y,
OR
(HAS. LINCOLN, Supr.
Office, Tecumseh House, London, Ont.
ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 12.

FLEAS! FLEAS!
WORMS! WORMS!
Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs
A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.
THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on
dogs or any other animal, or money returned.
It is put up in put up in boxes with sliding pepper
box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple
and efficacious.
Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.
Areca Nut for Worms in Dogs.
A CERTAIN REMEDY.
Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full
directions for use.
Price 50 cents per box by mail.
Both the above are recommended by ROY AND
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Conroy, Bisset & Malleson,
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For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from
imported stock. Pedigrees examined and traced.
Orders for importation solicited. For circulars or
information, address L. C. P. LOTZ, 3312 Lake Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., or HENNESSY & SEBRACH, Chicago
Field Kennel, Peru, LaSalle County, Ill.
June 2, 1891.
E. B. GOLDSMITH,
Custom House and Forwarding Agent,
36 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.
RECEIVES AND FORWARDS Dogs,
P. Fowls, etc., to any destination. Kennel
Clubs, Sportmen and others, intending to import
dogs from Europe, should have their stock con-
signed to him. Information furnished in regard
to the best methods of importing, shipping, etc.

BENEDICT.
FIRST AND SPECIAL NEW YORK, '88.
Imported black field spaniel at the stud. Fee,
\$25. Mr. Jacoby's strain. Brother to Squaw and
Lass of Devon; brother to blood to Kamlr and Zulu.
Negro, litter brother to Benedict, was second to
Karl at the West of England show last year.
Black, and liver-colored puppies by Benedict, for
sale. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, White-stone, L. I.
June 14/91

PEAGLE HOUNDS. Not finding, after thorough
examination in England, the kind of beagles
on which I cared to pay passage money, I have in-
order to meet the demands on my kennels, just
purchased the entire packs owned by Genl. R.
Kovett, of Carlisle, Ill., and by W. D. Hayes,
Hastings, Michigan. Of the quality of the dogs I
need not speak, suffice it to say that no dogs yet
produced have been able to compete on the bench
with those bred by Genl. Kovett, and that those
bred by Mr. Hayes are of the same family and
strain, and are well and favorably known through-
out the length and breadth of the land. Imported
bitches, bitches in whelp and young dogs for sale.
GULIN CAMERON, Breckerville, Lancaster Co.,
Penn. Sept. 15/91

FOR SALE.—A dark liver and white pointer dog
puppy, whelped Nov. 1, 189, by Dr. Strach's
Flash (Old George's dog), sire of Strach's Flash, out of
Barker's champion Princess (Ranger-Fan). The
puppy is offered for sale on account of the owner
having no convenient place for rearing him. Ad-
dress LUCIST, P. O. Box 2,363, New York city.
Sept. 15/91

FOR SALE. one dog and one bitch pup, whelped
July 1, 1891, out of my 1st on Co. (Orange),
now Bailey's Tom, and Chloe, by W. H. Perry's
Scott—W. M. Terry's Pete-Bigle w. Th. GEO. A.
COLMAN, No. 11 Wesley street, Charleston, Mass.
Sept. 27

FOX TERRIERS.—The best pair of workers in
America—dog and bitch. Imported; warranted
to beat a fox or draw a badger; fit to win in the best
company; black and tan heads, excellent legs and
feet and game to death. Also, six grand pups from
above. The whole will be sold very cheap to make
room for other dogs. Price, pedigree, etc., apply to
HUME, Orange Co., N. Y. Sept. 27

ROBT. HUME, Orange Co., N. Y., the only bre-
der of pure Danes in America (a record of
shows), has two bitches due to pup October, no
matter. Write now to procure a pup of this grand
winning strain. Sept. 27


FOR SALE. one liver and white pointer, 18 mos.
old, good native stock, untrained, all right and
sound, price \$1. One liver and white mortified pup,
whelped Aug. 7, out of Mattie May, by Gypsy and
Don, and my Snapshot 3 by Champion Snapshot
winner. For further particulars, send for circular, both
parents being unsupassable for business, and
other good qualities. F. A. SINCLAIR, Mottville,
Onondaga Co., N. Y. Sept. 27

LEONARD'S
Split Bamboo Rods,
WITH PATENT WATERPROOF AND PATENT SPLIT FERRULES.



No. 1 SHOWS WATERPROOF CUP IN FERRULE (PATENTED OCTOBER 24, 1879).
This prevents any moisture from reaching the wood, and the ferrule from becoming loose. The constant wetting and drying of the bamboo must rot the wood, and make other makes of rods less durable than Leonard's.
No. 2 SHOWS SPLIT FERRULE (PATENTED SEPTEMBER 3, 1879).
This splits the ferrule where the wood is joined to the rod, which is the weakest part of a rod, and where so many of other makes of rods (bamboo especially) break. Mr. Leonard has yet to hear of a single instance of breakage at this point since the PATENT SPLIT FERRULE has been applied. In rod making since rods have been made.
No. 3 SHOWS SPLIT FERRULE WHIPPED WITH SILK AS IT APPEARS ON THE ROD.
EVERY ROD WARRANTED.
SOLE AGENTS,
WILLIAM MILLS & SON,
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ALLEN'S NICKEL-PLATED DUCK CALLER.
The most natural tone and easiest blowing Duck Caller in the world. Sent post paid to any address on receipt of one dollar.



ALLEN'S DECOY DUCK FRAME
Is simply a device for holding a dead duck in a natural position in the water, on ice or land, as a decoy. Sent to any address, C. O. D., or on receipt of price, \$4 per dozen. No. 1 for mallards, etc., No. 2 for widgeon, etc., No. 3 for teal. For sale by the trade everywhere, or by F. A. ALLEN, Monmouth, Ill.

MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE.
Manufactured by Marlin Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., makers of the celebrated HALLARD RIFLE. Without question the best Magazine Rifle ever produced.
.40 cal., 60 grains of powder and 250 grains of lead. .45 cal., 70 grains of powder and 405 grains of lead (Government cartridge). Send for descriptive list to
SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,
P. O. BOX 8,170. 84 and 86 CHAMBERS STREET NEW YORK.
Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.
KEENE'S PATENT
Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U. S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service. 10 Shots, .45 Cal., 70 Grain Standard Government Cartridges.
Prices: Carabines, \$22; Frontier Rifles, \$22; Sporting and Hunting Rifles, \$25.
Discount to the Trade Only. Send for Catalogue and Price Lists.
E. REMINGTON & SONS., 283 Broadway, N.Y. P. O. Box 3,994.

THE GREAT SINGLE BREECH-LOADER.
FOREHAND & WADSWORTH'S NEW BREECH-LOADER has so completely distanced all the others that it stands alone. There is no second. It is the only single gun worth having. As described in the above cut it is now complete, with rebounding lock, pistol grip, lever fore-end, nickel-plated frame, and is beautifully finished throughout. The barrels are either steel or twist. When steel they are bored out of a solid bar of steel, differing in this respect from all others, which are merely of milled barrels refinished. When twist they are the best imported barrels and of very fine grain. They are bored either cylinder for use in the field, or choked for very close shooting. When choked the targets will not suffer in comparison immediately. The cost of these guns is a mere trifle. We are sole agents of New York for Colt's Club Guns, and also for Enos James & Co., Birmingham.
We offer a small job lot of the celebrated Weibel Guns of all sorts at about half price.
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The Kennel.
TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Landale, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of "Champion" Lawyer, Batchelor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzie, Loochie, Loocher, Limerick, Liona, Lumbot, Lena, Loney, Bob, Young Bob, Bessie II, Bessie, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. Mar. 27

The Kennel.
SETTERS AND SPANIELS FOR SALE. Brown, curly retrievers, from imported stock and (native) English setters; full pedigree. Address W. A. ASSELI SMITH, Woodford, Me. Sept. 14
PORTHATHS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 29 and 41 Park Row, N.Y. Dec. 31/91
P. O. MORE KENNEL.—Thoroughbred and Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion P. O. More out of Sarah O'More, Magenta and Pearl. Full pedigree. Address W. N. CALLEN, Deer, Albany, N. Y. Aug. 17

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NEMASKETT KENNEL, Richmond & Vaughan, proprietors, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs boarded, broken and handled by men of experience, setters, pointers, fox hounds and beagles trained for their respective work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also, a number of well-trained setters and pointers for sale. Address BOX 33, Middleboro, Mass. H. B. RICHMOND, N. H. VAUGHAN. June 27
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PRINTING AND COMPILING,
CHEAPER THAN CAN BE DONE BY ANY OTHER
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IMPERIAL MANGE CURE.

A sure cure for all SKIN DISEASES. For sale by
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Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of principal
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DASHING LION IN THE STUD.
The imported dog Dashing Lion will serve a limited
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June 23, 1880 Box 14, Coatesville, Penn.

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have been hunted since able to follow the dam on
the trail, and are believed to be second to none in
nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON,
Brickville, Pa. May 12-17

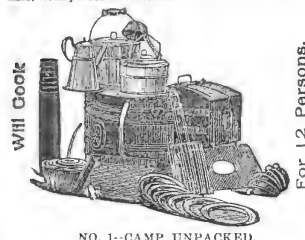
OLYMPIAN COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS.—For
Cockers of all ages and colors, dogs, bitches
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H. L. DUNCKLEE'S PATENT

Camping and Mining Stove.

JUST the thing for people camping out
for a short or long time. FOUR SIZES; pre-
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THE ORIGINAL
American Hammerless
GUNS WITH HAMMERS ON OUR GRIP
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SIZES FROM 4 TO 20.

Muzzle-Loaders Altered
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Stocks Bent to Any Crook.

GUNS BORED TO SHOOT CLOSE.
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First-class sporting garments. Designs and price,
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SELF-CLOSING PLUNGE
TRAPS.

PATENT SELF-CLOSING TRAPS, WITH EXTRA
DOOR TO SHOW WHEN BIRD IS NOT
IN TRAP.

Price per pair, \$25.

This trap is used by all the principal associations
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PARKER BROS., Meriden, Ct.,

MAKERS OF THE WORLD-RENOVED
PARKER BREECH-LOADER.

Send for Catalogue of Gun Implements, etc.

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Selected Standard

Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed
on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

No. of pellets to oz., 338 472 638 1056 Soft
" " " " 345 485 650 1130 Chilled.

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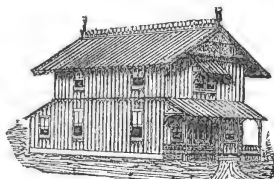
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\$72 A WEEK. \$15 a day at home easily made.
Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & CO.,
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THE AMERICAN

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MANUFACTURE HOUSES

on an entirely new and novel principle, whereby
more strength can be obtained than in any other
way. Any size from a Sportsman's or Miner's Cot,
5½ by 8 feet, with floor, one door and four windows,
weighing 45 pounds, to a commodious dwelling.
So arranged that no nails, screws or skilled labor
are required in putting them up; very easily and
quickly done. Simple, light, strong, comfortable,
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THE ONLY ROUTE TO THE

Trent, Grayling & Black Bass Fisheries,

FAMOUS SUMMER, HEALTH AND GAME RE-
SORTS AND LAKES OF

NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

The waters of the
Grand Traverse Region
and the Michigan North Woods are unsurpassed,
if equaled, in the abundance and great variety of fish
contained.

BROOK TROUT abound in the streams, and the
famous AMERICAN GRAYLING is found only in
these waters.

The TROUT season begins May 1 and ends Sept. 1.

The GRAYLING Season opens June 1 and ends
Nov. 1.

BLACK BASS, BLUE PERCH, MUSKELLONGE,
also abound in large numbers in the many
lakes and lakes of this territory. The Sports-
man can readily send trophies of his skill to his
friends or "club" at home, as ice for packing fish
can be had at nearly all points.

TAKE YOUR FAMILY WITH YOU. The
scenery of the North Woods and Lakes is very
beautiful. The trip is pure, and the fishing.
The climate is peculiarly beneficial to those suffering
with

Hay Fever and Asthma Affections.

The hotel accommodations are excellent, and will
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by new buildings and additions.

During the season ROUND TRIP EXCURSION
TICKETS WILL BE SOLD AT LOW RATES, and
attractive train facilities offered to Tourists and
Sportsmen.

Dogs, Guns and Fishing Tackle Carried Free at
owner's risk.

It is our aim to make sportsmen feel "at home"
on this route. For Tourists' Guide a handsomely
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Folders and further information, address

A. B. LEE, Gen'l Pass't Agent,
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Fishing Season at Rangeley
Lakes Again Open.

EXCURSION TICKETS

VIA
BOSTON AND MAINE
RAILROAD.

Boston to Andover and return..... \$9.00

" South Arm (Richardson Lakes) and
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" Middle Dam and return..... 13.00

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" Mountain View House or Rangley
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" Rangley Lake and return..... 15.25

" Phillips " " " " 12.00

" Indian Rock and return (via An-
dover, return via Farmington).
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return..... 15.25

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" Forks of the Kennebec and return. 18.00

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Also tourists' tickets to all Sporting and Pleas-
ure Resorts in Maine and the Provinces.

Tickets for sale at all principal ticket offices and
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DEPOT, BATHMARK SQ., BOSTON.

Send for list of excursions.

D. J. FLANDERS,
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UPLAND SHOOTING.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, September 22.

LAST Monday night the news was flashed forth to the world that James A. Garfield was dead. The ball of the assassin had done its work. The long agony was over. The well-spent life had ended. The Nation mourned.

A strong man, in the prime of life, having attained the height of political preferment, surrounded by his friends and just starting with bright anticipations to rejoin his family for a summer holiday, is suddenly and without warning struck down by the bullet of a contemptible assassin. Eighty days follow of intense physical suffering and dire distress, the victim, with heroic, determined, marvelous endurance, battling for life; eleven weeks of a death-bed struggle whose pathetic surroundings are without a parallel, while without the chamber, in mute and anxious suspense, the Nation watches the mortal anguish of the sufferer and marks the fluctuations of life and death—and then the pitiable ending! Such is the dismal tragedy which began in Washington on the morning of that eventful second of July and ended at Elberon, New Jersey, at thirty-five minutes past ten o'clock last Monday night.

It were needless now to dwell upon the painful details of these memorable months. The anger and indignation awakened ere the report of the wretched murderer's pistol had died away, the spontaneous outburst of grief and sympathy for the President, the resolute, undaunted determination of the wounded men to improve "the one chance," the tender, self-forgetful solicitude with which he thought and spoke of the absent wife, the succeeding scenes at the White House, the letter written by the President to his mother, his pathetic appeals to be taken back to his Mentor home, the historic journey to Long Branch; all the daily incidents of this protracted and hopeless struggle, as week was added to week; and then, after it all, the final yielding of the poor, wasted, pain-racked body, and the quenching at once of Garfield's life, and the Nation's anxious hope—all these have engaged the concern of the people and formed a part of their daily thought and life.

The circumstances attending the sick chamber at Washington were such as to arouse the sympathy of all classes, of men and women, of old and young. When that fatal shot was fired last July, it was not Garfield, the President and public man, alone, who fell; it was Garfield, a husband, a father, and a son. The connection of the political and domestic phases of his life had been so strong, and their association in his sickness and death were so intimately blended, as to appeal with a peculiar directness and tenderness to every family circle. And so in turn, when the telegraph sent its melancholy message over the land last Monday night, the intelligence was received by all with the pang which comes with the announcement of the death of a near and dear friend. The grief, which is symbolized to-day by the funeral drappings of black, is not the conventional mourning for the demise of a public functionary; it is the sorrow of the Nation and of the households which compose the Nation, a sorrow genuine and universal, akin to that of a family for one of its own.

If in this long watching at the bedside of James A. Garfield, and in this common grief at his untimely death, the Nation has forgotten and put away forever the harboring of sectional distrust, and the unseemly feuds of partisanship; if now, when the country is one in its grief, the threads of its union be knit into a closer and stronger woof, this will have been the one bright side of these eleven long weeks of national distress. If, because of his sufferings, the Union is to-day more a Union than it was before, then indeed not in vain nor without glorious reward has been the slow martyrdom of James A. Garfield.

A second name has been added to the list of the martyr Presidents of the United States. God grant that it may be the last!

IT IS A MISTAKE to infer from what has appeared in these columns respecting the would-be imitators of "Frank Forester," that we are lacking in appreciation of the eminent services which Herbert rendered to American sportsmanship. The influence of his writing has been much greater than can readily be estimated; and we would not attempt to detract from his merits and fame. We admire "Frank Forester's" writings; what we do not admire is the prating about "Our Frank," and the attempt to make demigods of Herbert and his sporting friends. To Herbert let due credit be given, but in giving it let us preserve our masculinity and talk and write as men.

It has been suggested that the President of the United States ought to be in future provided with a body-guard. No. Such a provision would be in vain, if the execration and loathing, which the nation has heaped upon the guilty wretch now awaiting the gallows for his terrible crime, shall not suffice to deter another from winning by a like deed a like reward of infamy.

"IN THE MASH."

"A H!" twenty years ago, then was the times. Then they were birds." So the old pushers have said to us many a time as we have been quietly rowing to or from the flats. And it is likely enough that with the rail, as with the other game birds, the olden days were days of plenty. Whether this be true or not, it is safe to say that in the time of muzzle-loaders the birds seemed more numerous than they now are. When one's gun was empty, and the birds were getting up by twos and threes about his boat, they seemed to multiply themselves wonderfully, and the impression left on a man's mind was that of tens where really there were only units. Rail shooting to our mind is capital sport, and the practice, coming as it does just at the opening of the season, is just what one needs to put him in shape for the later shooting, where the birds are harder to hit, and the work, from all points of view, more difficult. The chief objection to the sport is that there is not enough work about it. We have seen gentlemen, faultlessly attired and wearing diamond studs and kid gloves, shoveling over the grounds killing their birds in excellent shape, and at last stepping out of the boat at the landing without a speck or a stain upon their clothing, looking as fresh and neat as though they had just emerged from their dressing rooms. One of our friends even had an arm chair placed in the bow of his skiff, and used to shoot most of the time from that, only rising to his feet when the grass was too high for him to see over from his seat. Now, while the charms of keeping dry and clean are certainly very great, it is no small advantage for one to be so clad that if necessary he can jump overboard and help shove the boat off a bog, or over some little strip of dry land which may separate one good piece of shoving ground from another. One can often save fifteen or twenty minutes by such a manoeuvre as the last named, and if the birds are plenty the tide will seem all too short without any such loss of time.

The methods employed in rail shooting have already been alluded to and are well known. The birds are easily killed and furnish most delicate morsels for the table. They fly straight and slow, and are excellent birds for the beginner to practice on, although a too long extended course of rail shooting has, to our mind, a tendency to develop a pottering shot. Therefore let the tyro begin on rail September 1, and, after practicing at them for two or three weeks, look up the few English snipe that will by that time have made their appearance. The woodcock and ruffed grouse he can essay as soon as the law is off, and the quail will be about right in November. By commencing with the rail and snipe he has the advantage of shooting at first in the open, and thus learns, much more readily than he otherwise would, where to hold on his birds. An autumn's practice, thus begun, ought to enable him to get a pretty good idea of how to shoot in the proper way.

It is astonishing, when we consider how many of them are killed each season, how little is known of the habits of our rail. The old idea that they spent the winter lying torpid in the mud at the bottom of lakes and streams is no longer held, it is true, but still, very few people know much about the way in which they pass their lives. This results naturally enough from the places which they inhabit, which are never visited by the sportsman, excepting during the shooting season. Then, too, the rail do not like to fly if they can escape by running. They are swift of foot, and, where the grass is very thick, can run through it faster than a boat can be shoved. Often they will not fly until the boat is almost on them, and we have seen uninjured birds, too tame to fly, killed by a blow from the pusher's pole. All old rail shooters know how difficult it is to retrieve cripples. They will dive, swim under water, and cling to the bottom, but above all they will hide. When the grass is thick, the task of finding a wounded bird is almost a hopeless one. This fact often gives the pusher who has not carefully marked down his bird an excuse; and if, after searching for it for a while he cannot find it, he is likely to say, "You didn't kill that one—he was only wingbroken."

We have all of us been witnesses of the ambition which the pusher exhibits to have his man show the biggest count when the boats come in after the shooting is over. It is curious to see how soon the propelling power of the boat becomes weakened, if the man in the bow cannot hit his birds. The boat goes along slowly and listlessly, and the shover has

to be constantly urged to do his duty. The unfortunate shooter incurs the contempt of the pusher, who is now only anxious to have the tide over and to get ashore again.

Ten species of the family *Rallidae* are known as inhabitants of North America; and of these, the so-called scora or Carolina rail (*Porzana carolina*), is by far the most abundant. It is this species which furnishes ninety-nine one hundredths of the birds killed during the season. The salt water marsh hen, *Rallus longirostris*, is perhaps next in order of numbers, and is followed by the Virginia rail, *R. virginianus*. This species is much more abundant than is ordinarily supposed to be the case, but as it never flies when it can possibly escape by running, it is not often seen. The coot (*Fulica americana*) is not very abundant along our Middle Atlantic coast, but is very numerous inland, and on the Pacific coast. The gallinules (*Gallinula galeata* and *martinica*) are southern birds, but the former is frequently taken in the Middle States and even in Massachusetts. The yellow rail, and the black rail (*Porzana noveboracensis* and *P. jamaicensis*) are not often seen, but the former is common on some marshes in October. The latter is rare everywhere, we believe.

From the 15th to the 25th of September the rail shooting is at its height, and the next easterly storm that we have will, we think, bring a flight of birds, which should be in fine order. By the first of October the greater part of the birds have passed on, although the few that remain are fat and delicious. We have killed rail in November, but only as stragglers, for, as a rule, they disappear with the first sharp frosts.

In another column will be found a brief description of some of our North American *Rallidae*.

THE CREEDMOOR FALL MEETING.

THE full report which we present of the work at Creedmoor during the past week tells the story of a successful rifle gathering. The flock of outsiders was indeed wanting, but this was not a loss, for it must be some such extraneous inducements as the glamour of a foreign team or the presence of a pool box that will bring the ordinary idler to study the progress of a rifle contest.

In many other ways the recent meeting differed from previous assemblies of the sort on the Creedmoor range. The regular army was represented only by such entries as were made up among the Willett's Point Engineers. These men were among the earliest of the firm friends of the National Rifle Association. Not a meeting or a match of consequence has passed without the presence of competitors of the blue-coated rank and file of the Willett's Point garrison. They come as individuals, and not as representing the Army of the United States. The War Department took no steps to secure a showing of the progress which the regulars may have made during the past year. It is true that more attention is now paid to hall practice in the ranks of Uncle Sam's military force than at any previous period in the history of the army, but while reports of progress may be ever so flattering on paper, there will always be a margin of uncertainty and doubt unless the people are allowed to see the picked teams of the Army brought out in direct competition with other marksmen not of the Army cloth. Hence it should be looked upon as an expressed want of faith in their own powers or of a waning interest in rifle shooting, when the names of the several Army divisions do not figure on the list of entrants at this, the representative rifle gathering of the country. To be sure the regulars have made what may be termed a "ten strike" at Creedmoor. A year ago they made for themselves a record of which they may well be proud, but they will soon be placed in the ranks of the "have-beens" if they do not steadily maintain the fight for first place.

The meeting has had its local character somewhat relieved by the presence of the Pennsylvania and the New Jersey teams, but, though they did not figure as leaders in any of the matches, these teams did sufficiently well to encourage further visits. They are handicapped by the fact of shooting on a strange range, while the city teams are thoroughly at home. The "woodchuck hunters" of Watertown, N. Y., perhaps did not find warrant in their success to repeat their former triumphal entry into their native town, and the stuffed woodchuck will hibernate yet another year, but they did well considering that the assisting arm of the State was withdrawn from them. Too many good things have come out of this pleasant Northern city in the past not to lead us to look for desirable visitors in the future.

The Massachusetts representatives from Walnut Hill proved that they could do good and fine work away from their favorite all-the-year shooting ground; and deserve all the credit given them for their skill as close-hitting marksmen. The management of the meeting was very far from the best. When it takes the "juvenile asylum" in charge of the score tickets several days to arrange the figures of a single match, it is not strange that there are complaints from those whose duty it is to place on record the doings at the range, and that the newspapers present so many departures from a strict accuracy of report. Of course there are many points in the management which the contestants would criticize, and the fact that there are several protests to be considered does not speak well for the thoroughness of the management on the ground. However, fair weather enabled the meeting, with its comparatively few contestants and many days of shooting, to be carried out without, at times, such a seeming necessity as an executive officer; but the directors must not be surprised if sharp things are said of them when

they shuffle over their assumed duties in such a perfunctory style.

To the State authorities at Albany, with their beggarly neglect of the question of rifle-shooting, the meeting teaches the lesson that as obstructionists they can do very little, while as advocates of, and supporters of, a well-considered, and economically carried out, plan of practice, they can do much. In such a work, whatever scheme of drill may be adopted, it is necessary to excite the best endeavors of the men by emulation, and the fall meeting at Creedmoor is the goal to which the efforts of those who are confident of their ability naturally tend. To reduce the rifle practice of the State to the mere making up of so many schedules of figures to be pigeon-holed into the oblivion of the Adjutant General's office at Albany, is to kill the interest of the National Guard in the subject. We would hazard nothing in saying that the interest awakened by the making up of a regimental team for the Creedmoor competitions of the past week would be of more service in an organization than all the ordered drill at the butts which the sapient Attorney-General is likely to force upon men who don uniforms and shoulder rifles under the conditions which govern our militia.

BYE-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

THIRD PAPER.

VICTORIA is a charming town of six or seven thousand inhabitants, situated on the extreme southeastern point of Van Couver Island. Previous to the gold excitement of 1858 it consisted merely of a Hudson's Bay fort, with the few dwellings occupied by the servants of that powerful company. The discovery of gold in small quantities on the Fraser River in 1857, and later on the Quesnelle and at Cariboo, wrought a great change in the prospects of the place. The story of the new "diggings" soon reached California, and caused a wild excitement among the mining population of that State, then ripe for a fresh move. The usual rush took place, and the drowsy old Hudson's Bay post, to which heretofore the only event of the year had been the arrival of the ship from England with the mail, was startled from its slumbers by the advent of twenty thousand miners, who pitched their tents about it and formed what is now Victoria. Buildings soon sprang up and trade flourished. Everything going to or coming from the mines passed through the town and paid it tribute. High hopes were entertained of its future greatness and, in 1862, one writer said: "Already it has become the emporium of commerce, the metropolis of the northwest coast of America." But, unfortunately for Victoria, the mines, which caused its existence as a town, ceased to pay, and its commerce fell off. It has not fulfilled the promise of its early youth and, until it can have some more speedy means of communication with the outer world than it at present possesses, its growth will be very slow. The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, now in process of construction, will unquestionably be of the greatest benefit to the place as well as to the other towns in British Columbia, for it will give them a market for their products, and at present they have none. The duty which goods sent to the United States have to pay leaves little margin for profit, and the very heavy tariff on imports bears severely on the inhabitants of the Province. Although the work of constructing the railroad is going on, it is not progressing as rapidly as might be expected, and there is no immediate prospect of its completion. Labor is hard to obtain in British Columbia, much of it coming from the United States, and great dissatisfaction seems to exist among the hands employed by the railway contractors. To so great an extent is this the case that the men are continually leaving the work and fresh hands have to be obtained. Of the real merits of this case I, of course, have no knowledge. The fact seems well established, however, that the men employed on the road are leaving constantly and, as they say, on account of bad treatment.

The country about Victoria is extremely picturesque and attractive, and the roads are good. There are few places about which one can find so many pleasant drives, and several days devoted to an examination of the environs of the town will not be wasted. The George is within easy walking distance—about four miles—and at half-tide is a boiling torrent, flowing between high rocky banks. Cedar Hill is about six miles distant, and from its summit one may obtain a fine coup d'œil of the city, the Straits of Fuca, the Gulf of Georgia, with its hundreds of islands, and the main land rough with mountain peaks, among which, and rising far above them all, stands Mt. Baker, calm and white, a snow-robed monarch.

I should feel myself decidedly blameworthy were I to fail to mention that at Victoria there is one of the very best hotels that I know of. An experience of many years of travel in America and Europe gives me the confidence to believe that I am qualified to judge in a matter of this kind, and I have no hesitation in saying that I know of no place on this continent where one will fare more comfortably than at the Driard House. The rooms, it is true, are not furnished in a particularly luxurious style, but they are neat and comfortable. The table is perfection; the food of the very best quality and far more carefully and better cooked than is the case in many of the leading hotels of our largest cities. One of the proprietors does all the marketing and is the *chef de cuisine*, and he is certainly a jewel among cooks, a veritable artist. So long as the Driard remains under its present man-

agement, and maintains the reputation which it now has, no one need hesitate about which hotel to go to while in Victoria.

If I were to attempt to describe all the beautiful scenery that is passed in approaching Victoria, from whatever point, my letters would spin themselves out to an unreasonable length; whether one comes by way of the ocean, through the Straits of Fuca, or direct from the United States over the blue waters, and by the pine-clad hills of Puget Sound, or from the mainland of British Columbia, threading his way through any of the narrow passages that separate the many islands of the Gulf, now breasting the tideway of one channel, and again being hurried forward by the current of another—from whichever side he comes—the scene is one of great beauty. Few places have greater natural advantages than Victoria. Her harbor is, it is true, small and needs a good deal of improvement before it will be at all what is needed, but in that of Esquimalt, only three miles distant, she has one which will accommodate the largest vessels. The sportsmen of Victoria are fortunate in having shooting and fishing grounds close at hand. During the months of July and August, the salt waters of the straits and gulf abounds with salmon, which are readily taken by trolling, and when thus taken on a light rod afford fine sport. Most of the brooks of the island afford excellent trout-fishing, the Comox River being especially renowned for the size and the numbers of the fish in it.

About Victoria there are found two species of grouse, the dusky or blue, (*Canace obscura*) and the ruffed (*Bonasa umbellus* var. *sabinei*). The California quail (*Lophortyx californica*), has been introduced here, and seems from all reports to have done well, but is not in particularly high favor, owing to its habit of taking to the thick brush as soon as flushed, and its failure thereafter to lie satisfactorily to the dog. Whether these faults can be overcome by education is a question that time alone can answer. In the autumn, ducks and geese are found in favorable localities in great numbers, and judging from all the reports, the shooting must be very good.

Of large game there is considerable variety. The black tail deer (*Cervus columbianus*) is extremely abundant within a few miles of Victoria, and it is not an uncommon thing for parties to start out with a wagon in the evening and return the next night with several deer. Among the scrub oaks which grow here in certain localities still-hunting may be successfully practiced, but in most sections recourse must be had to hounds in order to obtain the game, as the timber is so thick, and the underbrush and ferns so dense and tangled, that it is impossible for one to travel through the brush without making a great deal of noise.

On the northern end of Vancouver Island, and in the interior as far south as the Comox River, elk are to be found, but I fancy, from the accounts which reached me, that they are by no means numerous. Bears and panthers are said to be abundant everywhere on the island. Sooke, distant from Victoria about twenty miles, is a great place for bears. By far the greater number of those killed are black or cinnamon, but I was shown the remains of a grizzly, said to have been killed at Sooke. The panthers are hunted and killed chiefly by those farmers who have flocks or herds to protect, and are not often seen by deer hunters. There are a few wolves, but they are not often seen except in winter.

My stay in Victoria on this occasion was not very long, and I hastened to the town of New Westminster, on the mainland, by the first steamer. Here I had the very great pleasure of meeting "Mowitch," whose graceful and instructive letters to *FOREST AND STREAM* have given to its readers so much information relative to the fauna of this far distant country, and to the methods employed in the capture of its game. Through his kindness I was enabled to see much that was new and interesting to me, and from the stores of his knowledge of British Columbia I drew many facts which afterward proved extremely useful.

While enjoying the kind hospitality of Mr. H. on the evening of my arrival at New Westminster, he proposed that we should make a little hunt together next morning, as he thought it likely that we might get a deer before breakfast. Accordingly the next day about four o'clock we started on foot for a little lake about four miles from town.

The day promised to be a perfect one; the sky was cloudless, and no fog obscured the view. The sun had not yet risen, but in the east, above the jagged and broken summits of the Pitt River Mountains, stars were beginning to disappear, and the sky to flush and glow, each instant becoming more and more bright. We were soon passing through the woods. The air was cool, fresh and exhilarating. A gentle breeze just moved the higher branches of the enormous trees, and brought from the recesses of the tangled forest the balsamic breath of the Douglas firs and the terebinthine fragrance of the cedars, mingled with the faint bad odor of decaying vegetation so characteristic of the timber in all climates. The vegetation was all new to me, and I admired the dark green of the firs, the paler foliage of the cedar, the maples with their large leaves, the tangle of underbrush, and, beneath all, the ferns from four to seven feet high. We were passing between high walls of foliage extending far before us on either side. Above was a narrow strip of sky, and before us the yellow road. Little bits of bright color were not wanting along the roadside. The *Eupatorium*, so universally distributed through the mountains, shone like a tongue of flame against its background of green; here and there, from the wet springy places, the foxglove nodded its

tall spike of red or white flowers; the feathery plumes of the *Spiraea* waved a greeting, the white blossoms of the Canada coral looked up from their nests of leaves, and the delicate pink caducous bells of the *Lilinet* fell in showers from their stems as we passed by. Then there were the berries in infinite variety and great profusion. The salmon berries, red or yellow; blackberries, green and red; blueberries of several kinds, the purple salal, the velvetberry, the scarlet, and as yet unripe, paucules of the elder, and the brilliant fruit of the umbrella plant were all here, and seemed to invite our inspection.

We had with us three hounds, Captain, Dinah and Wallace, and better dogs it would be hard, I think, to find. The two first named, so far as form and color went, exactly filled my eye. They were types of the hound, their points perfect throughout, black and tan in color, and with voices both musical and powerful. Old Captain especially had a tongue like that of a trumpeter, and I have never heard sweeter or more harmonious cry from any pack than from these three splendid dogs. Wallace did not present to the eye so complete a picture as did the others. His points were not nearly so good, but as a workman in the field he could scarcely be excelled and in the estimation of his owner he stands perhaps first favorite on the list of his hounds. Even to one who does not know him he conveys the impression of being a cunning old fellow and a worker. He has a knowing look on his face, and has so much more flesh on his bones than his kennel mates, that it is easy to see he understands running and in general takes good care of himself. This must not be interpreted as meaning that he saves himself at the expense of the other dogs, for that is not the case. On the contrary, Wallace, though not so fleet as Dinah, often leads the pack, and has in many cases caught a deer without any assistance. He is a terrible fighter, and the deer that he once puts his teeth into is lost. Mr. H. told me a very exciting story of a combat between Wallace and a deer, which took place on the face of a precipice on a narrow ledge of rock sixty feet above the water. From this shelf the two combatants fell into the stream below and the hunter, coming up in his canoe, put an end to the battle.

Our party consisted of Mr. H., a Douglas River Indian named Squawitch (the Sturgeon) and the writer. An hour's brisk walk brought us to the lake, and here the dogs were slipped, and sent off into the woods with Squawitch while the two white men seated themselves on a log, and, lighting their pipes, awaited the Indian's return. As we sat there admiring the beauty of the sheet of water spread out before us, my companion told me something about the lake. It appears that it is believed by the Indians of the surrounding country to be inhabited by a *Sellacium*; *Sellacium* being the Chinook word for anything supernatural. In this case the belief is that some terrible monster, who is aided and abetted by the evil spirit, lives at the bottom of the lake, and that when any one is rash enough to venture upon it this dreadful creature rises to the surface, overturns the canoe and gobbles up the unfortunate occupants. This belief is so firmly held by the Indians that they will by no means venture on the lake, nor will they approach its margin when gathering berries. They hold up their hands in horror at the daring which "Mowitch" shows in venturing so frequently on its placid waters, and prophesy for him some dreadful fate as a reward for his audacity. Once, when he was overturned near the middle of the lake and lost a valuable gun, the Indians told him that the *Sellacium* was giving him a warning now to escape and that he had better not neglect it. Squawitch is perhaps the only Indian in the region that ventures to enter a canoe on the lake, and he only does so when in company with my friend. Whether he regards "Cholley's" medicine as stronger than that of the *Sellacium*, or thinks that if "Cholley" can afford to risk being devoured, he can also, I do not know, but he was certainly here with us now, and had gone off to start the dogs in a most unconcerned manner, although he has just told Mr. H. that an Indian had seen the *Sellacium* here on the lake within the past two or three weeks.

We had been seated there but a few moments, when we heard the faint cry of a hound—the deep voice of Captain. A little later the shriller cry of Dinah made itself heard, and then both becoming fainter and fainter, passed out of our hearing. A moment later Squawitch parted the bushes near us, and, walking down a log toward the water, drew from the low brush a canoe and two paddles. Signifying to us to step into the canoe, he took his seat in the stern while Mr. H. took the bow paddle, and I seated myself amidships. Then with a stroke or two of the paddles we shot out of the little cove and on to the unruined surface of Mirror Lake. Yo.

New Westminster, B. C.

ISAAC McLELLAN'S POEMS.—We understand that those poems of Mr. Isaac McLellan, which relate to field sports, are to be collected and published in book form. Such a volume would be welcomed by the sporting fraternity. Mr. McLellan is one of our oldest American poets, he and Longfellow having begun to write and publish at the same time in *Bryan's United States Literary Gazette*, at that time printed in Boston, and subsequently in New York. Longfellow was at the time in his junior year at college, and McLellan in his sophomore year, both at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me. That was more than fifty years ago, a period longer than has been covered by the life of nine men out of ten who read these lines; a span of years, which in these progressive times,

veritably bridges over the old and the new. How rich in personal recollections of literary men must such a life be! Mr. McLellan's pen has not yet lost its grace. The first column on the first page of the initial number of the *FOREST AND STREAM* contained a poetical salutation from him, and our columns have since that time been frequently enriched by his verses. We have now in type a poem in which he tenderly alludes to his college days and his companionship with Longfellow at Brunswick.

POWDER MILLS ought to be, and usually are built, on sites remote from other buildings, so that in the event of an explosion the property of others need not be damaged, nor lives needlessly destroyed. This is certainly a wise rule and one which most powder manufacturers observe. It appears, however, that Mr. Carl Dittmar fails to recognize the necessity of "seeking some sequestered spot" for a blasting powder factory. After our discussion of this gentleman's so-called sporting powder, just one year ago to-day, he engaged in the manufacture of blasting powder at Binghamton, where his mill was blown up last April, as noticed in our columns at the time. If we may believe the newspaper reports, several deaths were immediately or indirectly the result of that explosion, and property in the neighborhood was damaged to the extent of \$20,000. Mr. Dittmar was perfectly willing to build again, and doubtless would have been equally willing to start a nitro-glycerine mill "in the heart of London town;" but the Binghamton residents righteously protested, the Grand Jury of Broome county have indicted the powder company, and it is sought to suppress the mill as a nuisance. Elsewhere will be found a letter on the subject from a Binghamton correspondent.

THE KITTY HAWK BAY CLUB.—The proposed organization of this club, which was referred to some three months ago in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*, has proceeded so far that there now seems every prospect that this will be one of the leading organizations of the kind in this country.

The charter memberships were sold at \$500 each, and the applications received by the committee were ten or twelve times in excess of the number of shares to be issued. The last two shares sold brought \$2,000 each. It is understood that their par value is to be fixed at \$2,500.

A committee of gentlemen belonging to the club are now in the South examining the property, and their report will be awaited with interest. It is thought that the club will not put up a house before next summer, as there are at present ample accommodations for the members convenient to the best shooting grounds.

YO'S LETTERS.—We print this week another letter from our correspondent Yo, who writes from British Columbia. He has for a long time been beyond the reach of the mail service, seeing strange sights and strange people. The letter now printed was sent in by an Indian, and traveled many miles in a northern canoe before reaching the post office whose stamp it bears.

THE CLAY PIGEON.—Mr. Harry M. Hills, of Cincinnati, Ohio, a prominent shot of the Wyoming Gun Club, is about to take the field in the interests of the Ligowsky Clay Pigeon Co. If any Club, which has not yet seen the invention will send a notice to the Company, 33 Vine street, Cincinnati, O., Mr. Hills will endeavor to arrange a match with the clay pigeon for that club in the course of his travels.

THE WORST OF IT ALL.—To smash one's leg is bad enough, but for a sportsman to be retired with a broken limb just at the height of the game season is an added woe. So thinks and writes an Ontario friend, whose plans for fall sport have been frustrated by an untimely accident.

VENNOR knows, or professes to know, a great deal about the weather; but he confesses himself unable to cope with the Washington mosquito. He says that in the Canadian wilderness he can manage the pest with smudge fires, but in a Washington hotel recourse to such an expedient is out of the question.

(For Forest and Stream.)
BEFORE AND AFTER.

YOU must wake and call me early; call me early, Jane, my dear! To-morrow 't'll be the happiest day of all the sporting year, Of all the sporting year, my Jane, the maddest, merriest day, For we're going to shoot the canvas-backs, the canvas-backs, I say! There are several small sneak boats, Jane, but none so small as mine; So small it is and narrow I—do you think the day 't'll be fine?— And such a lot I'll shoot, Jane, I'm sure to have such luck, And for weeks we'll dine on nothing, Jane, but dainty canvas duck!

I sleep so sound all night, Jane, that I shall never wake, If you do not call me early, when the day begins to break: For I must fix my tackle and must set out my decoys: To-morrow crows the total of all my earthly joys.

When you're rising, let me sleep, Jane, don't you wake me—do you hear?

"Where's my bag of ducks for dinner?" You're a precious fool, I fear! Wish you'd had the "ducks" that I did! Clothing dry is what I lack; Evil water-lily and demons! Don't you name a canvas-back!

Can't you leave a man in quiet? How much sport? you want to know!

If this day's work you call sport, your perception's pretty slow! You want to save a rumpus and not a gun, my dear, (And upon his side he turns, with a simulated snore.)—A. L. F. M. A.

The Sportsman Tourist.

FROM VERA CRUZ TO MANZANILLA.

THE distance from the City of Vera Cruz, on the Gulf of Mexico, to the nearest opposite point on the shores of the Pacific Ocean is but little more than 600 miles. While there are already two lines of railroad between the Atlantic and Pacific shores within the territory of the United States, although the distance is more than five times as great, the distant condition of our sister republic has thus far prevented the construction of one of its much-needed lines of internal communication. It is very easy to see by a glance at the map what advantages must accrue from the completion of such a work.

By the extension of a line of railroad to the Pacific sea-port of Manzanilla, and thence northward, a final junction with the Southern Pacific Railroad might easily be effected; while, on the other hand, even before its completion, the harbor of Manzanilla affords a convenient half-way freight depot for the steamer from Panama to Vera Cruz with the capital. This difficult pioneer work, which has thus far prevented the construction of one of its much-needed lines of internal communication. It is very easy to see by a glance at the map what advantages must accrue from the completion of such a work.

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Mr. Louis von Niendorf, formerly residing at Hornellsville, N. Y., has been appointed one of the assistants of this survey, and, as Mr. Niendorf is an indefatigable laborer as well in the field of natural history and an expert and practical anatomist and taxidermist, he will be able by means of his well-trained powers of observation to add much valuable knowledge of a part of our continent concerning which, by reason of perpetual civil wars, there is really less substantial information in existence than about the interior of Africa. As Mr. Niendorf has promised to condense an account of his experiences in the form of a few rough notes, detailing what he sees and the experiences he goes through, they may be of some value to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* by reason of their being a plain and unvarnished account of the country and the condition of its inhabitants. His notes date as far back as the departure of the steamer British Empire for Vera Cruz, and commend themselves by their interesting treatment. He writes:

MARAVATIO, MICHOACAN,
Mexican Republic, July 25, 1881.

I will try to introduce my notes by a brief account. We arrived at the City of Mexico on the 12th of July. The mail cart from Maravatio does not leave until Friday, and I will be able to send along by it, as well as a few of the insects I have collected here. We left New York in the steamer British Empire, of Alexander's Havana and Mexican S. S. Line. She is a large four-masted craft of great speed, and furnished with all possible appliances to insure safety and comfort for her passengers. The table is most excellent, and the large state rooms enhance the pleasant surroundings.

On Monday, July 4, we were abreast of the southern point of Florida, with a pleasant and strong breeze, which increased materially our comfort under the ship's awnings of some value to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* by reason of their being a plain and unvarnished account of the country and the condition of its inhabitants. His notes date as far back as the departure of the steamer British Empire for Vera Cruz, and commend themselves by their interesting treatment. He writes:

On Tuesday, July 5, at 5 A. M., we sighted Havana, steamed past the famous fortress of Moro Castle, and went without delay ashore, but only to return early, rather disgusted with our visit on a hot summer day to the capital of the Queen of the Antilles. The streets of this city are too narrow and dusty; the sea-breeze failed to make its appearance and an intolerable heat was produced, which only the traveler to the tropics in summer can fully realize. After discharging some of our cargo, we proceeded from Havana to Progreso, on the coast of Yucatan, favored during the day by the most beautiful weather, tempered by the strong northeast trade winds, while the firmament at night became more brilliant by the resplendent constellation of the Southern Cross, along with the interesting sight of the erratic comet.

We anchored, on account of the yellow fever, about three miles from shore, off Progreso, and discharged our cargo in lighters. While there the steamer was literally surrounded by countless sharks, which, however, knew too much and would not condescend to favor our carefully baited hooks with a call.

July 10 we arrived, after a short and fine run, at Vera Cruz, and bade good-bye to our comfortable quarters on board of the British Empire, with three rousing cheers for her captain and crew. On landing at that port we had to pass through the usual routine of custom-house inspection of luggage, which, by reason of the perfectly useless and unnecessary close scrutiny of purely personal effects, was doubly annoying, particularly when the fact is taken into consideration that our party was in some measure officially recognized as acting under orders and the assistance of the very government to which Vera Cruz belongs. Every possible restriction in conformity with established prohibitory rules was duly enforced including the small allowance of only 232

Porzana carolina (Linn.). Baird. Sora rail, Carolina rail, C. J. n.

Length 8-9 inches. Above olive brown, varied with black, and streaked and spotted with white. Flanks black, white banded. In adult birds the face and throat is black, and the sides of head and the breast slate blue; belly and under tail coverts fulvous. The young lack the black face and have the throat white, the breast being whitish or fulvous. This is the common rail on all our Atlantic coast, to which, however, it is by no means confined. It is distributed everywhere over the continent, and we have killed them on the alkaline lakes of the high central plateau of the Rocky Mountains, as well as on the low river bottoms of the Western States.

Porzana noveboracensis (Gmel.) Baird. Little yellow rail.

Smaller than the last, about 6 inches in length; above varied with black and tawny; young birds marked with white dots, which, however, the adults lack; below yellowish brown, paling on throat and whitening on the belly; flanks dark brown, white banded. Not an uncommon bird, but rarely killed save by chance. When flying it may be recognized by the white tips of the secondary quills, which are then conspicuous.

Porzana javanica (Gmel.) Baird. Little black rail. Smaller; length about 5 inches; blackish; head and under parts dark slaty, paler or whitening on the throat; above speckled with white, the cervix and upper back varied with dark chestnut; lower belly, c-issum, flanks and axillars white barred; quills with white spots. (Coves). A tropical species rarely seen in the United States. Sportsmen should be on the watch for this, and should see that any specimens killed are preserved and their occurrence reported.

The Gallinule are much like the genus *Porzana* in their general configuration, but the forehead bears a conspicuous horny plate, extending up from the bill, and the toes have a margin at membrane.

Totanus Martinica (Linn.). Reich. Purple Gallinule. Head, neck and underparts beautiful purple blue, blackening on the belly, the crissum white; above, oliveaceous green, the cervix and wing coverts tinted with blue; frontal shield blue; bill, red, tip of the lower mandible, legs yellow. Young, with head, neck and lower back brownish, the under parts mostly white, mixed with ochrey. (Coves)—Length 10 inches; a southern species; but stragglers have been taken as far north as New England.

Gallinula galeata (Licht) Fl. Florida gallinule. General color slate, darkest on head, and paler on belly, back olive, flanks and under tail coverts white-striped, legs and toes greenish; bill, frontal plate and a ring around tibia, red; length 12 to 15 inches. Rather southern in its distribution, but occurs regularly as far north as Massachusetts. A few are taken every year in the marshes of the Middle States.

Fulica americana—Gmel. Coot, Mud-hen—This sub-family differs from the preceding mainly in the character of its plumage, which is thick and duck-like; and in the feet, which are much better adapted for swimming than in any other members of the group. The feet are lobate, that is, they are furnished with semi-circular flaps for swimming, something like the feet of the grebes, but still more like those of the phalaropes. The coots spend much of their time in the water, and are excellent swimmers. In color the coot is dark slate, changing to black on the head and neck, and becoming paler on the belly. The under tail-coverts and tips of secondaries are white. Bill white, with a chocolate-colored spot near the end; frontal-plate chocolate-brown; length about 14 inches. The coot is exceedingly abundant in the interior as well as in the South and on the Pacific coast. In the New England and Middle States they are not particularly abundant, but they are seen in small numbers throughout the fall.

RABBITS AND FOXES AS SWIMMERS.—Sept. 14, 1881.—I have seen rabbits and foxes both take to water, in winter as well as summer. But the longest swim I ever knew a rabbit make was in the summer. I was out on a boat, standing on the shores of a creek, listening to hounds on the opposite side, when, much to our surprise, a rabbit ran out from the brush on the other side, plunged into the water and swam over to us; he landed safely, and made his way in peace. The place where he crossed was two hundred feet wide, and the hounds did not follow. I have several times known of a fox swimming across to escape when hunted, and once knew one to get a cold bath while on a hunt himself. This happened in the winter. There had been a light fall of snow on the evening previous, so several of us started in the morning to hunt white hares. On getting into the swampy bottom near Maple Springs, we ran where some hungry fox had taken a hare's track. His hareship made a bee-line for the brook and foxy followed. They reached the brook where it was sixteen or eighteen feet wide. The evidence on the other side showed that the hare must have cleared it at a bound; but not so with the fox. As he neared the brink it looked too wide, or else, as the banks were icy, he dared not try. His speed was such, however, that all efforts to stop him were vain. The ice which covered the lower part of the margin of the brook only made matters worse, and although he sat down, 'twas no use; in he went, and his ardor for hunting was suddenly cooled. A few yards down stream we could plainly see the prints which a wet fox left as he crawled out of an ice-cold trout brook.

EAST MILTON, MASS.—Speaking of rattlesnakes, there are one killed here ten years ago on a limb as high as a man's head, and one last week on the lower limbs of a pine tree about two feet from the ground. J. G. S.

The very great variety of rubber goods, useful and ornamental, now manufactured for the use of sportsmen, is well shown by the catalogue of Messrs. Hoggan & Co., which we have just received. Most of the things that one needs in the field seem to be provided, and are for sale at their two houses in this city. They are among the oldest of our advertisers.

"GOUGE AND SWINDLE"—Kingston, Sept. 12.—As a unit of the hearty and gentlemanly fraternity of sportsmen allow me, with all sincerity, to second the motion put by our good friend "Podgers" in regard to the firm of "Gouge and Swindle." Sportsmen seem to be the legitimate prey of all sorts of vultures. If a man be seen carrying a gun or rod the universal partners of the "Gouge and Swindle" firm are ever on the alert to take him in. Let us Boycott them. Why not reorganize our army and give dear old "Podgers" the command?—A. A.

Game Bag and Gun.

* * For table of game seasons see last issue.

DEER HUNTING IN NORTHERN ONTARIO.

REV. MYRON W. REED says: "There are people who, failing to catch the whopping cough in childhood, are caught by it late in life. These have had it 'hard.' So it is with shooting. A man may lead a blameless existence until the white dust of the road of life is in his hair and then fall." Just so it was with the present writer. I had led the "blameless existence" for over half a century and the "white dust" had settled thickly, and then and not until then did I "fall."

Allured by the word "sport" I, who had never in my life fired a shot at a deer, was tempted to join a deer-hunting party. Probably the party itself had a share in the temptation, for a better lot one need not wish to fall in with than were the men, the Sheriff and the Lawyer.

The spot selected was among the lakes of Northern Ontario. Meeting at points on the road we reached together the rendezvous at the extreme limit of public conveyance. Here, after partaking of a supper of fried venison that whetted the appetite for more, we met and arranged with our guides, cook and teamsters, laid aside some of the garments of civilization, retaining only the necessary or useful, and prepared for a plunge into the woods.

That was indeed a beautiful October morning on which we wended our way toward camp. Delays appeared to be the order of the day, and the sun hung in his path "way" before we were fairly started. The Judge, Lawyer and Sheriff started ahead on foot with some of the dogs. Some time after the baggage wagon got under way, the Doctor and I occupying prominent, if not comfortable, positions upon it. Anon followed another wagon, bearing five large canoes, and the men, leading the rest of the dogs, brought up the rear. It was understood that on catching up with the leading pedestrians the Doctor and I were to give up our places to them, but fortunately for us, they took the wrong place, and we did not see them again until some time after reaching the end of our land journey. The road was simply shocking, and our driver was so very considerate (of his horses) that he made us get out and walk up every hill, little or big, on the road; and after all it did not appear that we had so much the advantage over those who walked all the way. It was not until late in the afternoon that all parties arrived. Wagons unpacked, dinner cooked and eaten, and canoes launched and loaded, we set out for a four-mile paddle to our ultimate destination—the east side of Long Lake. And by the time the trip was accomplished, tent pitched and furnished, supper attended to, and everything made snug and comfortable, all were quite ready and willing to retire for the night.

Our men were George Green, the leader of the hunt, his brother John, son William, and brother-in-law Story, all first-class bushmen and canoeists. I had fallen to my lot. A better paddler need not be wanted, but a temporary affliction of the lungs made him useless as to those organs for war chasing. William supposed to go with the Doctor and Story with the Judge, while the Sheriff and Lawyer were to go together, "paddling their own canoe." But these arrangements were by no means constant. I must not omit to mention the cook, who rejoiced in the name "Jim," and whose chief characteristics were a beautiful ignorance of everything pertaining to the art of cooking and enormous (that's the word) vocal powers, which he would persistently display just as I wanted to go to sleep. My piteous appeals to the others to choke or drown him were of no avail. The Doctor and the Judge did succeed in driving some ideas about cooking into his head, but nothing could quench his sonorous voice or the inclination to exercise it.

I tented with the Judge. The Sheriff and Lawyer were together in another tent. The Doctor had one to himself, and the men a larger one a short distance away. I was fortunate in my companion, for anything he does not know in the way of making himself comfortable on such occasions is hardly worth learning, and I had the benefit of his experience and forethought. The forethought in the tent added very materially to our comfort in wet and windy weather. Our tents were placed in a circle, with the openings to the center, where a fire was kept burning. We first camped, for convenience, on the bank of the lake, but after a very windy night I missed the Judge early in the morning. He had not been able to sleep on account of the storm, and went out to prospect for better quarters. The result was a transfer of the whole camp to a spot cleared for the purpose in the shelter of a grove of hemlocks. The bright flies, white tents and dark green surroundings were indeed a very pleasant picture.

Our hunting grounds were Long Lake, a very irregular body of water about six miles long. Round Lake, west of Long Lake, on the outlet, about three fourths of a mile in length; Spruce Lake, another irregular one about two miles long, east of Long Lake, with a half mile portage between, and an unnamed lake north of Long Lake, reached by a portage of about a mile. Except for the work of lumbermen, the whole of the surroundings were as nature had left them. To the south there was a settlement five or six miles away. In all other directions the miles were to be traversed before a farm or clearing could be found. We had a hunt almost daily, Sunday excepted. At first we tried it twice a day, but found it was too much for the drivers, the dogs and ourselves. Other hunting parties were in the neighborhood; and it was arranged all around that the deer should "follow the dogs." That is, if a dog started a deer, that deer, no matter who might shoot it, should go to the party owning the dog that started it. An honest old trapper proposed this to the Judge the night of our arrival, and he was so taken with the idea and the merit of the thing, that he went on with it only a few hours, as we shall see, to show him that the trapper was decidedly ahead in that arrangement.

Our first hunt was on Long and Spruce Lakes. The Judge and Sheriff had their canoes carried across to the latter lake. My watch was at a point nearly opposite the camp. The Lawyer, alone in a "bark," was more to the north, and still farther on, near the head of the lake, the Doctor had his position. Green went out with the dogs northward between the two lakes, and we all were in positions. I watched long and faithfully, watched stamplings, sawings, waddings, glances across the water in all directions until the eyes grew dim and weary, and fancy conjured up all kinds of visions in the mist that at first obscured and the dazzling sunshine that afterwards lighted up the water, watched until I was tired of watching, and still watched on and on and saw nothing, at least nothing that would pass for a deer. Tried to convince

myself that this was exhibitional sport, but could not succeed. Watched on until the other canoees came down the lake, and then went in to the camp and found the Doctor in possession of a fine doe. It had taken the water on the Lawyer's watch and got a good start across the lake before he saw it.

The wind was dead ahead blowing hard, and he could not get within shot. Finding it getting away from him he fired twice ineffectually and gave it up. The Doctor in the mean time had foreseen the result, and his canoe being double manned, he hastened to intercept the deer and succeeded in doing so before it reached the other shore. The deer made his appearance, looking anything but happy. He had bargained a noble buck, the best of the whole hunt, and was congratulating himself on his success, when the honest old trapper aforesaid, put in and established his claim to the deer, on the ground of his dogs having run it in. The Judge wanted to know where his, the trapper's watchers were, and found that he had none. He had made a splendid one-sided arrangement, by which we were to spend our time in hunting deer for his benefit, without any possibility of return. It is needless to say that the whole incident, in spite of the time and the bulk of the whole of the day to restore the Judge to his wonted good humor.

The next day we hunted the west side of Long Lake. This time the watch was not so tedious. I soon had an opportunity to distinguish myself, and succeeded admirably in doing so. We could, from our canoe, hear the dogs working up the lake, and paddled up slowly after them; finally, pausing a few hundred yards from the shore. Although John's eyes were of little use, his quick ear detected a deer taking to the water. He went toward it, but owing to the reflection of the trees, and not knowing what a deer in the water was like, I could not see it for some little time. At last I observed it swimming from point to point of a shallow bay. We tried, without avail, to cut it off from the shore, and then, by harrier paddling, to get within shot. By this I made my shot, for we got quite near enough; for any one else to hit it. Seeing it about to land, I blazed away with one barrel (huck-shot) and missed, of course. John heaved me to hold the other barrel until the deer struck the bank, when I would have a larger and equal chance. We waited quietly until "fader," ever listened to advice? Besides had I not my rifle ready as a final resort. So I fired again with the same result. The deer was then close to land, and as it sprang up the bank I took hurried aim with the rifle, but the thing would not go off. I had forgotten to cock it; and before that trifling preliminary could be attended to, the deer was out of sight. To say that I was crestfallen and disgusted, is putting it very mildly. The boys behaved very well over it though. Kept down their laughing as well as they could, and good naturedly created all sorts of excuses for what they were quick enough to term my "bad luck." The Sheriff secured a fine buck, and the Judge a doe, on this hunt, so the game began to count up, notwithstanding my blundering.

The Lawyer shot one at Spruce Lake soon after, and even I was not altogether "whitewashed." I was watching the upper end of Long Lake, had the canoe drawn up on the beach under some trees, and was sitting very comfortably on its bow, when I saw the head and then the ears of a deer pass a projecting point not a hundred yards away, and start across the lake. I was not equal to the task. I was not quick enough to turn round too far to return, and then started or it and of course got it. The poor thing had no chance, even with me. I had only to get near enough to make sure of hitting it without injury to carcass or skin, and then fire. Shall I confess that I did not like this much better than the tedious watching of the first day, or the miserable failure of the second?

A day or two of un-pleasant weather interfered somewhat with our hunting, and we had been out five days and only bagged as many deer. The two days more only remained to us, and something must be done. Green determined to take our ground and try southward between the lakes (Long and Spruce), watching on both. I went to the extreme south end of Long Lake, heard one shot but no dogs, and saw no deer. Waited until noon and then started for camp. Going up the lake we heard single shots from a deep bay and, turning aside to see what was up, met the Judge, who said the deer wanted us to help "bring in their bucks." They had secured three deer, and soon after our arrival in camp the party from the other lake came in with two more, making five for that day's hunt.

The next (and last) day we tried the same ground. It was proposed, as everybody was now in an agreeable humor, that I should take a watch that would give me a better chance of getting an her deer. But I declined. I had got one and that was all I wanted. Besides, John had to go and hunt up another team to take out the deer that had so suddenly increased on our hands. So I went again to the landing at South Bay, sent John out to the settlement, and remained on watch alone, for the first time. This bay is nearly square, about half a mile across, and is a very good place for the north. Around this point a short narrow leading to a second bay not so wide, and after crossing it a channel nearly half a mile long leads into the lake. I had no thought of seeing a deer, and paid but little attention to the watch, but habit of observation and quickness of perception had grown up in me even in one short week, and I was watching without knowing it. An unexplained ripple at the extreme northeast corner of the bay after a while developed a swimming deer making for the west side. I waited until it had got so far that it could not turn back to the point, and then I went to intercept it. But I was too hasty, and had hardly started when it turned and made for the point. I strained every nerve and muscle to reach it by head off, but without avail, and in desperation fired a parting shot, unsuccessful, of course. I waited a moment to see if it would again take the water on that side, and then paddled through the narrow. On emerging I saw it in the next bay, again making for the west side and headed it off to the next point on the east, not getting within shot. I then paddled through the channel as fast as I could, hoping to get it as it came to the point, but it intercepted it. But I was too hasty, and had hardly started when it turned and made for the point. 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among the brushwood something that was not brush, and soon distinguished the antlers of a buck which was crossing the second bay. Forgetting my resolution of a few minutes previous, we both did our best in making the old canoe spin through the water, and by a very narrow majority got within shot of the deer and added it to our stock of venison. On reaching camp we found the party in from the other lake was another deer.

This was our last day in camp. We had thirteen deer of various ages, but all in splendid condition, and a nice lot of venison it would be difficult to find. All had enough and to spare for numerous friends. Besides these our party killed three deer for other parties. One of these is said to have given an exciting chase. One of the other party was on watch near where the deer took the water. It nearly succeeded in getting across the bay, but he managed to head it off, and fired a couple of shots and missed. Loading again he followed the deer, fired both barrels and again missed. The deer in the meantime was rapidly nearing the shore where it had entered. Two of our men in a canoe at some distance hastened up, but did not get within fair shot, although firing twice. Story, who was in another direction, also hurried to the scene, but before he got near the deer was out of the water, and making for the woods. Two or three jumps more and he was safe. Story, at the last moment, stopped paddling, seized his rifle and dropped the deer. The distance was estimated at 120 yards, and the shot is spoken of by those who saw it as something almost marvellous under the circumstances.

Our sport was not confined to deer hunting. Partridges were plenty, and some of the party made considerable havoc among them. Ducks also there were, but not numerous or generally of good quality, being mostly of what are called the "fishy" kinds. Whitefish and mountain trout, both delicious, were taken with the troll, as many as we could use. A night's fishing by jack-light was very enjoyable, but did not add much to our larder. And the mere strolling on the fine autumn afternoons through the boundless woods, untouched by the hand of man, or paddling by the bright moonlight among the islands and bays, was quite enjoyment enough for one of the party.

Our evenings were spent very quietly. We rose, and were glad to retire, early. It was, in some respects, a model camp. There was no Sunday hunting, no guzzling of liquor, no ribaldry or profanity, and no bickering or jealousies. All went on smoothly and pleasantly, and the only regret was that a longer stay had not been arranged, and even this was removed before we reached home.

The morning of our departure was the finest of all. So fine was it that we had not been engaged to meet us on that day, we would have been tempted to remain a while longer. Fortunate it was that we had not done so, for that afternoon the snow fell heavily, and the next morning was thirteen inches and the following night two feet deep.

We were astir early. To breakfast, get everything packed up, carried down to the beach and loaded in canoes and punts, paddle to the landing and wait for and load up the wagons, took up considerably more than half the day, and the following march of thirteen miles, part of it through a piece of snow storm. To me, entirely unused to such walks, and not very sound of foot, it was a serious affair. By the time Story passed me, a couple of miles from the end of the walk, fresh as if just started, and relieved me of my gun, it had so increased in weight that seventy-five pounds would have been a moderate estimate. An excellent supper, a solid roof and a "real bed" were never more enjoyable.

So began and ended my first deer hunt. Shall it be the last? The Great Disposer of events only knows. I fear I have "fallen" irretrievably, and the lure and the temptation again come in my way, there would not be much resistance, health and business permitting. I would, however, like to make some stipulations—one, that less time be given to solid hunting and more to enjoyment of the scene and season; another, that the deer so conduct themselves as to make some considerable exertion necessary to get them, and not come right in the way, as my first one did. I should also like to be secured against very long watchings, and more particularly against any more disagreeable "muffs." And above all would I like an agreeable company to share in the sport.

NEMO.

DITTMAR INDICTED.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Sept. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your readers will remember the facts of the terrific explosion of Dittmar's blasting powder mill, which startled this city on the 21st day of last April. Despite Dittmar's endeavor to make it appear that it was somebody else's powder that caused all the damage, the residents of the city were aroused by the explosion to a sense of the peril to life and property ever imminent so long as the Dittmar blasting powder factory should be tolerated here. The powder mill is right in a position to do immense damage should it "go off" again, a little harder than it did the last time, and the people are alive to the importance of taking precautions before the arrival of the impending earthquake.

We are a law-abiding lot, however, and are proceeding to remove this nuisance according to legal forms. The feeling of the populace was shown at a recent meeting held to show this corporation that there were rights which even they may be compelled to respect. All signs are up in a state of protest against the further continuance in the midst of an institution having its only purpose in destruction. The meeting was largely attended and the unanimous vote of those present in favor of the following resolutions was but an expression of a popular determination to be rid of this nuisance and that too in a short space of time. The resolutions read:

"Whereas, An explosion at the Dittmar Powder Company's works, situated adjoining the city of Binghamton, in the town of Binghamton, in the State of New York, on the 21st day of April last, was the direct cause of badtimed death, the permanent loss of health in many cases, besides the damage done property to the extent of probably \$80,000; also causing the depreciation of the value of real estate in the vicinity of said powder works to an alarming extent; and,

"Whereas, The said Dittmar Powder Company have rebuilt and are from time to time making not only powder, but more dangerous explosives known as nitro-sugar, or dynamite, and various other high explosives; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the inhabitants, citizens of the city and town of Binghamton, do hereby determine to prohibit the further manufacture of powder or any other high explosive at or near the location of its present works by the said Dittmar Powder Company or any other person or persons or company, and be it further

"Resolved, That a committee, consisting of the chairman of this meeting and Messrs. William Wildey, Roswell Bump, Nevell W. Ackerman and Hiram Barnum, be appointed with full power to procure subscriptions for a fund to be applied to the purpose of preventing, by all proper means, the manufacture or storage of dangerous explosives, or the erection of buildings therefor within the vicinity of Binghamton, and to apply the moneys so obtained to the prosecution of the object of this meeting; the repression of the manufacture of explosives within limits dangerous to the safety of the lives and property of the citizens in this vicinity; and that such committee be and it is invested with full power to employ a collector to receive the funds on such subscription and pay him a reasonable compensation, also to employ such attorneys and counsel as it shall be advised.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be addressed to the Dittmar Powder Company, or their representatives, immediately."

The committee set to work at once and indictments have been found by the Grand Jury here against Carl Dittmar, Wm. Haldane and A. J. Parker. The matter is now progressing well in the courts under able counsel.

This united and public effort to rid Binghamton of this incubus is not the only one in progress. Many private suits have been opened, and after a test case has been made it is expected that they will be rapidly disposed of.

We mean business and that business just at present is to get Mr. Carl Dittmar out of our city for his manufacture of powder. We will not be content with a proffer of pamphlets to show that the stuff may, can, must and should not explode. We are willing to grant every one of the many good qualities he used to claim for his other deceptive-looking product: we will swallow his honeyed tale that the front of his shop in New York city was blown out by the slamming to of the back door; we will share his belief that the guns which burst here and there over the country with his white powder charges were rotten old blunderbusses in the hands of pol-hunters; we will sign his application to have the powder not packed given freely to the untrodden Loos on our Western frontier; we will do a great many things—but we ask in return only one favor, that Mr. Carl Dittmar will give us his room rather than his Company.

BING.

SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

Editor Forest and Stream: Boston, Sept. 15.

There is a vexed question that is worrying the souls of a number of sportsmen, and still remains unsolved. We wish you would air the subject in your columns.

What is the true cause of the spots that form in gun barrels? I have had three breech-loaders in succession afflicted with the "gun measles," all under such circumstances that I am puzzled to account for it. Dampness, of course, suggests itself at once, but this solution seems incorrect in face of facts. My guns and those of my friends, when in use, are always cleaned, dried and oiled every night and morning with great care, and therefore should not get into them and stay long enough to cause such awful holes as now present themselves. Further, on damp days the above cleaning process is performed half a dozen times and sometimes more.

Now for erosion, caused by chemicals in powder, or especially cheap moist powder. This assumption causes disagreement; some say it is possible and probable, and others say the reverse; the writer does not know.

When a man comes down to the marsh with a new gun, cleans it, etc., and takes extra pains with it, and it is mottled in two days by seeing the interior of his gun speckled and freckled, consequently he wishes to know what it did and what should be done to avoid it. It has been advanced that cheap powder is the trouble, but the writer has used the most expensive powder, and the old story has been repeated.

Let the vast talent at the command of the FOREST AND STREAM be exercised and commanded to explain these fearful mysteries, but do not, for heaven's sake, or rather men's sake, mention anything in the rust preventive line. All, all have been tried, and lost. I am at a stop.

We can account for the trouble referred to by the supposition that the cleaning was not thorough, although we presume that this will be resented by our correspondent. We have seen scores of guns marred by rust spots, and have always explained it satisfactorily to ourselves by the fact that without the most thorough care after the gun is cleaned fine particles of the residuum may still be left in the barrels, and it is from these that the rust spots start.]

ONTARIO SHOOTING NOTES.

BOWMANVILLE, Ont., Sept. 12.

OUR summer has come and gone again, and once more the season for using our guns has arrived, but so far the prospect is not very inviting. There are a few—a very few—grouse left, a stray pigeon or two, a frightened rabbit or so and plenty of rails. These constitute our bill of game at present. The ducks have not begun to come in yet, and we scarcely expect them before the heavy winds and rain storms of October drive them from the great lakes, and rain storms of the North. Our sole shooting now, that can be called shooting, is the sora rail. These little beggars are in all the marshes and rice beds here in innumerable numbers. A good shot would have no difficulty in getting 200 of them in a day. They are counted small game here, and no one seems to think them worth shooting. I and Will Piggett went to the marsh after them last week, and in two hours' shooting we secured three dozen, punting for each other in turn. It is not out of the way to say that there were thousands of them. Every shore of the canoe put them up in all directions, and I loaded and fired the muzzle-loader I was using faster, I think, than I ever did before in my life. Very few ever shoot them, and fewer eat them, as they do not count them worth the trouble of cleaning, but they give good sport for an hour or two, after that it is unnecessary cruelty and waste of life to shoot them, as enough can be secured in that time to feed a dozen sportsmen, and I never believe in fishing or shooting to make a count.

All sport for trout ended here on the 15th of this month. I and W. Piggett went out after them a month ago, driving about sixteen miles to a small creek. We fished for four hours, and succeeded in gathering in between six and seven dozen of as fine trout as any one would want to catch, my largest one measuring sixteen and one-half inches in length, and weighing eighteen ounces the morning after being caught. I had four more nearly the same size, while the rest ran from one-fourth to one-half pound. Both of us took our wives

with us, and my wife gained the honor of landing the second largest trout taken in the day's fishing.

By the way, I saw in the paper two or three numbers back some one asking what shooting can be had about Lindsay and the country about there. Lindsay is only about twenty-seven miles from us here, so I can speak with certainty of its sporting facilities. There are a few grouse in the fall, and only a few. There are plenty of ducks in the fall, but Rice and Secor, James are too near, and the birds keep to the open water, not coming into the rice until after night. From the first day the season opens they are unceasingly persecuted by gunners night and day, and the consequence is that in a week's shooting you can scarcely get a dozen ducks, and these are mostly blue-winged teal. There are no deer without going a long and toilsome journey north of Lindsay; then they are not plenty. There are no quail in any part of Ontario east of Toronto, and only very few between that place and the city of London. The fishing about Lindsay or any place on Lake Secor is only fair, but in Rice Lake the bass fishing is splendid, and the muskellonge fishing first-class in some seasons of the year.

AC SAVILE.

MISSISSIPPI GAME NOTES.—Sardis, Miss.—Editor Forest and Stream: Quail shooting was tolerably good here last winter, considering the poor opportunities the birds have in this part of Mississippi to "scratch" a subsistence out of the cotton and sedge fields. I have been living here nearly two years, and have never yet seen but one or two wheat or stubble fields of any consequence, and very few corn fields—only those that are so near the farmer's residence that the birds dare not come into them for fear of being "pol-hunted." Even some of our best sportsmen (?) take advantage of every opportunity to shoot them on the ground. I don't think a person is worthy the name of sportsman who will shoot birds on the ground, catch them in nets or traps, seine or trap fish. All such sport (as some call it) is not only a shame and disgrace to the perpetrator, but is really, in my opinion, cruel and barbarous, to say nothing of the disgust and contempt a true sportsman should feel for them. I learned, recently, that the deer, panther, bear and smaller game was hunted very little in the bottom around Pican and South lakes last season, on account of the frequent high waters, which prevented hunters from going into the cane around the lakes. Immediately surrounding these lakes the land is so high the water has to get unusually high to overflow it, and all kinds of game collect there for safety, and the hunter must take the chances of filling a "watery grave" in swimming his horse to them, which is the only way to get there, as a canoe cannot get through the cane where the water would not swim a horse. Some few, in past years, have ridden through the low bottom between the hills, but his land around the lakes, but one trip thoroughly satisfies all who attempt it. But we be unto the game (all kinds) that resort to the hills for safety from high water, for it is death from hounds to nearly all the game.—Davy.

REVOLVERS AND MUZZLE LOADERS.—Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 15, '81.—An Arkansas correspondent, writing the other day in a sportsman's paper, denies that "revolvers" are older than (about) 1826. He says: "I guess those have been made (moulded) in recent years, like the spurious relics now sold on the field of Waterloo." He writes from Becker, Ark., and is referring to specimens in the Tower of London. He is very much in error: the earliest "revolver" was a flint-revolver chambered gun, made in 1500, is now in a museum in Nuremberg; and scores of specimens on this principle, made in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are to-day in Continental museums. In like manner, in 1493, Leipzig had the germ of the rifle, and in 1520 Koster (or Kutter) of Nuremberg, was celebrated for his "star-grooved barrels," in which the grooves had a spiral form. I regret to see that the genial Major Merrill, earnestly and at length, sings the praises of the "m. l. rifle." But, *est honor*! I grant that it is a noble and most necessary to grip. But, really, this muzzle loading weapon, for war or the chase, has "now" no show at all for "coming to the front," it is at the rear, just where it deserves to be. The "breech" loading arm, all things considered, is abundantly the better weapon.

W. MCK. II.

THE SCARCITY OF BAY SNIPES.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in the last number of your paper a complaint by L. of the scarcity of bay snipes on Long Island, and asking if it is not all along our coast. I can say that my experience, from the middle of August up to last Monday, confirms this undoubtedly on Barnegat Bay. Many of the small sandpipers were seen and a few yellow legs; but the larger birds, like willets, curlew, tellards, plover, calico-backs, robin snipe and dowitchers, are extremely scarce. This can better be attributed to the long-continued drought, which has lasted for three weeks, than anything else, as it is well known they never come until after a good storm. On the 10th and 11th of this month a heavy rain brought a few, and there will be more in two or three days later. The rail shooting has not been spoiled very much by the hot weather around Philadelphia, but the reed birds are scarce and not in good condition.—COLAN.

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.—Media, Sept. 15.—Squirrels have been shot in large numbers since I wrote you. Black bass fishing has been good. One gentleman, who takes your paper, went out with another person, and caught six black bass weighing eighteen pounds and three quarters. Another, a physician of Wyalsburg, caught one of four pounds and fourteen ounces weight. As I was passing up the street this evening I saw a woodcock right by a house, as though he was looking for a place to roost. The roomer living in this county had a pack of hounds, also horses for riding, and they hunt on the English style.

OS THE WING.

THE editor of the Greensburg, Pa., Press is a good shot. He writes that grouse and quail are plenty there this year.

THE KING'S LAKE CLUB.—Of the King's Lake Club, whose camp was described in our issue of Aug. 26, the author of that article writes: "The fall color was splendid, and the night I went out in snow was four inches deep, and next morning colder blue blazes." "Alice came" though, we went the regular rounds, two day's spoils being some 550 fish, and sundry dozen mallards, etc. The club are now preparing for this fall's campaign, and will be on time; to my regret, business will prevent my being with them but a few days, but those few I'll put in for all they're worth, and in so doing will remember the many ideas gathered from your columns.

OLD HICKORY.

FLORIDA PIONEER SPORTSMEN.—Point Pleasant, W. Va., Sept. 12.—Last winter with a party of five, brought together pretty through correspondence in your paper, I made the trip down the river Kissimmee in Florida, through Okechobee Lake, and thence into the head of the Caloosahatchie, and out to the Gulf at Punta Rassa. We were out seven weeks: had delightful weather; and found abundance of game and fish. We consulted "Al Fresco" before leaving Jacksonville, and he gave us the benefit of his experience in that region. Ours was the first sporting party to pass from Okechobee to the Gulf by water, though many have tried it.

Cazenovia, N. Y., Sept. 17.—Will Thomas changed his mind regarding a grouse outing. Went out with the "Donkey" Thursday night and killed his first grouse. Says Crittenden's dog Jersey is an ungrateful beast, for after feeding the dog a pound of crackers and coaxing him to the woods, he disappeared, and he did not see him again until his return to the store at night. Bye-the-bye, the dog will not hunt for any one but his master. Thomas also won the gold badge at the club shoot at their grounds, Friday, Sept. 16. Loomis and Lewis, the two veteran fishermen, report fishing in the Cazenovia Lake for the past eight days the best of the season. The dry weather continues, and grouse and woodcock are scarce.

LONG POINT CLUB.—A correspondent recently inquired about the Long Point Club rules, respecting outsiders shooting over their preserves. The rule is to allow no shooting by non-members, except by invitation of some of the club men or at least by their special permission.

THE LYMAN RIFLE SIGHT is said to be having a large sale this season, and the results yielded by the use of this invention are said to be excellent.

SQUIRRELS are reported abundant about Pittsburgh, Pa. The season in that State is now an open one for this game.

NEW YORK SCHUTZEN CORPS.

THE annual excursion of the New York Schutzen Corps to the Highlands of Navasack was held Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 16 and 17. The corps left New York at 11 A. M. Wednesday for the boat for the Highlands, where they arrived at 12 o'clock. A procession then formed and they marched in to an elaborate dinner at Thompson's Pavilion. After dinner the shooting was in order, but it was not finished until the next morning. During the afternoon the ladies prize bowling contest took place, each lady bowling 10 balls. There was a prize for each contestant, and among them were gold and silver sets, toilet sets, picture frames, work boxes, satchels, a handsome eclogue box presented by Major Aery, album, etc. Following are the leading scorers:

Mrs. Webb	21	Mrs. Steffens	21	Mrs. Wrehrenberg	48	Mrs. Aery	46	Mrs. Meyer	45	Mrs. Hiner	44	Mrs. Mahknen	44	Mrs. Saanly	39	Miss Nita Hiner	39	Miss Annie E. Hiner	39	Mrs. Lemko	31	Mrs. Aery	31			
The shooting match was under the following conditions: Three shots at fifty yards, string measurement. Every man that hit the target won a prize. The prizes were displayed on a table, and each contestant in the order of his score was called up to make his selection. The prizes consisted of gold, orders for money, barrels of beer, cases of wine, silverware, pistols, badges, boxes of cigars, etc. Following are the men's names in inches of all that hit the target three times:																										
Ph. Klein	41-15	F. Wilm	5	7-16	Brummerhop	51-12	Major Aery	7	1-16	Capt. Klein	7	1-16	J. H. Richter	7	1-16	M. Mahknen	10	6-16	F. Brumle	11	3-16	P. Lange	11	6-16		
John Bolling	12	6-16	A. Steffens	12	13-16	Wm. Klein	13	5-16	J. H. Richter	13	6-16	Kund	11-16	Wm. Klein	13	5-16	Geo. Olt	13	14-16	H. Heffene	14	6-16	Fr. Hanson	14	6-16	
Thompson	15	14-16	M. Heffene	14	6-16	R. Kossmeck	14	15-16	M. Heffene	14	6-16	R. Kossmeck	14	15-16	M. Heffene	14	6-16	A. W. Lemke	17	13-16	A. Hinkow	19	4-16	J. H. Kler	21	3-16
J. H. Ficken	21	8-16	F. A. Wanne	21	8-16	C. Nagel	21	8-16	C. Nagel	21	8-16	C. Nagel	21	8-16	C. Nagel	21	8-16	C. Nagel	21	8-16	C. Nagel	21	8-16	C. Nagel	21	8-16

Major Aery also won the FOREST AND STREAM cup for the best bulge. In the Judges' Match the first prize, a handsome gold-headed cane, was won by Mr. Gerds, and the second, a silk umbrella, was won by Mr. Hoffman. On Wednesday evening the large dining room of the hotel was prepared for dancing, and the members and guests assembled and heartily enjoyed themselves up to a late hour. After the prizes had been presented Major Aery assembled his company and they danced the last of the New York Schutzen Corps. This time, this ending another one of the never-to-be-forgotten excursions of the New York Schutzen Corps.

For first-class Carvers and Table Knives go to C. L. Ritzmann, 931 Broadway—116.

Sea and River Fishing.

I recommend no sour, ascetic life. I believe not only in the thrush on the rosebush, but in the roses which the thrush defend. Asceticism is the child of sensuality and superstition. She is the secret mother of many a secret sin. God, when he made man's body, did not give us a fibre too much, nor a passion too many. I would steal no violet from a young maiden's bosom; rather would I fill her arms with more fragrant roses. But a life merely of pleasure, or chiefly of pleasure, is always a poor and worthless life, not worth the living; always unsatisfactory in its course, always miserable in its end.—Theodore Parker.

FISH AND GAME IN THE NORTHWEST.

FORT WALLA WALLA, W. T., Sept. 4. I have just returned from my usual summer's expedition in the interest of the National Museum at Washington, D. C. This time I was out after fossils. A number of copies of the paper remain to be read yet, and I have only got through a few of the latest ones. I see in the number of Aug. 13 mention is made of the "Wicked Fishing Wheel" taken from the San Francisco Krenning Bulletin. Every word of that article is true. I have seen the wheel myself this spring, and commented on it to a number of parties who stood by, and interested in the preservation of the salmon in the Columbia river, but I presume that such talk is perfectly useless. The only thing I will not vouch for is that the wheel is patented, as I don't know that positively. I cannot conceive how people can be so blind that when interests amounting to \$3,000,000 are at stake annually they will not use a little common sense. It is true that a law has been enacted by the Oregon Legislature providing that all nets must be taken up on Saturday evening and must remain up till Monday morning, but as the salmon have to run the gauntlet of nets, not to speak of fishing wheels and other devilish contrivances, for about 200 miles from the mouth of the river near Astoria to Celilo above the Dalles, Oregon, it can readily be seen that

those fish that pass the mouth of the river unobstructed between Saturday night and Monday morning run into the nets a short distance above on Tuesday and during the balance of the week.

Livingston Stone estimates that a salmon travels only two miles a day, twenty-four hours, in the Sacramento River, and three miles in the Columbia, via Jordan and Gilbert in American Naturalist, March, 1881. I think this is considerably under-estimated, as some of these fish travel over 900 miles from salt water to reach their spawning grounds in northeastern Idaho—namely, in the Lemhi River and the headwaters of the Salmon River near Atlanta, Idaho. The latter place is over 900 miles from salt water, to my certain knowledge, and travel over a good part of the distance on various occasions, and have access to some of our best and latest maps. Now, at Stone's rate of travel this would be 300 days. Salmon certainly don't commence to run before March 15, and on the 5th of August I have seen numbers of these fish at the extreme headwaters of the Salmon River, and previous to that in the Lemhi and other tributaries near Challis and Salmon City, Idaho. You see this does not tally at all.

There are more canneries established every year, and now there are a score between the Dalles and Celilo, Oregon, about 180 miles from the mouth of the river. There is a slough near one of these canneries between the Dalles and Celilo that is so crowded by these fish that a single Indian can keep the cannery supplied, I am told.

I think it is safe to estimate that not one fish in a 1,000 that starts up the river reaches its spawning grounds. Comparatively few run up the Columbia proper. The Clearwater and the Salmon rivers are the spawning grounds par excellence of the quinnat salmon. Unless an artificial hatchery like the one on McCloud River in charge of Livingston Stone is soon established on one of their favorite spawning grounds (and it seems to me that the vicinity of Challis or Salmon City, Idaho, would be a very proper place, particularly as either place is near the Utah Northern Railroad and easy of access) the salmon will soon be a thing of the past in the Columbia River and its various tributaries. The immense drain can only be kept up by artificial means, and it is strange that those persons most vitally interested in this matter don't take some steps to protect their own interests. I know there is a scheme of hatching and establishing on the Clakamas River, but this covers but a small portion of the territory, and I believe, has never been very successfully operated.

If a fishway was constructed at Oregon City at the Falls of the Willamette it would open a number of fine and eminently suitable streams to these fish, and the cost to construct such a fishway would be very trifling. I understand that a sum of money had been appropriated by the Oregon State Legislature, but the Bill was vetoed by the Governor. This may not be true, I only state what I heard; but I do know that there was no money there some three months ago, and you could see the fish jumping by the hundreds trying to get over the falls. So much for the salmon.

Our sharp tail grouse are rather scarce in the vicinity of Walla Walla, and it is a hard matter to get at the true cause of the scarcity. There are a number of theories. Squirrel poison, no doubt, has something to do with it, so have the pothunters, and snaring the birds in and out of season has its influence as well on the diminished supply. The fact is, they are getting scarcer and scarcer every year. Blue grouse, *Capra obscura*, are still reasonably plenty in suitable localities, and will remain so for some time to come. Oregon ruffed grouse, or *Sabine*, are also met with now and then, but they never have been plentiful about here. The upper John Day River country, where I spent the greater portion of the last two months, is still well stocked with all the three species, and is likely to remain so the birds are but little disturbed. The mule and white-tailed deer, elk and bear are also plenty in that region in suitable localities, and you can't go astray for trout. Fine specimens of *Salmo purpuratus* and *Salvelinus malin* can be caught in the John Day and all most any of its tributaries. The country is rather rough, but it is a perfect sportsman's paradise for any one that is not too fond of comfort.

I see that the snake-climbing controversy is being revived again, but I consider it pretty well settled. I supposed nearly every one knew that the constrictor family could and did climb, but it seems a good many consider even their climbing unusual; but I can assure you that if your non-climbing snake expert, who had the impudence to even discredit Audubon's statement that rattlesnakes were occasionally found in bushes, is not satisfied about their ability in climbing I can furnish him a few more instances of rattlesnakes being found in trees which have come to my knowledge since. These occurrences are not nearly as rare as I supposed. While out this summer I saw a rattlesnake lying on top of a boulder with almost perpendicular and smooth sides, which was at least five feet high. The snake was sunning itself, and any snake that could climb that boulder could get up a tree just as easily.

I was quite successful, and made a very interesting collection, comprising head, jaws and bones of extinct mammals, fishes, turtles, reptiles; leaves and plants of the Miocene and Pliocene period, which will be sent to the National Museum as soon as I can get them catalogued and repacked. I have not heard anything yet about the smaller species of fish sent on last year or the other things in that collection. I believe there is a new snake in the lot, however, and perhaps some other things. C. BENDIRE.

THE GAMY CATFISH.

REMINISCENCES.—BY OLD HICKORY.

IN my younger days, say fifteen or twenty years ago, I used to fish for catfish, and thought there wasn't much better sport than to have a light rod, a multiplying reel, and a sea grass line, say about size of No. 8 spool cotton, and then fish for them in swift water same as I would for bass. In fact, how I came to fish specially for cat this way was that I frequently struck a cat when I expected a bass, and not being like the old Virginia darkey who, "when he went catlin", went catlin, and threw everything else back. I always took all I could get.

Well, as I said, I thought it was fine sport, but in an evil hour I read in some Eastern book, descriptive of Western fishes, that the catfish was a slow, sluggish fish, easily caught by any one, with any kind of tackle or bait, generally only caught by negroes with night lines, and that there was neither sport nor honor in their capture. This gave me considerable of a set-back, but the same, my first impressions are retained, and I hold that the black-tail blue cat is worthy of being classed among the game fish, although of his half brothers, the yellow cat, mud cat, speckled cat, and all other

cats, I won't say anything. Yet these grow to much larger size. The heaviest blue cat I ever landed only weighed twenty-one pounds, and I took it with my tackle.

Many are the encounters I've had with these forked-tail fellows, and many times I've had to give up whipped, but we won't count them. Just now I recall a little speck with one, who had me at a foul, when I was fishing for minnows, using a very small fly hook, a yard of No. 29 cotton for a line, and a three-foot switch picked up on the bank for a rod, when "cluck" down went the viol cork which I had for a "bob," and when I wanted to pull up, the thing wouldn't come, but started off into deep water. How I kept the pressure on that fish, always keeping my pump in my hand as to describe a circle of six feet in diameter, until finally I made it turn belly up, and giving it a grip on the neck landed it, a fish of four pounds. Perhaps I couldn't hold a bass of same weight in that space, but I'd give him a powerful tussle.

Another time I was about thirty feet out on a leaning willow six inches through, fishing in the eddy of a milldam on Salt River in north Missouri, using a small-sized sea-grass line, a common spool reel, and one of those abominable walking stick combination rods, when I struck a fish too heavy for me to handle, and it made for the boils of the dam thirty yards away with race-horse speed. How I shinned back that little tree, holding my weakly rod high up to clear the tree top, my thumb on the spool, giving line foot by foot as I was forced to until, when I reached ground, but a few yards were left and the fish still going. Presently, though, the tension told on the fish, and leaving the boils it made a straight break down stream, in a current like a mill tail, for the river was up. A tree standing in the water twenty feet from the bank was in the way, and I quickly found there was no way left to go round it, which I did, my pump, and after a two hundred yard chase finally brought my game to the bank, where my companion, the veteran angler, "Bill" Lewis, from the Blue Grass region, stood ready with the gaff and brought it in. It measured three feet two inches, and weighed thirteen pounds. A yellow cat of same length would weigh sixty.

Of course this one didn't kick and make high jumps like the bass and pickerel that I've caught down among the Thous- and Islands, but you bet he made a good pull and satisfied me, for the deal of sport he gave me was worth the bait.

I have found out, too, that using light tackle I could find more catfish than others could who used ordinary lines and hooks.

One time I went into business on a heavy scale. Down on Main River, as we called it, the boys had been telling awful tales of how, when they had set out hooks, they had caught fish of five to ten pounds' weight and how other fish had swallowed these ten-pound baits, and sometimes they would find their lines broken up. Some of them had seen the heads of these monsters as wide across as a beer keg is long, but none had been captured. I resolved to give the matter a trial. So I went to our blacksmith shop and forged a hook from a file, making it about six inches long, two and a half in the bow and giving it the real Kirby side twist, which latter was a mistake, as the sequel will show. It was, though, a real good hook and in later years did good service as a gaff, but I finally lost it by loaning it to a comrade, who, poor fellow, went in his skiff too near the edge of a dam in high water and went over.

I took this hook, spliced it to a coil of twelve-thread manila rope that I had, and for bait took a soft-baked bread weighing three pounds, which I that day caught specially for the purpose. All things being ready, I drove down about night to the place where so many fish had been devoured and proceeded to "tie my dog loose," anchoring him to a swinging limb of a convenient elm tree. Next morning, on going back, I had the satisfaction of seeing my line hauled taut, while an occasional yank gave evidence that something was going on at the other end. It didn't take long to haul in forty or fifty yards of the line, but then there was a "kick" and a bob a splash, but I held on like grim death to a nigger—so to speak—but 'twas all n. g. A few plunges and the line fell slack and there was nothing to prevent my hauling in. I found my bait had been swallowed, but that confounded side bend had prevented the hook having the desired effect; reason being that while my calculation was that the bait would be swallowed head first operations were begun at the tail, thus turning the hook point down and burying it in the body of the bait, and when I pulled the rest of the line in, the mouth and bait had all come back the same way it went down. I went home wiser, but disgusted, and have not set a line since.

ANGLING IN NORTHERN SCOTLAND.

THE fact that the name of Mr. Archibald Young appears upon the title page of an angling guide to Sutherland is a guarantee of its reliability. Mr. Young is better known to the fishiculturists of America than to the anglers, from his long connection with the culture and protection of the salmon fisheries of his country.

The book will prove a handy pocket companion to any one wishing to try the salmon or the trout in the waters of northern Scotland. It contains a map of Sutherland, Caithness and parts of Cromarty and Ross. The additional matter in this second edition consists of a visit paid by the author to the singular and picturesque Island of Hants, near Scourie, on the west coast of Sutherland.

In the first chapter the reader is treated to a comparison between the county of Sutherland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and in the present day, which is, to an American, a revelation. That any other land in what we call the "Old World," was in a semi-barbarous state two hundred years ago, if we except Africa and such portions as are still in that condition, is a surprise to those of us who are not familiar with the history of recent years in Great Britain. Our author quotes Frazer, a Cr-mwellian trooper, whose "Northern Memoirs" were written in 1658, to show that the inhabitants of this mountainous and beautiful country were then "almost as barbarous as cannibals," who, when they kill a beast, "boil him in his hide, make a caldron of his skin, broils of his bowels, drink of his blood and bread and meat of his carcase." Pennant described the same country as one which seemed to have been so torn and convulsed that the shock shook off all that vegetation.

Now, Mr. Young informs us, these authors would be sur-

*The Angler's & Sketcher's Guide to Sutherland, by Archibald Young, Advocate, & Commissioner of Scotch salmon fisheries, and author of the Salmon and Trout of Scotland, 1865; Salmon Fisheries, in Stanford's series of "British Islands," etc., etc. [Second Edition.] William Patterson, Edinburgh, 67 Princes Street. 1881. 12mo, pp. 150, with map.

prised at the change brought in the county thus unfavorably characterized; for more than five hundred miles of good roads and a railroad are within its borders and it is well fitted to charm the tourist, the sportsman and the artist, to whom it presents attractions not to be found elsewhere in Great Britain. The angler, especially one who is not rich enough to rent a salmon river, will find it quite a fisherman's paradise.

A chapter on flies and fishing tackle precedes a detailed description of the county and the island of Hlanda. There are some fishcultural notes in the book to which we will refer at another time.

CAN A FISHERMAN BE A CHRISTIAN?

THE above query runs through my mind as I sit and listen to the wonderful fish stories interchanged between two friends of mine—ardent lovers of sports piscatorial and who have just returned from the Michigan fishing grounds. The tendency with a fisherman is to exaggerate—the comparative minnow becomes a huge fish; the average bass swells into something less than a whale. Even those most scrupulous in the ordinary walks of life, when they capture a fish weighing six pounds and seven ounces, are apt to let their conscience stretch enough to cover the odd nine ounces and call the fish a ten-pounder. Let a fisherman meet with an ordinary run of "luck" and he forthwith relates marvellous tales of catches such as even that snake, which some one tells of in last week's *FOREST AND STREAM*, as having been caught with five young rabbits in its interior arrangements, would not be able to swallow.

Now, what is the reason of this almost universal prevalence of magnificence—to call it by a polite name—in the stories of fishermen, when it is so seldom that he met with it in the other branches of recreation affected by sportsmen? Who ever heard of a follower of Nimrod, on his return from a hunt, relating to his friends that he had killed three squirrels, each as large as the size of a church, or bagged a quail measuring eight feet from tip to tip of its wings? or who ever heard of a fanciest standing in the midst of an admiring and open-mouthed throng of neighbors swearing that he had paddled eighteen miles an hour up-stream and against a heavy head wind in a boat of the Nautilus pattern? And yet this is just what we have to read in the way of getting particulars from our fishermen, young and old. It is like an undisciplined covered picnic in h-u-k and lines and rods and reels and flies that leads their owner's tongue into ways that are dark? or does some peculiar odor invest the finny tribe, which, being absorbed by the fisherman, renders him for the time being oblivious to all considerations of truthfulness, so far as the number and weight of his fish are concerned? Scientists should examine into this matter and report for the benefit of a suffering people.

Just here one of my two friends fires across the desk at the other: "Say, don't you remember that 14 1/2 lb. bass which I caught that day at the upper end of Buzzard's Lake?" Then comes the answer: "Yes, that was a beauty; but I beat you with the 15-lb. pickerel which I hauled out of Jumpsion Weed River the day it rained so hard."

Which is why I hold my head and groan and inquire—Can a fisherman be a Christian?

ORANGE FRAZER.

[We answer that there is no reason why he cannot. Would you tie the soaring spirit of the angler, who sits upon a stump all day and never gets a bite, by the rules which govern Nimrod, whose active body heated by the chase depresses his imagination? Would you bring the fisherman's poetic soul down to the level of steel yards and tape measures?

The angler seems such materialistic things, as he does the mechanical measuring of his mountains and the estimating of the quantity of water which falls over his favorite cascade. What plain practical people prefer to consider prevarication, is to the angler merely a recognized poetical license; and his enthusiasm is too great to coldly calculate by tables of weights and measures, like groveling scientists and grocers after facts. He believes his stories thoroughly, and they do not harm his fellow man, who, not thoroughly imbued with his spirit, smiles at his enthusiasm. Angling is the only sport which does not pull upon a man as he grows older. It is one of which he never tires. The aged angler is more enthusiastic than the younger man, and his quiet soothing influences, interrupted by the sudden excitement of hooking a large fish, make him keenly alive to impressions which may, like a poetic vision, be magnified in its relating. The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, magnifies hills to mountains and a water-fall to a cataract, yet none complain of him. This is the only answer we can make to our correspondent.

We hear enlarged stories; and always allow for the personality of the catcher of great fishes. He is so entirely harmless and derives so much consolation from the narration of his exploits that it were a sin to compel him to carry weights and measures and then ask him to step up to a notary and certify to his statements.]

THE SALMON RIVER COUNTRY.

BOISE BARRACKS, Idaho Territory, Sept. 7.

I AM the only one at the Post who makes any pretension of fishing with flies, and the people in town usually take the cheaper and less amusing method of booking with grasshoppers. After the fishing line I had magnificent sport in July and August. In July I was up north in what is called "Little Salmon Meadows." The Little Salmon abouts with fine mountain trout, averaging about 2 1/2 pounds. It was no uncommon thing for me to have two and sometimes three on my line at a time. You can imagine my light six-jointed rod under such a strain. Fifty of those fellows was a fair day's fishing.

In August I went south from here and in a stream called Big Spring Creek I caught 150 in a day, but smaller than those in the north. About fifteen of the men went fishing with grasshoppers and in the afternoon returned with 1,100, more than enough for the command for two or three days.

The shooting was also good. Ducks, geese, plover, antelope, deer, etc., in abundance. If some of your Eastern people could take a trip into the Salmon River country and Payette Lakes during July, August and September they would have fine hunting and fishing.

W. R. P.

ADMIRAL COFFIN'S LONGEST BAIT.—Apropos of the diminishing size of lobsters, which is now engaging the attention of our New England fishcultivists, is the story which General James Grant Wilson writes to the Cape Ann Advertiser: "Sir Isaac Coffin, a British Admiral, and a member of the

family which held a famous reunion at Nantucket, August 16, was born at Boston and, when a child, lived for some years on Cape Cod. Sir Isaac caused the country some years after the war of 1812 and during the voyage, he stated to the officers of his flagship that when they reached Cape Cod he would show them lobsters that weighed ninety pounds! The rules of a quarterdeck do not permit you to flatly contradict an Admiral, but still some doubt and distrust was visible on the countenances of the Captain and Lieutenants who stood around. "Well," said Sir Isaac, "if you doubt it, I will make you a wager that when we reach Cape Cod, I will produce a lobster that weighs ninety pounds." The wager was made under the gracious permission of the Admiral, and when they arrived there Sir Isaac could produce a Cape, but he could not find any lobster that weighed ninety pounds. So he said: "Well, they don't happen to be here just now, but I will obtain the affidavits of the old fishermen to prove that there are such lobsters." And he produced a pile of affidavits showing that, when they were fishermen in early times, lobsters that weighed ninety pounds were as common as huckleberries on the Cape. Then it was left to an empire decide which had lost and which had won, and by him so concise a judgment was given that if not living, it would entitle him to the vacant judgeship in the Massachusetts Supreme Court if all his decisions were equally good. His decision was "affidavits are not lobsters."

HABITS OF LAKE TROUT.—Rochester, Sept. 16.—I am occasionally in receipt of letters from parties residing in the vicinity of lakes having been stocked with salmon trout, complaining that none or very few have ever been taken, and inquiring the reason why.

Salmon trout require the purest water and any fish that I have ever had any experience with, and they will do well in waters having a much less depth than one hundred feet, for the reason that they require a very uniform temperature of water, and as the surface warms up during the hot summer months, they must have access to the cool depths beyond the penetrating heat of the sun. If not, suffocation sets in and they are killed.

Another reason why they are not heard from more arises from the fact that they are in portions of the lake almost uninhabited by other fish, and there is not one chance in a hundred of coming ashore while fishing for other varieties. Even in waters where they are quite numerous they are difficult to catch, and it requires considerable experience and skill to induce them to take the bait and bring them to the landing net successfully.

SETH GREEN.

FISH IN MARKET.—Smelts, from Bathurst, Me., have appeared in limited quantities in Fulton Market this week, an extremely early date for them. Mr. Blackford also received a lot of grise, of 2 1/2 to 6 pounds, and some salmon, from the same place. They were not a good lot, however, and some of them were said to be black-dickled salmon. The minnow, *Paraphysus faber*, from Chesapeake Bay, in plenty and of large size and fine. Scallops are also coming in.

THE ONLY GOURAMI IN DEAR.—A few weeks ago we noticed the arrival in New York of a male gourami, consigned to Mr. E. G. Blackford by Mr. Caribonier of Paris. This was the first one of these fishes which ever reached our shores alive, its mate, which was shipped with it, having died just outside Sandy Hook. Mr. Blackford took excellent care of the stranger, but it was exceedingly poor and would not eat. He offered it cabbage, lettuce and other succulent vegetation, which it is said to eat in its native waters in India, but it declined them all and died.

WE ARE TOASTED.—Here is a neat toast from "Old Hickory." The old reliable, "FOREST AND STREAM"—May its shade never grow less nor its stream run dry.

*No hospital needed for patients that use Hop Bitters, as they cure so speedily at home.

For a good Razor go to C. L. Ritzmann, 944 Broadway, New York—Ad.

Fishculture.

[Continued from page 353, Vol. XVI.]

EPOCHS IN THE HISTORY OF FISH CULTURE.*

BY PROF. G. BROWN GOODE.

LIX. 1871.—Establishment of the United States Fish Commission.—On the 9th of February, 1871, Congress passed a joint resolution which authorized the appointment of a Commission of Fish and Fisheries. The duties of the Commissioner were thus defined: "To cause investigations on the subject of the diminution of valuable fish with the view of ascertaining whether any and what diminution in the number of the food-fishes of the coast and the lakes of the United States has taken place; and, if so, to what causes the same is due; and also whether any and what protective, prohibitory or preservative measures should be adopted in the premises, and to report upon the same to Congress."

The resolution establishing the office of Commissioner of Fisheries required that the person to be appointed should be a civil officer of the Government, of proved scientific and practical acquaintance with the fishes of the coast, to serve without additional salary. The choice was thus practically limited to a single man for whom, in fact, the office had been created. Prof. Spencer F. Baird, at that time Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was appointed and entered at once upon his duties. Up to 1880, 847,620 fish had been introduced for the use of the Commission. (See G. BROWN GOODE, The First Decade of the U. S. Fish Commission; its plan of work and accomplished results, scientific and technical. *Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science*, XXIX, 1880, pp. 56-574. *Nature* (London), XXII, pp. 597-9. *Circular der Deutschen Fischerei Verein*, 1900, pp. 100-7. Report Smithsonian Institution, 1880, pp. 140-9.)

LX. 1871.—Introduction of Shad into the Great Lakes.—The introduction of shad into the Great Lakes was accomplished in 1871 by the New York Fish Commission, a quantity being placed in the Genesee River, a tributary to Lake Ontario. (Report U. S. F. C., II, p. xvi.)

LXI. 1871.—Introduction of Shad into the Mississippi.—In 1871 shad was introduced into the Mississippi of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers by the U. S. Fish Commission, by the hands of Mr. Seth Green and Mr. William Chitt. (Report U. S. F. C., II, p. xvi.)

LXII. 1871.—Establishment of the Salmon Breeding Establishment at Orland, Me.—This was erected at the joint expense of the Commissioners of Massachusetts and Connecticut. (Report U. S. F. C., II, p. lvi.)

*A paper read before the American Fishcultural Association, and here reprinted from advanced sheets of the U. S. Fish Commission, Part VII.

LXIII. 1872.—Importation of *Rhine Salmon*.—A gift from the German Government, of 230,000 eggs and 500,000 ova, by package, brought to this country under the charge of Dr. Heasel, arriving late in the fall. The 4,000 or 5,000 which were sound were planted in a tributary of the Delaware. (Report U. S. F. C., part II, xli.)

LXIV. 1872.—Beginning of the Propagation of California Salmon.—This work, begun at the suggestion of Mr. R. B. Roosevelt, was accomplished in October, 1872, for the U. S. Fish Commission by Mr. Livingston Stone, (Report U. S. F. C., II, xlii.)

LXV. 1872.—Invention of the Green Trough.—This device, which was an improvement upon the former used by Cote and Atkins, was perfected in 1-72, in the progress of experiments on whitefish. (MILNER: Report U. S. F. C., II, p. 546-556.)

LXVI. 1872.—The Invention of the Holton Fish-Spawning Hatcher.

The Holton device, patented in 1872, by Marcus G. Holton, patented March 18, 1873, is of much importance in the hatching of whitefish eggs. (MILNER: Report U. S. F. C., II, p. 546, plate liv.)

LXVII. 1872.—The Work of Propagating Fish Undertaken by the U. S. Fish Commission. At the suggestion and through the influence of the American Fish Culturist's Association. (Report U. S. F. C., II, xvi.)

LXVIII. 1872.—Invention of N. W. Clark's Fish-Hatching Trough.—This important piece of apparatus was devised in 1873 and patented March 3, 1874. (MILNER: Report U. S. F. C., II, p. 546, pl. xv.)

LXIX. 1872.—Invention of the Clark Transporting Case.—This device was successfully used in transporting whitefish eggs to California. (Report U. S. F. C., II, p. 547.)

LXX. 1872.—Introduction of Whitefish into California.—In February, 1872, the U. S. Fish Commission shipped 216,000 whitefish eggs from Clarkson, Mich., to San Francisco. (Report U. S. F. C., II, p. 550.)

LXXI. 1872.—Establishment at the Salmon Breeding Establishment at Bucksport, Me.—In 1872 the extensive salmon breeding establishment at Bucksport, Me., was erected under the direction of Mr. C. G. Atkins, and at the joint expense of the Fish Commission of Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut, and of the U. S. Fish Commission. It contributed largely to the supply of half the expense. This establishment in 1871, passed entirely under the control of the United States Commission. (Report U. S. F. C., II, p. xvi.)

LXXII. 1873.—First Propagation of the Striped Bass.—In May, 1873, Mr. G. H. Holton succeeded in propagating this species artificially at Weldon N. C. (Report U. S. F. C., Part II, p. 553-554.)

LXXIII. 1873.—The California Aquarium Co.—In 1873 Mr. Livingston Stone, under the auspices of the U. S. Fish Commission and that of California, fitted up an aquarium at San Francisco, and sent a quantity of fish to California. The car was captured, June 8, in the Fikhorn River, Nebraska. In 1874 the experiment was repeated in behalf of the California Commission. (Report U. S. F. C., II, xxi.)

LXXIV. 1873.—Establishment of the Ohio Fish Commission.—The Ohio Fish Commission was established in June, 1873, by the appointment as commissioners of John H. Kline, John Hussey and Dr. E. Sterling. By act of April 26, 1876, the commission in its present form was organized. Up to 1880 529,000 fish were noted for hatchery. (Report of Ohio State Fish Commission, L, 1874; I, (1875) 6; 1877; II, (1877) 1878; III, (1878) 1879; IV, (1879) 1880; V, (1880) 1881.)

LXXV. 1873.—Establishment of the Wisconsin Fish Commission.—In 1873 an appropriation was made by the legislature to establish the Wisconsin Fish Commission. The Commissioner of Fisheries, in 1874 William Welsh, A. Palmer and P. R. Hoy were elected commissioners. Up to 1880 538,960 had been noted for hatchery. (Reports: I, 1874; II, 1875; III, 1876; IV, 1877; V, 1878.)

LXXVI. 1873.—A CULTURE OF THE LAND-LOCKED SALMON.—Establishment of the Hatching Station of Grand Lake Stream.—Experiments were begun at Sebe Lake, in 1873, under the auspices of the Massachusetts, Connecticut and United States Fish Commissions, and a station was erected under the direction of Mr. Leonard. In 1874 this was transferred under the same auspices to Grand Lake Stream, and placed in charge of Mr. C. G. Atkins. (Report U. S. F. C., IV, p. 26.)

LXXVII. 1873.—Attempts to Transport Living Shad across the Atlantic.—The first trip was made with young shad by Messrs Fred Mather and A. Anderson, in August, 1874, who lost the fish ten days after going to sea; the second by Messrs. H. W. Welcher and Monroe A. Green, who attempted to carry the eggs, which were destroyed before they reached the steamer. (Report U. S. F. C., II, pp. 328, 330, 333-9.)

LXXVIII. 1874.—Successful Propagation of the Quagga Trout.—In October, 1874, the Maine Fish Commission obtained 300 eggs, 5,000 of which were sent to New York. (Macomber: Report of Boston Fish Hatchery and Fish Catching, p. 136.)

LXXIX. 1874.—First Attempts to Propagate Grayling.—In April, 1874, Mr. Fred Mather visited the Au Sable River, Mich., to experiment on the propagation of the grayling. From the lot to the 3d no ripe fish were found. He took 100 eggs of fish sent to his ponds at Hancock Falls, N. Y. (FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. II, p. 164.) On the 30th of April, 1874, Mr. Seth Green visited the river for the same purpose. Finding that the fish had finished spawning, he dug some fertilized eggs from the bottom of the river, which he placed in the hatchery. (MILNER and GREEN: Fish Hatching and Fish Catching, pp. 133-135.)

LXXX. 1874.—Propagation of the Sea Bass.—In September, 1874, the eggs of the Sea Bass, *Centropristis striata*, were successfully fertilized at the U. S. Fish Commission Station at NOAA, Connecticut. (Report U. S. F. C., II, p. 547.)

LXXXI. 1874.—Establishment of the Iowa Fish Commission.—The Iowa Fish Commission was established by act of the legislature, March 19, 1874. S. B. Evans, D. F. Shaw and C. A. Harris were appointed commissioners. Up to 1880 22,750 had been reported for hatchery. (Reports (biennial), I, (1874-5) 1876; II, (1875-6 and 1876-7) 1877; III, (1877-8 and 1878-9) 1880.)

LXXXII. 1875.—First Artificial Impregnation of Grayling Eggs.—In April, 1875, Mr. Fred Mather made a second attempt to propagate grayling at Hancock Falls, Mich. He found three ripe from the 6th to the 10th and 10,000 were impregnated and afterward hatched, by F. N. Clark at Northville, Mich., and himself at Hancock Falls, N. Y. (FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. IV, p. 214.)

LXXXIII. 1875.—Invention of the Mother Holding Cone.—The principle of suspending eggs in water by a stream, admitted at the bottom of a cone, and thereby hatching them in bulk instead of in layers, was discovered in 1875 by Mr. Fred Mather and his assistant, Charles Bell. (Report U. S. Fish Commission, Vol. VI, p. 18; Report U. S. F. C., II, p. 547-376, IV, p. 1012.)

LXXXIV. 1875.—Hatching of Surgeons.—In 1874 efforts were made by Seth Green in behalf of the New York Commission to hatch surgeons. In 1875 their efforts were renewed at Bucksport, Me. (Report U. S. Fish Commission, Vol. VI, p. 18; Report U. S. F. C., II, p. 547-376, IV, p. 1012.)

LXXXV. 1875.—Invention of Chase's Self-Picking Apparatus.—This ingenious device for the removal of dead eggs from hatching jars was invented by Oren M. Chase, of Detroit, Mich. (Report U. S. F. C., IV, p. 1012, p. 616.)

LXXXVI. 1875.—Establishment of the Minnesota Fish Commission.—This Commission was created in 1875, David D. M. D., Horace Austin and A. W. Latham being appointed commissioners. Up to 1880 222,500 had been appropriated for hatchery. (Reports: I, 1875; II, 1876; III, 1877; IV, 1878; V, 1879; VI, 1880.)

LXXXVII. 1875.—Establishment of the Virginia Fish Commission.—The Virginia Commission was organized in 1875, Hon. Alex. Mooney, Dr. W. B. Robertson and Dr. M. C. Ely were appointed Commissioners. (Reports: I, 1875; II, 1876; III, 1877; IV, 1878; V, 1879; VI, 1880.)

LXXXVIII. 1876.—77.—Restoration of Salmon to the Connecticut River.—In 1876 a single salmon was taken in the Connecticut

in 1877 several; in 1878 more than 600 individuals. These were the first seen in the river since the exclusion of the species from the river by the building of the Millers' River Dam in 1798. [Report U. S. F. C., V., p. 30; VI., p. 31.]

XXXXIX. 1876—Introduction of *Whitefish into New Zealand*.—At the request of the Government of New Zealand, the U. S. Fish Commission sent a lot of whitefish eggs to that country, a portion of which arrived in good condition. [Rep. U. S. F. C., IV., p. 27.] 1877.—Through the mediation of the U. S. Fish Commission arrangements were made between the Government of New Zealand and Mr. Frank N. Clark for the sending of whitefish eggs to New Zealand. The experiment was successful. [Rep. U. S. F. C., V., p. 30.]

XC. 1876—Establishment of the *Arkansas Fish Commission*.—The Arkansas Fish Commission was organized in 1876, N. H. Fish, J. R. Steelman and M. B. Pearce being appointed commissioners.

XCII. 1876—Establishment of the *Kentucky Fish Commission*.—By fish law of Kentucky, approved March 20, 1876, the Kentucky Commission was organized by the appointment of ten commissioners, one from each Congressional district. Mr. Pack Thomas was the active worker and was elected President of the Board. Up to 1880 \$11,060 had been appropriated for fish culture. [Reports: I., 1876; II., 1878; III. (second biennial), 1879.]

XCIII. 1877—Establishment of the *Kansas Fish Commission*.—The Kansas Fish Commission was organized in 1877, J. H. Fish, J. R. Steelman and M. B. Pearce being appointed commissioners. Up to 1880 \$2,000 had been appropriated for fish culture. [Reports (biennial), I., 1878; II., 1880.]

XCIII. 1877—Introduction of the *Madre Marana into the United States*.—By the courtesy of Mr. R. Eckhardt, of Lubbock, Germany, who presented 1,000 eggs of the *Madre Marana* (*Coregonus marana*) to the U. S. Fish Commission, this species was introduced into Gardner's Lake, Michigan. [Rep. U. S. F. C., IV., p. 16; V., p. 40.]

XCIV. 1877—Artificial Hatching of the *Herring and Discovery of a Method of Better Development*.—Experiments were successfully carried out by Dr. H. A. Meyer, of Kiel, Germany, in hatching and retarding the development of the eggs of cold, and in hatching them, by Vinsl N. Edwards, of the U. S. Fish Commission. [Rep. U. S. F. C., V., p. 29; VI., p. 62.]

XCV. 1877—Establishment of the *Glackamas Hatchery*.—A hatchery was established by the Union canners of the Columbia River, and carried on under the supervision of Mr. Livingston Stone. [Rep. U. S. F. C., V., pp. 22*, 31*.] This was continued, by the aid of the U. S. C., in 1878. [Rep. U. S. F. C., VI., p. 27.]

XCVI. 1877—Introduction of *Carps into the United States*.—On the 26th of May, 1877, J. W. Latham, acting for the U. S. Fish Commission, deposited 227 leather and mirror carp and 118 scale carp in the ponds of the Maryland State Hatchery at Baltimore. A few carp had some years previously been introduced by Mr. Poppe, of Sonoma, Cal., which were utilized for his own private purposes. [Rep. U. S. F. C., V., p. 43*.]

XCVII. 1877—Establishment of the *Government Carp Ponds*.—The Government carp ponds on the Monument Lot, Washington, were established by the passage of an appropriation by Congress. [Rep. U. S. F. C., V., p. 43*.]

XCVIII. 1877—Introduction of *California Salmon into Europe*.—On the 17th of October Mr. Fred Mather sailed for Europe with 800,000 eggs of the California salmon from the U. S. Fish Commission, consigned to England, France, Germany and Holland, all of which, except 25,000, which were perished in a refrigerating car of his own construction, perished. [Rep. U. S. F. C., V., p. 34*.]

On the 23d of October, 1878, Mr. Mather again arrived in Bremen having with 250,000 eggs for Germany, 100,000 for France, 15,000 for Great Britain, and 100,000 for the Netherlands. This venture was entirely successful. [Rep. U. S. F. C., VI., p. 23*.]

XCIX. 1877—Discovery of *Planted Salmon in the Delaware River and in the Susquehanna*.—In November, 1877, a mature female salmon was taken in the Delaware, at Trenton, supposed to have been planted, 1878 or 1879. In 1878 several hundreds were taken. [Rep. U. S. F. C., V., p. 30; VI., p. 30.]

May 11, 1878, a salmon 40½ inches large was captured in the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace. [Rep. U. S. F. C., VI., p. 23*.]

CI. 1877—Invention of the *Ferguson Plunging Buckets for Hatching Fish*.—In 1877, the system of plunging buckets, worked by steam, for hatching shad in tidal waters, then newly devised by Major T. B. Ferguson, was first tested at Havre de Grace by the joint efforts of the United States and the Maryland Fish Commission. In 1877 10,000 shad were hatched out with this apparatus by the U. S. Fish Commission. [Rep. U. S. F. C., V., p. 84; VI., p. 161, 611.]

CII. 1877—Establishment of the *Colorado Fish Commission*.—In 1877, Wilson E. Slety was chosen Commissioner for Colorado. Up to 1880 \$2,400 had been appropriated for fish culture. [Reports I. and II., 1879 (?); III. and IV., 1881.]

CIII. 1877—Establishment of the *Nebraska Fish Commission*.—A fish commission for Nebraska was created in 1877, and Hon. H. C. Parker was appointed commissioner. Up to 1880 \$5,000 had been appropriated for the use of the commission. [Reports (biennial), I., 1879.]

CIV. 1878—Invention of the *Written Bucket*.—This ingenious contrivance, a modification of the Chase jar, was invented in 1878 by W. T. Wooten. [Rep. U. S. F. C., VI., p. 616.]

CV. 1878—Introduction of *Soles into the United States*.—On the 6th of January, 1878, Mr. Mather, who had been sent to England by the U. S. Fish Commission for the purpose of procuring a supply of sole, deposited 100,000 eggs at the Fish Commission Bank in Cape Cod Bay. [Rep. U. S. F. C., V., p. 47, 86*.]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BOOKS ON AQUARIA.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to know what books have been published on the construction and management of aquaria. We send the following list of books on aquaria, published and kept by H. H. Bailliere, 290 Broadway, New York. (This name is not now in the city directory.)

Life Beneath the Water; or, the Aquarium in America. By Arthur N. Edwards. New York: H. H. Bailliere, 290 Broadway and 219 Regent street, London, 1855. 8vo, pp. 163. Fully illustrated.

Book of the Aquarium and Water Cabinet; or, Practical Instruction on the Formation, Stocking and Management, in All Species of Collections of Fresh Water and Marine Life. By J. Harp-r. London: 1855. Price, \$1.00.

Ocean and River Gardens: A History of Marine and Fresh Water Aquariums, with the Best Methods of Their Establishment by Artificial Gravitation. With Twenty Colored Plates from Life. By H. N. Humphrey.

The Aquarivarium, Fresh Water and Marine; Being an Account of the Principles and Objects Involved in the Domestic Culture of Water Plants and Animals. London: 1857. Price, 75 cents.

Hand-Book of Plain Instructions for the Construction and Management of Fresh Water Aquariums. By J. Bishop. London: 1853. Price, 30 cents.

The Aquarium: An Unveiling of the Wonders of the Deep Sea. By J. Gosse. Second Edition, Enlarged. With Chromographs and Wood Engravings. Price, \$5.00.

Hand-Book of the Marine Aquarium. By P. H. Gosse. Second Edition. Price, 75 cents.

The following books are also by various publishers: The Family Aquarium. By H. D. Butler. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, 1855. 8vo, pp. 121. Price, 50 cents.

The Aquarium; its Inhabitants, Structure and Management.

Dr. J. E. Taylor. London: Hardwicke & Bogue, 192 Piccadilly W., 1875. 8vo, pp. 318.

Hints for the Formation of a Fresh Water Aquarium. (No author's name.) London: Printed for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; sold at the depositories; Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, etc., (No date.) 12mo, pp. 182.

Sportsmen's Wives should not fail to purchase their Scissors from C. L. Hutzmann, 943 Broadway, New York.—*Ad.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

September 21, 22 and 23, at Franklin, Pa., Franklin Sportsmen's Club and Game Protective Society Bench Show. Entries closed September 15. Thos. D. Adams, superintendent; P. O. Box 61, Franklin, Pa.

September 27, 28, 29 and 30, at London, Ont. London Dog Show. Entries closed September 12. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, Tecumseh House, London, Ont.

December 14, 15 and 16, at Lowell, Mass. Lowell Dog Show. Entries close December 6. Chas. A. Andrew, West. Joxford, Mass., Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

September 13 and 14, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Collie Trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Entries closed September 9. Elbridge McConkey, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa.

September 22, at Franklin, Pa. Collie Trials, held under auspices of Franklin Sportsmen's Club and Game Protective Society. J. B. Nichols, Secretary; P. O. Box 61, Franklin, Pa.

October 1, at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Feintz, Secretary, P. O. Box 24, New York City.

October 25, 26, 27 and 28, at Masonstown, Fayette Co., Pa., via boat from Pittsburgh. Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. Entries close at Pittsburgh, Pa., October 15. R. S. Rayner, Secretary.

November 7, at Gilroy, Cal. Field Trials of the Gilroy Rod and Gun Club. Entries close November 1. E. Leveque, Secretary.

November 24, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 1. Edward Odell, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

December 5, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

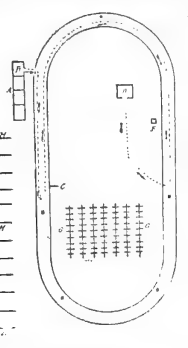
THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLIE TRIALS.

THE annual sheep dog trials held under the management of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, took place at the Pittsburgh show-grounds during the recent State Fair. The trials were advertised to commence on Tuesday, Sept. 13, but owing to the non-arrival of some of the competitors, they were postponed until the next day. Mr. Jefferson Shanon, of Westchester, Pa., one of the judges, was obliged to return home before the trial commenced, and Mr. Archer, of Washington County, was appointed as a substitute to act with Major Mark Downey and Mr. McDowell of the original Board. The following named dogs were competitors in the

ALL-AGED CLASS.

Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Md., Tweed.
Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Md., Scottish Maid.
Mr. T. A. Ralston, Elderton, Pa., Jim.
Mr. T. A. Ralston, Elderton, Pa., Waddie.
Mr. J. G. Streen, Washington, Pa., Carlo.
Mr. J. G. Streen, Washington, Pa., Rover.

Mr. Row's two entries were withdrawn. In the puppy class Dr. Downey's Prince was the only entry. Promptly at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning the contesting owners were called to the judge's stand and the rules governing the trials were read to them. Forty drove sheep were obtained from the State yard, and placed in the starting pen. Five were put in the starting pen for each dog in his turn, and he was required to take them over the drive indicated by the dotted line in the accompanying diagram, and pen them in the folding pen. The judges occupied the judge's stand where they could overlook the drive from the start to the finish.



A—Sheep pens. B—Starting pens. C—Quarter pole. D—Folding pen. E—Judges. H—Horse and cattle stalls. *—Race track. Dotted line indicates the course over which the sheep were driven.

The order of the running was fixed by drawing lots. The start fell to Dr. Downey's Tweed; and he was the first dog called. Five sheep were placed in the starting pen, and at the sound of the bell in the judge's stand the dog entered and drove them out on the track. Mr. Phelps, his handler, gave him the order to go slowly, and Tweed took them along leisurely. After proceeding a short distance they began to evince a disposition to buck and scatter, but this was nipped in the bud by the dog rapidly rounding and bunching them. Starting them on their way again they at once broke into a sharp run. Phelps called in order at a rounded and stopped them at the quarter pole. Starting on the way up the track a sheep made a break; the dog after a hot spin turned him, but in the meantime the other four broke into a different direction, Tweed was equal to the emergency and rounding them into a bunch again started on his journey going round the course. He showed great judgment and patience in handling his sheep, obeying promptly every word and gesture of his master. Arriving at the point in the drive when it turned from the course into the paddock he turned them in the style and proceeded across the open field to the folding pen. This was reached without further difficulty. At the pen gate they halted a moment; the dog crowding them up succeeded in getting two inside, the others ran round on the outside. Tweed, barked at the emergency and in leaping a ditch, fell on his humping, and was then across the ground, headed them and brought them back. In the meantime the others had come out and joined them. The dog's blood was now up, and he worked in a most determined manner. An old wether was particularly troublesome and made numerous essays to break away, but was thwarted in every attempt. Rounding them he stood at guard for a moment, then started them again for the pen, oscillating behind them from side to side, watchful and alert. He again reached the gate of the pen with them. Here they halted both to enter the paddock and to speak to them. Tweed gave a sharp bark, when the startled sheep sprang into the pen and the gate was closed. Rounds of cheers and clapping of hands from

the crowd on the grand stands greeted the interesting performance. Time, fourteen minutes and three seconds.

Mr. Ralston's Jim, a black and tan dog of the smooth type, was the next dog called. He was worked by his owner, and if judgment had been used he would have performed as well as his abilities were not brought out. At the top of the bell he took his flock from the pen, but his handler did not keep him up to his work promptly. The sheep got the start on him and ran down the track to the quarter-pole. Here he stopped them but turned them back to the paddock to the paddock and the exercise of the drive. After a vain attempt to get them on the course the sheep became thoroughly demoralized, and an old wether broke away running like a frightened deer; the dog followed in hot pursuit. Through the cattle pens, then among the farm machinery, and finally into the poultry yard, he performed at the expense of the grounds, the chase was urged. Here both dog, sheep and handler were lost to view. After a tedious delay and having much overrun the limit, time was called, and the dog was out of the contest, having failed to pen.

Mr. J. G. Streen's rough-coated dog Carlo, fawn and white, a very fair-looking animal and very well broken, was next. Carlo is a very deaf and it was an interesting sight to see the sagacious fellow stop and watch every gesture of his master in order to get his meaning. Mr. Streen handled him very judiciously, but by reason of the dog's infirmity, the drive was very slow. One or two slight breaks occurred after they turned into the paddock grounds on their way to the folding pen. Mr. Streen adopted a different style of tactics from the other trainers and whenever a break occurred he called out order Carlo to round up the sheep as quickly as possible, and then held perfectly quiet for several minutes at a time. Then, starting on slowly and keeping close up to his dog and sheep, he would work leisurely along until there were signs of any break, and then, at the same pace, he would be called in and was necessitated for the reason that the dog is as deaf as a door-post and has to have his master close to him in order to see his signals. Reaching the folding pen he worked more briskly and panned nicely, and in a workmanlike manner. The time was called, and he was slow to get for a dog with perfect facilities, but Mr. Carlo did well, and had the good wishes and sympathies of the crowd.

The next called was Mr. Streen's fawn-colored, rough-coated collie dog Rover. From the fact that he had been broken under the auspices of the Gilroy Rod and Gun Club, he had a good deal of the drive of Carlo, and the drive was slow and tedious. The sheep were a quiet lot, and he worked them along very smoothly until he entered the open ground in the paddock. Here he got into difficulties and had a world of trouble, his barking and his work being broken and circling around the folding pen, but refusing to enter. At length his handler, seeing that his chance of winning was very slim, assisted him in driving them into the pen. The time (which was outside the limit allowed by the judges) was 30m. 11s.

After the hour being over, the remaining competitors to be ready to recommence the trials at 1 o'clock, descended from the stand.

Sharp at the hour named the committee were on the stand, and Mr. Ralston's dog Waddie, eighteen months old, was called for his trial. Waddie is a very nice animal, rough-coated, and of the collie of high bench stock form, with excellent frill and ruff. His owner expressed some doubts as to the dog's ability to drive five sheep, as he had never attempted the task before. At the peal of the bell the flock was started from the pen; but, instead of taking them on the course, the dog allowed them to break on him once. Here followed a tedious circling around the pens and through the aisles of the stock stalls on the south side of the show grounds. It really seemed at one time as if it would be impossible to get them to the drive at all. At last, however, the dog was brought to the handler, they were forced on the course, but no attempt was made to follow the line of the drive as laid out. Instead of going down and turning at the quarter-pole, the sheep were driven round the turn, or rather they went around of their own will, but, instead of taking them on the course, the dog allowed them to break on him once. Here followed a tedious circling around the pens and through the aisles of the stock stalls on the south side of the show grounds. It really seemed at one time as if it would be impossible to get them to the drive at all. At last, however, the dog was brought to the handler, they were forced on the course, but no attempt was made to follow the line of the drive as laid out. Instead of going down and turning at the quarter-pole, the sheep were driven round the turn, or rather they went around of their own will, but, instead of taking them on the course, the dog allowed them to break on him once. Here followed a tedious circling around the pens and through the aisles of the stock stalls on the south side of the show grounds. 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W W De Forest.
5 3 5 6 5 4 4 3 5 5 4 3 5 4 6 5
100 5 3 5 6 5 4 4 3 5 5 4 3 5 4 6 5
1,000 5 3 5 6 5 4 4 3 5 5 4 3 5 4 6 5

Seventh Regiment, N. Y. City.
Corp C H Eagle. 5 3 5 6 5 4 4 3 5 5 4 3 5 4 6 5
Priv W F Higgins. 5 3 5 6 5 4 4 3 5 5 4 3 5 4 6 5

Co. B, Twelfth Regiment, N. Y.
C S Burns. 4 4 4 9 5 4 4 2 3
J R Carter. 4 4 4 9 5 4 4 2 3

Empire Rifle Club.
H W Clarke. 75 74 68 217
Homer Fisher. 68 74 68 203

Thirty-fifth Battalion, N. Y., Watertown.
Capt M Adams. 4 4 4 4 29 4 5 4 5 6 25 23 43
Corp C L Adams. 4 4 4 4 29 4 5 4 5 6 25 23 43

Bridgeport Rifle Club.
C T Wetmeyer. 53 58 59 59 117
H Nichols. 53 44 112 G Marsh. 57 56 113 453

Columbia Rifle Association, D. C.
S T Scott. 72 72 68 212
J P Hunsdon. 70 70 66 206

No. 16.—"FIRST DIVISION NATIONAL GUARD" MATCH.
Open to teams of twelve from each regiment, battalion or separate company of Infantry in the First Division of the National Guard.

Knickerbocker Rifle Club.
Brown. 53 58 59 59 117
Riggs. 53 44 101 Jolner. 57 56 113 453

Pennsylvania State Rifle Association.
J O Shakespeare. 70 72 68 206
J J Henderson. 68 74 68 203

Seventh Regiment, N. Y. City.
J P Hagle. 5 3 5 6 5 4 4 3 5 5 4 3 5 4 6 5
C H Eagle. 5 3 5 6 5 4 4 3 5 5 4 3 5 4 6 5

Twentieth Separate Co., N. Y.
T J Dolan. 23 21 44 H Caspiwall. 12 8 27
D G Hallard. 23 21 44 H Caspiwall. 12 8 27

Twentieth Sep. Co., Binghamton, N. Y.
Serg F M Congdon. 4 4 5 5 4 3 28
Corp F M Congdon. 4 4 5 5 4 3 28

Twelfth Regiment, Brooklyn.
C L Madison. 20 20 43 5 3 9 30
J Moore. 20 20 43 5 3 9 30

NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB.
The twenty-fourth annual meeting, South Vernon, Vt., Aug. 30, 31, 1881.
First String. Second String. Third String.

Seventh Regiment, N. Y.
J K Green. 33 32 32 32 32 32
H L Price. 32 32 32 32 32 32

No. 17.—"SECOND DIVISION NATIONAL GUARD" MATCH.
As the First Division Match, except open to Second Division organizations only.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.—The regular monthly shoot of the above club for their silver cup took place at their new grounds, Marion, N. J., on the 16th inst.

Fourteenth Regiment, N. Y.
J R Brown. 31 31 31 31 31 31
J Moore. 31 31 31 31 31 31

Fourteenth Regiment.
J J Cory. 21 21 42 H Suit. 20 17 37
D H Brown. 21 21 42 H Suit. 20 17 37

For a good compass go to C. L. Ritzmann, 948 Broadway, New York.
—dir.

Twelfth Regiment, N. Y.
T J Dolan. 23 23 43 C S Burns. 23 23
H B Farrelly. 23 23 43 N Wood. 23 23

No. 18.—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH.
800 yards: open to teams of five men from any company, troop or battery of the National Guard of New York or other states.

LONG ISLAND YACHT CLUB.
THE annual races of the club were sailed in the Bay Sept. 13, bringing out the largest fleet of small craft in these waters.

Ninth Regiment, N. J.
Serg C. 20 Priv Spencer. 14
Corp G. 20 Priv Spencer. 14

Twentieth Separate Co., N. Y.
Serg T M Congdon. 4 4 3 4 4 2 31
Private A Beter. 4 4 4 4 4 2 31

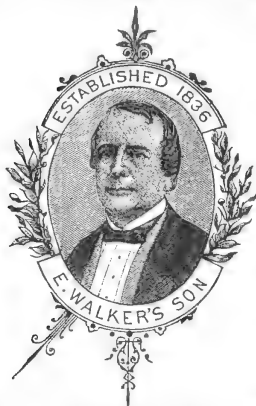
Twentieth Separate Co., N. Y.
Serg T M Congdon. 4 4 3 4 4 2 31
Private A Beter. 4 4 4 4 4 2 31

Twentieth Sep. Co., N. Y., Binghamton.
200 yds. 500 yds. Total.
Corp D H Congdon. 5 3 4 4 4 29 4 5 4 5 6 25 23 43

Twentieth Separate Co., N. Y.
Serg T M Congdon. 4 4 3 4 4 2 31
Private A Beter. 4 4 4 4 4 2 31

Twentieth Separate Co., N. Y.
Serg T M Congdon. 4 4 3 4 4 2 31
Private A Beter. 4 4 4 4 4 2 31

Numbers	7 0	6 0	5 0	4 0	3 0	2 0	1 0	783	485	Ca 10
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OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END.

Ecol. 12, 12.

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A FILE OF N. Y. HERALD, 1847, and TIMES, TO DATE, and ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.

THE GUN AND ITS DEVELOPMENT,
WITH NOTES ON SHOOTING.By W. W. GREENER,
AUTHOR OF

"Modern Breech-Loaders," "Choke-Bore Guns," Etc.

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PRICE, \$7.50.

"The fullest description of fire-arms and matters pertaining to their use and manufacture which is accessible to the general sportsman."—Col. Wingate, in the *Critic*.
 "Will be found interesting and valuable to the sportsman."—*Country Gentleman*.
 "The book is well worth a most careful perusal, and we commend it to all interested in sporting guns or rifles."—*The Spirit of the Times*.

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739 and 741 Broadway, New York.

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I have recently invented a new hammer gun, both in single and double, which is acknowledged to be the best article in the market. All sportsmen agree that the Eutebrook guns for finish, workmanship and shooting qualities are equal to any in the market.

REBORING A SPECIALTY.

C. H. EUTEBROOK,

Hammer and Hammerless Guns made to order.

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B. F. NICHOLS & CO.,

25 BEACH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of the

BEST HEXAGONAL SPLIT BAMBOO FISHING RODS,

As was proved at the Fly-Casting Tournament at Coney Island, June 23.

First prize in Champion Class was won with one of our 10 ft. 9 in. Bass Rods; length of cast, 75 feet. First prize in Amateur Class was won with one of our 11 ft. 8 in. Fly Rods; length of cast, 67 ft. The Sea World Special Prize was won with one of our 11 ft. 10 in. General Rods; length of cast, 75 ft. The rods are considered superior to all others by those who have seen or used them. Send stamp for catalogue, with Mass. Fish and Game Law.

CIGARETTES

That stand unrivalled for PURITY. Warranted Free from Drugs or Medication.

FRAGRANT
VANITY
FAIR.THREE
KINGS.NEW
VANITY
FAIR.

Each having Distinguishing Merits.
 HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING.
 8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

Wm. S. KIMBALL & Co., Peerless Tobacco Works, Rochester N. Y.

GREATLY IMPROVED.

NOT OVER 1 PER CENT. OF BREAKAGE

AT THE TRAP GUARANTEED.

THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO CLUBS: 1st, \$100; 2d, \$25; 3d, one trap card and 1,000 pigeons. For particulars, rules, score cards, etc., address the manufacturers.

(Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 448.)
 This flight so nearly resembles the actual motions of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent practice for wing shooting. We commend all sportsmen to test its merits.

Fred. Sauter,
NATURALIST

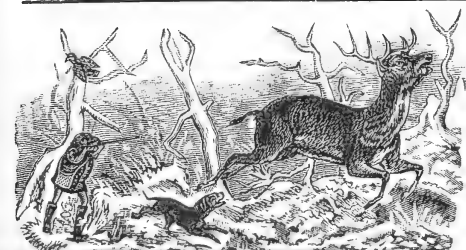
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199 WILLIAM ST.

Near FRANKFORT, N. Y.

Particular pains taken in mounting pet birds and animals.

LARGE STOCK OF GROUPS, BIRDS, DEERHEADS, AND GLASS CASES.

BRAN AND NERVE FOOD.
VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens the system. It prevents debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 800,000 packages.

For sale by druggists or mail \$1.

F. CROSBY, 604 and 660 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

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Keep's Shirts, the Best.

KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily

KEEP'S KID GLOVES, none better \$1 per pair.

KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the best.

KEEP'S UMBRELLAS, the strongest.

KEEP'S JEWELRY, rolled gold plate.

KEEP'S NECKWEAR, latest novelties.

KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, 6 for \$9.

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KEEP'S SHIRTS delivered free in any part of the Union.

KEEP'S GOODS ALWAYS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Money refunded for goods not satisfactory.

Samples and circulars free to any address.

Keep Manufacturing Co.,

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Write for circular to

UPTEGROVE & McLELLAN,

VALPARAISO, IND.



Pittsfield, Mass. Cuts Free

Full-Length CUT, in this case

\$10; LOUNGE, in this case, \$8

Sold everywhere by the Trade

FRANK BLYDENBURCH,

STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES,

MINING STOCKS.

66 Pine St., New York.

For Sale.

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE—Main house, 40 by 15; extension, 36 by 17; hardwood finish; marble mantels; hot and cold water; stable, berry, etc., two acres lawn, fruit and shade trees. Price \$2,500; cost \$11,000; \$1,500 cash. For sale, six acres near two railroads, Croydon, Mass. For sale, 9,000 on western slope of the Palisades, Tenshaw, N. J. Money loaned to build. Apply to E. R. WILBUR, 40 Fulton street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 A. M. Aug 25, 1881.

FOR SALE, one new Winchester repeating rifle, 16-shooter, pistol grip and all the improvements, will be sold at a bargain. One Winchester D. H. match gun, cost \$35, very fine and splendid shooter, 32 in. barrels, 10 gauge, left choked, right open, pistol grip, excellent action. These guns will be sold at a bargain, as I have no use for them. F. A. SINGLARI, Montville, Oneida Co., N. Y. Sept 15, 1881.

FOR SALE, the small iron cutter Eivira, recently described in FOREST AND STREAM. Is in perfect condition, fully fitted and furnished ready for a cruise. Safe, roomy, able and a fine single-hander. Reason for selling, owner wants larger boat. Address G., care FOREST AND STREAM. Sept 15, 1881.

FOR SALE, one nearly new P. Webley & Son's double breech-loader, 7 1/2 x 12 x 23 x 3 x 13 1/2; \$11; grade, pistol grip; in case, with loading and cleaning tools, shells, etc., all in first class order; a good shooter; price \$60. Address ROBT. WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. Sept 22, 1881.

FOR SALE, fine 3 barrel Baker gun 12x38 rifle, cost \$125. Will sell with Winchester reloading tools and 90 rifle shells for \$100. Address E. O. ARKISON, Pataskala, Ohio. Sept 22, 1881.

FOR SALE, a Shattuck 10-bore, 9 lbs., single B.L. F. made to order; has fine double-barrel, checked fore end (not on use gun); all the working parts have been finely finished and plated, viz., triggers, cock springs, guard and plate makes perfect. Also 60 shells and loader. Price \$25. Never been used only at target. Address J. F. RONAN, Box 34, Roxbury Station, Boston, Mass. Sept 22, 1881.

CANOE FOR SALE, built of Spanish cedar with oak frame, moderate shadow mold. Very fast, under power and sail. Cost \$13. Has been used but little. Will be sold for \$40, as owner has no time to use her. Address J. JOHN-ON, care FOREST AND STREAM. Sept 22, 1881.

A CRUISING SLOOP YACHT, built last June by David Kirby, 28 ft overall, 34 ft on waterline, 8 1/2 ft beam, 4 ft draught, 5 ft head room in cabin, lead keel. Price \$900. E. T. Jr. Box 3514, N. Y. Sept 22, 1881.

Field Cover, and Trap Shooting.

BY A. H. BOGARDUS.

Price, \$2.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

The Kennel.

RIVERSIDE

COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL,

Claremont, N. H., Box 33.

Champion Bragg and Champion Feather, Grade (Snp ex-Yulette) stock for sale.

Pups ready for delivery. Sept 22, 1881.

FOR SALE, black, white and tan Dwellin settir dog Forte Crayon, 2 years old, out of Champion Drum, ex-Leda; thoroughly broken; retrieves from land and water; price \$25. Blue bellion 14-week setter dog cash. 2 1/2 years old, out of Champion Letescher, ex-Nellie; thoroughly broken except retrieving; a noble dog; price \$20. Black and tan setter bitch Fannie; broken; price \$20. Orange and white pointer bitch Bell; broken; price \$20. The above I guarantee to be pure representatives or no sale. For particulars inquire of C. Z. MILLY, Lancaster, Pa. Sept 22, 1881.

COCKER BITCH FOR SALE, 2 1/2 years old, of the best. Very intelligent and handsome, dark liver and white; evenly marked. She is perfectly kind with children and thoroughly house and yard broken. Has been in the field a few times. Sold for no fault. Weight 35 lbs. Address COCKER SPANIEL, Hartford, Conn. Sept 22, 1881.

Will buy a pure Irish dog pup, 4 mos. old, having one cross of Liko and two of Flunket. \$20 will buy a native setter bitch, 10 mos. old, of a very good strain. Address E. H. BURNS, Wethersfield, Conn. Sept 15, 1881.

FIVE HUNDRED RED PERHETS for sale at \$7 per pair, single female \$4, single male \$3, wire muzzled, 75 cts. Address, with stamp, CHAS. B. VECHEEN, Victor, Ontario Co., N. Y. Sept 15, 1881.

FOR IRISH SETTERS and Cocker Spaniels of the most fashionable blood address CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Ct. Sept 15, 1881.

FOR SALE, two pure bred Gordon setter puppies, dog and bitch, whelped May 26, 1881. Address A. WEEKS, Locust Valley, N. Y. Sept 15, 1881.

FOX TERRIERS FOR SALE. Two bitch puppies, color black, white and tan, whelped August 23, 1881, by my cocker (Vanderbilt) and out of my Phyllis (Burr 24-July). To be delivered within two months old. JAS. PAGE STINSON, Leavenworth, Kansas. Sept 15, 1881.

OR SALE CHEAP, pointer dog, is a beauty, of good pedigree, one year old, will charge and retrieve, but not broken on game. Will exchange for cocker spaniel pups over 2 months old. Address GEO. H. BIGHAM, Nashua, N. H. Sept 15, 1881.

FOR SALE, field spaniels, one all liver dog, 4 years old, sound, a good worker on grouse; price \$20. Two dog pups, whelped July 14, price \$10 each; good stock. Address ROBERT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. Sept 15, 1881.

FOR SALE, setter pups out of Belle of Nashville (property of J. Louis Valentine, Esq.), by that world famous king of the field, Champion Joe, Jr. A rare find, only a few who come to see and are sold under guarantee. To be delivered within two months old. JAS. PAGE STINSON, Leavenworth, Kansas. Sept 15, 1881.

POINTERS. For very superior pointer pups, by Champion Stagionator of Liverpool, and (2d New York, 1880, and dam of Baronet), or for stud services of Baronet, address, with stamp, HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, Box 33, Greenport, Suffolk County, New York. Sept 15, 1881.

I HAVE A SETTER DOG POP, year old, and yard broken; want him field trained, to be ready for work in fall of 1881. Half money down, balance when dog is satisfactorily broken. Address, stating terms, reference, etc., H. HILL, P. O. Box 3533, N. Y. Sept 15, 1881.

ST. BERNARD PUPS FOR SALE.—For pedigree and other particulars, address, with stamp, P. O. Box 94, Lancaster, Mass. Sept 15, 1881.

NEMASKETT KENNEL, N. H. VAUGHAN, proprietor, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs broken and trained, also a number of broken dogs for sale. Dogs and puppies boarded on reasonable terms. P. O. Box 325. Sept 15, 1881.

A VERY LARGE all black Newfoundland; excellent watch dog and kind with children; 4 1/2 years; 45 lbs. Also handsome, well marked black and tan Gordon setter bitch; \$30. For particulars apply to N. T. P., P. O. Box 336, New Brunswick, N. J. Sept 15, 1881.

TO EXCHANGE, superb young pointer dog for B. L. gun (dam and male broken) also 2 for sale cheap beautiful young cocker spaniel, W. W. MCCAIN, Rush, Pa. Sept 15, 1881.

GREYHOUND PUPS FOR SALE, three dogs and two bitch pups, out of my imported English greyhound bitch June by my imported dog, whelped Aug. 7. 2 are mouse colored and fine, healthy animals. H. W. HUNTINGTON, Williamsburgh, L. I. Sept 15, 1881.

FOR SALE, one black, white and tan dog, 18 months old, thoroughly broken; can be seen on game or sent on trial. For particulars address ISAC FERGUSON, Winsted, Conn. Sept 15, 1881.

FOR SALE, a red fish setter puppy, six months old, with the best of pedigree. Price \$15. Apply to W. J. MORTON, Portsmouth, Va. Sept 15, 1881.

STUD BEAGLE PLUTE (Rattler-Trap), full pedigree, white, black and tan; 14 1/2 in. high; ears spread 18 inches. Stud fee \$10. Address N. MORSE, Grady, Ct. Sept 15, 1881.

The Kennel.

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International Dog Show,

TO BE HELD AT

LONDON, ONT.,

SEPTEMBER 27, 28, 29 and 30, 1881.

Prize Lists now ready, and can be had of

J. PUDDICOMBE, Sec'y,

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Office, Tecumseh House, London, Ont.

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FLEAS! FLEAS! WORMS! WORMS!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs

A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.

THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper-box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

Areca Nut for Worms in Dogs.

A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per box by mail.

Both the above are recommended by ROD AND GUN AND FOREST AND STREAM.

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63 Fulton street, N. Y.

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1 Cortlandt street, N. Y.

WRIGHT & DITSON,

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Greyhounds.

For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from imported stock. Pedigrees examined and traced. Orders for importation solicited. For circulars or information, address L. C. F. 1012, 2,913 Lake Ave., Chicago, Ill., or HENNESSY & SIBBACH, Chicago Field Kennel, Peru, LaSalle County, Ill. June 2, 1881.

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS—A. W. Langdale, of a Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champions: Lawyer, Batchelor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzy, Louisa, Leticia, Limerick, Libby, Laurelot, Lena, Lyndey, Bobb, Young Bobb, Bessie II., Baroness, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. March 1, 1881.

FOR SALE—A dark liver and white pointer dog puppy, whelped Feb. 1, 1881, by Dr. Strachan's Flash (Old George-Peg), sire of Steel's Flake, out of Barker's champion Princess (Randy Snap). The puppy is offered for sale on account of the owner having no convenient place for keeping him. Address LOCUST, P. O. Box 2,865, New York City. Sept 15, 1881.

FOR SALE, one liver and white pointer, 18 mos. old, good active stock, natural, all right and sound, price \$12. One liver and white mottled pup, whelped Aug. 7, out of Mattle May, by Gypsy and Don, and my champion S. by Champion Snapshot and imported Fannie. No better stock in America, both parents being unsurpassable for *business*, and other good qualities. F. A. SINCLAIR, Montville, Onondaga Co., N. Y. Sept 15, 1881.

SETTERS AND SPANIELS FOR SALE, Brown, curly retrievers, in imported stock and native English setters in pedigree. Address M. N. ASSEH SMITH, Woodford, S. Me. Sept 1, 1881.

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent post-paid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec 30, 1881.

RORY O'MORE KENNEL—Thoroughbred red Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion Rory O'More out of Sarah O'More, Agents and Pearl. Full pedigrees. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. Aug 1, 1881.

FOR SALE, a few choice black and black and white cocker spaniels, broken and unbroken. One very fine black and white dog pup out of Mignon by Wildair 2 mos. old, my choice of the litter. Price \$10. CHAS. F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y. Sept 22, 1881.

FOR SALE, six ball pups by Bonnie Roy, second New York 1881, ex-Gipsy, first Newport, 1881. These dogs are related to the noted prize winners Sir Anthony, Alexander, Master Gully, Slenderman, etc., and are hard to beat. For prices address R. M. LIVINGSTON, 16 West 34th street, New York City. Sept 22, 1881.

FOR SALE CHEAP, three fine black and tan Gordon setter dogs, eight weeks old. For pedigree, etc., address THOS. P. MONTGOMERY, 7 South 3d street, Harrisburg, Penn. Sept 22, 1881.

POINTER DOG for sale or exchange for hound, bound bitch, repeating rifle or split bamboo rod. R. T. GREENE, 519 Grand st., Jersey City, N. J. Sept 2, 1881.

FOR SALE, a number of well bred and well broken pointers and setters, also dogs boarded and broken, satisfaction guaranteed. Address H. B. RICHMOND, Lakeville, Mass. Sept 19, 1881.

—See Kennel Advertisements next page.

LEONARD'S Split Bamboo Rods, WITH PATENT WATERPROOF AND PATENT SPLIT FERRULES.



No. 1 SHOWS WATERPROOF CUP IN FERRULE (PATENTED OCTOBER 26, 1875). This prevents any moisture from reaching the wood, and the ferrule from becoming loose. The constant wetting and drying of the bamboo must rot the wood, and make other makes of rods less durable than Leonard's.

No. 2 SHOWS SPLIT FERRULE (PATENTED SEPTEMBER 3, 1875). This split thoroughly strengthens where the ferrule is joined to the wood, which is the weakest part of a rod, and where so many of other makes of rods (bamboo especially) break. Mr. Leonard has yet to hear of a single instance of breakage at this point since the PATENT SPLIT FERRULE has been applied. We consider this the GREATEST IMPROVEMENT that has been introduced in rod making since rods have been made.

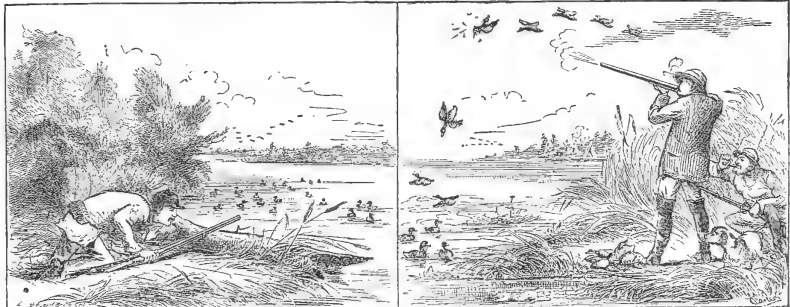
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EVERY ROD WARRANTED.

SOLE AGENTS,
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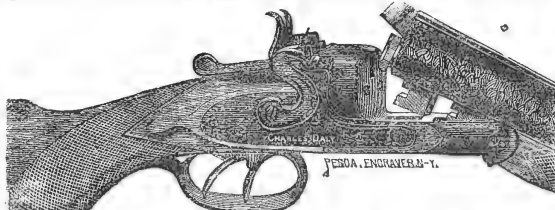
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The most natural tone and easiest blowing Duck Caller in the world. -sent post paid to any address on receipt of one dollar.



ALLEN'S DECOY DUCK FRAME

Is simply a device for holding a dead duck in a natural position in the water, on ice or land, as a decoy. Sent to any address, C. O. D., or on receipt of price, \$4 per dozen. No. 1 for mallards, etc. No. 2 for widegons, etc. No. 3 for teal. For sale by the trade everywhere, or by F. A. ALLEN, Monmouth, Ills.



AGENTS FOR CARD'S NEW DOUBLE REVOLVING TRAP. Forward's Size: Head Shells—Quality guaranteed. Prices lower than any other.

The Daly Gun,

HAS FINER BARRELS, THE FITTING IS SUPERIOR

To any other Gun

COSTING TWICE THE MONEY.

Shooting Unsurpassed.

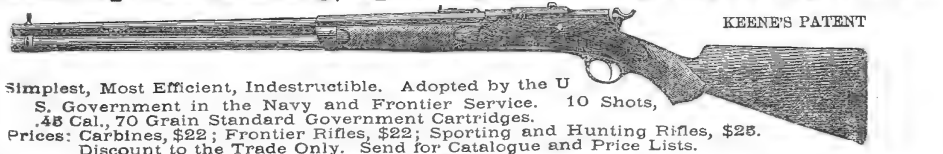
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SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,

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Or THOS. L. GOLCHER, 116 Girard ave., Phila.

Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.



Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U. S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service. 10 Shots, .45 Cal., 70 Grain Standard Government Cartridges. Prices: Carbines, \$22; Frontier Rifles, \$22; Sporting and Hunting Rifles, \$25. Discount to the Trade Only. Send for Catalogue and Price Lists.

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ENOS JAMES & CO.'S HARD-HITTING GUNS.



This cut exactly represents JAMES & CO.'S GREAT GUN, called THE TRIUMPH. Every Triumph or Trap Gun is choke-bored and targeted.

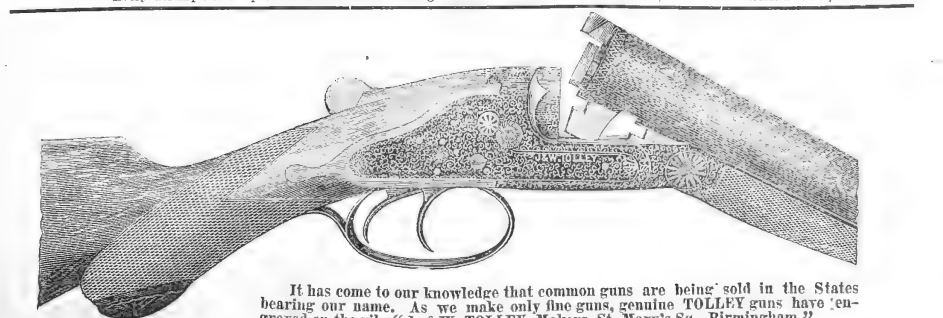
We now offer a full line of ENOS JAMES & CO.'S Superb Breech-Loaders. What is the use of paying an absurd price for a gun made by some old maker when you can get a JAMES' GUN as good or better for half the money? Or what is the use of buying a gun bearing either a fictitious name or no name at all, when you can get one of ENOS JAMES & CO.'S guns with their name and guaranty for the same price?

We are sole agents at New York for the Colt Club Gun.

We offer a small JOB LOT of the famous Webley Guns of all sorts at about half price.

Also a few choice Parker guns of latest style at special rates. Address

H. & D. FOLSOM, P. O. Box 4,302, 20 WARREN ST., NEW YORK.



It has come to our knowledge that common guns are being sold in the States bearing our name. As we make only fine guns, genuine TOLLEY guns have been engraved on the rib, "J. & W. TOLLEY, Makers, St. Mary's Sq., Birmingham."

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GREATER THAN CAN BE DONE BY ANY OTHER
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IMPERIAL MANGE CURE.

A sure cure for all SKIN DISEASES. For sale by
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exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any
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"PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS."
Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of prin-
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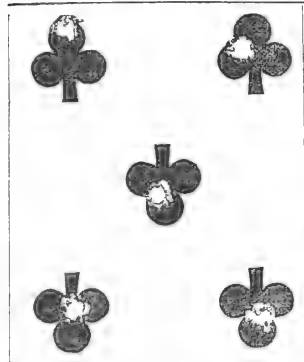
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The imported dog Dashing Lion will serve a limited
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duce of imported and home bred animals that
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nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON,
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Cockers of all ages and colors, dogs, bitches
and puppies, address with stamp, ROBT WALKER,
Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. July 21st

WANTED, two first-class, thorough Irish
setter puppies, about six months old; color
dark red. Address J. G. TAPP, Westboro, Mass.
Sept 22, 1891

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5 Consecutive Shots, 50 feet, off-hand.

WILD HARRY, the Indian Scout, says that with
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way all day long. He is obliged to use these arms
to do the great feat performed daily in Barnum's
Circus and elsewhere. Hitting a ball every time
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from a cigar held in another person's mouth;
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numerous other difficult and wonderful shots.
The only objection to these arms is that they shoot
so well, are so handy to take apart and carry about
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the makers have had to enlarge the factory and
work nights to supply the demand, and even in the
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for illustrated price list to

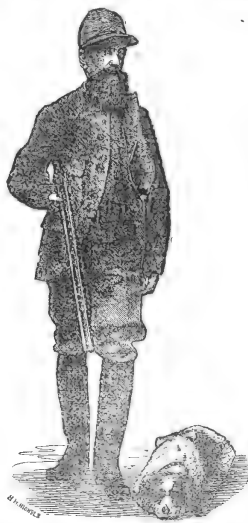
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Fire-Arms, Ammunition, and all Articles con-
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Breech-Loading Arms.
SINGLE GUNS: Plain, \$12.50; Twist, \$15.50; Lam-
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RIFLES: .22 cal., \$20; .26 in., \$22; .28 in., \$24.
.32, .38 or .44 " " 20; " 21; " 22.
HUNTERS' PEWEEES: .22, .24, .28 or .44 cal., 18
in., \$15; 24 in., \$19; 28 in., \$21.
POCKET RIFLES: .22 or .32 cal., 10 in., \$12.25; 12
in., \$13.25; 15 in., \$15; 18 in., \$16.50.
GALLERY PISTOLS: Light, \$20; heavy, \$22.

New York, May 19, 1890.
I avail of this occasion to inform you that the
little pocket rifle that I bought from you six months
ago is a perfect gem. On my last trip I had occasion
to use it in the woods, and out of 100 shots I
killed 87 birds, the largest size being a wild pigeon at
a distance ranging from 100 to 300 feet. For accu-
racy and perfection I consider Stevens rifle un-
rivaled. Hoping this statement will give you pleas-
ure, I remain, dear sir,
Yours, very respectfully,
J. A. P. DONALD.

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* First-class sporting garments. Designs and price,
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THE ORIGINAL
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GUNS WITH HAMMERS ON OUR GRIP
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SIZES FROM 4 TO 20.

Muzzle-Loaders Altered
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GUNS BORED TO SHOOT CLOSE.

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Selected Standard

Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed
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Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled

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No. of pellets to oz. 238 472 688 1056 5072

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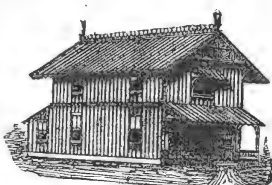
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the head waters of the Kennebec, Penobscot, St.
John's and Aroostook rivers, and the numerous
lakes and ponds connected with them. 256 pages.
10 illustrations and large map. Tinted paper, il-
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WILD RICE SEED for sale. \$2 per bushel. CHAS. GIL-
CHRIST, Fishery Inspector, Fort Hope, Ontario.

\$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home easily made.
Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & CO.,
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MANUFACTURE HOUSES

on an entirely new and novel principle, whereby
more strength can be obtained than in any other
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THE ONLY ROUTE TO THE
Trout, Grayling & Black Bass Fisheries,

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FAMOUS SUMMER, HEALTH AND GAME RE-
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The waters of the
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BROOK TROUT abound in the streams, and the
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The TROUT season begins May 1 and ends Sept. 1.
The GRAYLING season opens June 1 and ends
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BLACK BASS, PIKE, PICKEREL and MUSCA-
LONGE, also abound in large numbers in the many
lakes and creeks of this territory. The Sports-
man can readily send trophies of his skill to his
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TAKE YOUR FAMILY WITH YOU. The
scenery of the North Woods and Lakes is very
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The hotel accommodations are excellent, and will
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by new buildings and additions.

During the season ROUND TRIP EXCURSION
TICKETS WILL BE SOLD AT LOW RATES, and
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Dogs, Guns and Fishing Tackle Carried Free at
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Fishing Season at Rangeley
Lakes Again Open.

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BOSTON AND MAINE
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Boston to Andover and return..... \$9.00

" South Arm (Richardson Lakes) and
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Also tourist tickets to all sporting and Pleas-
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Send for list of excursions.

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Deer, Partridge, Woodcock, Ducks and
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In one number. Good fishing, boats, dogs and
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The Pennsylvania R. Co.,

Respectfully invite attention to the
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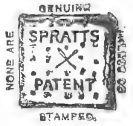
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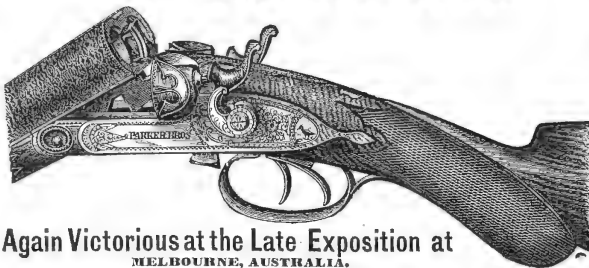
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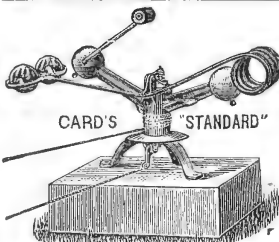
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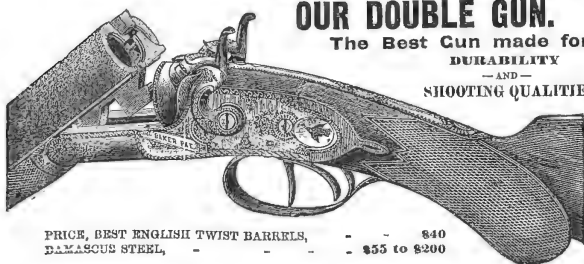
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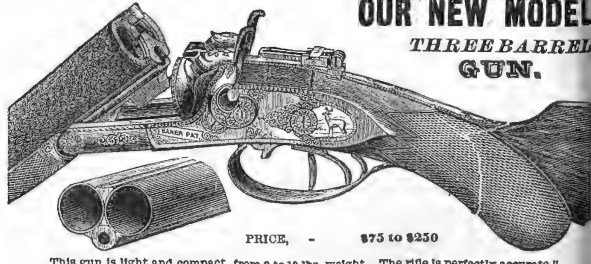


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THE FOREST AND STREAM

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address: Forest and Stream Publishing Co., Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York City.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, September 29.

BLACK BASIS FOR PONDS.—In a recent article we said that if we wanted black bass for stocking purposes we would not know how to get them by other means than to go and catch them. We were aware that Mr. Livingston Stone formerly advertised them, but had not heard of his doing so for some years past. We now take pleasure in calling attention to his advertisement, which will be found in this issue of our paper. Mr. Stone has just finished his season's work in the Pacific Coast Department of the United States Fish Commission, and is now on his way East to attend to his private business.

CLAY PIGEONS VS. GLASS BALLS.—It has been claimed by one that the new clay pigeons are hard to break. The fact is they are far more easily broken than glass balls, as can be testified by any one who will repeat the following experiment, made by Mr. H. M. Mills, of the Wyoming City Gun Club, at Cincinnati, Sept. 19. He first placed a clay pigeon and a Bogardus glass ball side by side, and fired ten shots at a range of sixty-five yards. Nine clay pigeons out of ten were broken, while the one glass ball was not broken at all. The ten shots fired at it, though there were seven distinct red marks upon it. A second experiment was made by firing ten glass balls side by side, and firing at them at forty-five yards range. Five only of them were thus broken. Ten clay pigeons were then similarly fired at, same range, eight clay pigeons being broken. The clay pigeons used were taken at random from a barrel of same. The glass balls were all sound.

ONE OF THE RESULTS OF FISH-CULTURE.

IN connection with the "Reply to a Benighted Man," on another page we would refer to the following from the Report of the Fish Commissioners, of California, for the year 1880:

Two millions of the quinnat salmon have been annually hatched and deposited in the tributaries of the Sacramento River and have produced their legitimate results. Salmon are now plenty in the river, although how many could be taken at present if fishculture had not been adopted cannot of course be known, but as the spawning beds have been destroyed by sediment brought down by mining operations the number would probably have been small, if the fish existed at all. It is the testimony of all the pioneers, at the beginning of the mining operations, that every tributary of the Sacramento was filled with this salmon at the spawning season, struggling to reach the sources. A few continued to enter the Feather, Yuba, Bear and American rivers until the floods of 1860-1 covered the gravel bottoms of those streams with mining sediment. In 1872 and 1873 the fish were nearly extinct in them and the minimum of production was reached. Previous to those years artificial culture was begun and the yield has increased.

The Commissioners have wisely kept a record of the catch of salmon in the Sacramento and therefore the effect of the yearly introduction of these 2,000,000 fry can be exhibited. Since 1874 they have obtained both the number and the weight of the salmon caught in the Sacramento and San Joaquin that have been sent to San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton, and also of those put up in tins by the canning companies. The record is:

For season ending Aug. 1, 1875.....	5,098,781 pounds.
For season ending Aug. 1, 1876.....	5,311,423 pounds.
For season ending Aug. 1, 1877.....	6,493,563 pounds.
For season ending Aug. 1, 1878.....	6,520,768 pounds.
For season ending Aug. 1, 1879.....	4,433,250 pounds.
For season ending Aug. 1, 1880.....	10,837,400 pounds.

The apparent falling off in the season ending Aug. 1, 1879, was due to a disagreement between the fishermen and proprietors of the canneries, during which time no salmon were sent to market. Comment on this is unnecessary.

MADGE.—The brilliant victory scored by the deep and narrow Scotch cutter Madge over the fastest light-draft centre-board sloop we have in America will be discussed in all its bearings in our next issue. In the meantime we think unprejudiced readers will bear us out in the claim that our course in favor of yachts built upon the principles so successfully followed in the Madge has been as persistent and conscientious as our endeavors to lead yachtsmen into the higher realms of the sport—in short, to make ships out of machines and sailors out of dawdlers. The issue now terminating in our favor will, we hope, justify in their eyes our enjoying to the full the sweets of a victory earned after much hard work and ceaseless, as well as disinterested, advocacy of what we conceive to be the worthiest and healthiest aims of the grand art of sailing.

WHY "COMIC PRELUDE?"—Noting the arrival of Alfred Shaw's cricket team of English professionals at New York this week, one of the daily papers announces that they will play "a game of base-ball by way of comic prelude." And why "comic prelude," pray? A hundred thousand American base-ball players in this country will agree with us that base-ball is ten times the game that cricket is. There is nothing "comic" about it in comparison with cricket.

THE KANSAS TOURNAMENT.—The tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, which had been appointed for October, has been postponed until next Spring, because the managers could not procure birds for the trap-shooting. The Secretary writes that this is a great disappointment as a large attendance had been anticipated.

PROF. ALORD AT HOME.—We are pleased to record the arrival of Prof. D. S. Jordan from his annual summer trip to Europe. He returns fresh and hearty and promises to issue a Synopsis of our fishes soon. This will have an index of popular names and will prove a valuable addition to our ichthyology.

BY-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

FOURTH PAPER.

MIRROR LAKE, as I first saw it, well deserves its name. A lovely sheet of water, only a few hundred yards in width and less than a mile long, it is surrounded on all sides by a superb forest of gigantic conifers. All along its margin is a narrow border of grass or low willows, separating the water from the dark forest, and beyond this border is a fringe of lily pads, which float motionless upon the unruffled surface of the lake. The little strip of grass, the tall green trees and the blue sky above are so perfectly reflected in the clear waters that it is difficult to determine where the reflection ends and the vegetation begins. Shut in on all sides by the primeval forest, the lake lies there like a great eye, which gazes steadfastly and unwinkingly at the sky which it so perfectly mirrors.

The light breeze had fallen as the sun rose, and there was now not the slightest motion on the water. The branches of the trees had ceased to wave, and the stillness of the morning was at first unbroken. As we sat there listening for the cry of the hounds, there was time for us to admire to the full the quiet beauty of the scene, which, however, little by little became more animated. The various inhabitants of lake and forest began, one by one, to resume their wonted occupations, and unconsciously to reveal to us little glimpses into their life history. An old mother gold-n eye led her brood of half a dozen young out from among some low willows, whose drooping branches touched the water, and began to teach them how they could most easily procure food, calling to them occasionally in low lisping tones, to which the little ones responded with soft peepings. High up above us on the dead limb of an enormous Douglas fir a huge gray eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*) sat sleepily, apparently not yet quite awake, although the sun was now well up in the heavens. On the other side of the lake a little pine squirrel was making his breakfast from the green cones, which he cut from the tree as fast as he could eat them, making more noise with the dropping husks than a band of elk would have done had they been feeding there. Occasionally the cry of the hounds "from farther distance borne" would be faintly heard, only to die away again and leave but the voices of the forest to break the morning's stillness. A pair of superb white-headed eagles flew silently across the lake, the hindmost strenuously endeavoring to overtake the one in front. This he succeeded in doing, when the foremost bird, without closing his wings, swung over on his back, thrust out his talons menacingly toward his pursuer, and then resuming his normal position, passed onward and out of sight. It was almost with a shock that I heard the loud mournful cry of a loon, two of which settled down on the water not far from the canoe. And now for a little while there was no more silence. The birds swam backward and forward over the lake, screaming every five minutes, until Mr. H. in despair, said: "I wish that loon was dead." It was useless now to listen for the dogs; we could only watch. After half an hour of impatient waiting, the loons ceased their doleful screaming, took wing, and disappeared in the direction of Burnaby Lake. Now once more we gave all our attention to the cry of the hounds which was now heard again, though very faintly. Before long, however, it came nearer and nearer, passed the west end of the lake and again grew fainter, and then out of hearing. Mr. H. has just remarked, with an air of disappointment, that he feared the deer would take water in Burnaby Lake, when I heard the Indian speak in very emphatic, but suppressed, tones to my companion, and, following the direction of their eyes, saw something moving slowly through the water at the other end of the lake. The object, whatever it was, moved very slowly, and looked as much like a box two feet square floating on top of the water as anything else. I took it for granted that it was the deer, because I could not think of any other unrecognizable living thing that would be in that place at that time. It appeared, however, that there was one man in the canoe who by no means believed it to be a deer. I was much surprised to see the Indian so much excited at the appearance of the game. It seemed altogether out of character, and in all my experience of Indians, on the Plains, in the mountains and by the sea shore, I had never seen any

thing like this emotion at the sight of game. The dialogue which took place between Squawitch and Mr. H., as afterward detailed to me, was both earnest and excited.

Squawitch said: "What's that there in the water, Choley?" "Mowitch" (the deer), was the reply. "Wake mowitch, sellallium, delate sellallium" ('tis no deer, it is the monster; yes, it's a true monster). "We had better go to the shore at once or we'll all be killed," said Squawitch and he made a motion with his paddle as if to turn the canoe to shore. "Keep still," rejoined Mr. H., "I tell you it's the deer." And a moment later, the object having by this time turned well out into the lake, he added, "Manook" (pull), and the canoe shot toward the mysterious thing. The first few strokes pulled by Squawitch did very little toward helping the canoe forward, but, at least, if they were not strong, they were noiseless ones. No doubt he wished to avoid attracting the attention of the Selkiewm by making any sound, and so we advanced silently toward it. Before we had gone very far, however, the mystery explained itself in a very simple way, and the Indian's fears were quieted. We saw swimming slowly along a fine buck, about whose horns were twined two or three long sprays of fern, which overshadowed his head, and falling down behind trailed in the water. The reflection cast by this mass of green in the water, which rippled behind and on each side of the swimming animal, was rendered vague, and blurred that of the trees near the margin of the lake, so that the whole thing had a misty and indistinct appearance, which might well cause doubt as to what it was to arise in the mind of one who was prepared to see something supernatural. Squawitch believed as thoroughly in the existence of the Selkiewm as he did in his own, and seeing something in the water unlike anything that he had ever previously beheld, at once concluded that the monster had appeared. I have no doubt that he felt perfectly sure during the first hundred yards of our progress that we were all hastening into the jaws of death. He was probably ashamed to draw back when his two companions insisted on advancing, and indeed there was no way for him to reach the shore except by swimming.

As soon as we were near enough to the buck to make out what he was, and thus to soothe the fears of the Indian, the latter put more vigor into his strokes, and we rapidly neared the object of our pursuit, which had not yet observed us, but was swimming quietly along, evidently very tired with his long run. We ran up to within twenty yards of him before he noticed us. When he did so, he at once turned toward the shore and put on a burst of speed. He swam almost as fast as the canoe went, but before reaching the land slowed down somewhat. Just before his feet touched the bottom, Mr. H. warned me to be ready, and I rose to my feet, and, as the deer made his first bound to shore, shot him through the neck. The crimson fluid tinted the clear water, the animal turned back toward the deep water, and Mr. H., fearing lest it should die and sink there, gave it the *coup de grace*.

This was the first time that I had ever seen a deer killed before dogs, and I confess that, to my notion, this method of hunting suffers by comparison with still-hunting. The hunter, after he has the deer in the water, and has pulled up to it, is too sure of his quarry. He has too much time to think about it. The struggles which the animal makes to reach the shore excite his sympathies, and after he has killed his game he is likely to wish that he had allowed it to escape. There are, however, some localities in which, during the summer and early autumn, this is the only way in which game can be obtained, and this is true of most of the sea coast of British Columbia. The forests are utterly unlike anything that I have seen elsewhere on this continent, and progress through them is slow, difficult and noisy. Under such conditions still-hunting is an impossibility, a mere waste of time and productive only of loss of temper. The forests are very thick and full of down timber, and the underbrush dense and tangled. One strives to force one's way through it quietly, but at every step makes as much noise as a six-mile team. Fallen trees, from two to seven feet in diameter, have to be climbed over, or crawled under. In the open spots, ferns as high as one's head obstruct the view, and rocks, concealed by the luxuriant vegetation, bark your shins. You slip upon the thick wet moss. The huckleberry and sallow vines twine lovingly about your legs and throw you to the ground. You grasp the stem of a sapling to ease your fall, and find that you have chosen the thorny umbrella plant, or "devil's walking stick," as a support. Then you sit down and, taking out your knife, pick the spines out of your hand and think pleasant thoughts, while the Douglas squirrel and the Stellers Jay chatter derisively in the branches above your head. One feels at such a time that all is indeed vanity. I do not by any means wish to imply that all the country through which I passed is like what I have described, but through a very large portion of it it is impossible to hunt.

Our deer having been secured, we left to Squawitch the task of transporting it to town, while we hastened thither ahead of him. At two o'clock, with a charming party of friends, we took the stage for Burrard Inlet, distant nine miles from New Westminster, which we reached about 4:30. We were met here by Mr. John Fannin, a gentleman who has long resided in this northern country, and whose graceful pen has contributed to the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* more than one most graphic and realistic pen picture of life in the Far North. Both Mr. H. and Mr. Fannin are interested in zoology, and through their observations not a few interesting points in regard to the habits of

certain Northwest coast birds, mammals and fishes have been brought to light. Many a pleasant hour did I spend with these two gentlemen, examining their specimens, talking over the fauna of the region, discussing knotty points as to the relationships of closely allied forms, and listening to the relation of the experiences through which, in their wanderings, they had passed. Tales of Cariboo and Cassiar, of Alaska and Dece Lake, of Athabaska, Peace River and the Arctic slope, gave a reality to those districts, heretofore only vaguely heard of, which to me they had never had, and made me promise myself that, in the years to come, I too would visit these scenes.

By eight o'clock the next morning our party had embarked on the little steamer Senator, and were swiftly steaming up Burrard Inlet, which, opposite the town of Hastings, is a mile or more in width. The staunch and comfortable little craft bore us swiftly up the Inlet, past the Indian rancherie on the north bank, past wooded hills and low grassy points, past the rough granite mountain faces, where the few scattering trees can scarcely find earth enough to support them and with difficulty maintain their foothold upon the bare rock, until, six miles from Hastings, we turned sharply to the left, and up the North Arm of the Inlet. Here the hills on either side drew nearer together, and thus appeared higher and more rugged, their summits being capped with snow, which in many of the gorges and ravines extended far down toward the water's edge. The almost vertical rock faces were covered with a harsh brown moss, which, except when it wet, gives an excellent foothold. Where the soil is not utterly wanting, or the precipices are not too nearly vertical, the mountains are densely wooded with Douglas fir and cedar, some of the timber being of great size. The varying shades of green displayed by the different species of trees gave a variety to the aspect of the forests as a whole, which had almost the effect of cloud shadows, and added greatly to the beauty of the scene. Down almost every slope in sight, and constantly changing as our position and point of view changed, poured most lovely cascades, some of which even deserved the title of waterfalls. Though at present carrying but little water, their wide beds of naked rock showed that in spring, after the rains, and in the early summer, when the snows were melting, they were mighty torrents which would sweep everything before them by their resistless power. Even now they were extremely beautiful, stretching as they did like delicate white threads far up the mountain side, often scarcely separable in the distance from the lines of snow in the ravines. Only by the aid of a good glass could we discern the leaping, wavering motion of the torrent, which served to distinguish the white, hurrying flood from the unmoving snowdrift. The presence of animal life added still further charms to the scene. The pigeon guillemot, in its sombre livery of black, relieved only by its white shoulder knots and coral-red feet, was present on the water in great numbers—an active, busy little bird, constantly employed in its search for food. A species of crayfish seems to be a favorite article of diet with this bird, and many of those which we saw flying by the vessel were carrying this crustacean to their young. They are said by the Indians to breed on the islands in the Inlet, rearing their young in the holes in the rocks. On these islands, too, the harlequin duck is said to breed, though not in such numbers as on the river, which flows into the Inlet at the head of the Arm. Eagles, fishhawks, kingfishers and crows fairly swarmed along the shores, for these waters abound in fish, good, bad and indifferent, the hideous dogfish standing at the foot of the list and the salmon at the head. Each species contributes something toward the support of the birds, and, besides these, the shellfish afford excellent feeding for the crows and ravens.

Here I first saw that very common incident in the history of the two species, the robbing of the fishhawk by the white-headed eagle—a beautiful sight and one long to be remembered. The eagle passed us, flying low and swiftly, while the osprey had risen to a considerable height with his fish, and apparently was about to make off with it over the woods. As soon, however, as he caught sight of his pursuer he began to rise in a spiral higher and higher, but it was easy to perceive that the eagle was gaining rapidly. At last he had risen above the fishhawk and made one or two darts at the latter, which it seemed easily to avoid, but evidently despairing of getting away with its prey, it dropped it. Shining like a bar of silver, the fish fell and was carried off by the wind diagonally on one side, but the eagle, half closing his wings, stooped for it, secured it before it had fallen half way to the water, and bore it off to a tall tree on the mountain side.

On the islands in the North Arm, as well as on the mainland, deer are abundant, and it is a delightful place for a hunt, as in many places the timber is so sparse that both deer and hounds can be seen from the canoe for a good part of the run.

Burrard Inlet, B. C.

THE MONROE MARSHES.—The famous ducking grounds of the Monroe Marshes, Michigan, at the mouth of the Racine River, in Lake Erie, have been purchased by a club, and are now rigidly protected. The club property comprises between eight hundred and one thousand acres. Mr. George Dawson, of Albany, N. Y., is the President of the club, and Mr. J. Bevans Giles, St. Catharines, Ont., the Secretary. The full organization of the club will be effected next month.

FISH COMMISSIONERS OF NORTH AMERICA.

WE herewith present to the Fish Commissioners of North America a list, revised and corrected to September 21. This list has been obtained by correspondence and is correct. It will be found to contain some new names as well as new commissions. We take this labor upon ourselves annually, that the Commissioners may be able to change reports and other information with certainty. It is a gratifying fact that the fish culturists of America recognize the *FOREST AND STREAM* as their organ of communication with each other, and choose it to publish such news as may wish to make public, instead of scattering it in obscure papers where it is not seen by those interested.

We take this occasion to return thanks to the Fish Commissioners of the different Provinces, States and Territories for their uniform courtesy in crediting to us such aid from our columns as they have seen fit to make use of in their reports, as well as for crediting us with the labor of compiling the official list of Commissioners. A prominent commissioner writes us: "My colleague, Mr. —, thinks it too poor to subscribe for your paper. Send it to him my expense. No intelligent fish culturist can afford to do without *FOREST AND STREAM* if the price were increased fold. He would soon find himself behind in the race, and is not to the strong, but to the best posted."

OFFICIAL LIST OF FISH COMMISSIONERS.

The expirations of the terms of office are indicated by the dates in parentheses. Where no date is given the term is indefinite.

- CANADA.**
W. F. Whitehead, Ottawa, Ontario.
NEW BRUNSWICK—W. H. Venning, Inspector of Fisheries, St. John.
NOVA SCOTIA—W. H. Rogers, Insp't. of Fisheries, Amherst.
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND—J. H. Duvar, Inspector of Fisheries, Alberton.
BRITISH COLUMBIA—Alex. C. Anderson, Inspector of Fisheries, Victoria.
—
THE UNITED STATES—
Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Washington, D. C.
ALABAMA—C. S. Foster, Prattville.
D. B. Huntley, Courtland.
ARIZONA—John J. Gosper, Prescott (1884).
Richard Rule, Tombstone (1884).
Dr. J. H. Taggart, Yuma (1884).
ARKANSAS—N. B. Pearce, Osage Mills.
James Hornbrook, Little Rock.
John E. Reardon, Little Rock.
CALIFORNIA—S. R. Throckmorton, San Francisco (1889).
B. B. Redding, San Francisco (1889).
J. F. Darwell, Niles, Alameda Co. (1883).
COLORADO—W. E. Sisty, Brookvale (1883).
CONNECTICUT—Dr. W. M. Hudson, Hartford (1882).
Robert G. Pike, Middletown (1882).
G. N. Woodruff, Sherman (1884).
GEORGIA—J. T. Henderson, Com'r of Agriculture and Com'r of Fisheries, Atlanta (1882).
Dr. H. H. Carey, Supt. of Fisheries, La Grange (1882).
ILLINOIS—N. K. Fairbank, President, Chicago (1882).
S. P. Bartlett, Quincy (1881).
S. P. McDool, Aurora (1884).
INDIANA—Calvin Fletcher, Spencer, Owen County.
IOWA—B. F. Shaw, Anamosa (1882).
A. A. Mosher (Ass't for N. W. portion), Spirit Lake (1884).
KANSAS—D. B. Long, Ellsworth, March, 1883).
KENTUCKY—Wm. Griffith, President, Louisville.
Dr. S. W. Coombs, Secretary, Bowling Green.
P. H. Darby, Princeton.
John B. Walker, Madisonville.
Hon. C. J. Walton, Munfordville.
Hon. J. A. Steele, Versailles.
W. C. Price, Danville.
Dr. W. Van Antwerp, Mt. Sterling.
Hon. J. M. Chambers, Independence, Kenton Co.
A. H. Gobie, Catlettsburg.
MAINE—Henry O. Stanley, Dixfield (1883).
E. M. Stilwell (Assistant Commissioner), Bangor (1884).
MARYLAND—T. B. Ferguson (of Baltimore), Massachusetts (1884).
Washington, D. C. (1882).
Thomas Hughtell, Easton (April, 1882).
MASSACHUSETTS—Theodore Lyman, Brookline (1881).
E. A. Brackett, Winchester (1884).
Ass. French, South Braintree (1881).
MICHIGAN—Eli R. Miller, Richland (1883).
A. J. Kellogg, Detroit (1885).
Dr. J. C. Parker, Grand Rapids (1887).
MINNESOTA—1st District—Daniel Cameron, La Crosse (1884).
2d District—Wm. W. Sweeney, M. D., Red Wing (1884).
3d District—Robert. Ormsby Sweeney, President, Paul (1883).
MISSOURI—Hon. Silas Woodson, St. Joseph (1882).
John Reid, Lexington (1882).
T. C. W. Stockman, 2,903 Pine st., St. Louis (1882).
NEBRASKA—R. R. Livingston, Plattsmouth.
H. S. Kaley, Red Cloud.
W. L. May, Fremont.
NEVADA—H. G. Parker, Carson City (1882).
NEW HAMPSHIRE—Albina H. Powers, Plymouth (1886).
Luther Hayes, Milton (1886).
Dr. Edw'd Spaulding, Nashua (1886).
NEW JERSEY—Dr. E. P. Howell, Woodbury, Gloucester Co. (1884).
Maj. E. J. Anderson, Trenton (1883).
Theo. Morford, Newton, Sussex Co. (1883).
NEW YORK—Hon. R. Barnwell Roosevelt, 76 Chambers st., New York.
Edward M. Smith, Rochester.
Richard U. Sherman, New Hartford, Oneida Co.
Eugene G. Blackford (Fulton Market, New York City).
809 Bedford ave., Brooklyn.
NORTH CAROLINA—S. C. Worth, Morgantown.
(Mr. Worth is acting as Commissioner and Superintendent, and being no special Fish Commissioner recognized in the State department is under the general supervision of the Commissioner of Agriculture, Hon. John H. Motte, Raleigh).
OHIO—L. A. Harris, Cincinnati (1884).
C. W. Bond, Toledo (1884).
G. C. Post, Sandusky (1884).
PENNSYLVANIA—Hon. H. J. Reeder, Easton, Northampton Co. (1881).
Hon. Benj. L. Hewitt, Hollidaysburg, Blair Co. (1884).
James Duffy, Marietta, Lancaster Co. (1881).

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE STURGEON.

WHERE the broad Hudson graceful sweeps
Along its fair, romantic shores;
Where past its western, wooded bluffs
And frowning Palisades it pours;
And upward where the narrowing stream
Is guided by the embracing bank;
Far upward where the tufted woods
Umbrageous gather, rank on rank,
And downward where its outlet yields
Its generous tribute to the deep,
The white-scaled sturgeons glide or leap;
A hard-fought prize to net or spear,
Wherever they urge their free career.

Up the wide Sound, and far as trend
The rocks that hem New England's coast;
Up the Maine rivers, broad and deep,
Where boiling tides are ever lost,
The silver spangled sturgeon roam
In the fresh tides or salty foam.

And often gazing o'er the main
Where the Atlantic billows break;
O'er that illimitable plain
I see them their mad gambols make;
Now swiftly shooting o'er the surge,
Now leaping upward, each its length,
In course eccentric on their urge
With matchless speed, surpassing strength.

The billows brighten where they leap,
The spray rises upward, white and high,
Then sudden to abysses deep
They settle, lost to human eye.

Far, far along the dangerous edge,
O, Maine, with reefs and rocks beset,
Lined with the seaweed and the sedge,
Where ceaseless the salt surges fret,
I've seen the gleaming sturgeons play,
Along old Ocean's endless way,
And where they slivers pour their tide,
Penobscot, Androscoggin wide,
I've seen far up the drooping woods
The sturgeon flashing in the floods.

Ah, me! how pleasant to recall
Those college days, so distant wide,
When you and I, dear Longfellow,
Wandered in converse, side by side;
Wandered 'neath birch-trees' play woods,
Or by the Androscoggin's floods;
Now pausing by the way to note
The pikeon flocks above us float,
Or catch the sudden flash and leap
Of the great sturgeons o'er the deep.
Though time has long inscribed thy name
High on the scroll of poet's fame,
Yet well I know thy memory strays
Far back to scenes of valiant days,
To Brunswick woods and waters blue,
When we were young and life was new,
Though time has sprinkled on our brows
His white, inevitable snows,
Still in our hearts the life-days pour
As warm, as loving as of yore.

Shelter Island, Sept. 16.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

A FEARLESS DOE.

YOU see, Hank had promised me a farewell hunt on one of the finest sheets of water that a deer ever plunged in. Where that is, my friends, and how we got there never remain a mystery, for I have promised Hank never to reveal his secret lake. It is sufficient for you to know that about five hours after we left camp yesterday we were passing through a grand piece of woods, a regular old "forest primal." We were following a trail marked by blazes on the trees. It led us up the side of a steep ridge, and on its top we stopped to rest. All was still. There is a silence which never comes to the city even in the hush of midnight, nor to the fields of the country though the peace of the Sabbath rest upon them. It is that peculiar silence which is felt only in the deep forest.

I remember days in the woods when the whole air resounded with the notes of animal life; the quick chatter of squirrels, the sharp notes of the chickadee, the dull drumming of the woodpecker and the hum of insects. I remember days, too, when no sound broke the almost painful stillness, when even the falling of a leaf would have been a relief to the ear.

It was on such a still day that Hank and I rested there, the only human beings in that vast unbroken wilderness. The scene around was grand. Huge pines and hemlocks towered above us, some to the height of a hundred and fifty feet, some even more.

On both sides of us the ridge sloped abruptly away, and we could look down into the valleys below. They were covered by many fallen trunks slowly crumbling away. Moss everywhere covered the ground with its soft carpet; it hung in masses on the mouldering tree trunks and had already taken up its abode on those newly fallen. Though it was a bright day, it was dark and gloomy in the forest. Here and there a few rays fell from an opening in the foliage above, glancing and glittering on the leaves and gilding the green ferns and mosses.

We followed the ridge along. Hank carrying the canoe on his yoke, I loaded with "duff." It was a long carry, but the beauty of the country interested me and kept me from tiring.

At last we caught a glimpse of water through the tree trunks. Then it grew lighter, and we stepped from a clump of pines upon the shore of the lake at last. O! what a lake was there, my would-be deer slayers! Hank says that ours is the first color that its waters flout, and you would believe it if you could see the water. Only a moment we admired it, for Hank suddenly touched me and pointed to the opposite shore. The canoe was quickly in the water, and I, crouched in the bow, was intently watching the red form that was browsing along just under the alders. Long before we reached him the deer walked out. We turned back.

"Well paddle round and inspect a little," said Hank, "get a daylight shot if we can, and if it be otherwise, go in and camp before dark."

The lake was the wildest and loveliest I had ever seen. The shores were densely wooded and high ridges rose from all sides. I found it hard to believe that human beings had ever looked on this wild water, for wherever man goes he leaves the mark of his destroying hand.

But there was no dead timber here, no peeled spruces, no fire slashes where careless campers had let their fires run, no mark or trace of man. Even the wild creatures seemed scarcely to heed our approach. Upon the left, where the shore was held up by a bank, two gulls were sitting themselves on a rock. Near by a woodcock was hurrying along with her brood behind her, while just across at the head of a marsh which stretched out from a tamarack swamp, where the inlet seemed to be, a crane stood, silently watching for his favorite frog. I was admiring the patience of the bird, wondering how he could stand there for hours with one leg curled up under his breast, when a quiver ran along the boat. I grasped the rifle and looked along the shore, but could see nothing.

"Right over there in that cove among the lily pads," whispered Hank.

Sure enough, it was another deer.

"It's a little doe," said Hank. "Don't fire, it might spoil our chances for better game by and by."

"Let's see how near we can get to her."

At four rods she raised her head. The canoe was motionless, and the figures in it sat as if carved out of rock. She began to feed again. Three rods. I held my breath. Two rods. The canoe scarcely moved now. One rod.

"Look here, sissy," you'll deplorably ignorant of this world's cussedness. The yearling raised her head and looked into our faces as if to ask the meaning of that sentence. One quick, strong stroke and the canoe flew toward her. She jumped now. We were right upon her. I grabbed an oar and, reaching out, attempted to administer a parting chastisement for her temerity.

She was a little too far.

We started back toward the outlet and made for the point where we had left our "duff."

It was sunset now. Sunset on one of the most beautiful lakes of the Adirondack Mountains. What words can paint the scene! Could we see it upon the canvass, glowing beneath the skillful artist's brush, we should call it unnatural and overdrawn. Would you try to imagine it? Read all the descriptions of glorious sunsets that have ever been written, among the Alps, the Scottish Highlands, our own White Hills; combine the beauties of all in one fine picture. That is an Adirondack sunset.

The breeze almost always dies away at evening. It was all gone now, not a breath left. The lake surface was a perfect mirror. As we looked over the boat side we grew dizzy and seemed to long to leap over and fall down, down away off there among those fleecy clouds, away into that vast abyss of space, and drift off amid the gold and crimson hues of that other sunset. Yes, there was another sunset, even more beautiful than the one above; another forest too. What was of more interest I perceived for the first time how very dirty my face was. But no; it couldn't be. That fat, dirty, tar-colored fellow who grinned and nodded at me from the boat below was not myself, or at least it was an illusion. I am thin, and fair too, so my wife says; but how two months in the woods do metamorphose one!

[Continued from page 146.]

FROM VERA CRUZ TO MANZANILLA.

MARAVATO, MICHOACAN,
Mexican Republic, July 25, 1891.]

After only two days in the City of Mexico we were transferred by a short line railroad to the Mexican stage, which extends as far as the town of Maravato, 250 miles north-west of Mexico, and midway between that city and the Port of Manzanilla, on the Pacific Ocean, the proposed terminus of our contemplated railroad survey.

I am now almost worn out after a terribly fatiguing journey of three days in the Mexican stage coach. Within the few days that I have been here I have seen a great many species of our most common northern birds in great abundance here. Insects are equally plentiful, and as the birds are out of plumage, being in the molting season, I shall devote my spare time to the collecting of beetles, which I will forward from time to time. Transportation by mail is here, the postage to the City of Mexico is twenty-five cents, while the transport of twenty-five pounds of merchandise of any kind to Vera Cruz costs three dollars. There are a number of old ruins about here, but the transportation of these great tablets or images would cost more than their value amounts to. To-day I saw near my house some crow blackbirds, mocking birds, meadow larks, quail, red-winged starlings, crows, hawks, and very small finches, sparrows and warblers, some of which latter are new to me. There is also a plenty of water fowl on the near-by lake, and they appear to be in good plumage.

This town of Maravato, where I am now stationed, is a rather pleasant-looking place of about four thousand inhabitants. The River Lerma traverses it; in summer this water-course is an almost dry gorge, while it assumes respectable depths and width in only rainy season. A few small fishes seem just now to be only fish inhabitants. Near by and in fact full light is the volcano of Nevado de Toluca, which rises to an altitude of 17,800 feet, and is, of course, snow-covered at its summit. We came here by far the larger part of our journey by stage. This is a truly horrible affair to travel in, and is driven by mules which are frequently changed. We carried in our own conveyance seventeen passengers, and the conductor or postilion, whose chief and sole duty consists in driving his mules, which feat he accomplishes by the most dexterous use of a whip of about twenty feet in length. This instrument he whisks like a lasso around his head, and can, whenever needed, apply it specially to any particular one of his long team of nine mules, whether it be the foremost or in the rear. Whenever he exercises thus his dexterous skill he never fails to draw blood. The scenery about Maravato, after we arrived there, recompensed me for many privations we suffered on the way. High rocky mountainous walls arise almost perpendicularly everywhere, and through vast gorges the little river Lerma winds its way. Every mile or so a hacienda, strongly enough walled for any siege, embellishes the picture. The stations on the way to Maravato are equally substantial-looking structures, all surrounded by high and massive walls. I shall never forget the night our party spent at one of them near Harboston, a little town on the way from Yxamalaca to Maravato. We arrived there tired and hungry. After supper, which was served on a table so high that we could barely reach up to its edge with our hands from our low seats, we were accommodated with a few rough mat-

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

We have received catalogues and price-lists from the following

dealers and manufacturers:
Abbey & Imbrie, New York.
E. A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.
American Arms Company, Boston, Mass.
American Patent Portable House Manuf. Co., Corvoss, N. Y.
Bradford & Anthony, Boston, Mass.
T. Yardley Brown, Reading, Pa.
Camp Lonnge Company, Pittsfield, Mass.
Clark & Snedder, Baltimore, Md.
Conroy, Blisset & Mallinson, New York.
Will H. Crutenden, Cazenovia, N. Y.
L. A. Davenport, Davenport, N. Y.
Dennett Brothers, New York.
Goodyear Rubber Mfg Co., New York.
Jos. C. Grubb & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Hartley & Graham, New York.
Hodgman & Co., New York.
Martin S. Hutchins, Dover, N. H.
Laffin & Rand Powder Co., New York.
Ligovsky Clay Pigeon Company, Cincinnati, O.
William Lyman, Middlefield, Conn.
Wm. T. McAllister, Philadelphia, Pa.
William Mills & Son, New York.
B. F. Nichols & Co., Boston, Mass.
J. Palmer O'Neil & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
N. A. Osgood, Battle Creek, Mich.
Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn.
William Read & Sons, Boston, Mass.
B. Hemington & Sons, New York.
G. W. Renton, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.
J. H. Rushton, Canton, N. Y.
W. R. Schaefer, Boston, Mass.
H. N. Schleiber, & Co., Rochester, N. Y.
C. S. Shattuck, Hatfield, Mass.
A. B. Shipley & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.
Smoke Target Ball Company, Titusville, Pa.
Henry C. Squires, New York.
W. P. Stephens, Railway, N. J.
Edw. K. Tryon, Jr., & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.
Whitney Arms Company, New Haven, Conn.
Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New York.

WEAKFISH ABOUT NEW YORK.—For the past two weeks weakfish have been plenty in the vicinity of New York City. Many have been taken with the hook off Staten Island. For the past few days the catch has been light, but they may come in the bay in considerable numbers yet. This fish is the "squatigue" of Massachusetts and the "salt water trout" of the Southern coast. It has been a fair season for it, as far as we have heard, and does not seem to be decreasing as fast as some other fish.

empty and, as in the case of the first nest, took a part of the branch and nest. And now I would like to ask the FOREST AND STREAM if it thinks both nests were made by the same birds. J. L. D.

[It is difficult to give a positive answer to such questions as are asked by our correspondent, and we can only give an opinion. We think it possible that a yellow and black-billed cuckoo might breed together, but very improbable. We should think it much more likely that there may have been some mistake in the identification of either the male or the female bird. We think it very likely that the second humming-bird's nest was built by the original pair of birds.]

LONGEVITY OF TURTLES.

WARRENTON, Va., Sept. 17, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream.

Send you by this evening's express a "dry land terrapin" picked up by a friend between this point and the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, where the "Yankees" camped on the land of Mr. Kemper, in 1892.

Examine the under side of this creeper, and you will find the inscription—

1802.

YANKER.

Which fixes the age at nineteen at least. How old the "terrapin" was when the aforesaid "Yankee" put his bottom mark upon him is a matter of doubt. Evidently he was full grown. After inspection, you will transmit the terrapin to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, where he can be cared for and fill the full term of a respected old age.

[The question as to the age to which the animals of this group attain is an interesting one, and deserves more attention than has yet been given to it. That turtles are unusually well protected from the attacks of enemies is certain. We have been told, however, that raccoons eat the freshwater turtles, and have ourselves found the shells under circumstances which seemed to confirm this statement. A note on this subject which has recently appeared in the *American Naturalist* from the pen of Dr. A. S. Packard, Jr., bears directly on this subject. He says:

"So far as we are aware, no attempt has been made to explain the unusual longevity of turtles, whose lives, as is well known, span over a century. There appears to be no longer lived animals than these beings of slow gait and slow manner of life. The following facts may throw light on the cause of their great age. In the first place, they are protected by the solid shell from the attacks of snakes, fishes and birds; young turtles, we are informed by Professor J. W. P. Jenks, are sometimes carried off by herons, but in adult life they are probably rarely eaten by other animals. Has any one ever found any empty turtle shells? As some turtles lay but two or three eggs a year, nature seems to have counted upon an immunity from the ordinary evils of childhood in these animals. It is probable that the larger portion of—indeed most—young turtles who hatched survive, and when two or three years old, are fitted to resist successfully against any fish and avian enemies. They are not exposed to vicissitudes of weather; the fact that the period of egg-laying (in New England from June 10-20) is so constant, and varies so little at different seasons, shows that they are hardy and tough. Finally, the persistence of the type of gigantic tortoises on the Galapagos Islands indicate the wonderful vitality of this type of life in resisting prolonged climatic and geological changes."

The shells of the common box tortoise are not uncommonly found in dry woods, and we have twice found in the wet meadows near the salt marshes of the Atlantic coast shells of *Trionyx guttata*, which had apparently died a natural death.

We do not remember that any extended observations have been made on this subject, although the general belief that turtles live to a great age seems to be justified by what we do know.

The specimen referred to by our correspondent has been received and thought of as lively and apparently in good condition. Besides the inscription above noticed, there appeared faintly on the back part of the shell the initials R. N. or R. M.

Can any one claim the specimen as an old acquaintance?)

SPECIAL INSTANCES OF ANT INTELLIGENCE.

It is always difficult to draw the line between instinct and reason, between adjective action due to hereditary or purposeless habit and adjective action due to individual and purposive adaptation. But we may be least diffident in accepting, as evidence of the latter, cases where animals exhibit a power of adapting their actions to meet the requirements of novel circumstances—or circumstances which cannot be supposed to have been of sufficiently frequent occurrence in the life-history of the species to have developed instincts of mechanical response in the individual. It is in view of this consideration that the following instances are selected:

Ebrard records in his "Etudes de Mœurs" an observation of his own on *F. fusca*. The ants were engaged in building walls and when the work was nearly completed there still remained an interspace of twelve or fifteen millimetres to be covered in. For a moment the ants were thrown out and seemed inclined to leave their work, but soon turned instead to a grass plant growing near, the long, narrow leaves of which ran close together. They chose the nearest and weighted its distal end with damp earth until its apex just bent down to the space to be covered. Unfortunately, the bend was too close to the extremity and it threatened to break. To prevent this misfortune the ants gnawed at the base of the leaf until it bent along its whole length and covered the space required. But, as this did not seem to be quite enough, they heaped damp earth between the base of the plant and wall, and at last the latter was sufficiently bent. After they had attained their object they heaped on the buttressing leaf the materials required for building the arched roof.

This observation naturally leads to two others by two different observers. Thus, Moggridge says: "I was able to watch the operation of removing roots which had pierced through their galleries, belonging to seedling plants growing on the surface, and which was performed by two ants, one pulling at the free end of the root, and the other gnawing at its fibres where the strain was greatest, until at length it gave way." Again, as previously quoted in another connection, he says that two ants sometimes combine their efforts, one stationing itself near the base of a footstalk and gnawing at the point of greatest tension, while the other hauls upon and twists it.

The other observer to whom I have referred is McCook, who says of the harvesting ants of America that he has seen "the workers, in several cases, leave the point at which they had begun a cutting, ascend the blade, and pass as far toward the point as possible. The blade was thus borne downward, and, as the ant swayed up and down, it really seemed that she was taking advantage of the leverage thus gained, and was bringing the augmented force to bear upon the fracture. In two or three cases there appeared to be a division of labor; that is to say, while the center of the roots kept in his work, another ant climbed the grass-blade and applied the power at the opposite end of the lever. This position may have been quite accidental, but it certainly had the appearance of voluntary co-operation."—G. J. ROMANES, in *Popular Science Monthly* for October.

NOTE ON SNAKES.—Media, Delaware Co., Sept. 10.—I have read in your paper of September 1st, the interesting communication of H. J. Lombard, of Cassie's Valley, N. C., in reference to snakes. In it he states that "all harmless snakes have been tails and lay eggs." I can now recall to mind at least two exceptions to this rule. I have seen, among the mountains of North Carolina, not far from Cassie's Valley, a snake of the body and head of a hog, the hog-nosed snake, sometimes called the spreading adder (*Heterodon platyrhynchos*). This snake is harmless, though the sight of it is quite suggestive of venom.

I do not think that the common water snakes of Pennsylvania lay eggs, as I have frequently killed them with young snakes in their bodies. They are ovo-viviparous.

In reply to a former question in your paper, "Do black and garter snakes eat fish?" I have seen garter snakes eat fish, both fresh and in a putrid condition. In the former case, the head is swallowed first. In the latter case, the tail was swallowed first; the flesh being then soft, the dorsal spines were easily reversed, and offered no impediment to the process of deglutition. I had never seen any record of snakes eating putrid fish.

When a garter snake swallows a frog, the hind feet and legs go down the throat first. The frog is not previously killed, as I have heard one cry pitifully after it was swallowed. A hungry snake will sometimes make an absurd attempt to swallow a large fish. I once observed, for a long time, the efforts of a garter snake to swallow a fish so large that it could get but little more than the nose into its mouth.

In illustration of the Southern distribution of the beaver, I will state that I have seen the stumps of small trees freshly cut by beavers in Cherokee County, North Carolina, near the Georgia State line.

J. WILLCOX.

[It is curious to note how almost universal is the belief that the hog-nosed snake, sometimes in New England called puff-adder, is venomous. Probably the only dangerous snake in that portion of the country east of the Hudson River is the rattlesnake, which is almost everywhere extremely rare.]

ARRIVAL OF A YOUNG GORILLA IN ENGLAND.—The last issue of *Land and Water* contains the following account of the recent arrival in England of a young gorilla: "We are informed that Mr. Cross, the animal dealer, of Liverpool, has received a fine young gorilla. It arrived in the steamer *Scorilla*. During the voyage from Africa to the Mersey, the gorilla appears from an account which is published in the *Liverpool Daily Express*, to have given some trouble on board. After the vessel had been a number of days at sea, the animal, availing itself of the liberty which had been incautiously given to it, made an attack upon several of the crew. It ran amuck, in fact, at the captain, biting him savagely in the leg and two men who came forward to his assistance were also attacked, and to some extent injured. By dint of some ill-applied chastisement, however, the gorilla was induced to confine his ebullitions of temper to mere displays of his teeth, and later it was found possible to treat him without severity—a change of tactics which he repaid by becoming quite tame, and allowing himself to be handled with tolerable impunity. The gorilla was taken on board the *Senegal* at Setecoma, a small port on the southwest coast of Africa, and on its arrival in Liverpool it came into the possession of Mr. Cross. This animal is not as large as the adult, but is as blackberry briar. The orifice at the point is in the form of a slit, in the upper side, as though a diagonal slice had been shaved off with a penknife. I ran a fine straw entirely through the fang. The upper jaw is immovable, as in the case of most vertebrates. The lower jaw works on a hinge, and is susceptible of being opened wide enough to lie back against the throat, giving unobstructed play to the fangs."

FANGS OF THE RATTLESNAKE.—Vicksburg, Miss., September 7, 1891.—The fangs of the rattlesnake are perforated from base to point, through the centre, the hollow being about the size of a canonic needle. The specimen which I examined was three and a-half feet long. I boiled the head and found on each side of the upper jaw three fangs; one matured, one about half grown, and the third in embryo. The matured fangs were three quarters of an inch long, hollow from base to point, the base being much enlarged and containing a cavity as large as the point. The fangs are curved like a blackberry briar. The orifice at the point is in the form of a slit, in the upper side, as though a diagonal slice had been shaved off with a penknife. I ran a fine straw entirely through the fang. The upper jaw is immovable, as in the case of most vertebrates. The lower jaw works on a hinge, and is susceptible of being opened wide enough to lie back against the throat, giving unobstructed play to the fangs.

"MARONER."

A GENESEE OFFER.—Port Madison, Iowa, September 10, 1891.—I to-day caught a two-third grown cock pheasant. He tried to cross the river here and when he landed he was nearly played out that I walked up and picked him up. I will try to keep him or will send him to any one that has a hen, and would like to domesticate them.—W. H. ARRE.

[We hope that some of our readers are in a position to accept our correspondent's generous offer.]

A HINT TO "HOWARD"—Warrenton, Va., Sept. 21.—I see that "Howard" asks you for some place in Virginia to hunt in for a few days in September. There is absolutely no game at that time if I except a few squirrels. The same sort of birds have left, the partridge season does not open until Oct. 15, the wild turkeys are in the mountains, the ducking grounds are bare and woodcock in the depths of the swamp. If "Howard" don't intend to stay he may as well leave his breech-loader at home as to bring it here this season of the year.—CHASSER.

Game Bag and Gun.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE.

OPEN SEASONS.

The seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table:

States.	Deer.	Woodcock.	Quail.	Ruffed Grouse.	Pin-tailed Grouse (Jack-Chick).	Wild-foal.	Wild Turkey.
Ala.	Oct. 20.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 20.	Sept. 15.
Ark.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Cal.	July 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Col.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Conn.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 1.	Provided.
Dakota	July 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Del.	Aug. 15.	July 1.	Nov. 1.	Aug. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
D.C.	Aug. 15.	July 1.	Nov. 1.	Aug. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Fla.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.
Ga.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.
Idaho	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Ill.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Ind.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Iowa.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Kan.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Ky.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
La.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Mass.	Nov. 1.	Aug. 1.	Oct. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Mich.	Oct. 1.	Aug. 1.	Nov. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Minn.	Nov. 1.	Aug. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Miss.	Oct. 1.	Aug. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Mo.	Sept. 1.	July 1.	Oct. 15.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Nebr.	Oct. 1.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Nev.	Aug. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
N.H.	Sept. 1.	Aug. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
N.J.	Oct. 1.	Aug. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
N.Y.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
N.C.	Oct. 15.	Aug. 1.	Nov. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
O.	Oct. 15.	Aug. 1.	Nov. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Or.	July 1.	Aug. 1.	June 15.	July 1.	July 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
R.I.	July 1.	Aug. 1.	June 15.	July 1.	July 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
S.C.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Texas	Aug. 1.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Vt.	Aug. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
Wash.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
W. Va.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Wis.	July 15.	Aug. 1.	Aug. 15.	Aug. 15.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.
Wy.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.

Antelope.—Col., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 1.
 Buffalo.—Colo., Sept. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1.
 Caribou.—Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1.
 Does.—Ala., Aug. 1; Cal., July 1; Ga., Oct. 1; Kan., Aug. 1; Miss., Sept. 15; Mo., Aug. 1; N. C., Oct. 1; S. C., Oct. 15.
 Elk.—Cal., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Mich., Nov. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Or., July 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.
 Moose.—Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1; Ore., July 1.
 Mountain Sheep.—Col., Sept. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.
 Prairie Dogs.—Cal., Sept. 1; Me., Aug. 1; Mo., Aug. 1; Nev., Sept. 1; N. H., Aug. 1; N. J., Sept. 1; N. Y., Sept. 1; Pa., Sept. 1.
 Rabbits.—Del., Sept. 1; D. C., Sept. 1; N. J., Aug. 25; Pa., Sept. 1.
 Snipe.—Dakota, Aug. 15; D. C., Sept. 1; Nev., Sept. 1; N. C., Oct. 15.

In these States there are special county laws. A. The deer law applies to all deer or passives of the same kind. B. Wildfowl season opens in Upper Peninsula deer season opens Aug. 15. C. California quail protected to 1892. D. In Cook County deer season opens Aug. 1; moose season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. E. In Illinois deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. F. In Montana deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. G. In Nevada deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. H. In New York deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. I. In North Carolina deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. J. In North Dakota deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. K. In Oregon deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. L. In South Carolina deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. M. In South Dakota deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. N. In Tennessee deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. O. In Texas deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. P. In Utah deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. Q. In Vermont deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. R. In Virginia deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. S. In Washington deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. T. In West Virginia deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. U. In Wisconsin deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1. V. In Wyoming deer season opens Aug. 1; quail season opens Aug. 1; wildfowl season opens Aug. 1.

SOME OLD GUNS THAT I HAVE SHOT.

SPRUNG from a race of sportsmen. Well do I remember the picture of an ancestor engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with a large stag. Cruelly wounded and disfigured by the sharp horns of the infuriated deer, whom he had "creased," his tatters dyed in blood, he stood in the picture, giving blow for blow with his stout hunting knife, which, as the story goes, he at last plunged into the heart of his maddened enemy. How I cheered the large deer hound strutting in its glory, and trampling to the ground the picture with bared breast that the stag too was covered with wounds, and how I read the story of the picture and resolved that I too would some day kill my stag and, if need be, would kill him with my knife. I did, but that is foreign to this paper.

I never had the child's love of gunpowder simply because it made a noise. The first attempt that I remember—I think I was about seven, and my faithful friend and my *Fidus Aetna*, Dick, coal-black about nine years old, was converted into "ole mas" John's fishing chair into an extemporized gun. This came, which had grown in Mississippi, was about the size of my arm and about twenty feet long. To cut off two joints at the bottom would not hurt the cane and would make us a good gun with which to shoot "dat ole rooster," a very pugnacious bird and Sandy's and my special enemy. When we had cut off the joints we bored a touch-hole at the bottom of the first joint, and thus we had a gun about three feet long, calibre No. 8. I did the aiming, while Sandy would apply a live coal to the touch-hole, and tramping to the priming. With light rifle charges and shot carefully counted, fifteen in number, we brought to grief, in the orchard, divers sapsuckers and other saucy and ill-conditioned birds.

Growing bolder, we resolved to test the efficacy of our improvised fowling-piece upon the nefarious rooster who had so often put us both to shame and ignominy by driving us out of his domain with sharp spur and peck, delivered *en traite*. Putting in our blunderbuss two rifle charges and five rifle bullets, we slipped up to the fence and saw our enemy strutting in its glory, not more than ten feet distant. To aim, to apply the coal was but the work of a moment, and the next we were asking each other what had happened. The gun—our fondly cherished gun—was gone, and with the exception of a few splinters, none could tell where it had gone. Sandy was minus all the wool on one side of his head from too eagerly watching the effect of the shot and sighting as he applied the coal. I, too, was minus eyebrows, eyelashes and most of my hair. Fortunately for the peace of mind of those who had me in charge, I was saved by bounding into a short time afterward and Sandy was made "gum minder." He detailed to me in a feeling manner how "ole Mas" had licked him for eating "dat rooster." He had taken that tough fowl to his mother's cabin and some wretch had told on him. I was affected, but told him to keep quiet, gave him a silver half-dollar to insure it, and parted from the staunchest friend that I ever had. Brave Sandy! How

many would have kept their counsel and never told on me? He had his reward in after years, and he now lives in a comfortable manner "way down South" in Alabama. Good luck attend him, and may his round, black face never grow discontented!

It was on the boarding-school that I first fired my first "sure enough" gun. I had been sent to a cobbler of that vicinity to get my shoes half-soled—needed badly from too much sliding on the ice—and there I remember that the disciple of St. Crispin left me having in my own hands an old musket that had seen service in all the wars in all America. Proudly did the owner point to a dent in the barrel made by an Indian tomahawk. How I fawned upon that cobbler! How abjectly I waited breathless upon his slightest word! And yet he ate raw onions and drank bad whisky—two things than which there could be nothing more disgraceful to my infant mind. (The judgment of my ripper years has but confirmed that youthful opinion.) On the next Saturday but one I was to meet the crafty cobbler (who had gobbled my whole supply of pocket money) in the woods, near his cabin. At length the happy day dawned, and I ate little or no breakfast on that morning. I found him seated on a stump, with two bottles containing powder and shot, and a third—something to which he had frequent recourse throughout the whole day, necessitating, finally, his assumption of a recumbent position, where I left him alone in his glory. The gun was handed to me to carry, and proudly did I assume that heavy weight. We had not gone far when a large blackbird, who had been fishing in the creek, flew upon the top of the chimney and commenced his usual servile dance upon seeing me—at least, that was the rule with his tribe, and I had sworn vengeance whenever and wherever I could get a chance at one of his fun-making companions. Laying my gun up by the side of a small tree, with my heart beating triple time, I took deliberate aim and pulled trigger. No one but those who have shot a flint-lock gun can have any idea of the intolerably long time intervening between the pulling of the trigger, the fizz! fizz! fizz! of the priming, and finally the loud report, followed, as in your case, by your falling—in no light manner, either—flat upon your back. I arose, and, feeling for my bruises, I went to look for my old enemy, the blackbird. I found him doubled up among some briars, looking a very forlorn bird indeed. Where be all your fun-making now of innocent, large-eyed boys? We gather him and go forward on the hunt. The tales at the end of that day sum up: Two blackbirds, two larks, one yellow hammer, one jay, and one glorious rabbit, shot from a rest across an old log.

I had a schoolmate, Peter Holmes, who loved to shoot as well as I. Many was the time that we took the cobbler's gun and killed of birds a great number, finally aspiring to the dignity of killing squirrels, for which his gun was not well fitted. And right here let me say that I have found many old smooth-bore muskets that shoot remarkably well. On what principle they do so I am unable to say; but in the hands of our Southern negroes they have killed all the squirrels. They are certainly not choke-bored; they are not made of fine materials, and yet, for No. 8, No. 4, or buckshot, they will kill like a streak. I have found many of them for one of them for any consideration, but in the hands of pot-hunters they are formidable weapons. I wish there was not one in Georgia—I should be happy.

I went home with Peter Holmes, my affinity, to spend the vacation, my uncle remarking in his letter giving me that permission, "that it did not much matter where I was, because gunpowder was plentiful, and I would be sure to bring my inventive genius to bear upon the construction of some to burn it."

Throughout the South at that time all old rifles that had become smooth from long use were bored by gunsmiths and converted into shot guns. As the bore was originally very small, the gunsmith merely cut all the "rifles" out, and left the gun about .25 calibre. Indeed, I have seen some as small as .50 calibre. Bored on no scientific principle, admitting but a very light charge, they were utterly worthless at any but a very short range. My friend was the fortunate possessor of one of these unique shot-guns, and, above all, it was fired with percussion caps; and, furthermore, if you fired right, it would kill like a streak. In the corner of the tall shell-bark hickory that could be found on our place.

As to doves, why, that gun could kill one ever so much further than brother Jim's rifle, which tore 'em to pieces; and my gun would do it too, but you shoot shot out of it, instead of a single bullet. As to yellow-hammers, why, I never shot at one in my life, far or near, that he did not fall stone dead. Our first exploit, two or three days after our arrival at Peter's home, was to expend our whole stock of powder and shot at three diabolical gray squirrels which were found up in the shell-bark at the corner of the wheat field, not more than a hundred yards from the house. The nuts of the shell-bark hickory afford a rich and favorite food for squirrels in the early autumn. At each discharge of our gun there was at first a great scampering and chattering among the squirrels; but as they soon found out that we could not harm them, they would either a nut, run out on a limb, curl their tails over their backs, wink at us in the most condescending manner and proceed leisurely to dispose of the spoil. How we shook our heads, wondering how I disparaged the noise which was to kill all things, at any range?

No, O shame! Brother Jim, hearing the continual firing and suspecting something of the truth, came down with his rifle and, at three shots, killed every one of those squirrels! And shot their heads off, too! So, in doubt and darkness, in a supreme contempt for all smooth bores, ended our first experience of old guns in squirrel shooting.

Some two years after this episode in my sporting life I went to visit a cousin who lived in a fine game country.

He had a single barreled rifle of about 12 calibre, about 52 inches long, of which style of guns there were thousands sold every year in the country stores of the South.

They shot well, too; some of them extraordinarily well. As well as I recollect they must have been English guns, for most of them had on their barrels, "London fine twist," a legend, as I now have reason to believe, like many other legends, having no solid basis of truth. However, they were good enough for boys, and we could kill with them.

Among the negroes owned by my uncle was a pragmatical old fellow named Joe. A privileged and favorite servant he was allowed often to take the rifle and kill the squirrels and turkeys with which the woods abounded. But few South-easterners allowed their slaves to handle guns, but Joe had been reared with my uncle, and had learned to shoot under his tuition. If there was anything on earth for which Joe had a supreme contempt it was a shotgun. It was his honest conviction that no shotgun had a range exceeding thirty yards. Any distance above that a shotgun, in his opinion, was utterly worthless. As we would return from hunting

he would meet us and, with sner and gibe, taunt us with the inability "ob dat ole shotgun." So far did he carry it that he offered to let us shoot at him, or rather his back, at seventy-five yards. Exasperated at his jeers at our favorite gun we dared him to a trial. Behold us, then, with seventy-five long yards stepped off by Joe himself! It was fully ninety, but we did not care, for we intended taking the conceit out of Joe forever. Turning his back to us, our living target, with a derisive gesture, told us to "fire away!" At the crack of the gun Joe leaped about three feet perpendicularly into the air and immediately fell flat upon his back, while visions of murder seized upon us boys. "Fire! Water! Murder! Fire!" mingled with horrible oaths came from the prostrate negro in rapid succession. We found on examination that four shot had buried themselves low down in his back, while one had gone through his nose and another through his ear. This had been caused by his looking at me, the marksman, between his legs. Joe never to his dying day could believe but that some supernatural or diabolical agency was concerned in carrying the shot so far into his corpse. We boys were soundly thrashed for being such fools as to shoot at old Joe, even when he was willing. We convinced him.

ST. CLAIR.

A GRAND HUNT.

READING the accounts of those royally-appointed hunting expeditions to the Far West, gotten up by Mr. Marble, his brought to me recollections of a grand hunt, in which I participated, down the Mississippi River. The party consisted of three gentlemen besides myself. We had built in New York a small propeller, which was shipped to New Orleans by steamer and thence to Cairo by boat, at which point she was launched and there we joined her. Our crew consisted of one engineer, a negro who acted in the dual capacity of stoker and deck hand, and two servants, one as cook, the other as steerage. Our vessel measured 45 feet over all, 8½ feet beam, and drew when loaded about 3 feet 6 inches. The boiler and engine were placed as far aft as possible, leaving the midships for the accommodation of ourselves, and the forecabin for the men. A standing awning with roll-up curtains on either side served as a protection against the weather. The side lockers were made wide enough for their tops to serve as berths; in the center was a fold-up table, and above it a rack for glassware and crockery.

On board this diminutive ship we embarked late one afternoon in October in order to reach on the island some twenty miles down the river, where we understood geese and ducks to be very abundant. What with the current and the aid of steam, we have in sight of our first stopping place in about two hours. Charley Fore, the most practical hunter of our party, suggested stopping the engine for a few minutes so he could listen for any sign of game that might have congregated on the island for the night. He leaned over the vessel's side, putting his ear close to the water, and in a few minutes reported birds in quantities. This determined us to tie up for the night, to be ready for business in the morning. To support the guns were taken from their cases, cartridges dealt around to each, a signal light hung upon the smoke-stack, one of the men stationed as lookout, and the remainder of us turned in for a dose of "nature's sweet restorer." As the lookout struck "six bells" we arose, but to find ourselves enveloped in a dense fog, accompanied by a misty rain.

"Just the weather we want," said Charley.
"Excellent for rheumatism," muttered George D—.
These were the first words spoken, and certainly I agreed with the majority, as a more dismal, dreary outlook it would be difficult to imagine.

Mr. Kurflman, the engineer, asked if he should get up steam, or "jess hold it 'twixt and 'tween till further orders?"

"Hold it," replied "George," rather sharply, "or else you'll blow us up to make matters even worse."

Soon, however, the fog began to blow away, and such a quacking of ducks and spunking of geese I never heard.

"Now," said Charley, "Mr. Kurflman, if you have your breakfast waiting, we will work out into the stream, but go ashore as slowly as you can to keep steerage-way on the craft, and the sooner we get under way the better."

With the first signs of Aurora, we were off. The fog had nearly disappeared, and in a few minutes the fusillade began; shooting at the game first in the water, and then as they rose to fly. It was as exciting as a genuine skirmish for the first two or three rounds; a number of birds fell to our guns and lay on the island and in the water.

"Let two of us go ashore up to the shore," said Charley, "and then crack down to the boat, and make for the lower end of the island, and come back for us through the chute. In this way we will have some good shooting this morning."

We pointed the boat's head to the land, going slowly, as the water around these islands is very shallow, and as soon as we touched bottom Charley and Jack jumped overboard and waded ashore. Down the main stream we then went, at full speed, rounding as directed at the foot of the island. Our engine made so little noise that we ran up unobserved on a large flock of geese, out of which George and I bagged six at the first shot and three at the second. Steaming up the chute we scared the birds back toward our friends, whom we could hear firing in rapid succession. We then checked our speed, and had a couple more shots before the birds left us for good. Picking up the game was tedious work, and no doubt we lost some; but, as it was, we counted twenty-five ducks and nineteen geese.

We now started down the river, intending to stop at New Madrid, and take a day's shooting in the lakes back of that place, and to purchase a skiff if possible. It was nearly midnight when we reached the boat at this earthquake-destroyed town. Our arrival created, even at that late hour, a stir, as the natives had never seen a craft like ours before; they all wanted to come on board, even to the women folks. Of course we gratified them, and it was through one of these visits that a name was given to our unnamed yacht. The morning after our arrival we were seated at breakfast, when an old lady and a young girl came alongside and asked, "where we were, and the name of the vessel." The little steam-boat "Liza Jane" after her "gal." As I was the owner I agreed, and the christening ceremony was performed there and then by the girl herself, who came on board, pronounced in a clear voice "Liza Jane," and broke a bottle of Charles Heidsieck over her bow. We then, in a glass each of the sparkling wine, drank long life to the young girl and her namesake.

The shooting back of New Madrid surpassed any I ever had; ducks and geese being the only game, but in such numbers as to soon satisfy any other than a pot-hunter's thirst for blood. The morning we slipped our moorings the whole

town turned out to see us off. "Liza Jane" was there decked in her gayest, although the poor child's face wore an air of sadness as she saw her namesake steam away.

Every day was a succession of good shooting, as we made it a rule to tie up every night near some island, to have the morning's sport. At the towns we would, of course, stop, give our game away, or else Joe would sell it, and buy instead, as he called it, "town grub."

On reaching Helena we decided to make a short run up the Arkansas River, as we found an old, reliable pilot there, who offered to steer us safely, taking his pay out of fun. We saw but very few birds, but George, who was sitting in the bow with his gun in hand, suddenly, as we turned a sharp point of the river, discharged both barrels, at what proved to be a magnificent buck with superb antlers. This circumstance aroused a great desire for a land hunt, but, as we had no dogs, the plan was not practicable, and we returned to the mouth of the river, there to resume our journey downward. Here I bought the skiff we so much needed, and which proved invaluable to us in our future nefarious shoots. The grandest day we had was at Island Ninety-five. This isolated piece of land is nearly two miles long, and heavily timbered, forming an excellent cover for game. Before daylight, Charley, Jack, Joe and the cook, took to the skiff, and pulled off to the inside chute of the island, while the "Liza Jane," with George Kurflman and myself, steamed down to the lower end. Each of us had a gun, leaving the management of the vessel to the stoker. We began firing as soon as the point was turned, and as we steamed slowly up stream, the skiff and its crew were floating down, so that the birds were kept constantly on the wing, going first one way, then the other, until at last we shot out all of our shells, and were rather glad of it. We picked up over two hundred ducks and geese.

We tied up at the plantation of Colonel Dick Christmas, a few miles below this point, to rest awhile; and gave the "Liza Jane" a thorough cleaning before making Vicksburg, at which point we had decided to leave the boat, and to go by rail to New Orleans. After a day's rest at Vicksburg, with the amiable Colonel, we again started on our voyage, reaching the "City of Lilis" after six hours' run. The "Liza Jane" was ordered to Deer Creek, and thus ended the most charming hunt of my life.

J. D. H.

Nashville, Tenn.

"LEFT-EYED SHOOTING."

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., September 12.

Editor Forest and Stream:—I am reading your opinion in reply to "Liza Jane" on "Left-eyed Shooting." I will not express the same opinion in regard to yourself that you did of the Philosopher; yet I will say, and I think prove it, too, that the Philosopher was right and that you are wrong.

I will premise by saying that a majority of persons are right-eyed; some few, however, are left-eyed; while others are either-eyed or both-eyed.

Now for the demonstration or proof. Point with your finger, or with a stick, at any object in life distance, keeping both eyes open; with the finger, both perfectly steady, then close your left eye, and if the finger is still in line with the object, you are certainly right-eyed. Try again, both eyes open; now close your right eye, and if your finger is in line with the left eye, you are certainly left-eyed. Again, both eyes open; now close alternately one eye and then the other. A little practice in this will determine which eye you are. Sometimes in closing the eye the finger seems to point to the left, and in closing the other eye with first open, of course, points to the right at the same distance from the object. In this case you are both-eyed, or either-eyed.

In answer to Invidius, I will say that the only thing necessary to enable him to shoot accurately is that he should close that obstreperous left eye of his when the gun is brought to the right shoulder. If he can accustom himself to bring the gun to the left shoulder, he can shoot equally well with both eyes open; yet there is no necessity for it, if he will close his left eye when he shoots.

To sum up then, to shoot well, a right-eyed man, with both eyes open, must shoot from the right shoulder, and a left-eyed man from the left shoulder, while each can shoot equally well from either shoulder by closing the opposite eye. If a right-eyed man shoots from the left shoulder, and a left-eyed man from the right, both eyes being open, neither would hit a barn door at forty yards. All this I learned years ago in shooting deer from horseback, and ducks from boats. Now, sir, just pick up your gun, I guess, of course, you always keep one handy, I take it, and, that you may, always bring gun quickly to the left shoulder—both eyes open, to remember—take aim, (or try to, at least,) at an object hurriedly. What is the matter? Why don't you shoot? Can't get your aim satisfactory, ah! No you can't! Why? Because, sir, you are right-eyed, and your left eye won't serve you in sighting the object along the rib of the barrels, but that right eye of yours tries mighty hard to get over on the left, and if you will not let it, the very best you can do will be to close it, then you are freed from the dilemma, and couldn't get any quicker. I have never yet met one who knew of this "eyed" business, and have never failed to convince them. So, if you have a great deal of company, I won't call you "a fool."

TROKELL.

RUST SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

CAMDEN, N. J., Sept. 26.

Editor Forest and Stream:—In your last issue a Boston correspondent, F. S., asks for information on the cause of gun barrels rusting in spots.

If the interior surface of a pair of barrels is examined with a microscope it will be seen that they are covered with an immense number of small holes, which serve excellently to hold the moisture. Now, when the oxygen, which exists more or less in the air, comes in contact with the steel, it collects in and around these minute holes, forming ferric oxide, or common rust. This makes the surface still rougher, and if not cared for properly, goes on taking up oxygen and consuming the steel, until the holes become large enough to be seen by the naked eye.

When in this condition of extreme rust, made from three parts cosmoiline, or oil, and one part emery, should be used on a carefully prepared swab, which will smooth the barrels out to a certain extent; then apply the wire scratch brush and wash out clean. If this is not attended to frequently, at the sea-shore or in damp situations, nothing but re-boring will bring out spots or holes. So long as the barrels are kept smooth but little trouble need be expended, but when specks appear

unmitigated care will keep them from getting worse. Gunpowder has often been blamed as the cause of rust; but, of good quality, it contains nothing that will oxidize. However, the chamber grade, especially when of fine grain, absorbs a good deal of moisture in consequence of the grains not being so hard as the more expensive kinds. The various ingredients of cheap powder—as sulphur, carbon and saltpetre—are often of inferior quality, and the residue they leave in gun barrels should be removed as soon as possible. What really does more damage to the barrels than the worst kind of powder, is the fulminate of mercury which is left after the discharge of the copper cap in the shell. It, together with the other compounds, mixed with acids to make the combination produce the most possible form of oxidation or six or eight inches from the breech, and it will often be noticed that most rusting occurs there. Perhaps the best way to avoid this, when the gun is not in use, is to push tight-fitting wooden rods covered with balize (or flannel) into the barrels, first having smeared them well with ordinary lino ointment. COLIN.

Editor Forest and Stream: Some one wants to know what takes the sports come on inside of gun barrels; and says that they are always cleaned out. I have a gun which has been used for five years, and is to-day as bright and smooth on the inside as when it came from the maker, but I have kept it by "eternal vigilance" and elbow grease, using the emery polish with. Have had a good many guns brought to me, which the owners claimed were clean, but upon examining them have found them otherwise. Gun barrels are sprung to make them shoot centrally (so they will not cross), and looking through them, unless you make a close inspection, they may be quite a number of places overlooked; and I try to get them off (especially if the day is not out) by emery, unless they work hard and use something besides emery, but out own that, to keep the barrels clean and bright, is full hard a thing to do as any thing that I have ever tried. They may be worse jobs, but I have yet to see them. It is best to leave too much oil on them after cleaning them. HAMMERLESS.

SPORT IN FRANCE.

(SHOOTING began on Sunday in most of the departments of France, as it begins with you to-morrow. This, as usual, there has been a wall over the growing ardency of game, and suggestions have been made that shooting should be prohibited for one year out of four in every department of a department, turn about. It is not impossible that some legislation will be attempted in this direction, for shooting has here become a national amusement, in which all orders of men join. From M. Grévy, who has a well-preserved estate at Mont-Sous-Vandrey in the Ardennes, everybody who can afford to pay twenty-eight francs a permit to carry arms must needs have a few days' sport the course of the year. People still talk about the *over-kill* in France as if the country teemed with game. The sportsmen busy away from the seaside for this important duty; châteaux overflow with guests; and gunmakers, who are a more numerous body in France than in any other country, do a capital business. Any stranger who happened to be at one of the Paris railway stations on Sunday morning might have thought that this was *par excellence* a land of crickets. Men in shooting dress were to be seen, not by tens but by hundreds; and most of them were accompanied by dogs, who yelped, tugged at their leashes, and dragged their hind legs and shiver. A card with the word "Chien" was hung upon each, and some of the railway carriages, as an intimation that in those compartments dogs and crickets could travel together; and in some carriages you might see eight dogs, eight double-barrels and eight *chasseurs* kindly accoutred. A great deal of the pleasure which a Frenchman derives from sport must consist in the habillements which he dons for the occasion. He wears gaiters, a coat with a leather shoulder patch, a game bag of netting slung to a broad strap, a belt with a cartridge-pouch, a flask, a knife, and a long and sometimes a hunting-knife two long to dispose of wild beasts if any should turn up. Late Alexandre Dumas, when asked why a certain dirden went out to shoot rabbits, answered: "*C'est pour les écorcher; il faut que tout le monde s'amuse.*" It is to be noted, however, that most of these sportsmen who are rigged apparently more for show than for work, do manage to get in the evenings with their game-bags full. So there will be a fair amount of game after all; and if it be scarcer than it is, they will deserve the more credit for getting down so much of it. Nobody will dispute that there are some first-rate shots among Frenchmen; and the ardor which sportsmen and citizens brag of their adventures in covers at this season of the year shows that the love of killing is no mere affectation. This being so, it is probable that the Legislature will soon deal with the game question in a frank manner. It is not desirable that all the game in France should be exterminated; and it would be regrettable if the sportsmen should be deprived of a sport which is to some extent a national amusement, and a great source of profit. It is not only the *arquebustiers*, shoemakers and other tradesmen, who earn much by selling the implements and clothing of sport; villagers also make a good deal out of selling parties. Boys are hired as beaters; the village innkeeper prepares dinners for the sportsmen, and has the pleasure to see them drink a great deal of his wine and "old brandy," while the vagabonds and old women pick up many dollars by begging of the sportsmen when they have finished shooting. In fact, so generally recognized as a thing for country folks that the potcher is no longer regarded with a friendly eye in villages. His depre-dations are not blamed when he thinned off the over-stocked presses of rich seigneurs; but he is now looked upon as a fellow who appropriates to himself game which might really have brought money to a good many poor people's communc.—*St. James' Gazette*, Sept. 3.

HOT WEATHER CAMP—Van Buren, Ark., Sept. 1.—I send a short article from one of our town papers. "Old" the writer, is known to you, and is a venerable old man and true. The remainder of the party mentioned young, and lacked much of his experience, but were as enthusiastic and hoped by persistent practice to be ultimately perfect. Although we killed one deer, this was not the way we were in pursuit of, but we were successful in killing turkeys and squirrels, and those only in sufficient quantities to supply our table. This is not, of course, a season with us to hunt, but there were some of us

whose only chance it was until the noble gobbler raises his "racket" in the spring—except for an occasional evening with the ducks, at which we expect to have rare sport when the proper time and ducks arrive.—DICK. The extracts are as follows: "It is useless to call every excursion to the woods, especially in dog days, a camp hunt; yet we camped at a nice spring and hunted just in the hills. On or about the 16th of August, I had passed some enthusiastic sportsmen, having grown weary of hot weather and dusty streets, left Van Buren and bled to the woods near Jackson Kings in the Cherokee Nation, some twenty miles from the starting point. Arrived at three o'clock, found all things lovely, plenty of game, and without half trying bagged in half an hour nine squirrels, one turkey and two quail. The next morning at early dawn the guns were soon at hand and shooting became rapid and repeated for half an hour, and the parties returned to camp with eight squirrels and three turkeys. After scolding them for the lavish slaughter of game, all consented to shoot another gun that day. On the 18th we killed ten squirrels in the morning and rested in the shade all day. "On the 19th, the sun rose as usual in a red, hazy sky, threatening another torrid day. The boys were not early to bag a sufficient amount of game for the day, which was done in a half hour. After breakfasting on broiled squirrels and fried turkey I left for home, via Fort Smith, taking with me two of the company, leaving but three and the cook to remain until the wagon returned for them and the camp. The game killed on the 19th after we left camp seems by the memoranda was three turkeys. On the 20th John Fritz left for home, leaving only Bourland and O'Kane. Amount of game that day was one turkey, by O'Kane. On the 21st four squirrels and one turkey. Morning's hunt (22) resulted in the killing of a fine fat deer by O'Kane, only a few hundred yards from camp. It was apparent that such large game could only be saved by the Indian process of "jerking," as called, which consists in cutting up in small pieces and placing on a scaffold over a brisk fire, making a kind of semibarbecue. This having been completed and the wagon having returned, all came home. I said in the beginning that the hunt was not all a hunt, but rather an excursion to the woods. The weather was so intensely hot that no game could be kept over six hours, and to kill more than could be consumed was not only cruel but lavish waste.—(OLD NIX)"

GAME IN SULLIVAN COUNTY.

New York, Sept. 19. IN perusing the interesting articles contained in your issue of 16th instant, I notice an advertisement of J. M. Bradley in reference to a good old shooting to be found in the vicinity of Eldred, Sullivan county, N. Y. If among your numerous readers there are any who would like such sport, I should advise them to pay Mr. B. a visit. I think I can guarantee them enough sport to satisfy a sportsman, having just arrived home from a two weeks' vacation spent there, principally fishing for pickerel and perch. These fish afford much sport, but are caught in large quantities and of good size, within a short distance of the house. The day before I left Eldred, Sept. 9th, Mr. B. and I drove about six miles (stopping on the way in the hotel of an old pond, where Mr. B. bagged three fine woodcock, over two splendid quail, lately broken by him for Boston parties) to a large pond bordered by marsh land, called Giles's Lake, where we succeeded in shooting nine ducks, five only of which were retrieved by the dogs. They were one black and four wood ducks. The rest falling at long distances in the dense wood and long marsh grass, were lost. Had I been any kind of a shot, and in possession of a breech-loading instead of muzzle-loading gun, I think I could myself very easily have killed five or six birds. When we left the lake, at dusk, the forel were just beginning to fly in from the neighboring lakes in streams, but our ammunition having given out we were obliged to depart. Beside ducks, there is very good deer, partridge and woodcock shooting, and a few quail are to be had. There is also good trout fishing during the early summer months in several streams in the vicinity. On the thirtieth day of August, Mr. B. and I fished the Beaver Brook, about a mile from the house, but only caught twenty-six fish. The reason of our poor success was the low water and the bright, hot day; the thermometer that day showing 100 deg. in the shade. We, however, did not feel the heat, wading in the cold spring water under the shade of the laurel bushes and the spreading branches of the tall pine trees. Mr. B. caught one trout last spring that weighed two and a quarter pounds. Mr. J. M. Bradley's address is Eldred, Sullivan county, N. Y. By writing in advance he will meet you with his wagon at Shohola, Pa., Erie Road. C. E. T.

ENGLISH SPORTSMEN IN WYOMING.—The Big Horn range of mountains in Wyoming will become as well known in England in the course of a few years as the jungles of India. Every summer increases the number of the English gentlemen visiting this famous hunting-ground. We felt it necessary for the last one of these noble sportsmen who were splendidly equipped for the Powder River country—Lord Manners. He is quite a young man and very ingenious, and being unfamiliar with the country he was easily taken advantage of by every cow-boy he met. Some one—I don't know who—induced him to buy a broncho at Rock Creek, and instead of driving comfortably in a stage to Fort Fetterman, persuaded him that it was the correct thing to ride the pony, which he did, making forty-three miles in one day and forty miles the next on "bucking." The Englishman and short stirrups. The young lord seemed quite used up when he reached Fetterman; but notwithstanding, he started off the next day, all alone, for a fifty-mile ride toward the Big Horn, and the last seen of him was about ten miles north of Fetterman, his roll of blankets suspended from the crupper of his saddle and nearly reaching the ground on one side, while his overcoat was thrown across the pommel and dragging in the road on the other side; and my lord, utterly oblivious to his surroundings, was braying up and down on his bucking nag, with his neck outstretched, peering across the sand-hills eagerly looking for the next stopping place. Lord Manners is an officer of the Grenadier Guards, now stationed at Windsor Castle, and his leave of absence expires on the 25th of October; hence his hurry. Captain Gaskell, formerly of the English army (9th Hussars), and his wife, are at present hunting in northwest Wyoming. The Captain has made quite a number of friends among the army officers, he having, several years ago, made a tour through Montana and the western part of our country, visiting the National Park of the Yellowstone, and the various military posts on the way. The Captain is a genial, clever, and well informed

gentleman, and Mrs. Gaskell is a charming, petite, demure, and vivacious and lively as one of our own American women. The following are the names of some of the distinguished English people now hunting in northwest Wyoming: Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, Lord Granville Gordon and Mr. H. H. Flowers, Captain and Mrs. Gaskell, Lord Mayo, Lord Manners, the Hon. Mr. Leigh, and Mr. Richard John Power.—*Correspondence Army and Navy Journal*.

RAIL SHOOTING IN MARYLAND.—The rail-shooting season has just begun on the Choptank, but owing to the tides not making high enough, which prevents the boats from getting on many of the marshes, comparatively few have been bagged as yet. There are thought to be more rails this year than usual, but not knowing anything of their previous life before they appeared on our marshes two months ago, we are unable to account for the unusual number. One of our sportsmen, though not having the advantage of an average high tide, succeeded in getting nine or seven birds in about two hours and a half this morning. The mud broken with the stalks were also an inconvenience, and until the reeds are mashed down, it is difficult to push over the marsh. A fine season is anticipated, and a number of gentlemen from neighboring towns and cities have arrived, and more are expected, to participate in the sport, and ere long our marshes will be the scene of almost incessant reports of breech-loaders. There will be an effort made at the assembling of the State Legislature to pass a law regulating the time to commence killing these delicate birds, which has been so badly needed, but which has never been used on our marshes of large size being plentiful and rails not so much sought for.—N. M. Denton, *Caroline Co., Md.*, Sept. 15, 1881.

[There should of course be a law in all the States protecting the rail, and in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and some counties (Cecil and Harford) there is such a law. In Cecil county the season for these birds opens Sept. 15, and in Harford Sept. 10.]

CAYUGA COUNTY SPECIAL LAW.—A special "Act for the preservation of quail and partridge within the County of Cayuga," N. Y., passed Dec. 21, 1881, provides as follows:

Sec. 1. From and after the passage of this ordinance or regulation it shall be unlawful for any person to catch, kill or have in his or her possession any quail or partridge taken within the County of Cayuga, for the period of three years. Sec. 2. Any person violating this act shall forfeit a penalty of twenty-five dollars, to be sued for by any person before any Justice of the Peace, or the City Court of the city of Auburn, where such Justice of the Peace or City Court has territorial jurisdiction. The recovery, if any be had, to be paid, one-half to the complainant, and the balance to the County Treasurer for the support of the poor of the county. The process, pleadings, proceedings, judgments and costs in such actions shall be the same as in and to the civil actions before such Justice of the Peace or City Court of the city of Auburn. And the process for the collection of any judgment rendered under this act shall be the same as is now allowed by law in actions of tort.

QUAIL NEAR NEW ORLEANS.—New Orleans, Sept. 23.—The morning of the 15th, at seven o'clock, found me in the saddle with my old friend, John G. Watson, at Arcola, La., in search of that game little bird, Bob White. Notwithstanding the threatening weather, we were out for an hour. About the middle of the day we were joined by Messrs. Arch and Pierce Watson, who, by the way, are two fine shots as Louisiana claims. The day was agreeably spent; birds were numerous, and my late purchase of Munson's quail, in spite of the fact that for two seasons past she had not inhaled the delightful aroma of quail, did excellent work and found fully her share of the coverts and single birds; and the two dog companions she competed with were good ones, and only a dog of extra nose could get in a point. In the three days' hunt over 150 quail were bagged, quite a fair percentage being shot at so close a range as to be unfit for the table—or bag. For the benefit of some of my Northern friends let me state that we found each day not less than twelve coverts, and one day eighteen. The very dry season has been of advantage to the young, and most of the birds were from two-thirds to full grown. While ours were the first guns that had been fired this season, we found the birds all in a "hurry" when flushed. With plenty of fresh milk, butter, the best corn bread and quail coverts, as in the case when we visit the Watsons, we had a most delightful trip, and after promises of a speedy return were we allowed to return to our city home. CRESCENT CITY.

TENNESSEE NOTES.—Montvale Springs, Tenn., Sept. 15.—This place is situated about nine miles from Maryville, the terminus of a small railroad which runs between that place and Knoxville. The hotel at the Springs (which is also the post-office) is a large, plain, frame building which will accommodate several hundred, and is well kept by a gentleman named Martindale. The springs on the grounds are said to be very beneficial to invalids. I have been hunting some and killed considerable small game. The country is very hilly and there are some considerable mountains near here; the air is very strong and clear. The larger mountains southeast of this place contain some large game, and as soon as the snakes go into winter quarters I am going with a party to have a good hunt.—W. R. B.

Nashville, Sept. 19.—Last Thursday commenced our open season, though under the most unfavorable circumstances. Rain fell in torrents the night previous and continued to do so all day. Birds are reported as very abundant, and from the quantities brought into town Saturday, I should say that the reports are true. Our gentleman sportsmen, as a rule, have excellent dogs, the best of guns, and being crack shots they soon kill out the game in the immediate vicinity of the city, though within a radius of twenty miles there are plenty birds for all. Since the rain has commenced, the moon has commenced in earnest. Toward morning the moon still shines brightly, and when there is a wind the delicious melody of the hounds can often be heard even in the city. Col. W. H. Johnson and David McGavock, living each within a few miles of Nashville, have noted packs of foxhounds, and when they give voice the whole country is aroused. Dan Adams, Esq., has gone on a shooting expedition; he uses a single barrel breech-loader, with which he says he can bag as many birds as any of the crack shots with a double-barrel.—J. D. H.

THE LOUP AND DESERT COYOTES.—Columbus, Neb., Sept. 14.—John B. Baker, of Boston, William W. Jr., of New Bedford, W. H. Hutchinsons of Lynn, and Thomas H. Sturtevant and F. H. Ellis, of Framingham, Mass., left here to

day on a hunting expedition up the Loup and Dismal, with four or five dogs, seven horses, about a ton of necessaries, and ten thousand rounds of ammunition, to be gone six weeks. Elk are very plentiful in those localities, and the party are, for the next three weeks, going to shoot chickens northwest of here. —T. R. D.

[We know the Loup and Dismal country well. Many a pleasant day have we spent on these rivers, and many a successful hunt have we made in the region which they drain. Our old friends, Pawnee La Shar and La Shar-a-Kittibut, introduced us to the section many years ago, when it was indeed a great game country, but also a great Indian country. We are glad that the game still exists and trust that the Indians are now no longer troublesome.]

TEXAS GAME NOTES.—Willis, Texas, Sept. 16.—The weather is turning cooler now, and we are turning our attention to deer and fish. The deer are excessively fat, and the "running season" begins now in this country. Some fine bucks have been killed by my friends. We hunt them at this season by sitting for them with rifles; for as the deer are more active at this time, the chances of shooting, especially the old bucks, by sitting for them is greater than by walking about. This country is blessed with this fall with a good mast. The bears will get very fat, and we expect fine duck shooting when the weather grows colder. Ducks are making their appearance already in small numbers. The bear hunters will have great times this winter. Great many bears here, and increasing all the time. I shall write you before long, and give your correspondents some instructions on calling turkeys. —C. L. J.

BLIND FOR DUCKS.—Pensacola, Fla.—Some time since your correspondent and a party of gentlemen took a trip across Pensacola Bay to San Carlos Sound to try to shoot some of the ducks that abound in that body of water. As there were no marshes within six or eight miles of the house at which we were boarding, we took a small skiff and covered it well over with dead brush, and the man in the stern sculled us along very noiselessly. But for some reason the ducks were very wild, so we could not get any shots at all. Now, could some of the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* tell me of any way in which I could devise a blind so that I could get within shooting distance? This season promises to be a fine one for ducks as there is plenty of wild rice; there is also any quantity of quail, doves and field larks around. —H. T.

NEW JERSEY GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE SOCIETY.—The third annual meeting of this Society was held at Plainfield, N. J., Sept. 21. Considerable business of importance was transacted. The Secretary reported that the membership of the Society was rapidly increasing. The following named gentlemen were elected a Board of Directors to serve for one year: James S. Vosseller, Isaac Brokaw, M. W. Schenck, J. W. King, W. L. Force, Roderick Robertson, William B. Dunn, Israel Ten Eyck, E. P. Thorne; President—James S. Vosseller; Secretary—Wm. L. Force; Treasurer—Wm. E. Jones; Vice-Presidents—George P. Suydam, John I. Holley, Percy C. Old, Homer Taylor, and D. B. Sterling, of Plainfield; James English, of Elizabeth, N. J.; Wm. B. Rankin, of Jersey City; Counsel—Wm. B. Maxson, of Plainfield.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY BIRD SHOOTING.—Boston, Mass., Sept. 21, 1881.—Tuesday found me at the Old Colony depot, waiting for the first train to Scituate. A ride of one hour and three-quarters brought me to my destination, and, with my friend, I was in a short time on my way to the marshes which border the shore of Scituate and Duxbury. We found plenty of waterfowl and other shore birds fairly abundant, though they had not arrived in large flocks up to Friday afternoon, Sept. 2. I inquired of several persons what the prospects were of good shooting this fall, and they all said after an easterly storm one can get more birds than he can carry home. Board can be had very reasonable, the general price being \$1 a day. The fare from Boston to Scituate and return is \$1.10, and to Marshfield \$1.40. The latter place would be the most convenient to stop at, as the marshes are only a short distance from the station. —F. L.

A BAG OF TEAL.—Hartford, Conn., September 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—The Post of this city chronicles a shot which I served recent in your columns: A party of gentlemen had a wonderful piece of luck while shooting rail the past week. One of the number saw seven teal ducks driving direct for the boat, and fired, killing five with the first barrel and the remaining two with the second. Considering the light charge of powder and the smallness of shot used, we can only say that this luck—if it was luck—was not equalled before, except in the case of the five pound bass caught by an Asylum street merchant while camping out at New Hartford, Conn., some ten days ago. —N. C.

THOSE HAMILTON DECOY DUCKS.—Hamilton, Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—I am sorry to say that the decoy ducks I advertised in your paper have been disposed of, but not in the way I intended. I was absent from home for ten days after I put in the advertisement, and on my return found many answers to it; but when I reached the house I learned that all the ducks had been killed in one night by some kind of vermin, either a skunk or a weasel, the only wound being a small hole under the wing. I think it must have been the latter animal, as the yard is not more than ten yards square, and my two setters were loose, which I think would have prevented a skunk from getting in his work so successfully. —A.

KING AND BARTLETT LAKE.—September 17.—At Hutchins Camp, at King and Bartlett Lake, Maine, since September 1, the following score has been recorded: September 1, a large black bear was killed by Dr. C. B. Porter, of Boston. He was estimated to weigh 300 pounds. September 10, a large caribou, dressing about 450 pounds, was killed by another Boston man. Reference, Mr. John J. Russell, of Plymouth, and Mr. Allen Danforth Bursar, at Harvard University. September 15, two moose, one a yearling cow, and another a monster male, 6 ft. 8 in. from car to tip of antlers; 6 ft. 1 in. high at the foreleg, and 5 ft. 10 in. high at hind leg; girthing 5 ft. 9 in., and estimated to weigh 1,000 pounds. Same reference as above. Mr. O. A. Hutchins, Eustis, Franklin county, Maine, is the proprietor and host at the camps. —W. B. N.

GAME FOR CHICAGO SPORTSMEN.—Chicago, September 19.—I returned this morning from Wolf Lake, Ill., where I have been on a day's shoot. My bag was a poor one; it con-

tained eleven teal and four wood duck, five jack snipe and two red ducks. I shot from a boat and did not use decoys. I killed over thirty ducks but only got fifteen of them. The rest fell in the rice; and as I had no dog I was unable to get them. Rail are here in millions, but they are not molested, as we do not consider them game here. Snipe, plover and other migratory birds are putting in an appearance, and by the first of October we will be enjoying line shooting. Chickens are getting scarce. —TEN BARK.

MR. REED EXPLAINS.—Indianapolis, Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—If your correspondent, "Buck," will read the game laws published in your paper he will find what right we have to kill deer on the Michigan Peninsula during the last of August. He is only a month and a half out of his reckoning. The true inwardness of the whole matter is that he is mad because he was not along. C-o-p a man up in the city and then let him read that his brethren are having sport in the woods and he is bound to rush into print.—Yours truly, MYRON W. REED.

E-Canada, Mich., Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—I see in *Forest and Stream*, September 14, "Buck" wants to know what right Rev. Myron W. Reed and Ora Pearson had to kill deer in the Brule River region, Michigan, in the month of August. The law allows the killing of deer in the Upper Peninsula, August 15, if they are not in the red coat, (or rather out of it) I think it doubtful about finding other than red coats even now. A party of three from Chicago, last week above here, killed nine deer; used what they could, and left the rest to rot where they camped. Perhaps I should give names but will not for the present. —A. F. Y.

TEXAS DUCKS.—Indianola, Texas, September 19.—Had a heavy storm of wind and rain on the 19th inst., which flooded everything, a day or two previous to which and since blue-winged teal and pintails began to arrive. The ponds and sloughs are now full, and I think we will have fine duck shooting this season. Weather now clear and cool. —A.

LOUISIANA DUCK SHOOTING.—New Orleans, La., Sept. 19.—We are now having teal duck shooting and some other waterfowl sport at it. The weather has been too warm for shooting up to this time. We are now having cool weather and several parties start out to-day. Our law is off now and quail are very plentiful, also partridges.—S.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., Sept. 22.—Dr. J. P. Phelps won the Wendell gold badge at the club shoot to-day. The Trap Maker's Union lost it, but console themselves by saying that they have had it the most number of times. The weather is very dry and birds are hard to find; five or six is a good day's work. —HAMMERLESS.

ROMA, Georgia, Sept. 25.—Fine sport is anticipated here this season, which opens soon, with an abundance of partidges and turkeys. Gun club has about closed for the season; some fishermen still linger on the banks yet. —S.

BELLAVILLE, Mich., Sept. 16.—Ducks gone from here; too much low water; marshes all dry; plenty of partidges when frost comes. —C. H.

NOTES FROM THE RAIL MEADOWS.—Richmond, Va., Sept. 19.—On Wednesday last there was a strong easterly wind. About two o'clock I found a friend; arranged to go for a shoot with him; I hurried home; packed up four hundred cartridges, and carried a few larger ones for stray ducks. Taking the train, we arrived at 5.30 p.m., at the White House, about twenty-five miles from Richmond, on the Fork River. The house was built by a Mr. Cooper, a native of Virginia, a half-breed, a mixture between Cooper's great original red man and whites, to paddle our (own) canoe over to the Richmond Shooting Club's Lodge, which is situated two miles from the station on the noble Pamunkey. This club was organized about ten years ago. The lodge is a two-story house, with all the accommodations necessary for a first-class hunter. I arose at daylight; woke John S.; drank some coffee, and in ten minutes we were in the marsh. I shot a hammerless, full-choked gun, wishing to try it on a small game close range, and 2 drs. of water, thin wad, and a little less than 3 oz. of shot No. 11, pink edge wad. It answers admirably well, not mangle the birds at all. After going to the house to replenish the inner man, we started ducking. I shot four blue wing teal; one was about thirty-five or forty yards off, and I killed him with a sorrel load. When we met at the house we had between us nearly seventy sorrel and five ducks. We sent them to friends in Richmond the next morning. The cartridges gave out, but we raked up some and reloaded others, and in ten minutes we again started ducking. I know how many days of my life we started home with a grand total of 1,235 sorrel, 18 ducks, and two king sorrel; and I also shot one yellow-legged snipe. Are they rare? The sorrel are more abundant this year than they have been for a long time, and notwithstanding the severe winter the partidges are very plentiful. —B. RANCHO.

APPLEHANSVILLE, Sept. 22.—I and a friend were down at Lazaret's rail and red bird shooting and we found plenty of birds. I had a very good pusher, Mr. P. Wood. I shot my luck and then the Delaware around that place, and has three sons that are very good pushers also. I bagged forty-three rail and thirty-one red birds the first day I was shooting. A booby is at the river side, whose host, "Bill" Miller, is a first-class man. —S. T.

Following are the scores at Lazaret, Pa., to Sept. 17: B. Frank Miller, 41; Dr. Register, 37; Mr. Crawford, 35; John Kleckner, 31; Wm. Miller, 20; H. Remington, 20; Mr. Speakman, 9; Chas. Smith, 10; Louis Good, 13; Jno. Fox, 26. Sept. 6.—Jas. Mallin, 25; C. S. Jolly, 15; F. Miller, 31; W. Cummings, 13; W. Crawford, 35; Wm. Kleckner, 31; Mr. Quigley, 3; Wm. Miller, 15; Jno. Kleckner, 31; F. T. Tibbets, 15.—42. Sept. 7.—Jim Kelly, 20; J. H. Hendey, 15; Jas. Mallin, 26; W. Copple, 14; Abe Cummings, 15; Harry Mingle, 31; Will Kleckner, 17; Geo. McDunnell, 25; Jas. Hopson, 20; Chas. Powell, 25; Jno. Fox, 31; Wm. Crawford, 35. Sept. 8.—D. Murray, 35; W. Crawford, 31; Chas. Maxwell, 32; Jas. Alburger, 44; Jas. Mallin, 45; Col. Vost, 40; Root, Stark, 16; Ed. Maher, 25; Mr. Ralston, 25; C. S. Jolly, 26; Will Kleckner, 24; Abe Cummings, 13; Will Copple, 19; P. Clew, 56; Chas. Powell, 16; Jno. Gardiner, 38.—508.

Sept. 9.—James Webb, 72; John Fox, 61; Jas. Mallin, 78; Frank Sartori, 57; Gill Griffin, 46; John F. Pyle, 31; John Hubbard, 46; Tim. Reilly, 46; Tom Waddington, 33; Chas. Haine, 72; Mr. Hoopes, 24; Wm. Miller, 20; J. H. Hendey, 15; Wm. Miller, 20; Harry Mingle, 31; Wm. McCall, 13; Jos. Shusser, 25; John Garden, 60; Chas. Miller, 102.—937.

Sept. 10.—E. Soule, 40; Tim. Reilly, 46; Chas. Henckert, 37; Chas. Haine, 75; W. H. Weatherly, 16; John Kleckner, 31; R. Shetzler, 22; Dr. Steelwaggon, 15; Jas. Mallin, 35; Mr. Burt, 21; Jos. Shusser, 25; B. F. Miller, 20; Wm. Miller, 15; John Sidiy, 31; Jas. Mune, 13; Tom Waddington, 31; H. Mingle, 15; L. B. Tatham, 31; J. L. Graham, 31; B. Morton, 13; Tim. Reilly, 35; Jas. Alburger, 165; Jas. Thorne, 61.—849.

Sept. 12.—A. Godson, 11; Gill Griffin, 15; Mr. Henly, 25; Tom Wad-

lington, 35; John Sides, 17; Mr. Grant, 55; Sen. Shultz, 47; F. W. Price, 32; G. Wilson, 42; F. Pres. Wilberhill, 35; Sam. Wethrill, 43; Jas. Mac, 23; C. K. Dolly, 43; Mr. Burt, 21; Tim. Reilly, 45; Jas. Alburger, 43; John Thorne, 61; Ben. Morton, 41; A. Wetherill, 17; Mr. Jones, 37; Mr. Hoopes, 24; J. Lodge, 30; Mr. Wm. Miller, 20; Chas. Powell, 16.—748.

Tuesday, Sept. 13.—B. F. Miller, 16; Gill Griffin, 16; Dr. Karsner, 45; Mr. Hoopes, 24; W. H. Sidiy, 13; Mr. Penikese, 17; J. Wesley House, 17; Bradley Johnson, 7; R. F. Spear, 18; W. Spear, 18; J. Jos. Hendry, 14; Mr. Snowden, 45; Chas. Powell, 25.—265.

Wednesday, Sept. 14.—Mr. Burt, 36; Col. Vost, 40; B. F. Miller, 15; H. C. Hays, 15; Geo. McQuinn, 15; Wm. Miller, 15; H. C. Hays, 15; W. Kelsey, 26; John Kleckner, 17; B. F. Miller, 15; John Gardiner, 10; Jim Webb, 25; Geo. Kelsey, 15; Ed. Maher, 4.—361.

Thursday, Sept. 15.—Mr. Burt, 37; Jas. Alburger, 43; Frank Sartori, 57; Victor Sartori, 57; H. B. Tatham, 31; Tom Waddington, 33; B. F. Miller, 15; John F. Pyle, 31; Sam. Adams, 55; Mr. Townsend, 5.—923.

Friday, Sept. 16.—Wm. Miller, 20; Thos. Waddington, 17; Wm. Wood, 35; B. F. Miller, 26; Geo. McDunnell, 14.—104.

Saturday, Sept. 17.—R. F. Miller, 15; Geo. McDunnell, 15; Richard Wood, 17; Jas. Alburger, 10; Abe Cummings, 9.—62.

Wm. MILLER.

Cleanse and moisten the dry sticky mouth of patients and remove them from the Importers. The best place in New York City to buy a W. & C. Scott's Iron Branch-Loader, from the highest to the lowest grade, 10, 12, 16 or 20 bars, is at Charles L. Fitzmaurice, 943 Broadway, N. Y., who imports them direct from these celebrated makers.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN OCTOBER.

FRESH WATER.	
Black Bass, <i>Micropterus salmoides</i> and <i>M. pallidus</i> .	Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .
Masago, <i>Esox nubilus</i> .	Striped Bass, <i>Morone chrysops</i> .
Pickereel, <i>Esox reticulatus</i> .	White Bass, <i>Morone americana</i> .
Pike or Pickerel, <i>Esox lucius</i> .	Bluefish or Taylor, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .
Elkperch, <i>Stizostedion luciae</i> (pike).	Scup or Forgie, <i>Stenotomus argenteus</i> .
Stizostedion americanum, <i>G. griseum</i> , etc.	Rock Bass, <i>Ambloplites</i> (13 species).
	Warmonth, <i>Chenobryus punctatus</i> .
	Crappie, <i>Pomoxys nigricaudatus</i> .
	Chub, <i>Pomoxys annularis</i> .
	Bachelor, <i>Sciaenidae corporalis</i> .

Sea Bass, *Centropomus atravivus*.
Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Morone saxatilis*.
White Perch, *Morone americana*.
Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
Scup or Forgie, *Stenotomus argenteus*.
Rock Bass, *Ambloplites* (13 species).
Warmonth, *Chenobryus punctatus*.
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigricaudatus*.
Chub, *Pomoxys annularis*.
Bachelor, *Sciaenidae corporalis*.

Weakfish or Squeteague, *Cynoscion regalis*.
L. Fayette or Spot, *Leiostomus xanthurus*.
Channel Bass, Spot or Redfish, *Sciaenidae*.
Sheephead, *Archamia procerus*.
Cephalopod, *Archamia procerus*.
Kingfish or Barb, *Menticolus nebulosus*.

That's the sport, to throw the fly, and in a half a minute to fish quickly out. Though the whole earth is given to the children's man, none but we jolly fishers get the plums and raisins out of the rivers which run along the hills. —CHARLES KINGSTON.

FISHING AT ESCANABA.

BY J. D. GASTON.

THERE is but little of interest to be said of Escanaba. It is a quiet summer resort for those who would escape from the torrid temperature which has prevailed for months. Its greatest recommendation is its salubrious atmosphere and cool climate. There have been no hot days in and very frequently fires have been found quite comfortable. The iron interest is the great feature of this place and the iron docks of the Northwestern Railroad Company are admirable structures for the purpose designed. The ore brought from the mines by sixty trains each twenty-four hours. More than ten thousand tons of ore are received and loaded into vessels each day through the season. The train on the docks are more than forty feet above the water. By the cars the ore drops into receptacles by the touch of a button and thence it is conducted by iron chute into the vessels, a rate limited only by the ability of the trimmers. Except on Sundays, the work progresses night and day—by the electric lights at night.

Escanaba is situated at the very foot of Little Bay Dequette and is one of the finest harbors on the lakes. For thousands of feet from the sandy shores the water is shallow and over a sandy bed; then it drops off suddenly to a depth of several fathoms, the exposure of which is many miles in extent, with good holding ground. Each of the three docks is supported by 350 piles over thirty feet in length driven to the surface of the water, and extends from the shore to the deep water, between which the space is dredged out to a depth sufficient for the largest vessel. The dock is protected by a sand point projecting far out, separating the waters of the Little Bay from those of Green Bay, beyond this Lighthouse Point. The deep channel is a happy accident of the Green Bay shore, and of the same character as that described above. There is shallow water lying upon a bed of sand for nearly a third of a mile when it drops off once into very deep water. What is this vertical wall of sand, which undergoes no appreciable change from year to year, while sea break upon it, I cannot myself explain. The same phenomenon was served in the Chicago River, whose shores were clay. For commerce had changed its natural features, for several feet on each side the water was shallow and in the low water season the surface was so low that it dropped suddenly to eighteen feet of water, affording a deep channel for the width of the river, and such had been the action from the earliest known times. If the roots of aquatic grasses had served to hold up this vertical wall of clay for an indefinite period of time, there is no such up at Escanaba, for there the banks are sand and have no roots upon them.

Another unsolved mystery in the case of the Chicago is that with a bar of ice in the mouth with ice for water to melt and receiving all the wash and drainage of a large area of prairie country, which brought down annually a amount of sediment, why was not this deep channel, tending into the country for five miles, filled up? The world almost suggest the existence of some physical law which we do not understand, or the existence of some of which we do not comprehend.

I was almost too late for the bass fishing in the Escanaba River which empties into the Little Bay, two miles from the dock, and up to the time the bass were good the day of my arrival, the 15th of July, one party, seventy pounds of bass, going out after dinner and returning at seven o'clock in the evening. A few days later they were found to have left the river and gone, no doubt into the deep water of the bay, probably on account of high temperature of the river water. The bass here are so reluctant to take the fly and must be persuaded with minnow if a good string is to be made.

Trotting in the bay is fair for that class of sport, though a few bass are thus taken, and still fewer of the well-eyed pike, called *dave* here, yet the principal catch is pickerel, which have firm and well-flavored flesh in these cold waters. They are in weight from three to ten pounds, though some are taken of twenty pounds and over. My best day was twenty fish from ten o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, stopping two hours for lunch. To insure success your boatman must row you in the deep water within a few feet of the shoulder or bank beyond which is the shallow water, say eight or ten feet in depth. If two lines are out the one on the side near the bank will take more than twice as many as the other, no matter which is the longest. The lines should be from 100 to 150 feet long, at least so results have taught me.

There is no very inviting trout fishing in the vicinity of Escanaba. Probably the finest that has ever been found in this country was Trout Lake. It is situated in an uninhabited forest, mostly surrounded with high banks, three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. It is fed by springs mainly internal. From it issues Whitefish River which empties into the head of the Little Bay De Noquette from which the lake is thirty miles due north. Last year a party visited this lake and caught in a legitimate way, on the first afternoon, 250 pounds of trout, but a severe illness of one of the party compelled them to leave the next morning. They were all taken from a raft which they anchored near a large bed of white material which looked like marl and was literally covered with trout which, when alarmed, they insisted, would disappear beneath the white surface. If in this time were not a mistake it is no doubt, a large spring full of white sand held in suspension.

Like other fish, the speckled trout have their good days and bad days for biting, for which there is no apparent cause. Soon after the same locality was visited by a party which found the trout just as abundant as on the former occasion, and as same, but they could not be persuaded to take the hook. Not to be balked they attached three large hooks together with heavy sinkers, threw them beyond the trout bed and drew them in quickly. In this way they hooked several hundred pounds of fish, but became thoroughly alarmed and disappeared. How often this discreditable affair was repeated I do not know, nor to what extent other illegitimate means, such as netting, in this charming lake we may never know, but it is certain that trout have frequently appeared in the markets, and that legitimate fishing in Trout Lake has been entirely destroyed. I cannot learn that a pound has been legitimately taken from that lonely lake this year. A party lately visited the lake for legitimate fishing, but found the usual haunts of the trout entirely deserted, and only caught a few small ones in the outlet. It is indeed a pity that the depredators cannot be subjected to the penalties of the law which in its letter is ample; but the letter is dead in that secluded place.

I was more interested in a fact, which was new to me at least, and that is that the lake whitefish are sometimes taken with the hook. More than twenty years ago I examined the stomachs of a number of whitefish at Eagle River, on Lake Superior. The principal contents found undigested consisted of crustacea and bivalves about the size of the head of a pin. These are, no doubt, found at the bottom of the deep waters of the lake, as I could hear of none which had ever been seen in the more shallow waters subject to ordinary inspection. No doubt there is a rich harvest in reserve for those who shall dredge the deep waters of these lakes.

Since that time many others have examined the stomachs of the whitefish, but all go to show that they gather their food from the bottom of deep waters, rather by the process of suction than by an active pursuit of their prey and biting it. Nor do I think this was contradicted by the fact that they are sometimes taken with the hook where the conditions were proper or investigated.

William Hart, a young boatman and fisherman at Escanaba, when rowing me for trotting, told me that he had frequently taken hooked whitefish around the iron docks. While I was skeptical, I carefully questioned as to the mode in which it was done. He said he had only taken them with the hook late in the fall, and nowhere except about the docks. He baited a small hook with a translucent minnow, which does not appear in the waters before the last of October. He never took them with any other bait, though he had tried many kinds. The bait was sunk to the bottom where it was permitted to rest till picked up rather sluggishly by the white fish. When hooked it was very active, and quite as gamy as the black bass. He had thus taken the whitefish for several years in succession, but at no other time of the year and with no other bait. He says the whitefish do not now enter Little Bay De Noquette till late in the fall, and only then can the proper bait be procured to satisfy reasons why they do not only take the bait. They may frequent the docks for the food which is thrown overboard from the vessels. If this be so it would show that the whitefish do not depend exclusively upon live food, which is a question I do not remember to have seen discussed.

Upon inquiry I found a number of reputable citizens who had seen Hart catch whitefish at various times, as he claims. Mr. Winger saw him take five large ones near his docks in one afternoon.

Escanaba Sept. 1, 1881.

[That whitefish take the fly is new to us. We should like to know further of it.]

A LARGE BROOK TROUT.

New York, Sept. 21.

IN the Oswegatchie River Inlet to Cranberry Lake, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., at the mouth of a spring brook, upon the 17th of July, a gentleman from this city caught a brook trout weighing four pounds and six ounces. It was twenty-one inches long, and every one in that vicinity united in calling it the biggest trout caught there within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." There were plenty of witnesses to the weighing of it, so that this fish story must be considered as one which can be well substantiated in every particular.

Anglo-worms were used as bait, and the number one Sproat hook was attached to a double snood.

The rod was of medium weight, and its first two joints were badly sprung in the protracted struggle with the heavy fish. The moment it felt the touch of the landing net it flopped off the hook, and as the reel proved too small to hold it, it had to be killed and thrown into the bottom of the boat.

We are aware that larger trout have been caught in the lakes of Maine and at the West, but have any of your readers ever caught a larger speckled brook trout in the Adirondacks?

SEVEN.

IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

THE winter has the love of humanity ingrafted in his constitution, and it is to aid his suffering fellow-creatures that he pens the following narrative of a trip that he made last summer into Northern Michigan. Those employed in a great many classes of confining business are given an annual vacation, but do not know how to pass it to the best advantage. Lying around the old home, smoking, reading and sleeping, while it may be enjoyable, is not particularly healthful, and it grows monotonous. It costs considerable money and does not restore the lost vitality to "splurge" around fashionable watering-places or loaf in the cities. Those who are confined by their business most of the year should get out in the open air, where they can live, for a few weeks at least, in a pure atmosphere, hunt, boat, fish and swim, and have no greater cares to tax their brains than cooking and avoiding mosquitoes. If they will do this the exhausted forces of the body will be restored to new strength and the wanderer will return with his body and brain in good condition to meet the duties of the long and confining winter and provokingly lazy spring.

Purely through a lucky accident I was last year given an opportunity to join a party on a trip to Higgins' Lake, one of the numerous little bodies of water found in the pineries of Michigan. Rejecting immediately a contemplated tour through the East, including a stay at Washington, the view of the earthly elysium up in the pine forests completely shut out thoughts of the conquests I might have made had I squandered my time and cash at Long Branch and Saratoga. We took the train at Jackson for Bay City, and had a delightful ride up through fertile Southern Michigan—but then, when there are six lively people in a crowd, rides generally are delightful, no matter where taken. We reached Bay City about ten o'clock, and the side of the long and crowded train, one of the prettiest I have ever witnessed; scores of sawmills were in full blast, and aside from the fact that it looked as if the city was on fire, the reflection of the light on the water made a beautiful picture. Here, through necessity—there being no other train—we remained that night. In the morning about eight o'clock we again took the train, and settled ourselves for the last long pull of ninety-eight miles. The common bond of sympathy, which unites all those working in the same cause, attracted to us two other gentlemen who were also going to Higgins' Lake. They were very much afraid they would not have good time, and I am free to confess they did not. All of the four weeks they were out it was grumble, grumble, and I was led to believe that they lived on codfish and crackers at home, and were mad because they didn't get something better away from there. These gentlemen made themselves objects of commiseration and contempt among all the people around the lake; they live in Chicago, and it fills their eyes, they will see what the writer longed to tell them to their faces. And let him say right here that those who go to camp out with the expectation of finding everything comfortable, and everything to suit them, will be woefully disappointed. If you cannot stand coarse food and rough weather you had better "camp" in some hotel on the seashore at \$4 a day.

Our ride that day was not through a cheerful country. Michigan, above Bay City, is the most God-forsaken piece of land on the American continent. Sand, sand, sand, and occasionally a huckleberry bush to break for an instant the monotony of the pine forests. Frequently we would enter a stretch of burned and charred pine trunks, and long, brown meeting the eye, but the black, scorched trunks and brown sand. Then we would crawl painfully up a grade at a pace which the proverbially slow turtle could almost shame; and on fly down an incline at a speed which sent the loose sand up in whirling clouds, which penetrated the cars and got into our ears, our eyes, and our sandwiches. The view on the side was always the same—blackened trees or green forests, and sand—that never failed. It was a long and tiresome ride, and I was glad when we reached Roscommon, got out and stretched our limbs, secured our dinner, and learned that the railroad could take us but eight miles further. We were a tired set when we reached Perecheney, the station nearest the lake, but our woes were not yet ended.

We had written on ahead to Mr. G. M. Cheney, who owns property near the lake, to keep for us one of the little pine board cabins he has built for the use of those who do not care to carry tents. Mr. C. was at the "depot," a board platform, and smilingly informed us that he would immediately cart us to our future residence. So, after leaving our names at the diminutive post office, we set out on foot toward our mail to the lake, we packed our traps upon the lumber wagon, mounted the same, and began a ride through the forest through sand and foot deep. The distance was seven miles. I know not what the schedule time is, but it took our conveyance just three hours to make the trip. To add to the misery of lame backs—owing to no backing—dark clouds began to rise in the sky and huge clouds of mosquitoes began to rise from the bushes. By the time we reached our destination both of these children of nature were well along in the tasks—the execrable insects had raised numerous blotches on our faces which the rain tried to cool. However, the lake finally came into view. Everything was hastily unloaded and carried into the cabin, and by the time we had our things well housed the rain came down in torrents. Two rough beds were speedily nailed up, upon which we spread our blankets and, stretching our tired bodies, fell asleep, soothed by the patter of the rain upon the roof and the mournful sighing of the pine trees.

Morning found us in yet misty, discouraging clouds hung above us and threatened rain; the lake looked dismal enough with the haze rising from it; the pine trees dripped water from the night's rain, and our ardor was as much dampened as everything else. Notwithstanding these discouragements, we worked hard all day and got everything in good shape. Rice straw was obtained from a plain about three miles distant, which we broke and made into mattresses. A very primitive-style cook stove—not remarkable for its beauty, but just as useful as a more handsome article would have been, and not occupying half so much space—was planted back of the cabin. Shelves were put up, fishing tackle and guns put in good order, and when night arrived we were well tired out. More rain and more discouragement.

When I awoke the next morning the sun was shining brightly, and for the first time I felt buoyant enough in spirit to look around and see where we were. Never having seen Como or Mark Twain's much-praised Tahoe, I am inclined to think that even if that little body of water in Michigan has not a very romantic name, it is the prettiest lake I have ever seen. The surrounding hillsides were green, which rose in terraces up the banks until they seemed to touch the sky, and with its various colors it looked like a picture in a dark frame. The crystal waters flung back the sun's fresh rays with ten-

fold force; the water on the tall pines sparkled like thousands of diamonds; the blue-jays filled the woods and the air resounded with their loud "caws;" the atmosphere was pure and invigorating, and a cool breeze blew from the lake with sufficient force to drive the festive mosquito back among the trees. As I lay there on a bench, puffing my old wooden pipe, I thought I had at last set foot in the promised land.

From that day our stay was one continued round of fun, pleasure and healthful exercise. Our cabin was one of a row of about ten, built in the shade of the pine trees upon the gently sloping bank, and we soon had companions to participate in our pleasures. Before we left, as many as two hundred people, mostly from Saginaw, Saginaw City and Bay City, were scattered along the lake within a stretch of two miles. The nearest post-office was Perecheney, and our mail was brought us daily. We suffered some inconvenience at first for want of a boat, but everybody is your friend up there, and was perfectly willing to lend until we secured one of our own. We were somewhat disappointed in the hunting, but the fishing was splendid. The lake is fairly alive with perch, bass, pike and whitefish. One afternoon two of us rowed out an eighth of a mile and back, and during the time intervening between the journeys, caught seventy-eight perch and bass, and the whole operation was performed in an hour. We fished altogether with minnows, never using flies; the fish do not take them readily. We rose at daylight, went to bed at dark, fished and hunted, swam and boxed, joked and laughed, and when the days grew old, drew to a close and pulled up stakes to move homeward, a browner, healthier, better satisfied party could not have been found "in thirteen States."

Higgins' Lake lies in the southern part of Crawford county, Michigan; it is 9 miles long, and 4½ miles wide, and is probably as pure a body of water as exists; in a depth of thirty feet every pebble on the bottom can be clearly seen; the bottom slopes from the shore very gradually for a quarter of a mile, when it suddenly falls, and in the centre the lake cesses to be sounded. About the middle there is an island nearly half a mile long, around which ducks can be found in great abundance. The lake was first conceived of as a summer resort by Lorenzo Burrows, Esq., a wealthy banker of Saginaw City, Mich., who found it while hunting deer one winter in that region. He went there alone with his family four or five summers, when he prevailed upon some of his friends to accompany him. Last year there were fully two hundred people scattered around the lake when we left. They were divided into two camps, Burrows' Camp, and the "New Camp," and many of the latter were married couples, being built. The two camps are separated by about a mile, and to those who wish to "rough it," Burrows is infinitely to be preferred. We obtained our cabin for \$1 a month, and it was much more satisfactory than a tent would have been, being cooler and dryer.

The lake is reached by way of Jackson, on the Saginaw extension of the Michigan Central Railroad. Tickets are sold at excursion rates and the road checked everything for us without extra charge. We took everything with us necessary for camping out, as nothing can be purchased at the lake, or could be then. We believe a small eating house is to be erected this year in the New Camp, but it is more fun to cook one's own grub. All the wearing apparel I took with me was a stout pair of pants and boots, two blue flannel shirts, a broad-brim hat and a close-fitting cap and several pairs of cheap hose. I never spent a more enjoyable month in my life, and the fresh air, regular sleep and exercise, put me in a healthy condition, which a year's rest at home would not have done. I left Oshkosh, weighing 115 pounds, and returned weighing 125. When there are six or seven in the party, as there were in ours, the trip can be made very cheap. My share of the expenses, including railroad fare above Jackson, was but \$35.00, and I was gone a month.

ARTHUR JAY.

HOW TO KILL A MUSKALLONGE.

I was much interested in reading Mr. Bissell's account of his muskallonge fishing in Sparrow Lake, as it vividly recalled my experience thirty years ago, when I used to fish for "lunge" in the Scuzog water, and take them in numbers which would now be thought fabulous. I then learned the method described by your correspondent of taking them out of the water by the fingers pressed into the orbits, and have since often instructed my fellow sportsmen how to do it, but I have never seen it put in print.

My object in writing is to supplement from my long experience in handling hundreds of these splendid fish, what is wanting in his instructions. Your correspondent says: "As with one hand leveling the line you draw the fish close to the side of the boat, pass the other along his back to see that he will remain quiet, and so up to his head, until the thumb and fore-finger are over his eyes, where the projecting bones give you firm hold, if you grasp him tightly, and thus with both hands you neatly and quickly draw him over the side and in a safe quarters before he has time and consciousness to struggle."

For his struggles when in the boat you must be prepared, though it is not advisable to do as one Doctor recently did on this lake with his first twelve pounder—got one hand into his gills and the other into his mouth, to be cut and sliced by the sharp teeth, and require two weeks' surgery."

The "hopping and floundering" which I can easily imagine was "astounding to behold when the fish was lifted into the canoe, would have been entirely prevented if he had, before relinquishing his hold in the orbits, passed a narrow-bladed knife down into the spinal marrow just behind the head. The orbits communicate so freely with the cranial cavity that pressure through them completely paralyzes the fish, and if the spinal cord is severed while the pressure is kept up, the fish will lie in the canoe incapable of moving even a fin, and all clubbing or gaffing or floundering is certainly prevented.

In the same number of your journal I am pleased to see a letter from my dear old friend, Dr. Garlick, whose claims to have first practiced pisciculture on this continent have at last been fully recognized. It was my privilege to have made his acquaintance over twenty-five years ago, and to have heard then from himself of his success in breeding trout at Cleveland. At a very large expense of time, money and trouble, he demonstrated in 1853 the practicability of fish-culture, and the recognition of his labors, though tardy, will cheer his generous heart and help him to bear with more fortitude the suffering he has been compelled to endure through so many weary years.

During one of my visits to Dr. Garlick he showed me a plaster cast of a "lunge" which weighed between fifty and sixty pounds. As far as I know, he was the first to practice

the method of taping plaster casts of fish and coloring them to life. The copy of his cast of a six-and-a-quarter pound brook trout, taken at the Salt Ste. Marie by that other veteran of the rod, Judge Potter, of Toledo, has graced my library for many years and is a most lovely ornament.

The sad death of that noble man, President Garfield, which has filled this community with grief, recalls to my mind that it was the morning of that visit to Dr. Garfield when, on arriving at Cleveland, the news was received of the assassination of that other noble man, President Lincoln.

JAMES H. RICHARDSON.

ONCIDA LAKE.

NEW YORK State Game Agent Dodge is again at work on Onocida Lake. Anticipating that the "trap net" fishermen would try the fall fishing again this season in some parts of the lake, he has had Special Deputy Lindley quietly looking after them. The result is that last week they took out seven trap nets. While taking up some nets in Toad Harbor, on Wednesday morning, a party came out in a boat to investigate the matter. It was finally arranged that, in the afternoon and meet the officers at the Ocean House, claim the nets that were being taken up, and see what could be done about it.

According to agreement, about two o'clock in the afternoon, they came over, a good strong delegation. The matter of net fishing and the laws against it were thoroughly discussed; and, although the fishermen were considerably wrought up on the question of having their property taken from them in this manner, they made no ugly demonstration, but on the whole appeared pleased to meet State Agent Dodge in the line of duty, and to learn that it was no spirit of malice that prompted him in opposing them in this determined manner, but that he was simply performing the duties of his office like a man. When they returned to their boat to make the voyage home, the best of feeling prevailed among all parties, and the fishermen were well satisfied that if they continued to put their nets into the lake they would stand good chances of losing them.

The desire of the majority of the fishing class around Onocida Lake appears to be now to secure, by legislation, an open season in the fall of two or three months. They all pledge themselves to use every effort to stop the spring fishing if they can have this open season. If they would live up to such a promise to the very letter, they present many arguments in favor of such a plan. But, on the other hand, the manner in which they disregard the present law gives good grounds for the anti-net men to argue that there would be just as much trouble during the closed season as there is now. I believe if a middle line could be drawn in some manner it would be a good plan.

Mr. Geo. Crownhart, of the Ocean House, has been one of the men that has had the backbone to stand up for the law, and has rendered valuable assistance to the State Agent and his assistants. He has been threatened in all manner of ways—has had four of his best boats destroyed by the exasperated fishermen; but it makes no difference—George is running his house for the benefit of sportsmen and people who want a pleasant place to stay through the summer season, as well as for his neighbors and friends around the lake, and he believes that the trap nets set in Onocida Lake do not improve the hook fishing. The Ocean House is one of the finest locations on the entire lake for beauty of scenery and fishing, and sportsmen going to Onocida Lake will do well to make their headquarters with George and his pleasant wife at the Ocean House.

Although the delegation did not claim their nets as was talked in the morning before they came over, it would seem that the meeting between them and the State Agent may yet produce good results; at any rate, it appeared to take away much of the ill-feeling they had entertained before they got acquainted with him. I believe that many of them are honest (I wish I could say all) and do not intend to fish until they have a legal right to do so.

HOOK AND LINE.

PICKEREL FISHING AT BROWN'S MILLS.

AMONG the game and health resorts which you have published this summer, I think Brown's Mills will not stand least. Situated on a beautiful lake of the same name, in the pine woods of Burlington Co., New Jersey, the hotel there offers a pleasant place for all those who like boating and pickerel fishing in summer, as well as the gunners who come for black ducks, quail, rabbits and grouse in the fall. The beautiful view from the hotel for the use of invalids, as well as for those who have no bodily ailments, and further on the trout fisherman may find some return for his trouble in the waters of Rancocas Creek, which rise from the lake here and flow thirty miles or more to the Delaware River.

The fishing in the lake is usually for pickerel, although catfish and eels are sometimes caught. The latter can be pulled in more expeditiously by bobbing for them at night in the dam of the old mills, from which this place took its name. Pickerel usually bite better at a live minnow, but they are caught by trolling and using the Caledonian minnow and Indian rubber frog. The largest fish are caught in the latter way.

Taking a boat from the number belonging to the Newell House, the fisherman first goes to the best place for live minnows to bait with, and while he holds a string with a lump of dough in the water with one hand, manœvers with the other a small net to scoop in as many of the slimmers as possible. After the kettle, tin can or receptacle is full and a suitable spot is found, the fun begins. Pickerel from six to eighteen inches in length bite with a ferocity peculiar to themselves, and are landed in the boat as soon as their strength is exhausted by the rod and reel.

The number of the catch depends on whether the day is favorable or not, but a few can be caught at any time with a little skill.

Every year two or three camping parties come down and stay on the islands or shores of the lake to enjoy the fishing, and being so near the best spots enables them to get quite a large number.

Mosquitoes are not thick around the hotel, where there is no underbrush and a good many large caks and hickories, but on the road to the station, extending a mile and one-half through scrubby pines, they are found in countless numbers.

This place is only thirty miles from Philadelphia, on the P. R. R., and for a camping party is about as good as can be found in the State.

COLMAN.

PRESERVING LIVE FISH IN RUSSIA.

ONE of the most pleasing things about the fish supply at St. Petersburg, and elsewhere in Russia, is that you are always sure of getting your fish fresh. The arrangements for the sale of fresh-water fish are admirable. On the principal canals and tributary rivers flowing through the town you will find what are called sadoks, or floating fish stores. They consist of a barge, built very much after the style of the toy Noah's Ark, with a dwelling-house constructed on the deck for the accommodation of the fishmonger and his family. Around this are moored several walled barges, containing all kinds of fish from smelts to salmon, which are brought in fresh from the fisheries at the fisheries at the estuary of the Neva and in the Gulf of Finland, and also from the lakes of the northeast of Russia. Even the itinerant fishmonger carries the fish he sells alive in a wide, rather shallow tub filled with water, which he dexterously balances on his head. At the restaurant establishments humanity and gastronomy seem to unite to prolong the lives of the fish to the latest possible moment. In the entrance hall or ante-room there is usually a large glass aquarium, in which the fish swim until they are wanted. This custom of preserving live fish in Russia has existed from time immemorial. In the household economy of the great boyars of ancient Muscovy, among the necessities of the table, live and (generally speaking) fresh fish formed a very important item. The prolonged fasts, the holiday feasts—which were conducted on a grand scale as regards the number of dishes—consumed such fish in incredible quantities. The Russians are distinctly good lovers; they keep no meagre nor inhospitable tables. These banquets impressed Archdeacon Coxé favorably in the eighteenth century, and a traveler of the sixteenth century says he saw a fish brood to table which it required three men to carry. The fish was probably a gigantic sturgeon. Every large household of those days, in their solicitude for having a constant supply of every kind of provision at home, took great care that the live fish they required was not purchased from the fishmonger's sadoks or wells at high prices, but that it should be stored in their own ponds and caught in the rivers on their own estates, by their own serfs, so that in this manner it could be obtained as it was wanted for the table, at any time, and at cost for nothing. With this view, on every estate, however small, wherever the locality was suitable, were formed ponds and wells, and on the estates of the great and rich boyars, besides these, were established on the fish rivers regular fisheries. We are told that the great boyar Morozov, who was a kind of Prime Minister in the reign of the Czar Alexey Mikhailovich in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and who resided at the court, Moscow, had a number of fish wells and ponds on his estate near Moscow, which were supplied with live fish from his estates far away in the interior of the country, where he owned a village, the inhabitants of which, instead of the payment of obrok, the usual tax, were compelled to furnish for the boyar's use as much fish as they could catch. It is remarkable how conveniently situated were Morozov's estates. From the River Oka, in the Province of Riazan, and occasionally from the Volga, there was not the least difficulty in conveying live fish to his estates near Moscow, where the boyar had established what one might term his chief piscicultural establishment. These fish were carried in specially-constructed walled boats up the River Oka into the Moscow River, thence by the Iskra to the village of Pavlovskoye on the latter river. The fish were usually sturgeon, sterlet, bream, tench, pike, crucian carp, perch, etc. At the present day the firm of Frolov—large wholesale fishmongers of Kazan and Moscow, who have owned extensive fisheries on the Caspian Sea and the Volga for the past century—owing to their direct and constant communication with their various fishing stations, can supply any quantity of live fish to any part of Russia where there exists river communication. The Griazi-Tsartzin Railway Company have gone even further; they have constructed special wagons with wells for conveying live fish from the Volga to Moscow, each conveyance holding about thirteen hundred weight of fish. —*The London Field*

KILBOURNE'S FISH AND GAME PICTURES.

ARARE opportunity is now offered some of our wealthy angling clubs or individuals of purchasing from the collection of the late S. A. Kilbourne. To those who have seen the work of his pencil no word of comment is necessary; but to others not so fortunate we may say that he stood at the head of painters of fish and game in this country. His list was sent us by Prof. Baird, who has taken great interest in Mr. Kilbourne's work, with a request that it be published. The following pictures have the fish finished, but lack the background: Red Snapper, Spanish Mackerel, Black Bass, Trout, Atlantic Salmon, California Salmon, Striped Bass (3), Bluefish, Pompano, Lake Trout, Kingfish, Bonito, Black Sea-bass and Redfish.

The birds are: Young Quail, Dead Game, Quail (3), Dead Meadow Lark (2). None of Mr. Kilbourne's paintings are held by dealers, and we would much like to see the whole collection kept together as a collection, if possible, but if not so sold they will be disposed of separately. Particulars may be had of Mrs. W. C. Kilbourne, Morrisiana Station, New York City.

INDIA-RUBBER RING ON A MACKEREL.—A rather singular incident in connection with the life of a mackerel came to hand here yesterday. While one of our small mackerel boats was fishing for mackerel with hook and line in our bay a mackerel was caught with an India-rubber band around it, and which had been there for a long time, as the skin under the band showed considerable abrasion, with here and there occasional wounds. The probabilities are that about a year ago a fishing pleasure party were out somewhere along our coasts who had been drinking ginger beer, when small mackerel of six or seven inches were probably plentiful, and one of the young, restless lumps who are always to be found among such a party, must have drawn out the elastic ring or

band from the bottle and slipped it over the head of a live mackerel, and just below the pectoral fins, and then have thrown the fish back again into the sea; and, as a consequence, the poor mackerel must have had a weary and miserable year of it. And here, I am sure, some of our lady social reformers may learn a lesson on tight-lacing with a vengeance, for, as the fish fed and increased in size, the band kept its firm grip around him, and only allowed him to grow to the extent of the elasticity of the band; and so tenacious was the band, that whereas the mackerel had grown to eleven inches in length and four inches in circumference above above and below the band, under it the girth was only three inches. In fact, the poor mackerel had really a wretched life. Moreover, from this figure being so consistently and firmly around the fish, I estimate that it lost from its natural growth two inches in length and one inch in girth in the year. —*Cornwall (Eng.) Correspondence in Land and Water.*

CANNED BROOK TROUT.

SOME time ago we received for inspection from our friend S. and correspondent, Captain L. A. Beardsley, U. S. N., a fish preserved after the manner of sardines, and with a large showy label, on one side of which was the legend, "Spiced Brook Trout," and on the other a double-headed eagle, with the words "Maurice Bach Forellen." This was evidently intended to convey the idea that the trout was prepared in Germany for the American market. A glance at the fish, with its serrated abdomen, at once proclaimed it a Clupeoid—either a herring or a menhaden, without a head.

We kept it some time without finding opportunity to look into the matter, and at last brought us of Mrs. Lewis, editor of *Food and Health*, part of whose good work it is to show up food imitations, combinations and adulterations. We sent Capt. Beardsley's fish to her. After looking in vain in several places, she found a dealer who owned to the brand, and in the last issue of her journal she thus relates the interview:

"You sell canned brook trout, do you not? Do you know this label?"

"Decidedly. It is our brand, but we do not, can it."

"Can you guarantee this to be brook trout?"

"By no means. It may be anything else, so far as we know. It is put up as brook trout in Maine, and we sell it. It is nice; people like it, and buy it at a reasonable price. We do not ask any more questions."

"But is this not a fraudulent label, sir?" said *Food and Health*.

"My dear sir, how can the people expect brook trout, which sells for \$1.60 per lb. in the shops as such. The public like it to be called brook trout, and eat it for brook trout, and that is all."

"Will you guarantee it?"

"How can we? Why don't you go to the big houses—people who put on wrong labels every day. This brook trout is like all brook trout; go better, no worse."

"If an inquiry is made about it, what will you do?"

"Stop selling it; but the public has been pleased with our brook trout, and like it. It has been always put up and sold as brook trout."

If the interview ended, and the reporter was unable to get the canner's name.

EFFECTS OF ELECTRIC LIGHT ON FISH.—A very interesting exposition of submarine lighting was opened in the Westminster Aquarium this week. The apparatus employed was that of M. Faure, whose name has been brought prominently before the public recently in connection with what has been termed the storage of forces. The electricity employed was generated at Woolwich and carried in M. Faure's accumulators to the aquarium. The current was of sufficient intensity to heat to redness and dissipate into vapor a cord of copper wire the thickness of a penholder.

M. Faure's lights are contained in small closed glass vessels, several of which were hung in the tank, brilliantly illuminating the fish and plants contained within it.

The most remarkable fact to be noticed was that the whole of the fish, of several species, appeared perfectly indifferent to the electric lights. They swam close to them without apparently noticing their presence. The minnows, of which there was a large shoal, pursued their graceful motions in precisely the same manner as in ordinary daylight, rising and falling and gliding through the tank, apparently without even recognizing the position of the lights by which they were so brilliantly illuminated. A small pair of viviparous eels, at their leisure without considering that the exhibition was a scientific experiment, and that he was therefore rendering himself liable to prosecution, from which he would have been exempt had he merely gratified his natural appetite.

The total indifference of fish to the submerged light goes far to explain the failure of the numerous schemes for attracting fish toward nets by means of submerged lights which have been proposed and in some cases carried into operation. —*London Field.*

PIKE-PRECH IN THE SUSQUEHANNA.—The Harrisburg Patriot thus records the fishing for pike perch, or walleyed pike, *Stizostedion*, sp., which it pleases Pennsylvania, in common with people in Ohio and the upper Mississippi, to mislead a salmon. It says: "About the finest string of the variety of fish known in the waters of Central Pennsylvania was brought to the city last evening by Messrs. D. Davidson and Samuel Livingston, consisting of twenty odd salmon and six very fine bass, the result of a day's fishing at Hawk Rock, a well known locality in the Susquehanna River, a few miles below this city. One of the salmon, caught on a No. 2 'Sproat' hook, by Mr. Livingston, weighed eight and a quarter pounds strong, and was voted a beauty by an admiring group of Valloniens who had congregated in front of the Harris House, North Third street, last evening." Mr. Livingston was a very successful angler, and Walton, said the "lubber" gave him plenty of trouble, and it was only by a determined effort that he succeeded in playing salmon "out" and landing him in the boat. It is the largest salmon caught with hook and line in this vicinity for years."

CARP AND CATFISH TAKE THE FLY.—Willis, Texas, Sept. 18.—One day last week Captain Ashe, of our town, while taking some perch and cats from his pond with artificial flies, also took a carp. He was very successful, and a very large one, and too small to have any name, but still very killing on the sun perch and bull-head cats that infest his pond. These same cats take the fly as well as the perch. He only took one carp, and that surprised him so that he did not fish any more that day. The carp that was caught was placed in the pond

Covert, a young setter, not quite eight months old, a son of Cora II., must surely turn out good in the field from the manner in which he worked out a scent and obeyed in his maneuvering the command of his master.

tive as a kitten and fully as well broken as any of her older kennel companions. After looking over the dogs I was much interested in examining the ornithological collection of Mr. Smith's, which comprises our own game birds and other rare English birds shot in this country. The European quail liberated by Mr. Smith have returned to the region in the neighborhood where they were put out, and many have bred. At Bath, Brunswick and Calais, Me., they have been seen and their nests found. This experiment of transplanting the quail to the United States has proven such a success our game protective associations should follow the example of the enterprising sportsmen of Portland and import a greater number. The English sparrow has multiplied in the United States, who should not the little quail? I saw the nest and eggs of the first European quail known to have bred in this country in Mr. Smith's collection.

The moose I wrote you that had been killed this summer in the Moosehead region has created quite a talk here, and the slayer may consider himself lucky if his name is not eventually made known to the authorities by some of the irate sportsmen of Portland. The caribou illegally killed was shot, I believe, by a New York tourist. While conversing with a lover of the dog and gun while in Portland regarding the moose killing, he remarked: "Well, after all, all you need to do is to give one of the Game Wardens three or four dollars and he will take you to a moose. Eight dollars a month is not enough wages to keep them interested in their duties." There may be truth in this.

Mayor Senter, of Portland, showed me a famous woodcock dog he shoots over, "one of the old sort," which he called of the Saccarappa breed.

I noticed many fine collies and not a few well-bred black and tan cockers in Portland, and when I learned that ruffed grouse and woodcock were scarce in the game land in the vicinity of the city, I was not a little surprised. Quail cannot live through the cold weather of Maine winters.

Hoso.

FRANKLIN (PA.) DOG SHOW.

THIS show was held on September 21st, 22d and 23d, at Franklin, Penn. The total number of dogs on exhibition was one hundred and eighty-five. The show was held inside the fair grounds, in a large two-story circular tent. The judging, which was in the hands of the following named gentlemen, took place in a tent adjacent to the show. For setters and pointers, Mr. J. J. Snellenburg, for sporting classes other than setters and pointers, Mr. Charles H. Duncan, for non-sporting classes, Mr. Henry Pearson. The show was a success in all respects, the attendance being present, and the receipts at the door for admittance amounting to over \$500. The most prominent exhibitors present were: Mr. J. M. Fox, Foxburg, Pa.; Mr. J. L. Abbott, South Oil City, Pa.; Mr. J. Lindsey, Jersey City, N. J.; Mr. Geo. W. Mcintosh, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. G. W. W. Pittsburgh, Pa. Many sportsmen from Oil City, Titusville, Meadville and the surrounding country were also present. The canines that attracted the most attention were the Irish red setter Biz; Mr. G. W. Moore's American Ranger; Mr. Charles Dutton's dog, a two-year-old male, named "The Duke"; Moore's champion skye terrier Mack; the pointer Bravo, belonging to Mr. George N. Appold, of Baltimore. Subjoined is the list of awards:

AWARDS.

- Class 1. Imported and Champion Setters.—John S. McIntosh's Irish red setter dog Biz (Imported Dash-Imported Flora), first; George W. Moore's black white and tan, American Ranger (champion Ranger-Pera) second.
- Class 2. Native English Setters.—Chas. H. Duncan's black white and tan, American Ranger (champion Ranger-Pera) first; G. W. Moore's blue Belton Dan Rice (Rock Jr.-Menerva) second; T. J. Fry's orange and white Jojo (Tom-Kate) and A. C. Gelliland's lemon and white Colonel (Don-Fannie) etc.
- Class 3. Native English Pointers.—Mr. J. J. Snellenburg's lemon and white Spring (Fry-Tom-Miller's Kate) first; J. C. Lamberton's black and white Fly (Rock-Jessie) second; J. C. Sibley's lemon and white Bess, third.
- Class 4. English Setter Puppies.—R. G. Lamberton's lemon and white Petroleum (Gladstone), first; G. W. Washburn's black white and tan dog Clay (Abbott's Joe-Kate), second. No third prize awarded.
- Class 5. Irish Setter Dogs.—J. C. Sibley's Smuggler. (Rufus H. Colleen), first; J. N. Whitesides' Henry, second; and J. N. Whitesides' John, third.
- Class 6. Irish Setter Bitches.—Jos. R. Trisler's Floss (Daly's Thighe-Flora) first. No second or third prize awarded.
- Class 7. Irish Setter Puppies.—Joseph R. Trisler's Irish Chief (Von-Floss), first.
- Class 8. Gordon Setter Dogs.—No award.
- Class 9. Gordon Setter Bitches.—George W. Moore's Speed, (Don-Bell), first.
- Class 10. Gordon Setter Puppies.—No entries.
- Class 11. Pointer Dogs.—George N. Appold's lemon, white and ticked Bravo (Bragg-Kate), first; no second awarded; R. G. Lamberton's liver Mack (Bob-Queen), third.
- Class 12. Pointer Bitches.—Joseph Grassner's liver and white Dolly, first; Alex. Vincent's liver Bess, second.
- Class 13. Pointer Puppies.—Captain W. T. Setta's liver dog, (Old Nig-Gypsy), first; C. R. Heasley's black dog Larrie (Larrie-Flora), second; and E. J. Martin's liver dog Captain (Old Nig-Gypsy), third.
- Class 14. Water Spaniels.—A. G. Galbraith's liver and white ticked bitch, Gun (Imported), first.
- Class 15. Cocker Spaniels.—John C. Haslett's liver and white dog Prince (Bob-Dora), first; J. M. Fox's black bitch Nell, second; Smiley Anderson's liver and white dog Billy (Fred-Fannie), third.
- Class 16. Cocker Spaniel Puppies.—John H. Buncie's liver and white bitch, Tricksey, first; J. W. Adam's black bitch Small (Wild-fire-Scout), second.
- Class 17. Spaniels (other than mentioned).—Lachne Kennel Club's black dog Ben (Beechwood-Nell), second.
- Class 18. Foxhound Dogs.—E. Uhler's black and tan, Brook (Southern breed), first; J. L. Abbott's bl. wh. and tan Fred (Frank-Fanny), second; James Hunter's bl. wh. and tan, Lead, third; E. Uhler's bl. wh. and tan Sport (Southern breed), fourth.
- Class 19. Foxhound Puppies.—No entries.
- Class 20. Foxhound Dogs.—George Burgard's black and tan Nellie (McK's dog-Spot), third.
- Class 21. Beaglehound Puppies.—James Hindman's black and white Boes (Foxhound), second; no other awards.
- Class 22. Beaglehound Dogs.—L. S. Lamberton's black white and tan Dan, first; John Lapeley's black white and tan Tip, third.
- Class 23. Beaglehound Bitches.—J. L. Abbott's black white and tan ticked Beauty, first; John Lapeley's black white and tan Fanny, second.
- Class 24. Beaglehound Puppies.—L. S. Lamberton's black white and tan Cap (Dan-Beauty), first; J. L. Abbott's black and white ticked Dottie (Dan-Beauty), second; J. L. Abbott's black and white ticked Nellie (Dan-Beauty), third; John Lapeley's black white and tan dog, fourth.
- Class 25. Foxhounds.—No entries.
- Class 26. Foxhounds.—No entries.
- Class 27. Mastiffs.—No entries.
- Class 28. St. Bernards.—No entries.
- Class 29. Newfoundland.—No entries.
- Class 30. Shepherd or Collie Dogs.—J. Lindsey's black tan and white Ayre-hire Lady (Lord Mar's Yarrow-McArd's Flossy), first; J. Lindsey's black tan and white Rox (Carlyle-Elcho), second; William Duffield's black and tan Shep, third.
- Class 31. Shepherd or Collie Bitches.—J. W. Burgess's tan and white Flyaway (Imported Rec-Imported Lady), first; S. S. DeArman's black and tan bitch Daisy (No-Shep), second.
- Class 32. Shepherd or Collie Puppies.—S. B. Beatty's black and fawn dog Bruce B. (Bruce-Bonnie Bees) was awarded first, but on protest being entered for "over-age," it was sustained. Thomas

- Footers' black tan and white dog Lad O'Lytle (Jed Tim-Lass O'Gowrie), first; S. S. DeArman's black and fawn dog Jim (Tam O'Shanter-Daisy), second.
- Class 33. Bull Dogs.—No entries.
- Class 34. Bull Terriers.—George W. Moore's white, with bk. points Little Nell (Cesar-Imported Nellie), first.
- Class 35. Skye Terriers.—George W. Moore's light steel gray dog Champin (Champion Sam-Quack), first; B. A. Whitmore's light colored bitch, Judy, with 3 puppies, second.
- Class 36. Scotch Terriers.—No entries.
- Class 37. Black and Tan Terriers.—D. Frank Whitte's bk. and tan dog Judd. Exhibition only.
- Class 38. Yorkshire Terriers.—No entries.
- Class 39. Toy Terriers.—J. W. Adam's bk. and tan bitch Fanny, second; Charles Ridgeway's bk. and tan bitch Fanny, third.
- Class 40. Pugs.—H. L. Foster's imported fawn dog Budge, first; J. M. Fox's imported fawn dog Jumbo, second.
- Class 41. Dalmatian or Coach Dogs.—No entries.
- Class 42. Italian Greyhounds.—No entries.
- Class 43. Farm or Frougher Dogs.—J. Lindsey's Ayre-hire Laddie, first; J. Lindsey's Rox, second; and J. W. Burgess's Flyaway, third.
- Class 44. Dogs used for churning.—J. Lindsey's Ayre-hire Laddie, first.
- Class 45. Miscellaneous.—J. A. Stowell's dachshund black and tan bitch Marguerite (Unter-Pritz-Music), first; H. F. James' black dog Faro, second; O. G. Heasley's white dog Jack, third.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

- No. 1. For best dog or bitch exhibited.—13 entries. Prize, gun valued at \$100. J. S. McIntosh's Biz.
- No. 2. For best collection of not less than five dogs by one person.—2 entries. Prize \$10. J. M. Fox's Daniel Deronda, Rutledge, Nell, Mina and Jumbo.
- No. 3. For best Native English Setter dog.—3 entries. Prize \$10. Geo. W. Moore's Dan Rice.
- No. 4. For best Irish Red Setter Bitch.—No entries.
- No. 5. For best Native English Setter Puppy.—1 entry. Prize \$5. R. G. Lamberton's Petroleum.
- No. 6. For best Irish Red Setter Dog.—3 entries. Prize \$10. J. S. McIntosh's Biz.
- No. 7. For best Irish Red Setter Bitch.—1 entry. Prize valued at \$5. R. Trisler's Floss.
- No. 8. For best Irish Setter Puppy.—1 entry. Prize valued at \$5. J. R. Trisler's Irish Chief.
- No. 9. For best Gordon Setter dog or bitch.—2 entries. Prize valued at \$5. George W. Moore's Speed.
- No. 10. For best Gordon Setter Puppy.—No entries.
- No. 11. For best Pointer dog.—2 entries. Prize \$10. George N. Appold's Bravo.
- No. 12. For best Pointer Bitch.—2 entries. Prize \$5. Alex. Vincent's John.
- No. 13. For best Pointer Puppy.—1 entry. Prize valued at \$5. Dr. I. St. Clair's Captain.
- No. 14. No entries.
- No. 15. For best Black Pointer Puppy.—2 entries. Prize valued at \$5. G. Alexander's Black Import.
- No. 16. For best Water Spaniel dog or bitch.—1 entry. Prize valued at \$5. A. G. Galbraith's Gun.
- No. 17. For best kennel of Cocker Spaniels.—1 entry. Prize valued at \$10. J. W. Adam's Flora, Fred, Dora, Scooty and 6 puppies.
- No. 18. For best Cocker Spaniel dog.—3 entries. Prize valued at \$10. John C. Haslett's Prince.
- No. 19. For best Cocker Spaniel Bitch.—1 entry. Prize \$2.50. J. M. Fox's Nell.
- No. 20. For best Cocker Spaniel Puppy.—1 entry. Prize valued at \$2.50. J. W. Adam's Floss.
- No. 21. For best Spaniel (other than named).—2 entries. Prize valued at \$5. Lachne Kennel Club's Bob III. first; J. W. Adam's Floss, second.
- No. 22. For best Foxhound dog or bitch.—1 entry. Prize \$7.50. E. Uhler's Brook.
- No. 23. For best Foxhound Puppy.—No entries.
- No. 24. For best Foxhound dog or bitch.—3 entries. Prize \$5. L. T. Lamberton's Dan.
- No. 25. For best Beaglehound Puppy.—2 entries. Prize valued at \$2.50. J. L. Abbott's Nellie.
- No. 26. For best Newfoundland.—No entries.
- No. 27. For best Shepherd or Collie dog or bitch.—4 entries. Prize \$10. J. Lindsey's Ayre-hire Laddie.
- No. 28. For best Shepherd or Collie Puppy.—2 entries. Prize \$2.50. Thomas Footers' Lad O'Lytle.
- No. 29. For best Bull Dog.—No entries.
- No. 30. For best Black and Tan Terrier, Dog or Bitch.—1 entry. Prize valued at \$5. J. W. Adam's Fanny.
- No. 31. For best Farm and Frougher dog and Bitch.—2 entries. Prize valued at \$5. J. Lindsey's Ayre-hire Laddie, first; Charles Bowman's Shep, second.
- No. 32. For best Churn Dog.—No entries.
- No. 33. For the greatest dog or bitch on exhibition.—1 entry. Prize, silver cup, valued at \$10. J. W. Adam's Fann.
- No. 34. For best dog or bitch in fox chase.—3 entries. Prize \$12.50. J. L. Abbott's Nellie; J. L. Abbott's Jack, second.
- No. 35. For best Shepherd or Collie dog in drive.—No entries.
- No. 36. For best Trained and Most Intelligent Trick Dog.—1 entry. Prize \$5. J. W. Adam's Fred.
- No. 37. For best Brood Bitch.—Any breed and two of her Puppies.—4 entries. Prize \$5. Divided between J. L. Abbott's Beauty, a cat, Nellie and Flora, and George Burgard's Nellie and four puppies.
- No. 38. For Smallest dog exhibited.—J. W. Adams' Small, weight 9 oz.

A NIAGARA DOG DECISION.—The following case is reported in the Niagara Falls, N. Y., *Gazette*. If Niagara sportsmen are liable to lose their valuable dogs in this way it is time that the law was altered: "The facts in this case were that Hector Campbell, a son of William Campbell, who works the farm of D. J. Townsend, on Eighth street, in this village, was informed by his mother that there was a dog in the yard which had killed her dog. Young Campbell, in attempting to drive him from the yard the dog disputed possession with Mrs. Campbell, whereupon Hector, armed with a revolver, met the dog face to face in the poultry yard and dispatched him by the third shot from his revolver. The dog proved to be a valuable hunting dog owned by J. W. Adams, who had claimed his value to be from \$75 to \$100. Evans brought a suit for the value of the dog before Justice Sams, which was tried on the 10th inst., as before stated. H. N. Grunth appeared for the plaintiff and C. H. Piper, who was the attorney for the defendant, being unable to attend, appeared by J. G. Hulet tried the suit for him. The lawyer alleged that the dog of the plaintiff was a valuable hunting dog; that the defendant wrongfully and unlawfully killed said dog and thereby became indebted to the plaintiff in the sum of \$75. The defense set up was that the game law of this village provided that the trustees of the village shall have power and authority to enact by-laws and ordinances to compel the owners of dogs to have them securely muzzled and to authorize their destruction in default of their doing so securely muzzled from June 1 to October 1 of each year; that the trustees, in pursuance of such organic law, did in the year 1874, pass an ordinance by which the owners of dogs in the corporation were compelled to keep them securely muzzled any person was authorized to kill and dogs so running at large unmuzzled. The value of the dog was established by plaintiff. The passage and due publication of the ordinance was established by the defendant, as also the killing, being within the corporate limits of the village, and that the dog was muzzled when killed by the defendant, and killed August 3. Counsel for the defendant held the defendant had not only the right to destroy the dog, but the plaintiff was liable to a penalty of \$5 under the ordinance. Counsel for the plaintiff held the law under which the village ordinance was passed was unconstitutional and void, as it authorized

the destruction of plaintiff's property without due process of law. Defendant's counsel held that although the courts have decided that there is property in dogs, yet it was a qualified property, which was not recognized as taxable as other personal property, but the tax that was imposed on the owners of dogs was more in the nature of a penalty for owning a dog than otherwise, as the tax is by law set apart to indemnify from injury done by their species to the persons and property of citizens. The judgment of the Court was no cause for action. Thus a valuable dog has been sacrificed by the owner neglecting to conform to the ordinance relating to the muzzling of dogs.



THE SAGACIOUS BRUTE.

There was a small terrier called Jack,
Whom the fleas and the flies would attack,
Till Jack in a rage,
The vile itch to assuage,
Would scratch all the hair off his back.
But Jack was ingenious of mind;
So one eve, in the moonlight reclined,
He picked up a fan

And invented the plan,
Which you see in the cut here designed.
[N. B.—For the cut we are indebted to the *Scientific American*, for poetry we claim as our own.]

NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS FOR LIFE-SAVING STATIONS.

OFFICE OF ASSISTANT INSPECTOR LIFE-SAVING STATIONS,
Third District, Bay Shore, N. Y., Sept. 12, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I have read the article in your issue of July 14 upon Newfoundland dogs at the Life-Saving Stations with great interest and pleasure. I understand you say therein and more. I will call upon you on my next visit to the city, which will be before long, and will talk the matter over, which will be more satisfactory to you than writing my views at this time.—G. H. McLELLAN, Assistant Inspector.

OFFICE OF ASSISTANT LIFE-SAVING STATIONS,
Fifth District, Chincoteague, Va., Sept. 13, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I have read your interesting article on Newfoundland dogs for Life-Saving Stations. There can be no doubt as to the great usefulness of the Newfoundland dog at our stations, and to persons of any experience of the sea shore there can be no question as to the great benefits to be derived from their employment.—Geo. E. McCOLLIN, Asst. Inspector Fifth District.

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT OF LIFE-SAVING STATIONS,
Twelfth District, East Oakland, Cal., Sept. 17.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I have read with much interest the article in your paper of July 16 last on the subject of employing the Newfoundland dog at life-saving stations. I think the suggestion worthy of favorable consideration, as it would like to see the experience carefully tried at a few of our stations, selecting the most favorable points and where the dog may receive every advantage possible in his training.

I am, very respectfully,
JOHN W. WHITE,
Capt. U. S. R. M., Acting Sup.

OFFICE OF
INSPECTOR OF U. S. LIFE-SAVING STATIONS,
No. 3 Bowling Green, New York City, Sept. 15.

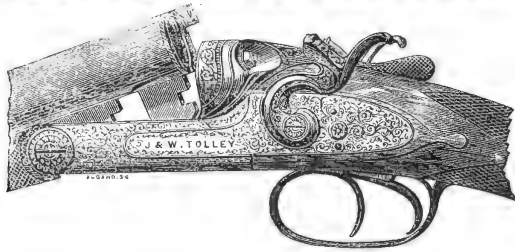
Editor Forest and Stream:
As all the Life-Saving Stations upon the Atlantic coast are to-day and fully manned for the coming season, and as the shooting and poisoning of all the dogs they can find there, I am reminded of my quiet unintentional neglect in not sooner thanking you for the valuable suggestions contained in your article—'Newfoundland Dogs for Life-Saving Stations'—of your paper of July 14th.

I have stated the reasons for introducing the noble animal into the Life-Saving Service clearly that little remains to be said on the subject. There is no doubt that the dogs can be trained to perform many useful duties at the stations. They would be particularly valuable as aids to the patrolmen. I am informed that it is difficult to procure a pure blooded 'Newfoundland,' and I am sure they are indigenous to our continent, should not be allowed to become extinct, and no simpler or more efficacious method could be adopted to prevent this than by entrusting the task to them of the Life-Saving Service.

J. H. MEERYMAN,
Capt. U. S. R. M., Inspector.

VALUABLE DOGS POISONED.—E., a correspondent, sends the following from the *Daily Mercury*, of New Bedford, Mass., and remarks that the people on Cape Cod have the reputation of being very fond of dogs, and that they can find them everywhere. Mr. White will discover the miscreants and give them such dose of the law that they will not have change enough left to buy poison for many a day to come. "Last week Gustavus A. White, Jr., and Alphonzo Burgess left New Bedford, Mass., for Cape Cod, taking with them a number of valuable dogs. Among these were three of considerable local notoriety owned by Mr. White, and another, the property of James Barnes. The result of the hunt was unusually successful, nine raccoons and a fox were placed upon a piece of corned beef, for the bait, in the bay for this city and, as he intended to return in a few days, in accordance with a custom followed by him for many years, he left the dogs in the care of Frank Bemis, of West Falmouth, and on his leaving for home said that they were safely chained in the bay. On Sunday Mr. White returned to Falmouth and on his arrival Mr. Bemis proceeded at once to the barn, where he found the two of the dogs belonging to him and the one owned by Mr. Barnes had just died. A physician in attendance examined the skins of the animals and found they had been poisoned with strychnine placed upon a piece of corned beef. This was the more remarkable discovered from the fact that Mr. White always carries the law for his dogs with him and he never uses corned beef as bait. One of these dogs, named 'Duchess,' had been in Mr. White's possession for four years. 'Duchess' was paid at that time the animal was \$150, but its value has since been considerably

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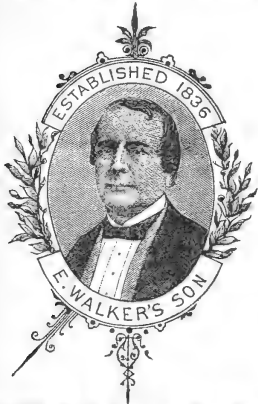
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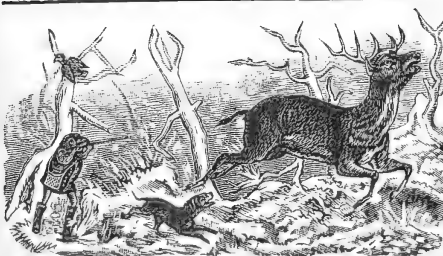
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(Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 448.)

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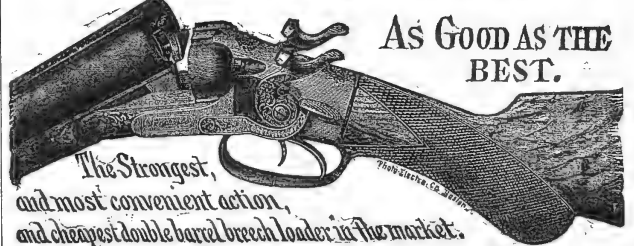
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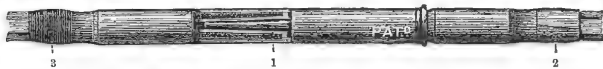
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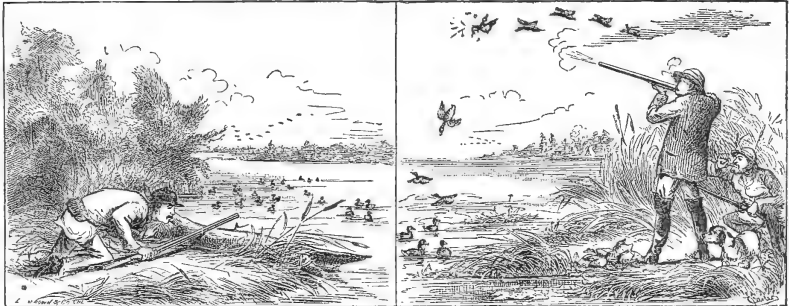
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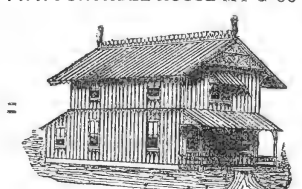
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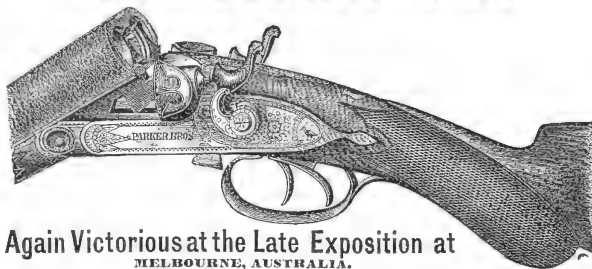
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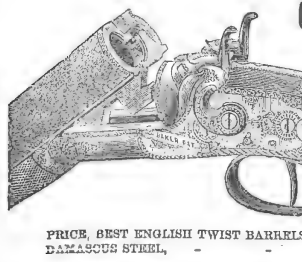
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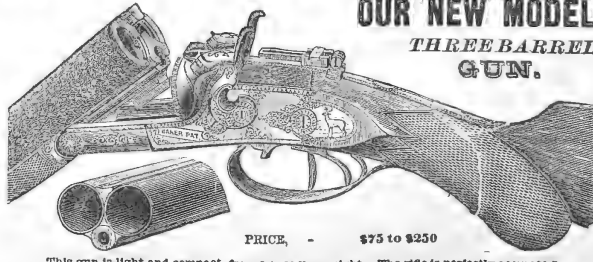


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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, September 6.

MR. CHARLES H. GILBERT, the ichthyologist, whose injuries by a fall on the Matterhorn we recorded in our issue of August 25, has recovered and has returned to his home in Indiana. It may be remembered that he was struck on the head by a rock in climbing that mountain which has been so fruitful of accidents. His companion, Prof. Jordan, writes that the injury was severe at the time but that he is well now, "with only a scar cut to show for the Matterhorn."

MOOSE IN MAINE.—We printed last week a communication in which was reported the killing of a moose at King and Bartlett Lake, Maine, in September. As the law on moose in Maine was not off until the first day in October, the case reported in our columns might profitably engage the attention of the Maine Game Commissioners, and we hope that the publicity which we have given to the affair may be of some use.

THE GROSS INJUSTICE of the pound-nets in the Great South Bay of Long Island is only alluded to by Mr. Roosevelt this week. He has not told the whole story. This wholesale destruction of fish is a matter claiming attention at Albany. We know one man whom we could wish were appointed with full license to exterminate the nets. A year or two ago he ran a steam launch through an army of illegal nets, and their owners did not think that there was enough left of them to pay for gathering the remnants.

HINTS FOR THE EARLY SHOOTING.

THE first of October in a number of States is the opening of the shooting season, and from that time until January 1 almost all game is in season. This date is, however, much too early for most of the birds that we kill. The quail, on which most people are apt to depend, are, many of them, too small to shoot, and have not yet settled down to their regular fall feeding grounds. The woodcock have not begun to move in any numbers, and what few snipe are to be found are very "scattering." The ruffed grouse are, it is true, in good order, but in our thickly settled East these birds are scarcely to be found in numbers sufficient to make it worth while to go out for them alone. Moreover, the weather is usually at this time hot and dry, and the foliage and weeds still thick. The work is hard both for men and dogs, but especially so for the latter. In fact, shooting in the early part of October too often bears a strong family resemblance to shooting in July.

This year the weather has been especially unfavorable for early fall shooting. The heat and drought are something almost without parallel, and no dog, however good he may be, can be expected to do himself justice under such conditions as are now prevailing along our Atlantic seaboard. The snipe have as yet scarcely made their appearance, and the rail have about gone, though an easterly storm may be likely to bring along one more flight of good heavy birds. Until, however, we have some rain and a few frosts we shall probably not hear of any satisfactory bags. Later, when November's breath has turned brown, and wrnched from the trees, the leaves now so green, each of us will seek some favorite spot not known to the multitude which will yield to us a couple of dozen cock, half as many ruffed grouse and a few quail. Thither, with one or at most two friends, we shall repair, and have a day or two in the field. Old Rex and True will be given an opportunity to work off their superfluous flesh, and to get so tired that they will groan all night, and be so stiff in the morning that they can hardly move. We shall make a few lucky difficult shots, and no doubt miss a lot of easy ones, which we will try to excuse—to ourselves. At last we shall drive to the depot and take the train for home, carrying with us our birds—not a great many to be sure, but enough to excite the envy of some of the friends that we left behind in the city.

Before that time, however, it will be possible to find a few snipe on the meadows, and as the blue wing teal, widgeons, shovellers and black ducks are coming in in fair numbers, and are to be found on all the rivers and creeks where the wild rice abounds, there will be many opportunities for getting occasional shots at them.

It is high time now for those who have not already attended to the matter to prepare to get their dogs into condition for the fall shooting. Most dogs accumulate during the summer a good deal of fat which should be got rid of before their regular work begins. Animals kept in the city are especially apt to be in a state which makes them utterly unfit for any hard and regular work. It is absurd to suppose that a dog which has been kept on chain or confined in a small yard for months should be able to undergo the enormous amount of work which, even in a single day's shooting, is expected of him. The animal should be put through a course of training to fit him for the very severe labor which he is obliged to perform. We have always considered that the easiest and best way to give our dogs the necessary running was to have them follow us when we rode on horseback. Roads should be chosen where the dogs can always be kept in sight, and they should be allowed to range in the fields but should always be kept within call of the rider. The dogs having all their spare flesh taken off them by exercise, and having become hard and able to stand work, should have a little medicine given them two or three days before taking the field. Let each of them have at night a teaspoonful of sulphur, and the next morning from a teaspoonful to a dessert spoonful of sulphate of magnesia, which may be dissolved in water and poured down the animal's throat. We have never believed that it was well to feed dogs meat except during the season when they are at work, although we know that others differ with us on this point, and up to the opening of the shooting we feed them almost wholly on vegetable matter. When their work begins, however, let them have

some cooked meat, and if they are hunted regularly they should have plenty of it. The very severe drain on the system must be supplied by generous nourishment.

The reports which we have received from various quarters would seem to indicate that quail will be rather abundant this season. Certainly the spring and summer were very favorable for them, and it is possible that in this way the destruction of last winter may have been in part repaired. Ruffed grouse or partridges are said to be very scarce, and about other game it is as yet too early to say much.

We shall be glad to receive from our correspondents in all sections of the country reports as to the abundance or scarcity of game, and hope that all our readers will let us hear from them.

THE INTERNATIONAL GALLERY MATCH.

THE final preliminaries for the coming International Gallery Rifle Match are now arranged. Mr. Rigby, the famous long-range marksman, will select four gentlemen of Dublin; and Mr. J. S. Conlin four New York gentlemen. The respective fours to compose the team. The Irish team will shoot at a range in Dublin, and the Americans at Conlin's Gallery, 1,223 Broadway, New York. As the match is in progress the scores will be cabled.

Each member of the team is to shoot twenty consecutive shots, with a .22 calibre rifle, three pounds pull, off-hand, at the Rigby target (one inch bullseye) distance twenty-five yards. Highest possible score for team, 400 points. Mr. J. K. Milner, the noted "crack" long-range marksman of Ireland will act as referee for the American team in Dublin, and Col. L. C. Bruce will act in a similar capacity in New York for the Irish team.

The names of the gentlemen who will compose the teams will be announced in due season. There is every indication that the contest will bring out some wonderful scores. Both sides are confident of their ability to win. This will be the first match of its kind ever shot. The riflemen on both sides of the Atlantic are taking great interest in the affair, and not a few think that such matches will become as popular with the general public as the famous international long-range matches of a few years ago.

THE INDIANA FISH COMMISSION.

IN our last issue we published a list of the Fish Commissioners of North America. It had stood in type for several days before the day of publication and after Indiana were the words "no appointment as we go to press." We had learned that the Governor was soon to make an appointment in accordance with the law passed last spring and a correspondent at Indianapolis had promised to telegraph us when announced. We received his telegram at 6 P. M. on Wednesday, the 28th, just as the forms were about to be locked and the change was made announcing Mr. Calvin Fletcher, of Spencer, Owen county, as the Commissioner.

The appointment we judge to be a good one, for, while we never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Fletcher, we know him to be an ardent fishcultivist, who has been engaged in breeding carp—a fish, by the way, that is peculiarly adapted to the warm and sluggish waters which abound in parts of this State. We know that he has the question of fish food for the people at heart by correspondence which has come from different parts of Indiana, showing also that he has been publicly mentioned as being so interested.

Indiana has long needed such an officer, for her streams have been depleted by all sorts of illegal fishing, and now there is a chance of their being stocked again. This work takes time. It has taken thirty years or more to impoverish them and they cannot be restored to their fruitfulness in five years, nor in ten. The restoration will be gradual in the streams, because it is the food fishes which have disappeared and left their aquatic enemies. The bony gar still flourishes in the streams of Indiana, because its worthlessness has protected it, and it is capable of destroying thousands of the fry of good fish before the latter become numerous enough to compete with it in the struggle for food. The streams swarm with other animals, which, if they do not devour the adult or half grown fish, as the gar does, still enter into this competition for food. The science of fishculture, for it is a science,

takes cognizance of all the influences which bear upon fish life and finds that many animals, apparently harmless, do much injury simply by devouring food which should go to sustaining valuable species.

It has been a matter of surprise that Indiana has not attended to this source of food production before this, as the States immediately surrounding her have been engaged in it for some years, with valuable results.

SALMON REPORTED ON THE VIRGINIA COAST.

WE have received the following letter, the original of which we have sent to Professor Baird, U. S. Fish Commissioner. If the fish were indeed salmon it was most important news, and goes to prove that the California species, which have been placed in the waters of Virginia and Maryland, are long in reaching maturity. We hope that specimens have been saved in alcohol, or packed in ice, and sent to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., for identification. This is the only proper course to be pursued in such cases, for we have recently chronicled cases of mistaken identity in this same fish. Undoubtedly strange fish were caught off Cape Charles, but the fishermen there are not likely to be familiar with fresh salmon and may have made a mistake. The letter is as follows:

NEWBORN, Va., Sept. 30, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We were informed yesterday by Mr. John Henry, a merchant of this city, that one of his friends, Captain James Johnson, a famous fisherman, also of this place, had been fishing near Cape Charles for thirteen days without much success. On the fourteenth day his labor and patience were rewarded by taking three hundred and fifty (350) fine large salmon. We take this as something unusual, as there was never known to be caught more than two or three in one day before. We would be very glad to hear your opinion in regard to this matter, as we never knew that salmon came in at Cape Charles and Henry. Will you please give us your opinion as to the cause of their sudden appearance?

J. B. WHITE.

THE CUTTER MADGE.

HAVING given proofs of her extraordinary sailing qualities this ten-ton cutter will probably soon store up for the voyage to the East in the hopes of finding fresh victims to add to her string of wins in American waters; that is if any one can still be found believing that the slovenly rigged, round waisted sloop can point, reach, turn or buck a sea with the flying cutter. Sundry additional challenges have been sent to the press; among them one from the sloop Wild Duck, of Pampano, Mr. Lutz, owner. The Duck if we are not mistaken, is a McGeehan built feather weight, and reputed a fast one in smooth water. To put her through a sea off the Hook with Madge would be such a one sided exhibition in the light of recent experience that, unless Mr. Lutz can hit a smooth day, his money is much safer in bank. A race was also to be sailed with Poloma, but we believe this has fallen through for the obvious reason that, though a big sloop, she would not have the ghost of a chance with the Scotclaman. Mr. Prague has likewise issued a challenge in behalf of the Panita. This sloop is 44 ft. water line, 17 ft. beam and 6 ft. 6 in. deep. Madge is 33 ft. 9 in. waterline, 7 ft. 9 in. beam and 6 ft. 2 in. deep. Multiplying the three principal dimensions in each case to obtain an approximate relation of the sizes of the two we find Panita to be more than two and one-half times as large as Madge. The hoist of the sloop is something like 4 ft. 1 in., that of the cutter but 27 ft. To race these two on nearly equal terms because their mean lengths happen to be nearly alike—Madge's long, light overhang being made to count as half its length of additional water line with the concomitant increase of beam and depth—is so palpably ridiculous that we are inclined to think Mr. Prague issued his challenge simply as a good joke. Of course it will not be entertained. The fairest trial of merits Madge enjoyed was with Mistral, for these two boats are practically alike in size. In that match the long, narrow form proved itself so very much superior on every point of sailing that the question of type may be deemed definitely settled in favor of the cutter. The Schenmer was fairly beaten on her merits. The Wave would have made much the best showing, but for bad seamanship, and had some slight chance of scoring. But the disparity in size—the sloop being a third larger than the cutter—would have robbed a result favorable to the Wave of all its import, and no conclusions of value could have been drawn from such a termination of the race. Last we have been deemed prejudiced in the matter we have collected the opinions of the press of all shades, showing a universal acknowledgment of the superior qualities of the cutter. These were so marked that even the strong natural predilection of all for the home production and our style of build and rig could not overcome the testimony of facts as witnessed by the representatives of the press following over the course in the judges' steamer on successive days. Perhaps the most noticeable feature of these races is the fact that the cutter never once "met her weather" in the real sense of that term. It was almost wholly in our favor, only calling for a temporary single reef upon one occasion when sailing the Mistral. This occasion plainly showed that in a shorter, the idea of matching a sloop against a cutter borders upon the ridiculous. Let us now go to work, apply the lessons learned, and try to regain that prestige for our pleasure navy so unexpectedly lost.

OUR KENNEL DEPARTMENT.

IT is with sincere regret that we announce that Mr. Franklin Satterthwaite has felt obliged to sever his connection with this journal.

Mr. Satterthwaite has long been known to our readers as a sportsman of great experience—an excellent shot, and a capital hand with a dog. Under his management the Kennel Department of FOREST AND STREAM, by its fearless and independent course, won the respect and admiration of all men. It attacked abuses unsparingly, and was never influenced by fear or favor.

Mr. Satterthwaite's whole energies have been bent toward the elevation and improvement of the sport he loves so well and has practiced for so many years.

His association with us has always been of the pleasantest character, and we shall miss his genial laugh, his good story and his shrewd advice. It is with deep regret that we part with him, and our best wishes for his future follow him wherever he goes.

We have made arrangements to have the position thus made vacant filled by a sportsman of thirty-five years experience, who is known to a very large majority of our readers, and is acknowledged to be an authority on all matters connected with dog and gun. The department will be conducted, as in the past, in the interest of the dog alone, and not of any clique of dog owners. As of old, our readers may rely on it.

ESSEX COUNTY HUNT.—The Essex County Hunt (whose kennels are near Llewellyn Park, N. J.) have just purchased of Sir Hugh Allen, of Montreal, a very handsome pack of thirteen couples of imported foxhounds. They are all of uniform height, and marked black, tan and white. Including the old pack, the kennel of the hunt now numbers fifty-six hounds, young and old. As this is more than they require they advertise to sell a few puppies and young hounds. The season opened last Saturday, with a large attendance, no less than forty being in the saddle, nearly all of whom rode through the hunt. There were over a dozen in at the death, including one lady rider.

A BAD PRECEDENT.—The decision of the Executive Committee in the case of the protest made by W. G. L. Morse against the long-range score of Dr. S. I. Scott in the champion match, seems to be a very strange one. If the schedule system of placing time of day and target for each contestant in a match is of any use, it should be rigorously carried out, so far as circumstances would permit. To permit one competitor in a match the use of the pool targets, after the hour set for his match shooting, means the virtual abrogation of the whole schedule system.

SPRINGFIELD ROD AND GUN CLUB.—The Springfield Rod and Gun Club will hold its third annual rifle tournament at the club range, Oct. 11 and 12. There will be a champion match at 200 yards, and a four-team match open to any organized rifle association. The Secretary is Mr. L. H. Mayntott. The Springfield boys know how to make it pleasant for visitors, and we look for a large attendance from outside that city.

A POSTAL CARD MARK.—A novelty is proposed at Creedmoor in a postal card match in which the ordinary "postal" will be placed over the central part of the bullseye at 200 yards and shot at with any rifle. This curious cartoon will test the best eyesight of the marksmen and ought to get a great many hits from the close holders. The details of the postal card match, which will probably be set for some time this month, will be given in our next issue.

BAY SNIPER SHOOTERS will appreciate the description of that sport contained in Mr. Roosevelt's sketch, "The Great South Bay."

IS IT GAMBLING?

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., SEPT. 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am sorry to trouble you the second time on the same subject, but I do not think that your answer to my question covers our case, or my question should have been stated differently.

One section in our constitution reads: "There shall be no betting, or gambling of any description, at any of the meetings, under the auspices of this association."

The above has been strictly lived up to for two years, but some members are now claiming that we have a mistaken notion of the definition of "gambling."

1. Now, if we, at the regular meetings on the rifle range, put up money individually and divide it in prizes, are we violating the above section of our constitution or not?

2. If the association should purchase a rifle and put it up to be shot off in one or more shootings, would that be in violation of the above article?

3. If an individual member donates a gun and we shoot for it, do we violate the above section?

The original inquiry of our correspondent included only the first case cited, and our reply to him was that the law did not recognize this as gambling. This reply did not satisfy him. The question, however, is one that cannot be answered dogmatically. Much fair argument may be adduced to support either side of it, and we think it of sufficient interest and importance to elicit general discussion. The question may be broadened to include also trap-shooting.

In the second and third cases given, provided there be no betting, there is no gambling.

The Sportsman Courier.

For Forest and Stream.

OCTOBER.

THE mists are rising on the river,
Rising slow.
The birch leaves gleam with rustling quiver,
Soft and low.
Nymphs of the willow! gather lightly
Cones, and sunbeams scatter brightly—
Scarlet leaves are blazing in the gold.
Draped with haze are the giant mountains—
Draped in blue.
Their rugged lineaments and fountains
Tell from view.
Breath of the woodlands! hushed, and sighing,
Whisper soft of the Summer's dying—
Scarlet leaves are blazing in the gold!

JOHN PRESTON TRECE.

THE GREAT SOUTH BAY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART FIRST.

THE Fishery Commission of the State of New York had had under advisement for some time the practicability of establishing a hatchery for sea fishes and had been studying Long Island as the most promising place to locate it. For this there was a double reason; first, that here was most of our sea frontage, and secondly, it offered an opportunity for cultivating trout for the southeastern portion of the State, which had heretofore been somewhat neglected, in consequence of its distance from the fresh water hatchery at Caledonia. On the northerly side of Long Island, a 40 mile stretch of Sound, but into this sea fishes of the greatest value have not penetrated. Besides, for instance, the most roving and predatory of their tribe, are rarely seen west of the "Iliaco," except in their bay-hood, when they are popularly known as "snapping mackerel." The rare Spanish mackerel, of which there was indeed an excellent fishery at Orient Point, never were generally taken in the Sound and have not even abandoned the former feeding grounds. The striped bass are rather more numerous, but we-fish, kingfish and sheepshead are seldom caught in any of the waters to the north of Long Island.

On the south of the Island stretches a long, narrow lagoon of salt water, fed from the land by innumerable trout brooks pouring their sparkling rivulets, scarcely more than a mile apart, and connected with the sea by several inlets, cut by the waves through the narrow beach of low sand that separates the bay from the ocean. This lagoon, called the Great South Bay, is in reality sixty miles long, although it passes under several local names, but a boat starting from Rockaway on a sail sixty miles eastward without passing through any but natural water communications.

The bay formerly abounded with fish. Here weakfish, king fish, bluefish, sheepshead, sea bass and other species lived and bred, while Spanish mackerel, bonito and various migratory kinds visited it in their season, if they did not deposit their eggs there. This seemed a favorable location for the hatchery, although the fishing had been much reduced by the use of pound nets in and near the inlets, which not only captured fish in immense numbers but of immature size. So Mr. Seth Green, the State Superintendent of Fisheries, and one of the Commissioners, took a yacht and set on an exploring expedition determined to investigate the possibilities of the entire bay. I went along to see that they made no mistakes.

On the 8th day of August, 1881, the good yacht Au Revoir started from the neighborhood of Islip, well provisioned for a two weeks' trip, and carrying its load of piscatorial science safely housed in its comfortable cabin of some ten feet square and five feet high. Extensive accommodations are not a feature of the yachts of a northern Long Island, for the reason that while the bay is sixty miles long and four wide it is for the most part less than two feet deep. The true yachtsman, however, can "stow" himself, and a prodigious deal besides, in a very small space, and "our voyagers" were naturally good yachtsmen as well as great naturalists. Unfortunately the Commissioner is fond of gunning, and has long held the theory, which no amount of experience has removed, that there is no other way to get a great flight of snipe along the beach on the south of the bay. So he insisted on bringing guns, cartridges, snipe decoys and all that along; and, more unfortunately still, he made up his mind from the signs in the heavens, the direction of the wind, or the motion of the tides, that the ninth day of August was the day on which this flight would take place. With this idea in his heart he headed the Au Revoir to the east, intending first to investigate that part of the water which was contiguous to the best sniping grounds.

No one who has not enjoyed the comforts of a cabin ten feet square, with just height of ceiling enough to enable one when sitting on the berth—which answers the double purpose of settee by day and bed by night—to take a drink of water without hitting one's head against the timbers of the roof, can imagine how snug it is. And when their first destination had been reached, anchor let go and sails furled, the explorers found the night settling down upon them and were glad to take refuge in their cozy home, get out their table luxuries and superintend the cooking of their meal. Appetite is a paramount necessity in every voyage; it lends a spice to food, assists in the cookery, helps along digestion and aids in many pleasant ways. Weariness smooths the small pillows, softens and widens the hard and narrow beds and brings balmy sleep. Supper over and even the bright rays of the kerosene lamp which lighted up the cabin like a private sun could not keep the party awake, nor persuade them to attend to the piles of literature they had brought to while away what never comes—the unoccupied and waste time of yachting.

Four o'clock A. M., and Mr. Green remarked that if they had come to shoot snipe it would not do to lose the best part of the day. In ordinary life there may be a question which is the best part of the day. The business man may consider that from ten to three covers the case; the belle may select the same hours, but from a different portion of the twenty-four; to the gourmand the dinner hour is all in all; to the speculator, the time of meeting of the Stock Board; to the lover, the hour when his mistress is visible—but to the duck or snipe shooter, no time equals that from dawn to full sunlight. There was no more danger of every waking Mr. Green's snipe, though a Sloth begged for a little more "folding of the bands to sleep," and the Commissioner was fain to set out, sleepy

and breakfast toward the shore in the dingy, accompanied by guns, ammunition, false birds and the paraphernalia of the "blind snipe."

The "blind snipe," a term that includes all the sandpipers, plovers, sandpeeps, waders and snipes that follow the coast in their annual migrations from their summer nesting places in the neighborhood of Hudson's Bay to their winter feeding places "away down South"—nobody knows exactly where or how far—are exceedingly gregarious in their nature. Therein lies a weakness that has proved most fatal to them and thinned their numbers from countless myriads that once fairly swarmed along the shore of the Atlantic Ocean during the summer and early autumn to a few desultory birds that survive the winter. What is in this sporting technique known as "blinding," which means the use of decoys, is so simple and sufficient to give the gunner remunerative and satisfactory sport for one or more days at a time. These birds are of all sizes, from the sickle-bill curlew, that stands as high as a Shanghai chicken and weighs one-half as much, down to the tiny "ox-eye," or "hawk's eye"—the name and its derivation both being in doubt—which is about as big as a wren and furnishes as much food as though one bit one's thumb. But, large and small, they are all possessed of eyes so brilliant and clear, and power of sight so strong, that they would rarely be shot were they as shy and retiring as plovers and snipes are beautiful. Their social qualities and individual attributes are too largely developed for their good. A "solitary traveler," or a flock making its way safely up in the blue empyrean, far beyond the reach of even a "wire cartridge," on perceiving another flock, real or imitated, calls aloud with pleasure in soft, musical whistling notes, and on receiving an answer—a poor simulation often of its own call—descends confidently to death and destruction. There are few more exciting experiences in the sportsman's life than in "whistling" up a flock of bay snipe and the decoys. The man conceals himself in an artificial "blind," or a piling seaweed up around him, while he lies on his back in a water-proof coat. Our Fishery Commissioner was a sporting sybarite, and sat in a camp chair and had an artist's umbrella to shield him from an excess of sun, so he had to build a tall blind of bushes. The Superintendent, always discovering new ways of doing things, while he approved the camp chair, repudiated the tall bushes and built up a huge rampart of seaweed, simply because seaweed was abundant along the shore, and so seaweed being naturally green should have been the best thing as a cover. But the Commissioner argued that such a mountain of seaweed would scare all the birds out of the bay.

The decoys, or "stools" as they are usually called, are made of wood in a rough way and painted not more like the natural bird than the law allows. A long stick is thrust into their body for the double purpose of legs and to set them up on a shallow, sandy point, which is always chosen. These decoys are painted, spurious snipe are, however, wonderfully delusive, and at a short distance cannot be distinguished from a flock of living birds. As soon as the preliminary preparations are made, the stools set out and the sportsman hidden, the latter expects the former to "open the ball"—that is, a single bird fly, already perhaps having seen all his sisters, his cousins and his aunts killed by similar ambush and trickery, is wending his solitary way to the fair sandbanks of the South. He catches sight of the false prey, his joy fills his heart—which has learned nothing by experience—and in the next moment he is ready to fire. He calls aloud; the false friends or relations seem to answer, though their voices are hoarse—from wet feet and cold, doubles.

Unsuspectingly he drops from the clouds; and with outstretched neck and expanded wings he sails gracefully and confidently up to the blind. There is a flash of lightning and a roar of thunder, and his body lies dead upon the sand, while his soul has gone to the "Happy Hunting Grounds of the Hereafter," to be murdered over and over again through all eternity; for if there are any Happy Hunting Grounds, there must inevitably be hapless game to hunt. A flock, like this, comes in the same way, only crowding and jostling one another and hurrying to be first in at the death; and then the sportsman's happiness is supreme, and his art tested to its utmost, for then he can only be said to have justified himself if he shall have killed two or more with the first barrel, as they are crowding and crossing one another; and at least one with a second barrel.

As much depends on the sportsman's skill in whistling a correct and loud imitation, as in his accuracy and rapidity of aim. The variety of species is very great, and the ordinary ones will be found the following, some still retaining their quaint Indian names: The Sickle-bill curlew, a large, brown bird, with a curved bill, which is occasionally eleven inches long; the Marlin, another brown bird, with a bill nearly straight, in fact bent slightly upward toward the point; the Jack curlew, like the sickle bill, but smaller; the Willet, about the same size as the last, with a light gray body and black and white wings; the Bull-head, or Black-breast Plover; the Golden or Greenback Plover, two fine birds for the table, the latter the better of the two; the Yelper, or large Yellowlegs; the Small Yellowlegs; the Ditcher, or Ditcher, an excellent table morsel, and the only true snipe, ornithologically considered, in the entire list; Robin snipe, somewhat similar in appearance to the Ditcher; Brant bird, or Turbot, a beautiful but rather tough variety; the Kricker, or Shortneck; the Peep, or Longshanked Plover; the Ringneck; the Sand snipe; the Surf snipe, and the Ox-eye, and others which are soon long forgotten. Every one of these has its own individual and characteristic whistle, which must be imitated by the gunner as nearly as possible. Each variety must be distinguished and recognized as soon as seen, for they often fly in perfect silence, and will not notice the decoys unless called. They are recognized by their size, color and manner of flight; and an experienced gunner, with perfect eyesight, can tell them apart at a prodigious distance. Of these, then all the "jacks" are the most wary, and as a consequence maintain their numbers less diminished than any of the others. Some varieties, like the Golden plover, have been almost exterminated, and in olden times a day's sport was not determined by count, but, like the Biblical fowl, by bushel—bushelsful. As they come to the stand, they hover and set their wings, and drop their legs as if to alight; and will often do so if undisturbed; but the true sportsman never waits for that, but picks out a crossing pair or more and shoots at those. At the report the frightened flock will take to the air, and the sportsman, as it is technically called, making the second shot as difficult as the first is easy. In a moment they will have so entirely regained their courage that those which escaped will wheel and return for a second or third shot, until sometimes they are all killed.

The sport, if it is good and the birds plenty, is exciting.

The variety of species, the difference of call and flight, the uncertainty of bringing the game within range, when it is hesitating whether to come or not, and the difficulty in selecting the best part of the flock to kill the greatest number, are all elements of interest in this sport, but no other kind of sport. Alas! however, on this particular occasion there was error in the calculations. The Commissioner's prophecy, like Yonno's, was simply the contrary of what it ought to have been. In spite of winds and waves, the movements of the planets and the conjunctions of the constellations, there was no flight on the ninth day of August, 1881. Seth Green having armed himself with the ship's glass, next the customary glass of yachting parties, and surveyed the horizon from the moment it was visible till the sun appeared, announced that there was not a bird anywhere, and utterly refused to wait for them to come from some "undiscovered country," while there was possible fishing to be had anywhere in the bay of the living. As he knew nothing of this kind of shooting, it was only natural that he should make up his mind promptly and the Commissioner surrendered to his views, with the saving clause, grumblingly uttered, "that if there had been thousands of birds they never would have come near a blind made of seaweed and high as a hill." So the "white wings" were spread and the Au Revoir leaped away on her course toward the west.

Now they meant business and their destination was Fire Island Inlet, the largest feeder of salt water to the Great South Bay, a channel through which a considerable amount of commerce passes and a spot that was once famous for the excellence of its fishing, but which is now so hedged in with pound-nets that the sport has greatly deteriorated, while fish that spawn in the bay are almost entirely excluded from it.

It is one of the marvels of American character that in spite of its energy and enterprise it will allow the few to utterly overrule and trample under foot the rights and interests of the many. The Great South Bay has at one time immortalized a living to thousands of dwellers on its shores. Its waters are whitened with the sails of the working boats of its hardy and laborious toilers; its oysters are famous as far as England, where "Blue Points" are received fresh daily, as a restaurant sign informs the world. Its bottom is literally covered with clams and mussels and a few years ago hundreds of visitors came daily in the summer months for the sport of trolling for bluefish off Fire Island. A sportsman could at any time catch the bluefish in a few hours, get food for his family for a week, and a man could live on the bay; and no more happy and independent race of men was to be found than those of the south side of Long Island. Now some twenty, certainly not over thirty, owners of pound-nets have changed all this; they have destroyed the fish, captured young and old, interrupted access to the spawning grounds, driven the boatmen to clamming and oystering exclusively, until these industries are overworked, and have brought poverty and suffering upon an entire community. And yet the people submit. Ten thousand free men are ruled by thirty self-created despots, who tax the others beyond what would be dared by the pretentious autocrat the world over saw. I have not space to explain the structure or working of a pound net, but can only give the invariable experience of the New York Fishery Commission, that where the pound-net, with unrestricted length and mesh is introduced in any waters the fishing in a few years is exhausted.

While the pound-nets have ruined the fishing in the bay by excluding the spawning fish, the fishing in the bay is not so much ruined, especially of the smaller kinds, from getting so near the way up the channel. The "Cinderbeds," so called from a peculiar coral formation which grows on them, are the favorite resort of porgies, sea bass and robins or gunnards, while small blue fish are taken in the channel by what is called "chumming." To the Cinderbeds the Au Revoir flew as fast as the wind and our impatience would carry her. We bought a hundred clams on the way from one of the working boats, with which the bay is a regular every working day in the year, and as soon as we reached our destination we anchored and went to fishing. Seth Green and the Commissioner each rigged up his line, and no doubt the amount of skill, erudition, research and experience involved in that operation would be hard to describe. Catching a surreptitious view of Mr. Green's rig-out, I found he had a silk worm gut leader armed with seven hooks, while the Commissioner had fastened his hooks by short lengths to his line above the slaker, and in this way to the end of his rod. It is needless to say that against such skill the fish stood no chance. There was a pound net within a stone's throw, and I commenced in my incapacity beside these formidable engines. Not satisfied, however, the Superintendent arranged a wire bag, filled it with bait that the fish could not get at, and hung it over the side to attract them. Up came the fish by ones, by twos, by threes at every cast, of all kinds, large and small. The yacht's deck was covered with fish. Fish flopped and sparkled in the sun; fish bounced about the cockpit; fish got under your feet; fish hid away in the cabin. Baskets and boxes were filled with fish, and had it not been for an interruption the Au Revoir would have been loaded long with fish. While these two enthusiastic piscatorial artists were hard at it, with no signs of giving up, a stylish-looking craft sailed by. It had a signal on which was the suggestive figure of a fish, and beneath that the word "Bait," and the Commissioner recognizing it at once as the "chum boat," shouted out that he wanted a hundred mossbunkers. Chum boats, usually manned by bony-fish or menhaden, three men for the same crew, chop up the fish and throw it overboard from time to time to attract the fish. The chum gives out an oil which floats on the water and attracts the bluefish, while the bait catches them. As the menhaden is oily and nasty to handle it is not a pleasant nor clean style of fishing, but it is the only mode of taking bluefish which the pound nets have left possible. Fortunately on this occasion the bluefish were not plentiful, and even high art cannot catch what does not exist. So when a few had been taken and the afternoon was spent, a fish powder, made up by Mr. Green's finest style, and eaten appreciatingly by the yacht was got under way, and headed for the outmost verge of the extreme beach.

On the western point of Fire Island Inlet—with the ocean in front, the bay behind, the inlet to one side, and a vast meadow to the other—Mr. Henry Haveneyer had erected a castle and watch tower, like the knights of old with their strongholds on the Rhine. Mr. Haveneyer, like the knights, is a married man, and he, like knights, takes time, he does not hurry toll on his hard-working fellows, but he excises from the water and the air. From his beautiful and comfortable "coign of vantage" he can issue forth upon the

ravenous bluefish, which are busy preying upon their smaller brethren, or he can meditate as he fishes hour after hour in the hope of a hit from a sheephead; or he can mark the flight of the bay snipe in the sky, or the motions of the ducks upon the bay for health and pleasure, for the delight of a free and independent life, for the benefits of abundant exercise and pure air, for the comforts of a cool breeze and sleep-laden nights there is nothing to be compared to a home on our sea beaches; and the men and women who go to the Adirondacks and other wildernesses travel far and endure much to obtain what they might find with far fewer drawbacks at their very doors. 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Siox River, which affords water-power and mill-sites throughout its course, until it debouches into the Missouri, midway between Sioux City and Omaha City.

These lakes abound in fish such as bass and pickerel. The fish appear to have brighter colors than the same species in other waters. On the occasion of my first visit I stopped with Old Crandall, a pioneer, and one of the few who escaped the Indian massacre. He keeps a very tavern of the cabin style. A party of us camped near the lake with Crandall as our guide; fished in the lake, and shot pinnated grouse chickens on the neighboring prairies. We had the most signal success in both sports. When night came on our host cooked us one of his famous fish chowders of which I had heard and read, but to which all descriptions had failed to do justice.

Horace Lorillard, of New York city, many years ago discovered by some means this paradise for sportsmen. He also discovered that West Oskoboj, from its elevation, depth and size, was a natural place for yacht sailing, and so purchased a considerable body of land on the west side of the lake, where he has a large boat house and all conveniences for shooting, fishing and sailing. Mr. Lorillard and a few friends have had one sport, and comparatively to themselves for years, but lately their solitude has been invaded, and a rush of tourists have made this their favorite summer resort for the past two years.

Three railroads are in course of construction having these lakes for their objective point. One of them, the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern, has purchased a tract of land, and will erect in time for next season's business an immense hotel for the accommodation of sport-men, fishermen and pleasure-seekers. Measures are also being taken to preserve the fish of the lakes from wholesale slaughter by sieves in summer and fishing through the ice in winter. For hook and line fishing the supply is inexhaustible. In less than an hour our party caught all we wanted, and spent the afternoon on the banks of the lake shooting bagged some twenty turkeys. During the fall, commencing late in October, the waterfowl on these lakes are innumerable. A skillful sportsman can stand on the crossing places between the lake, and, in a favorable day shoot a cart-load of ducks and geese.

When I left Spirit Lake on the occasion of my first visit I took passage in a hack. The proprietor carried the mail. He was a man of fifty and a pioneer. The nearest railroad station on my way to headquarters at Sheldon was Shirley. The route was an interesting one. We passed a succession of small lakes. On this lake the lake was the only passenger, and the driver was quite communicative, being well acquainted with every lake and stream; he had for each some traditional romance to relate. Rush Lake attracted my attention. It derives its name from the abundance of bulrushes of unusual size that grow in water from six to ten feet deep, and cover the greater part of the surface of the lake with their green spike-like stalks, extending from three to six feet above the surface. A shooter can conceal his boat in the rushes late in the fall, and kill an unlimited number of geese and ducks.

The next lake on the route is known as Silver Lake. It derives its name from the color of its water, which is not transparent, as its name would indicate, but is much the color of silver sand as if stirred by sticks and bottom of chalk. The point road crosses a low rustic bridge over the inlet of this lake just where it empties its current of clear water into the cream-colored lake. The stream, for many rods beyond its mouth, maintains its identity as if running between light-colored walls.

At the suggestion of my guide, the loquacious hack driver, I stood with him a few minutes on the bridge looking into the current. Soon we saw the heads of fish slowly and cautiously peeping from the sides of the lake into the clear water of the stream, and when undisturbed they ventured out, but at the slightest movement by us they would dart back out of sight. Mr. Jehu made a loop and a noose of his whip lash and hung it into the water, leaving it motionless for a short time, and then with a sudden jerk landed a venturesome fish which he called a bull-head. (It is customary in this country to give the scientific name of the fish, but knowing an ichthyologist, I am uncertain which class it belongs to, but on the authority of the captor I suppose it was a *Tyrone caput*.)

In due time I arrived at Sheldon, and found friends ready to join me with dogs and guns. We usually did our shooting in the evenings, and it was not uncommon for each sportsman to bag two dozen birds on these excursions.

The Floyd River runs near Sheldon. Its source is in Minnesota, a few miles north, and the stream is but small. It receives tributaries and enlarges and flows south. At Lehigh it turns a large flouring mill, and keeps on its course to the Missouri at Sioux City.

The beaver and otter still make their abode on this stream. On one occasion I was shooting prairie chickens with a party of friends near the railroad station at Sheldon. I stood on the bank of the stream. A bevy of birds had been flushed by my friends on the prairie, and one flew toward me, high in the air. I shot it directly over my head. Its velocity carried it behind me, where it fell into the water. Instantaneously there was a splash and tumult, and before I could turn around one of the next time I saw the bird, with my bird and its dispenser, with it under the water, leaving only bubbles and circling waves to mark the spot.

In addition to the attraction of the country about Sheldon for sportsmen it possesses great advantages to the agriculturist. The richness of lands and their fertility are already attracting emigration. The settlers thus far have been from Wisconsin, Central New York and Northern Ohio, with an occasional German and Scandinavian.

Mr. W. B. Close, a graduate of Cambridge University in England and a student of the University of Wisconsin, and in the fall of that year, came to America in 1876 to row in the Centennial regatta. He chanced to fall into conversation with a gentleman from this region, who told him of the grasshopper panic, which had disbarred one of the finest and most fertile portions of the continent, and of the fine opportunity for cheap lands. Close accordingly went by the Illinois Central Railroad to Lemars, the nearest railroad point, and he himself found that the visits of the grasshoppers were accidental, that they bred far away and were as likely to strike New England the next time as the Northwest, and he invested largely in improved lands. He established cable communications with his brothers in London, and received communications from them to invest in their behalf. He at once secured 20,000 acres, all of which, under the name of Close Brothers, they still retain and are also farming as their individual property. By reason of their reputation and extensive connections in England they were flooded with inquiries, and Mr. W. B. Close, to satisfy the sudden and growing interest in this new land, wrote articles for the *Times*, the *Pictorial* and other leading English papers; and finally a conference was

had with the celebrated John Bright, whose support was given to an enterprise which had already been suggested by the Close Brothers, three of whom promptly engaged in the work. They decided to engage farm property for a fixed compensation, and to systematically encourage colonization. The enterprise culminated in the purchase of all the lands of the Sioux City and St. Paul Railroad Company.

Mr. W. B. Close, on the occasion, married an accomplished American lady, and returned to London in furtherance of his scheme, while his brothers James B. and Fred B. Close remained to receive their newly arriving recruits. Soon the tide of emigration began, and the few scattered pioneer settlers were gladdened by the new life which was infused into the country about them. The new comers were men of character and large resources. Among the number may be named Capt. R. V. Mord, R. N., who is a brother of the Earl of Duvo; Lord Robert, the future Earl of Buckinghamshire; the son of Admiral Sir Sidney Dumas, K. C. B.; the two sons of Admiral Farguhar, of the Royal Navy; a son of Sir John Lubbock, the member of Parliament for the City of London; the son of Lord Alfred Paget; R. Potter, the son of the president of the Cobden Club, and others of equal note. The Duke of Buckingham with a party of English gentlemen and capitalists visited this region during the present summer, and were driven over the prairies west and northwest of Sheldon. The party were so pleased with what they saw that on their return to England they were influential in the formation of London of the "Lower Canada Company, Limited," with a capital of £500,000. Among its trustees are several of the Duke's party. The capital was promptly paid in, and the Close brothers were made managers of the company. Breaking teams were at once set to work and over twenty-six square miles of prairie were broken the present year, and 160 houses were erected. These lands are mostly sold to English settlers, and the balance are rented on easy terms. Several hundred houses had been previously erected within the last two years in Sioux, Lyon and Plymouth counties, under the supervision of the Close brothers, and many additional tenement houses were erected on their own lands.

It might be supposed that the purchase of lands on such a gigantic scale would be viewed with dislike by the American farmers of the vicinity; but such does not appear to be the fact. On the contrary they appear to be pleased with the rapid settlement and cultivation of the soil.

All of the lands embraced in the Englishmen's purchase are populated by tenants, the sons of whom have bought their farms, while others are tenants. The settlement and population of the country is what all parties desired. The English gentlemen, true to their love of British sports, have their race tracks and cricket grounds. Hurdle races were a novelty in that region until introduced by these colonists. They have as yet made no purchases in the neighboring counties of O'Brien, Clay and Dickinson, which are equally fertile, and where unimproved lands may be had at prices varying from \$5 to \$100 per acre.

One tenant of the enterprise may do. Some parties last spring purchased for \$5 per acre a tract of 3,000 acres in Ontario Township, O'Brien County, ten miles south of the station of Hartley on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. They broke two thousand acres, sowed flax on the sod and harvested twelve bushels per acre from it, all in one season. The product of this year will more than pay for the land. It seems strange that farmers with small means will struggle along for a scanty living in the sterile hills of the Eastern States, where lands sell from \$50 to \$100 per acre, instead of rushing to the Northwest, where the broad rolling prairies may be purchased so cheaply in the immediate vicinity of good markets.

The pioneers of the East had to spend the best years of their lives felling trees and clearing forests before they had any surplus produce for markets. On the matchless prairies of the Northwest they may break their prairies and have grain in market without vexatious delays. With the use of improved agricultural machinery the vocation of a farmer ceases to be one of toil; but, on the contrary, his life on the prairie becomes one of luxury and independence.

To the farmer, the sportsman, the angler and tourist, there can be no more inviting fields than the prairies, the lakes and the streams of this Northwest.

SPORT AND GAME IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

HAVING in a previous paper treated of the caribou, which is the king of game animals in Newfoundland, I now venture an article upon the chief of our game birds, the noble *Bernicle canadensis*, or the Canada wild goose.

When I term it a game bird, I may state that, owing to the peculiarity of its haunts and the physical character of the country, rendering access to those haunts laborious and uncertain, few wild geese fall to the gun of our sportsmen proper, who devote themselves chiefly to the more certain enjoyment of grouse shooting, and shooting of smaller game.

The Canada goose is a regular annual visitor to Newfoundland, coming along from southern regions in early spring (April), remaining during the breeding season, and taking its departure in large numbers in September. They breed abundantly on this island, laying their eggs upon islets in the bogs, holes or lakelets which dot the large savannas or marshes, so numerous in the interior wilds of Newfoundland. They thus isolate their nests as far as possible from the designs of enemies, and as the young brood approach maturity they are conducted by the parent birds to the brooks which course through the interior parts of the island to the bays and seashore.

On this point I must correct a mistake made in a very interesting and instructive work, entitled "Game Birds in the United States," by Thomas Alexander, author of *Fish and Fishing*, and other works on sport, and published in New York in 1879.

Writing of the Canada goose Mr. Alexander says: "He comes up from the south in the earliest spring, bravely making the long-stormy migration in search of a breeding place. How far to the north he goes before his particular taste in this matter is satisfied is unknown, for no mortal eye has yet gazed upon the breeding of the Canada goose. Explorers within the Arctic Circle have met them, with long necks outstretched toward the pole, thus pursuing their journey."

"Possibly they find the long sought open Polar Sea and rest securely on its desolate bosom until their young are grown to sufficient maturity to undertake the mighty journey to the far south, where they spend the winter."

Writing in ignorance of the subject, as these statements show him to have been, it would have been wiser not to have so positively asserted such an egregious error as is contained in them, and which any one in this country having the remotest knowledge concerning wild fowl could refute.

Wild geese may have been seen heading for the North Pole; this is not questioned; and they may have solved the problem that has baffled the efforts of generations of the most daring navigators; but I opine the season of summer within the confines of the Arctic Circle is of scarcely sufficient duration for the breeding and rearing purposes of birds which require nearly six months from the time of meeting until the period of seasonal migration to Southern climes. No matter how much further North they may have been seen it is a matter of fact that the Canada goose breeds in Newfoundland. Every year fishermen in some of the outlying settlements are accustomed to go off "into the country" in search of the broods of wild geese while they are still young, and frequently bring out the birds when about two-thirds grown and before their wings are sufficiently developed to enable them to escape. This is quite a common occurrence, and the birds so captured are, in the fall, sold to amateur poultry fanciers in the Capital and elsewhere at a good price. Those domesticated wild geese, may, at any time, be seen in dozens of poultry yards about St. Johns, and they breed in their captivity, both *inter se* and with the common domestic goose, producing a hybrid bird much esteemed for the table.

The fishermen also sometimes manage by means of rafts to get at the nests of the birds, and bring out and hatch the eggs under the common goose. The writer has himself seen an instance of this.

If further proof were necessary in support of this correction, I may state that while the Game Act of Newfoundland establishes a close time under heavy penalties for infraction, in respect to all other game birds, wild geese and the eggs of wild geese are specially excepted from the operation of the law, so as not to interfere with the small source of emolument the fishermen and poor settlers may derive therefrom. It is thought also that as those birds breed in such generally inaccessible places, no extensive injury will thus result to them; still the wisdom of molesting any animal valuable to man in its season of procreation is very questionable.

Toward the end of September large flocks of geese are seen on the "barrens," which they frequent for the purpose, preparatory to migration, of feeding up on the partridge berries and marsh berries which, in some localities and seasons, are very abundant. These so-called "barrens" are extensive strips of high barren land, interspersed with vast peat marshes, generally undulating, with clumps of stunted fir trees here and there, but on the slopes of the hollows or war courses. At this time the birds are very wary, and there is little chance of a near approach to them.

While grouse shooting on one occasion upon a "barren" in St. Mary's Bay, about seventy miles from St. Johns, my setter dog, a thoroughly staunch and reliable one, stood firm at the leeward end of a long stretch of gently ascending dry ground. It was the very spot for grouse, so dismounting from the pony I rode, and leading the bridle to my attendant, I said: "In pretty sure of a shot here." After advancing a bit with the dog still setting, every moment expecting a covey to rise in front of me, I happened to cast my eyes a little further on, and there, at about one hundred yards off, were nine geese standing erect watching our proceedings. At the same instant that I saw them they took flight. Those were the dog stuck to, though they were the first he had ever seen or scented. I had no chance of firing at them as they were out of shot, and even had they not been, I was only charged with No. 5.

Along the shores of many of our larger bays are natural inlets or creeks, barred by beaches along the coast line, having an opening or gulf, through which the outer waters ebb and flow. These minor stretches of water are generally called "barrens," and frequently barriways, from the French term, *barrachois*. They sometimes contain islets or peninsulas, upon which grows goose grass, a favorite food of the birds. At the periods when flocks of geese are expected to frequent those haunts, the fishermen of the neighborhood sometimes erect a kind of blind, or as they call it, "gaze," within shadow of those spots where geese are in the habit of landing.

The "gaze" is rough, close framework of fir trees and boughs, having room inside for a couple of men to lie and watch for the birds and to fire from when the proper opportunity arrives, and often considerable execution is thus done among them. The "gaze" must be constructed before the time when the birds are expected, so that they may see it when they come, for so cunning is their instinct that if built after they have arrived at a pond they regard it as a suspicious innovation, whose neighborhood it is best for them to shun.

I have not thought it necessary to go into a description of the *Bernicle canadensis*, as it is well known to all who take an interest in sporting matters.

TERRA NOVA.

NEW JERSEY ARCHERY.—The second annual N. J. State archery meeting took place Wednesday at Waverly. The attendance was good and the scores, notwithstanding the very high wind, were an improvement on the scores of the previous meeting. In the morning were shot the champion matches. Mrs. Gibbs, of the "Newark Toxophilites," carried off the champion's gold medal; Miss Brandegee, of the same club, second, winning a silver medal, and Mrs. Holberton, of the Orlean Archers, third, a yaw bow.

In the Gentlemen's Champion Match, W. Holberton, President of the Orlean Archers of Hackensack, won the State Champion Gold Medal, and Mr. C. de R. Moore, of the same club, won the gold medal for highest score. Mr. Frazer, of the N. Y. Club, won the first prize, a yaw bow, in the long range match.

The Team Match in the afternoon was very interesting and closely contested—48 arrows at 60 yards. The Orlean team won by two points only, the Brooklyn team coming in second, and the N. Y. Club team third. The Newark Toxophilites was the only club to send a ladies' team and, having only scratch teams to compete with, won an easy first.—ALBION.

The third annual tournament of the Eastern Archery Association will be held in Boston on the Base Ball Grounds, October 12, 13 and 14. Those desirous of participating are requested to send their names as early as possible to George D. Underwood, City Hall, Boston, Mass.

EXPORTS OF WILD ANIMALS.—Messrs. Chas. Rolche & Bro., of this city, made quite a large shipment of small American animals to Bremen, Germany, on Saturday last. Among them were a South American ocelot, Rocky Mountain wild cats, prairie wolves and dogs, a large raccoon, Mexican pigeons, etc. On the same day they received from the African hunting grounds a giraffe, several swans and a quantity of fancy birds.

Natural History.

HABITS OF PET SNAKES.

New York, Sept. 23.

HAVING seen in your publication several very interesting accounts of snakes' doings, I will tell you something of a few that I have had.

I have now a small garter snake that I captured while it was crossing a lake, at least sixty yards from one shore and about thirty yards from the shore from which it was swimming; so he must have undertaken a swim of about ninety yards. I once saw one cross a small brook, but never knew them to take such long swims. I saw an account of a Foxer straight up, instead of the usual spiral motion. I also saw, not long ago, the snake that I now have climb a varnished walking-stick in that manner. The stick stood in a corner of the room at an angle of eighty-five degrees. The snake, by the by, is only eleven inches in length. He curved himself so that parts of his body were on each side of the cane, reaching three-quarters of the distance around it and covering about five inches of the length of it. He then pressed the lower third of his body firmly against the sides of the cane and stretched upward the other two-thirds as far as possible. Then holding fast in the manner just described, by the upper third pulled up the remainder, and so on to the top. On finding that he could go no farther in that direction, he crawled back over himself slowly and carefully until he was straightened out head downward and then slid down, pressing his body against the sides of the stick to serve as a brake.

I had five snakes at one time. I used to keep them in a large box with a wire gauze cover. Out of the five only one ever succeeded in getting away from me. This one only ate once, and then enough to have satisfied a whole family of snakes. My younger brother once brought in six toads of medium size and a half-grown frog. We put them all in the box. I had often put toads in before, with no results, and there was a mouse in there at the time. Suddenly the large garter grabbed a toad by the hind foot and began operations immediately. He swallowed the leg, and when he came to the body the other hind leg was pressed upward toward the head and close to the side. It was then drawn slowly down. It took him at least five minutes to get the second hind leg in position after he had swallowed the first, as toads were extremely lively and seemed to object strongly to being swallowed. The snake's blood was up now and hardly two minutes passed before he had caught another, and inside of an hour he caught and swallowed all six of those ill-fated toads. He did not touch the frog, though it passed before him frequently. One thing I noticed particularly, he made no attempt to chase or follow a toad, but the moment one would hop within his reach he would seize it as quick as a flash and after he once got a grip on it he was not letting go. This snake was twenty-six inches in length and seemed to be an old veteran. He was rusty in color, even after he had shed his skin, and had a good many scars on his body.

Can any one tell how to ascertain a snake's age? How long does a snake live? B. F. JOHNSON.

ECHOES OF SOME OLD DISCUSSIONS.

LEFT-EYED SHOOTING—EDIBLE WOODCHUCKS—DEER FEEDING BY THE MOON—MOONLIGHT AND FISH.

FROM time to time topics have been touched upon in your paper, to which my attention has been called, and questions discussed upon which I have myself heard evidence. I have delayed contributing to the discussions until now the list includes quite a number, and I will unburden myself upon some of them.

1. First, I will take the last question. In a recent number you were asked if a person could not be "left-eyed," and the answer was mentioned that when a circle, formed by the thumb and finger was brought in line with an object, both eyes being open, it remained in line when the left eye was closed, but, upon closing the right eye and opening the left, the fingers appeared to the right of the object. Several weeks ago some newspaper (I have forgotten what one) mentioned this fact, and accounted for it by saying that it proved that distance was judged by both eyes, and direction by only one. This seemed plausible to me, until I found by experiment that, in shooting a pistol, I could sight with either right or left eye, or with both open, with the same results. So I am at a loss to know what bearing this fact may have, if any. However, your answer, that a man who cannot shoot with the right eye probably could not shoot with the left either, is wrong. My brother, though a right-handed man, shoots from the left shoulder, and sights with the left eye (closing the right), because the right one is a little dim, owing to an accident to it in youth. The clerk of the County Court of this place, also, has lately commenced shooting from the left shoulder, sighting with the left eye, because he could not shoot satisfactorily in the ordinary way, and he finds his new method just suits him. So there are two cases existing of "left-eyed" persons, and it is reasonable to suppose there may be more.

2. A recent number also spoke of woodchuck-eating, as being a new thing. I well remember that the first "game" (if so it be), I ever ate was a woodchuck, which our farm dog in New Hampshire dug out, and, with the help of us boys, killed. Recollection tells me that it was good, and I thought at the time it was the sweetest morsel I had ever tasted, and straightway the spirit of Esau took possession of me, and I have been killing and eating the beasts of the woods and the birds of the air ever since, when opportunity offered, woodchuck among the rest.

3. Whether deer feed by the moon is a question that may be considered laid at rest; still, the testimony I will present is different from the bulk of that you have published; and I submit to you that if it can be established that certain deer have been observed, and seen to do it, it will be of more weight than the opinions of those who simply can say they have never seen such a thing, and so don't believe it. All the hunters on the Florida Keys, and on the mainland of Florida, with whom I have talked, are firm in their belief that deer come out to feed at "moon-rise," "moon-set" and "moon-shine," below and above, and they are firm enough in their belief to hunt according to it—and they kill deer, too.

But to come to more conclusive evidence. Jo. Biya, or Viva, living at the mouth of the Caloosahatchee, told me that he had noted this habit among deer for years, and that a fawn which he had caught and raised in his yard, invariably got up in the night and fed according to the times of the

moon as mentioned. This he had noticed himself. Also Mr. John Pent, of this place, has now a fawn which was caught some months since, when so small that a boy ran it down. He keeps it in his yard, and he tells me that it comes out from its pen and feeds "by the moon," that is at its rising, setting and meridian height, "above and below."

Have any persons who dispute this ever watched deer to see how they act? Perhaps it is a Florida habit only!

4. Some people do not believe that the moon shining on fish spoils it. We have a large population of fishermen here; and all to whom I have ever spoken about it say the moonlight does spoil fish exposed to it; makes it soft, taints it, and unfits it for eating to, such an extent that it will make one sick, the same as bad meat or fruit will do. I suppose I could furnish innumerable affidavits to this, and if any one is curious on the subject I will refer them to my informants.

Key West, Fla., Sept. 1881.

[Our original remarks to "Ivadius" about his eyes must be taken with the limitations supplied by his letter. Of course, if a man be near-sighted in one eye he can see better, and so shoot better, by using the other eye. So, too, if the right eye be a glass eye, and there are such cases, a man may shoot from the left shoulder. Again, we know a man who shoots from the left shoulder because he cannot acquit with his left eye.]

The effect of moonlight on fish has been argued at length and has amounted to nothing—assertions on one side and denials on the other. If an entirely disinterested person would experiment with fish of the same weight, kept side by side and subjected to exactly the same influences, with the exception that one was exposed to the rays of the moon, while the other was protected from them, then the case could be proved one way or the other. The experimenter should be perfectly indifferent which theory was sustained, in order to try the question fairly. We have no opinion to express.]

"VIS MEDICATRIX NATURÆ."

THAT "Dame Nature" is abundantly able to care for her lowliest creatures when they are the subjects of injury, is strikingly proven by the specimen which I hand you herewith, and which will, I doubt not, possess an interest for many who call at your rooms.

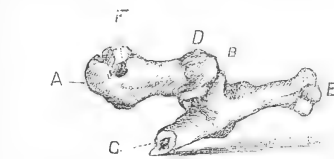
Every sportsman experiences a feeling of sadness when he is unable to recover a wounded bird—not so much from the fact that it will not swell the bag, as because he knows the poor creature must suffer for hours, or it may be, days, before death kindly comes to its release. It is cheering, therefore, to know by actual demonstration, that nature, not unfrequently, heals the wounds we make, and restores her crippled children to complete health.

On a beautiful November afternoon, two years ago, I strayed out into the woods with my dog and gun, and after a pleasant ramble of an hour or two, during which I had been only fairly successful, I was turning my steps homeward, when I saw that my dog was "making game" very decidedly, and from his action I surmised that he was trailing a partridge. Suddenly, to my left, up through a thicket of underbrush, with a royal old rush and whirr-r-r, jumped the bird—a large and strong one.

I gave him a barrel as he plunged into the tree tops, but away he went without so much as dropping a feather; and taking his line of flight as best I could, we pursued, the dog kept well in. After tramping some time we again struck his track. This time I was looking out for him, and when he flushed with a strong bound, a well directed shot brought him to bay.

This bird, whose rapid motions put my marksmanship to the test, had at some time or other had the misfortune to get its wing broken, most probably by a shot at the hands of some gunner—but which had been so thoroughly mended as to enable him to fly as swiftly and steadily as before the accident befell it.

The fracture had occurred in the bird's right humerus—the bone which joins with the body—about an inch from its upper articular surface, at the junction of the upper with the middle third of the shaft of the bone. The fractured ends of the bone had slipped past each other, shortening the wing



A, proximal end of humerus, or upper arm bone of the wing of the bird; B, distal end, which articulates with the radius and ulna; C, fractured ends of humerus, which have slipped by one another and are now overlapping; D, callus, or bony substance, thrown out from shaft and now firmly binding the two positions together.

A full half inch. But nature had poured out the provisional callus so abundantly from the attached fragment as to firmly and completely unite it with its fellow, restoring to the bird a most useful wing, so useful, in fact, that he whirled away from my first shot like a bumblebee; with only a slight peeping and I had to flush him a second time before bringing him to bay.

The deformity was not discovered until the bird was picked, when my attention was called to it, and I at once decided to prepare and preserve the bone. I send it to you at the suggestion of some of my sportsmen friends.

The specimen is a very perfect and beautiful one, and as I before said it shows how kindly nature cares for her creatures, and how successfully she accomplishes her purposes.

Lagrangeville, N. Y., Sept. 17. GEO. HUNTINGTON, M. D.

[The specimen is certainly a curious one, and so interesting that we have thought it worthy of an illustration. The bone is now at this office, and will be pleased to exhibit it to our friends. Mr. John G. Bell, the taxidermist of this city, has in the course of his long experience come across several instances of this healing power of Mother Nature. Among other specimens was that of a woodcock, in one of the bones of which were found, embedded in the callus, some intact feathers, showing that the bird had been previously wounded and the wound had healed. How quiet the bird must be while the wonderful process is going on!]

THE MOCKING BIRD'S SONG.

DETROIT, MICH., Sept. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent number of your excellent journal appeared an article by Albert West, quoted from the *Advance*, in which he takes the ground that the mocking bird is not an imitative bird, but inherits the talent of singing all his varied notes. It seems that he draws conclusions from his observation of one bird taken from the nest at an early day and kept entirely away from other birds.

He states that the bird developed notes similar to the blue bird, etc. Had he compared the melodies of the other varieties mentioned he would have seen that there was a similarity only; while he would have heard a perfect imitation, if the mocker had heard the notes of other birds.

It is a fact that the mocking birds have a great variety of notes in their song; but that they are not imitative, I will attempt to disprove. Our conclusions are drawn from a number of years' observation, not only of this variety, but a number of other wild varieties, as the robin, catbird, thrush, etc. We have studied carefully their habits and peculiarities both in the woods and in the cage. The canary has come in for a large share of attention. This little warbler can be taught to whistle anything within the range of his delicate throat. I have known them to learn the ticking and striking of a clock, a tune from a hand organ, and one learned the tune of "Yankee Doodle" whistled by its mistress. It seems almost impossible for them to do otherwise than to imitate the sounds that they hear repeated for a number of weeks.

The mocking bird will do the same, only they learn in a shorter time, and include a greater variety in their programme. We have one in mind now, not a half dozen clicks away, that has been kept near a yard where fowls are confined, and it has learned the crowing of the cock and the cackle of the hens to perfection. Another one that came under our observation would imitate the filing of a saw. He was owned next door to a man who made it his business to file saws. We have in mind another which hung near an old-fashioned clock. In a short time he acquired the faculty of ticking and striking with perfect regularity. A lady friend of the writer left her mocker in his care for a time, and in about five days he would imitate the song of the rose-breasted grosbeak. I also taught him some peculiar strains by dwelling on the same notes for a number of days.

We think this is sufficient to convince the most skeptical that they are a mocking bird in the true sense of the word. If left to themselves they will no doubt develop a very fine song, but unless they hear other birds they will not show near the sweetness and variety that they would to hear different varieties for sufficient time to acquire a perfect imitation.

HOR.

IS THE TURTLE FISH OR GAME?

WARRENTON, VA., Oct. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing an account of the turtle found near this place, and reading the remarks, reminds me of a circumstance that happened in the Virginia Legislature that sat in Richmond three winters ago. It seems that there were two separate committees, called respectively the "Committee on Chesapeake and its Tributaries," which had the sole jurisdiction over fish, and the "Committee on Game," which attended to the protection of the birds, or rather the feather and the fur of the commonwealth.

Now, these two committees were very jealous of each other's functions, and watched one another like hawks. At last a circumstance occurred which made the smothered fire break out into an angry flame, and open hostility was the result.

It appears that the chairmen of the game committee brought in a bill for the better protection of "terrapins." The chairman of the fish committee indignantly denied the right of the other to claim jurisdiction over the turtle, because he said it was a fish. The game committee claimed the terrapin as game, and appealed to the House, and all that night the General Assembly of Virginia were debating that knotty question—Is the turtle a fish? They haven't decided it to this day. Cannot some readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* cut that Gordian knot of conundrums? Cannot the famous "Pot Luck Club" throw light on this subject, which adds to the brains and stumps the judgment of the wisest of the old Dominion statesmen? Brother sportsmen, I rise for information. Is the turtle fish or game?

[Let the Pot Luck Club speak.]

CHASSEUR.

SKUNK VS. WOODCHUCK.

IN your issue of the 8th inst. the paragraph relative to the edible qualities of the woodchuck brings to mind an incident that goes to show that even the skunk is considered quite a delicacy by some people.

In the autumn of 1873 I accompanied a surveying expedition to the northwestern frontier of this State. We had employed in the party about twenty Mexicans. On going into camp one evening on the San Gabriel the Mexicans discovered some skunks making their way into a hollow log, and the men immediately set out to capture the varmints.

Having located the animals, they proceeded to cut into the hollow of the log a hole of sufficient size, when one of the men thrust his hand in and drew out one of the skunks, holding it by the tail close to the roots, taking the precaution to catch it also by the back of the neck. Held in this position, and at arm's length, it was killed by a blow on the head. The other was served in the same manner and, strange to say, none of the fellow countrymen to the animal could be detected. The Mexicans told me that he bit it by the root of the tail rendered it powerless to discharge any of its offensive fluid.

Both animals being dispatched, a roaring fire of brushwood was built and they were thrown in the flame and allowed to remain for the space of thirty seconds. On being taken out they were scraped, the hair slipping off easily. Next the gland containing the defensive fluid was carefully and skillfully removed, the animals were dressed and placed upon a spit and roasted before the fire. The skunk being pronounced cooked, I was invited to partake of the feast, but very respectfully declined. The Mexicans, however, seemed to enjoy the feast immensely and pronounced the flesh not inferior to that of "possum."

Fort Clark, Texas, Sept. 19.

did not see. The left barrel invited the old gobbler down also, making four in the double shot. I could scarcely lift, much less carry them.

The next and last turkey shot I will relate. It was in the meadows in September, 1880, in a field adjoining the cornfield mentioned above. The turkeys were in a meadow feeding on crasshoppers. I went round the field in the time of sight, creeping up to the fence, where they were, some forty yards away, struggling. I waited, thinking two might get together, when I would try them with my right and left as they flew to the timber. Watching and waiting, at last a grasshopper started flying (butterfly grasshopper) from the turkey in the middle of three, when all three joined in chase to snap up the dainty bit. As the grasshopper grounded, the three heads arched together to grab him, but my right barrel sent a dose of number six among them killing them all three, and as a fine young gobbler rose the left barrel brought him down. Ditto the last double shot—three turkeys with the right, one with the left (four)—viz., eight turkeys in the two double shots. The last four were young and very tender, three-parts grown—weighing from ten to twelve pounds each.

Near the Mineral Mountain lead mines, in Crawford county, was a corn field some ten acres. As I had miners at work prospecting I generally rode my horse Dick every morning to the stable and always carried my gun with me. I generally passed this corn field about 9 A. M., and had frequently shot the squirrels coming from the corn and in a large elm tree. One morning I was there at day-break and seeing several scampering from the field with large ears of corn in their mouths, I shot one. In a minute they were scampering from all parts of the field in this one lonely elm. I dismounted and shot and loaded as fast as I could. The tree was full of large fox squirrels, and the only hole half way up was a hole full of corn ears and squirrels, until not another could get in, but, like the ostrich, could get their heads out of sight, with their bodies a target for No. 6. I blazed away, dropping them at every shot. When the last was shot from outside the hole, I found them in various parts of the elm, hanging along the large limbs. I picked off all I could find, killing twenty with only walking round and round this tree—all large fox squirrels.

My own experience with squirrels I have often thought of. Passing through the timber near the above locality I saw a fox squirrel running as hard as he could. I followed him and pressed him so hard that he could not reach the tree where his hole was, and had to take another—which I was sure he must have gone up. Still I took a d round here and there. At last I saw something in a fork, which crossed the fork of the two points of the tree high up, and above this crossing perched up two little pointed something, very like squirrel's ears. I concluded that was my fox squirrel, with the corn cob in his mouth, crawling from the point in the fork just above the cut; these two little points must be the ears, so I let drive. I knocked the corn glutens yards from the tree (down hill) and the squirrel's tail half the distance, with his throat cut with shot.

In the fall of 1856 I spent three months on the Gunpowder River, near Baltimore, having a fine cove on the Harewood farm, where the river's water was still, and a dock-house with two or three hundred decoys. I shot from October until the first ice on the river over, which was not until I had succeeded in killing ten weeks' fine shooting over decoys for blinds. My account of ducks killed amounted to 1,472 head, including canvas backs, red heads, bald pat, pin tails, etc. Here I had a lot of long shot, bringing the immense field of ducks, all canvas backs and red heads, to stare at a red head, which I shot at the end of a pole from my blind, moving backward and forward; had heard of this tolling but could scarcely believe it until I tried it. Only fancy 1,000 fine canvas backs, as thick on the water, apparently, as I could see, swimming up with arched necks like a snake, and when thirty-five or forty yards I let go my first barrel, expecting to see the water black with the dead and fluttering ones, instead of which I overshot them, through a small piece of cedar brush being near the sight of my gun I afterward observed; the second barrel stopped two more ninety or a hundred yards out. Two or three weeks after I made up, again getting the fellows to look at the red flag with so much curiosity, there was this time 200 to 300, I presume, in a bunch. My right and left counted eleven and two, thirteen canvas backs. I could not get them to toll after their curiosity must have been fully gratified. WILLIAM KING.

ANOTHER ANCIENT GUN.

AMHERST, N. H., Sept. 20.

AS stories of ancient fire-arms seems to be in order, I shall have to tell mine. I have now standing in my shop an old gun that prompts many envious remarks from my sporting brethren. I will give you a description of it and do better by your readers than "Ringwood" or "Abern."

The gun has been in the possession of the Prince family, and was brought over by one of their ancestors from England fully two hundred years ago. The barrel measures six feet in length and is an inch and three quarters in diameter at breech, and a ten-gauge shell will just enter the muzzle. The whole length of the gun is seven feet; four inches; its weight seventeen pounds.

I remember the old gun when it had its old-fashioned hook-back hammer, flint lock; but about thirty years ago its former owner, "Old Uncle Jimmy" Prince had the lock changed to percussion. It has been fired but a few times since the lock was changed. The traditional mule's kick is a love pat compared with the way it will kick. No one cares to fire it a second time.

A story is put in a short time after the old man had it fixed to go to the grow on a tree about forty rods from the house, so he got the old gun and loaded it about right for the distance, as he judged; went up stairs and knelt on the floor and fired from the chamber window. As it happened, there was a chimney about eight feet back that stopped him. The old man came down stairs rubbing himself and remarked, "The old gun'll kill both ends." He killed the crow.

H. H. P.

BAT SHIP SHOOTING—Gold Ground, Long Island, Shinnecock Bay.—We are having the best bat ship shooting of the season. The young fall birds are coming on and are making good shooting. We have also the best feed for ducks we have had in years. There has been for two years a scarcity of feed for the geese, but this year the feed has come in more plentiful than I ever saw before, and we expect plenty of ducks this fall.—WM. N. LANE.

"LEFT-EYED SHOOTING."

BOSTON, October 3, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As "Icced" was so kindly considerate of your feelings in his article on "Left-eyed Shooting," I will endeavor to be the same of his; nevertheless, I enjoyed a hearty laugh when I read his opinion, and now hope I shall be able to convince him of his error.

It is evident that in looking at any object, a figure in the wall-paper for example, there must be two visual rays, one proceeding from each eye, which are focused upon the article so that they form a sort of V. Now, suppose a finger to be held up a short distance directly in front of the nose, it is evident in this case the two visual rays shorter and shorter, and the sides, if projected, would strike one on each side of the figure on the wall; or, in other words, the person would be "both eyed," as the view of the object with either eye would not be obstructed by the finger.

But suppose instead of holding his finger directly in front of his nose, or in other words between his eyes, a person holds it a little at the right; now with both eyes open he can still see the figure on the wall, but he does not see it with both eyes, as the finger is between it and his right eye which would make him, according to "Icced," "left-eyed" in the same manner, if his finger should be held a little at the left he would become "right-eyed," with which eye he can see the figure when the other is closed, depending solely upon the position of the finger.

As for a "left-eyed" man not being able to shoot from his right shoulder, with both eyes open, that is something new to me. Shooting at a bird flying I never aim at the barrel; if I should do that I should lose him; I somehow look at him with both eyes, point the gun where I think he is and pull; I don't have time to bring him in line with the gun.

If "Icced" is not convinced by this, I hope he will give us the benefit of some more arguments and experience to strengthen his position.

PENTAGON.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Oct. 1, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of 29th ult., a correspondent, "Teecel," writes of "Left-eyed Shooting," promulgating a theory and explaining a simple method for testing the same. I have many times, and long, tested "Teecel's" "left-eyed" method and arrived practically at the same results. I did not dream of claiming originally either for theory or method, as the theory is, I understand, generally admitted by oculists, and the method (or a very similar one) constantly employed by them in their examinations. I am led to believe that I am, for one, decidedly "left-eyed." I am, forced also to the conclusion that a decided change has taken place in this respect within a few years. It has resulted in bad shooting—shooting unaccountable on any theory of "want of practice," or "lack of nerve"—and I have met with measurable success in correcting the difficulty by learning to shoot with "both eyes." As I am not left-handed I am prevented from using my left eye alone, by the lack of proper muscular facility in bringing the gun to the left shoulder readily and quickly; but by using both eyes I arrive at a tolerably satisfactory result.

In conversation the other day with a gentleman recently returned from England, who is a well-known and enthusiastic lover of sports, some allusion was made to the hammerless guns, and he mentioned the fact that they were decidedly the best guns for persons who used both eyes in shooting. Though I do not think he said so in so many words, he certainly gave me the impression that this method of shooting with "both eyes" was the prevailing one with the best English sportsmen whom he had met. I am quite of opinion that "crooked eyes" are almost as common as "crooked whisky," though I am not prepared to say that they fairly account for anything like as much bad shooting.

THE MAJON.

[How about cross-eyed shooters? We have known two such, and they were both bad marksmen. Was this because they were cross-eyed.]

RUST SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

MAON, Mo., Sept. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The "vexed question" spoken of by "F. S." in *FOREST AND STREAM*, of September 22, is fully answered in your editorial note at bottom of article, "the cleaning has not been thorough." I have owned several guns and have had a great deal of experience in cleaning them, and have been troubled with rust spots, but not of late years. A gun properly cleaned will not rust nor speak inside; and it is no killing task to clean a gun properly, if done at the end of each day's shooting, as it always should be. The finest gun ever made would soon be covered with rust spots on the inside if left overnight without cleaning a few times. Let your correspondent try this way of cleaning, and report. It answers the purpose as well as any way I have ever tried; and can be done without any great amount of labor, and does not require over five minutes of time.

Take the gun apart; that is, take off the front stock and barrels and action apart, push the extractor back to its proper place, attach bristle-brush to cleaning rod; dampen the brush in a pan of water, and draw it backward and forward through each barrel several times, which will take out all the burnt powder. Remove bristle-brush; wipe out the barrels with a dry cloth to remove dampness; then run an oiled rag through each barrel several times. Now attach a three-rod wire-brush to the cleaning rod, one that will fit the barrels tightly. Push the same through the barrels up to the choke (if a choke-barrel) several times, which will remove all the lead that may have adhered to the inside during the day's shooting. Clean out the muzzle with a muzzle brush. Oil thoroughly inside with best refined sperm oil. Run off outside of barrels and stock with a rag slightly saturated with boiled lard oil—and the job is done.

If you have got a dry water into the action during the day's shooting you had better take the stock and action apart, and thoroughly dry and oil the action, and lay the stock near the stove to dry, but not near enough to burn.

Any one who will try the above will find that rust spots are not such an annoyance as they are thought to be.

L. O. DEB RUFFIAN.

Sedalia, Mo.—Editor Forest and Stream: It is said that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and on this account I am inclined to hope that many of your correspondents escape the editorial frown when asking hard questions

or when writing such long dry articles with the thermometer 105 deg. in the shade. Out West, in the basin of the Missouri, such news is all a foren tongue, as nine-tenths of the people have never seen a yacht, or rolling system, or pump, or any other of the many sources of the spirit to sportsmen of Eastern cities. Notwithstanding all this, you have some subscribers here who derive a great deal of comfort from the weekly visits of *FOREST AND STREAM*. We don't fish here simply because we have not any waters to fish in; but when you talk about dogs and gun we feel at home. Some correspondent, in last week's issue, asks about rust in guns. Every one handling guns will at once recognize this "menace," and some will have a remedy. I do not wish to speak disparagingly of the various articles advertised as rust preventives, for I do not believe that the fault is in them altogether. Gun barrels not only become fouled with the residuum of powder, but by new products set free by combustion. For instance, a gun carelessly wiped and then oiled is sure to rust, which would not be the case if no oil was used. The sulphurous acid set free by the powder explosion contains two parts of oxygen, but, in this state, innocuous, unless combined with something that will entirely change its force. When gun barrels become hot, or even warm, from rapid firing, the lead will adhere in small particles, which the metal fire line does not make any difference whether you have hard or soft shot, or even tinned shot. In cleaning the gun, if all the fine particles of lead are not removed when you oil and put the gun away, you will start a chemical action that will result in the formation of oleic acid, which will rust like drops of vinegar. Now, to prevent this, you must use lard oil water to clean the gun barrels with in which has been dissolved a small amount of clean Castile soap; then thoroughly dry and oil, while hot, with pure coal oil, and never use any other grease about your gun except for the purpose of a lubricator.

OCCIDENT.

Cleveland, O.—Editor Forest and Stream:—I see some of your correspondents are complaining of rust spots in their guns. I can tell them how to prevent them; but once there they come to stay. I used to have much trouble in keeping spots out of gun barrels, and finally hit upon the following as a sure preventive. Make a wooden rack, taking three pieces of 3 or 3 in. thick board, 6 or 8 in. wide, and long enough to hold all the barrels you have. Cut holes in two of the pieces large enough to let the breech end of the barrels pass easily through; then take four strips, say 3 ft. long, of 2x1 in. st. fl., and make an upright rack by putting the piece of board without holes at bottom, say 2 in. from bottom. At 4 in. above this, put one of the other pieces with holes, and 30 inches above put the third piece. Now set a tin pan made 2 1/2 deep, 4 or 5 in. wide, and just long enough to slip on to the lower shelf. Procure some good dry corks to fit the chambers (shell end of barrels), and set the barrels cork end down in the rack, the barrels resting inside the pan. Now fill up the barrels with refined sperm or porpoise oil, and they may remain as long as you choose, and be absolutely safe from rust or spots. When wanted for use have your oil can and funnel ready and turn the oil back into your can for future use. You can use the same oil for any length of time, be sure and oil the corks the first time they are used.

By fairly cleaning a gun before putting away in this manner, you can never rust, and it is really a fine thing for use by simply turning out the oil, removing the corks and wiping out the oil remaining in the barrels. A liberal dose on the outside will keep that rust out, too.

I made a rack on same principle as above, but somewhat more expensive and still better, as follows: I had some round tin tubes made, 2 inches longer than my barrels, and set them up in a rack similar to the other, then put my barrels in the tubes muzzled down, with no corks, but with a sir nig cord from the breech hanging out-side of tube, by which to lift the barrels out of the tubes. When barrels are in place, fill up the tubes with oil one inch over the barrels, and you have them safe for any length of time. This takes more oil and more money; but much less time, as you leave the oil in the tubes all the time. By removing the barrels with the cord, and after letting run off what oil will at once do so in the tube, and then setting the barrels upright in a tin pan to drain, while one is busy getting other traps ready very little time need be wasted.

CANVAS BACK.

Goshen, O.—Editor Forest and Stream: Your Boston correspondent, "F. S." can have the "fearful mystery" explained and the remedy provided to prevent "gun measles" hereafter. I also, have had three breech-loaders, two of which contracted the disease by loosing; the third, having failed to desert its master, retains the beautiful polish without spot or blemish, although having suffered hard usage and exposure in all kinds of weather since February, 1876. I would state also that it is never looked after out of gunning season.

The cause of erosion is an element left by the burnt powder, all qualities, that rust preventive, coal oil, "yellow grease" and patent cleaners cannot entirely remove. Simply wash or swab the barrels with hot water until clean; wipe dry and, if possible, absorb all moisture by a gentle heat. Apply Eaton's Rust Preventive inside and out, place incense and stow away in a dry place and the following season finds it all right. Use no oil until the water has been applied. If hot water cannot be had cold will answer and will find cleaning. I have no "axe to grind" in advertising either rust preventive or water, but simply desire to favor my sportsman friends not having discovered the remedy.

AQCA.

Bellville, Ill., Sept. 26.—Editor Forest and Stream: "F. S." does not say what kind of oil he used to oil the inside of his gun barrels with; perhaps he used coal oil. I have very often seen it recommended as being good to remove rust. If he did use it, and especially if he put his gun away after applying it, he will have just such spots as he speaks of. Why it produces them I cannot tell. I have no doubt but it is good to apply to the outside of the machinery to remove grime, but it never should be applied to gun barrels, nor to any other part of a gun. I think pure sperm oil is very good to use in the barrels; then dry them with pure whiting or finely pulverized chalk by running the rod through the barrels with a soft cotton rag for a swab.—C. H. A.

GRANITEVILLE, S. C.—Editor Forest and Stream:—Your correspondent, "F. S." can keep his gun free from rust spots and specks, the result of rust caused by the small amount of perspiration from the hand that lets the gun rest on the trigger through the barrels at the conclusion of cleaning. The last rag should be perfectly dry from all saline matter; the salt in

ment of civic expenditure. Happily, literature is independent of localities, whatever the memories of coterie dinners may be. The site of Isaac Walton's home derives its interest chiefly from the curious contrast it presents to the spirit of the writings by which his name is perpetuated. Fleet street was as tumultuous when Walton moved thither from Cornhill 257 years ago as it is now. His was his busiest corner, his little that his was not its least busy shop. Yet there, doubtless, he meditated his prose, as he did his poetry, as calmly as when he stood ankle-deep in meadow grass on the bank of the quiet Lea. Though he had retired from business ten years before his classical work appeared, a volume like that was no effort of a season; it was the fruit of a lifetime of patient self-communings and luminous reveries. From his draper's or milliner's counter he had set off one May after another "Up Totham hill" to sup at Bleak hall on trout, as good as they were great, of his own catching. Back to Fleet street at the end of one May after another had he returned when his holiday was over, to put in order the thoughts his sport had suggested on the current and eddies of human existence and to concoct new retorts to those "scuffers," men of sour complexion, money-getting men, poor-rich men, that are condemn'd to be rich, and always discontented, or busie," who mocked at a love of angling as a proof of folly. The charm of the book comes from within more than from without. It mattered little to its writer, it mattered little to its readers, whether he was sitting down under this honey-suckle hedge, by the rare or Walbatham, or encircled by the roar of London. An exquisite, a subtle, a distinct from vanity, a fence round an oasis of innocent pleasure and happy cares for himself and readers to have their pastimes and work in. He bids them in his preface "take notice that in writing he has made a recreation of a recreation." He desires to be perused by none who are not willing to share his company in all his quaint turns of fancy, from joining in a madrigal to learning how most artistically to slit a black snail for bait. Contemporaries and posterity alike have been ready to dance to his low but sweet-tuned pipe. Though not by the many the exiles of the school of English humanists, he is the first who has kept his place in popular esteem.

"When Fleet street is widened it will be as possible as it is now to be at home with Isaac Walton, though his house be leveled with the ground. An emotion of regret is felt whenever a local landmark of a gracious intelligence is effaced. But the use and beauty of a vast and tolling tower cannot be sacrificed to a memory of which the true shrine is the library. The fault of Londoners has too often been that they have sometimes sacrificed permanent use and beauty to the sake of the school of English humanists, the antique architecture have been demolished which would have furnished the perennial source of a delight many could not buy. Vacant ground has been heaped with buildings which would have been inestimable as breathing space for increasing millions. Only at last does a sense begin to have arisen that London is a whole, and that what it may be convenient for one part to subvert it may be for the advantage of the rest to retain.

FISHERIES, BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ALTHOUGH it is some time since the International Fishery Exhibition was held at Berlin, it may be doubted whether the public in this country have read any such clear account of it as is contained in the report recently presented to the Home Department. This report contains a memorandum by Mr. Walpole of a special visit paid by him to the exhibition on behalf of the New South Wales Government, and sets forth in a concise form many of the peculiarities which distinguish the art of fishing as practiced in different parts of the world. It suggests, therefore, as may readily be supposed, several points in which our own fishermen might well take a hint; and on this ground it possesses a special interest to the majority of our readers.

Mr. Walpole expresses some surprise that the devices used for catching fish should be so nearly the same among all races, however widely separated from one another. But there is, perhaps, no great reason for astonishment in this, when it is remembered how few and how obvious are the devices in question. If we except the use of firearms and dynamite for purposes of destroying fish, we shall not find that there are more than about four methods of taking them from their native element. The net, the hook and line, and the trap are the modes best known on our own coasts; and to these must be added the practice of training fish to the chase, which is still in vogue in China and some other countries. In the first of these different kinds of fishing—in the use of nets—it would seem that we still hold our own. The specimens of English nets sent to the Berlin Exhibition are pronounced by Mr. Walpole to have been equal at least to those of any other exhibitors, if not superior. Still more practical testimony is to be found in the fact that the Dutch, whose herring-fisheries formed "a magnificent collection" at Berlin, rarely make their nets at home, but almost always import them from Scotland. The only country which seems to compete with us at all on equal terms is, curiously enough, Germany—the country which in other respects is almost behindhand in fishing. At Itzehoe some admirable nets are made; and the manufacturers there say they can undersell the Scotch makers. The net which must be considered as most efficacious at the present time is the trawl, which is used by some 1,000 boats in England, and finds employment for some 400 men and a hundred capital of about a million and a half sterling. The trawl makes a clean sweep of all sorts of fish, the immature and the mature; and only on the assumption that the supply is inexhaustible can its use be justified. That the trawl is, practically speaking, unknown in America, may be gathered from the fact that in that country the name of trawl-fisheries is applied to set lines baited with fish. The "drift nets," also, or long walls of netting which float along with the tide, and which are used almost exclusively for the herring-fishery, seem to be neglected on the other side of the Atlantic, where it is more common to use "gill-nets," which are similar in form, but kept stationary in position by means of an anchor attached to them. One of the other principal American industries—that of mackerel-fishing with seine nets—seems to have been introduced on a large scale well within the last twenty years. The seines are often worth \$1,000 or even \$1,500 apiece, and are worked by "dories," or flat-bottomed boats, carried in large self-sailing schooners. The net is shot round the shoal of mackerel, and the lower edge of it is drawn together by a purse-line, after which the fish inclosed are dipped out with a hoop net.

The other fisheries of the United States are chiefly conducted by means of line and hook; and in this branch of the art the Americans have made a striking improvement, which it would be easy for our fishermen to adopt. They use an

apparatus known as "nippers," and consisting of double rings of flannel, each about the size of a small quilt, bound round with knitted wool and sewn together. The nipper is used for grasping the wet and slippery line, and enables the operator to do his work with infinitely greater ease and comfort, while it increases his strength fourfold. Another invention worthy of notice is the glass bait, silvered and gilt, which is used with considerable success by the Norwegians in their cod-fisheries, and by the help of which they effect a great saving in live bait. The most economical of all methods of ensuring fish is of course that which has been mentioned under the name of traps, including weirs, stake nets, and fixed engines of various kinds. In Sweden these fixed engines are the usual means for catching salmon, and in Denmark they are used more than anything else for the capture of herring. The shoreshores in these two countries, as well as in Norway, are let out and farmed or owned for the purpose of trapping fish; whereas in England the use of such machines is for the most part prohibited, except in cases where the owners claim a prescriptive right lasting for six centuries. In the northern countries, as well as in Holland, weirs made of brushwood are in common use; and the same thing may be said of China, Japan and Brazil. The spearing of fish is generally prohibited by most Governments; but Mr. Walpole mentions the exhibition of a "leister," or fish-spear, by the Norwegians as an engine still in use, and concludes that it is consequently much destruction of salmon by means of it in Norway. A more curious and singular fishery in the Bay of Biscay, in which a small fish called "saguila" is killed in the shallow waters by means of a four-pronged spear.

In other matters connected with the fishing industry foreigners offer us a salutary lesson. In the first place, the art of transporting fish when caught seems to be in some respects better understood in the United States. The schooner-rigged vessels used in their mackerel-fisheries are described as handsome, fast, yacht-like boats of from fifty to ninety tons. They are built specially for speed, so as to be able to run the fish quickly to the Boston or other markets. The vessels used in the menhaden fishery are frequently worked by steam; the dories which take part in it being transported in steamers along the coast. A still newer and more ingenious use of steamers is in vogue in Denmark, where they seem to be employed for beam-trawling on the west coast of Jutland. As to the methods of preserving fish, the Americans understand them to perfection. The preparation of "boneless" cod, salted mackerel, sardines in half a dozen different forms—which are sold in great quantities for export or for sale together with all the host of "canned" fish, a science which brings home to the people a vast supply of food more palatable and wholesome than our salt herring, without being much dearer. About 18,000,000 pounds of boneless cod were prepared in one American town in 1879; while 12,000,000 pounds of halibut were brought into the same place and sold fresh. The art of utilizing the waste portions of fish is likewise well understood in the United States, and in Norway too, where "fish-flour" is ground out of stockfish, and the roe of cod is separated and sold to be used for sardine bait in Spain and France.

The last and most important difference between Great Britain and the United States is to be found in the efforts made in the two countries for artificially adding to the annual supply of fish. In each country a good deal is done for this purpose, but in a totally different manner. Our Government does nothing in a systematic way toward breeding either sea fish or fresh-water fish; neither does it protect the former after any effective method; but it affords a very valuable protection to all the river fish, including those which use the rivers merely as breeding-places. The United States Government, on the other hand, takes no trouble whatever to protect fish of any sort or kind, but expends large sums and infinite ingenuity in artificially propagating them. Besides their recent great achievement of hatching young cod the United States Commission has been for years past hatching eggs of numerous other varieties. In six years alone they propagated, and distributed to various parts of the country, 24,000,000 shad, 8,000,000 California salmon, 3,900,000 salmon and trout, 1,000,000 whitefish, and 1,000,000 herring. The use of these different species are ingenious beyond description, and were probably the most interesting feature in the whole exhibition. The Commissioners, it should be added, have a steamer of their own—the Fish-hawk—fitted with tubes, cones and grates and all the approved apparatus both for hatching and keeping the young fish as they are carried to the various stations. The other nation which does the most in this way is Germany, where, though sea-fishing is neglected, the inland fisheries are cultivated with great perseverance. About 100 millions of fish-ry are artificially bred in Germany every year, mostly by means of "California trays." Besides salmon and trout and the nobler sort of fish, carp and roach and others of the baser sort are largely propagated; and the German Government devotes a small grant every year to the support of the Fischerei Verein, by whose exertions the fry are distributed to the various lakes and rivers.

The whole report goes to show that pisciculture in its general branches is very imperfectly practiced throughout the civilized world. Those who excel in one branch of it often fail in another; and there is no example of a nation which both breeds, and protects its fish successfully. Few, however, would deny that both these systems have their merits; and it is difficult to believe that they cannot, or should not, both be employed. In the way of fish-breeding, as well as of improving the means of transport and of preserving fish, there is much to be learned (and easily to be learned) in England before the wealth of the surrounding seas can become as available as it should be to the population.—*St. James' (London) Gazette.*

ANOTHER LARGE POMPAHO.—The common pompano, *Trachinotus carolinus*, has been quite plenty in New York markets for the past two or three years. The largest specimen known here is. It is seldom over two pounds in weight, but within the past two years an odd specimen or two of an allied species common to the African coast has been taken. This is the *T. gorenensis*, and one is now in the Smithsonian Institution which weighed twenty pounds. This week Mr. Blackford received one of the latter which weighed twelve pounds, and with his usual generosity forwarded it to the National Museum.

WATERPROOF FOR HOOKS.—If your correspondent, who is inquiring for something better than shoe for hooks, will use common red sealing wax (best quality), dissolved in spirits of wine, I think he will find it satisfactory. I have used it for the past four or five years, and think it is the best article I ever tried.—ALEX (Grand Rapids, Mich.).

THE SILVER SALMON.

(*Oncorhynchus kisutch*).

We publish the following from the Field Assistant of the Fishery Census of 1880 for the Northwest Coast, by permission:

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T., Sept. 10.

Prof. S. F. Baird, U. S. Fish Commissioner:

DEAR SIR:—Mr. J. S. Wykoff, of this place, a gentleman who is an enthusiast in fishing and a very successful angler, told me to-day that a few days since he was at Snow Bay, opposite Port Townsend, taking salmon with rod and line. He was using the "sand lance" (*Xiphopterus*) for bait. He had taken fourteen silver salmon, and as his bait was becoming scarce he opened one of them to see what it had been feeding upon. To his surprise he found its stomach filled with prawns, or large shrimp, in a partially digested state. From a portion of one of the most perfect specimens thus found he baited his hook and caught a silver salmon weighing about six pounds.

Mr. Wykoff says that this is the first instance in his experience of many years as a salmon fisher that he has obtained shrimp in the stomach of a salmon, and as he found them in every salmon which he examined, he thinks it proves that the silver salmon of Puget Sound is a bottom feeder. This is a fact which I do not remember to have seen recorded before, and as it is new to me and very interesting, I think it important and my duty to inform you of once.

JAMES G. SWAN.

A NEW REEL—Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have recently been shown by the inventor, Mr. Louis A. Kiefer, a watchmaker of this city, an improvement in fishing reels that will certainly commend itself to anglers, particularly those fishermen who delight in taking the black bass. The improvement is an attachment, by which the parts can be quickly thrown out of gear, the handle disconnected from the spool, and again as quickly thrown into gear. The object in separating the spool from the handle by throwing out of gear is to permit the line (unencumbered with the handle) to play out without resistance, and the object is so well accomplished by this improvement that the commonest reel, when provided with this attachment, will allow the line to run off as easily as does the finest Frankfort reel. It will readily be seen that when out of gear the annoyance of a revolving handle or crank is dispensed with, and in making a cast the angler can take hold of the whole reel and have a firmer hold, having his hand and finger in the best possible position for controlling the overrunning of the line. The gearing is managed entirely by a small lever protruding from the side in a convenient position, which, at a touch, throws the machinery into place ready for winding in the line. This simple attachment does the thing to a nicety. The great points are the increased speed given to the spool in paying out the line and preventing the handle from coming in contact with surrounding objects when the line is paying out.—C. D.

AN IMPROVED REEL FITTING has appeared in England. The *Redditch Indicator* says: "Messrs Alcock & Co., of the Standard Works, Redditch, have just purchased the exclusive patent right of a new mode of attachment of the reel to the rod, which is alike so simple, so convenient, so easy of application and so certain in its arrangement, that the only wonder is it was not brought into use many years ago, for like many other really practical inventions its simplicity is obvious at a glance. Every old angler has at some time or other found himself in difficulties from the setting fast by the rain or otherwise of the brass ferrule which attaches the reel to the rod, and sometimes he has had to trudge homeward without being able to free the reel. The new patent which fitting is simply this: A brass plate, grooved at the sides, is let into the butt of the rod where the reel is attached, into which the winch plate of the reel is made to slide with absolute accuracy. When the reel is pushed into its place a spring at the base rises and holds it in security. Depression of the spring by the thumb or finger releases it. Nothing could be simpler, nothing more secure. The new fitting can be adapted to any rod, but the plate on the reel must fit the groove with absolute nicety."

SMITHSONIAN PUBLICATIONS.—Among the publications of the Smithsonian during the present year are Prof. S. H. Scudder's index of names used by genera in zoology, a quarto edition of new tables of the rain-fall, with charts of the precipitation of moisture from the air during the four seasons by Charles A. Schott; an octavo "Nomenclature of American Birds," by Robert Ridgway; a synopsis of the fishes of North America, by Prof. D. S. Jordan, and an octavo giving directions for collecting specimens of natural history, with special reference to deep sea dredging, by Richard Rathbun. It is not generally known that, according to a law on the statute-books, any citizen may subscribe to a Government publication by notifying the Government Printer at an early date. If any person desiring extra copies of any document printed at the Government Printing-office by authority of law shall, previous to its being put to press, notify the Congressional Printer of the number of copies wanted, and shall pay to him, in advance, the estimated cost thereof, and ten per centum thereon, the Congressional Printer may, under the direction of the Joint Committee on Public Printing, furnish the same.—*See 3,809 Revised Statutes.*

LARGE COD AND HALIBUT.—Mr. James G. Swan, Field Assistant to procure statistics of Fish and Fisheries of Washington Territory and the Northwest Coast, for the census of 1880, writes to Prof. Baird from Port Townsend, W. T., as follows: "For more than four months past the water between Point Hudson and Point Wilson has swarmed with young cod—true cod—and they are taken in great numbers by hook and line. They are from a foot to twenty inches in length, I have specimens in alcohol. None of the old residents here remember to have heard of true cods being taken in the vicinity of Port Townsend for the past twenty years, and this visit of a school of young cod lasting for such a long time and in such great numbers is worthy of special note. While at Victoria last week I saw a halibut, that had been taken at the entrance of the harbor, which weighed 225 lbs., and at the thickest part measured seven and a half inches through. I am told by the fishermen that recently a true cod weighing fifty pounds was taken in Victoria harbor. This was mentioned in the *Colonist* of that date."

VOLUMES OF THE FOREST AND STREAM.—Mr. W. L. Colville, Graniteville, S. C., has three and a half years' numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM for sale, 1876 to 1881. Also a dozen numbers of the *London Field*.

Fishculture.

THE NEBRASKA FISH COMMISSION.—Owing to the death of Hon. H. S. Kaley, a new appointment was necessary to fill the board of the fish commission of this State. Mr. B. E. Kennedy of Omaha, was appointed to succeed Mr. Kaley. The appointment was made October 28, the day on which our otherwise complete list of fish commissioners went to press. The following letter explains itself:

NEBRASKA FISH COMMISSION,
FREMONT, October 1, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have awaited reply to your request for official names of our State Commission until now, owing to non-appointment by the Governor of the State to fill vacancy created by the death of Hon. H. S. Kaley, a member of our commission, about the first of last month. The vacancy is filled by the appointment of Hon. B. E. Kennedy, of Omaha, on the 28th, advice of which is just to hand. The present members of the Board, in order of seniority, are as follows:

Wm. T. May, Fremont; term expiring June, 1883.
R. R. Langston, Plattsmouth, term expiring June, 1884.
B. E. Kennedy, Omaha, term expiring June, 1885.
Term of member expiring first in fall by law president of the board.

W. L. May.

FISHCULTURE IN GEORGIA.—The Atlanta Constitution says:—"The Legislature never carried its false idea of economy to further lengths than when it killed the Fish Bill providing for the propagation of fish."

"If anything has been demonstrated, it is that money can be spent wisely. Without any money, trying his own expenses in many cases, Dr. Cary, the Commissioner, has stocked nearly a thousand ponds in Georgia with carp, and the country press is filled with accounts of the wonderful growth and fecundity of this fish. It is not too much to say that next year these ponds will produce a million pounds of the best and healthiest food that will save for market a million pounds of bacon, beef or poultry. In another year this supply will be doubled or quadrupled."

It will not do to say that if this much has been done without any appropriation, no appropriation need be made. What has been done through the enthusiasm of Dr. Cary, without money, is but a hint of what he might have done had he been provided with funds. The appropriation of the \$4,000 a year asked for, would have established and maintained hundreds of fish ponds in five years would have made every river in Georgia swarm with the best of food fishes, and paid back the investment a hundred fold. As it is, we can do nothing but wait for another Legislature, and in the meantime take what fish other and more liberal States will give us, and rely on the picture of fish to continue to collect and distribute them, with nothing as his reward except the snubbing the House has given him."

GREEN SCUM ON PONDS.—Professor C. E. Bessey, of the Iowa Agricultural College, writes to the New York Tribune in answer to one who asks, "How to prevent the growing, and coming to the top of a fish pond, of the green scum commonly called frog-spittle?" He says: "It is an alga or fresh water seaweed, composed of threads of cylindrical cells containing a green pigment—chlorophyll. There are several genera of these plants. This fresh water alga is no special indication of great impurity of water. Fish will do well where it grows abundantly, and even foot upon it to a considerable extent. A green scum is, however, found on stagnant ponds which is quite different in character. It is composed of myriads of minute green one-celled organisms, which have generally been regarded as animals. They belong to the genus Euglenia, but it must be confessed that their animal nature has not been well made out. It is growth actually indicates quite stagnant and impure water. The ordinary notion that the green growth on ponds are indicative of unhealthy emanations is entirely erroneous. A green-covered pond may be unhealthful, but it is so not because of the plants, but because of the putridity of the water. The plants, on the contrary, are doing what they can to better matters."

FISHWAY FOR THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—The Fredricksburg Water Power Works is about erecting a McDonald fishway over their dam on the Rappahannock River about two miles above the ancient Borough of Fredricksburg. The dam is of stone, and nineteen feet high. In the olden times before artificial obstructions existed, and used to pass up to the very sources of the river at the base of the Blue Ridge. Few comparatively now reach the head of tide water, though the number has been increasing yearly since the work of artificial propagation has been carried on by the State Commission of Fisheries. The proposed fishway will have eight feet of clear water way, and a low water section two feet wide. The McDonald plan admits of a greater inclination than any other, and consequently lessens the expense of building. It is also believed to be the only way which will have no account of its rippling water surface resembling a natural rapid.

FISHCULTURAL NOTES.—Mr. J. J. Stramham, editor of the *Chapin and Lake*, and friends, are making a pond for propagating the small-mouthed black bass. It will cover half an acre, and has a supply of good brook water, gravelly bottom, with rocks and raised flat stones for hiding places. Three hundred fish will be placed in the pond this fall. Mudly places will have no account to them to hibernate on. They also have a carp pond of half an acre.

Carp will be distributed by the United States Fish Commission this month. Those who have not made application for them had better do so now. Blanks can be had by applying at this office.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

October 10 to 15. National Fair Association Bench Show, Washington, D. C. H. H. Blackburn, Cur. Secretary.
October 22, 23, 24 and 25. London Dog Show. Entries closed September 12. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, Trenchard House, London, Ont.

November 14, 15 and 16. Lowell Dog Show. Entries closed December 6. Chas. A. Andrew, West Roxford, Mass., Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

October 25, 26, 27 and 28 at Washington, Fayette Co., Pa., via boat from Pittsburgh. Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. Entries close at 12 noon, October 24. J. L. May, Secretary.
November 1, at Gilroy, Calif. Field Trials of the Gilroy Rod and Gun Club. Entries close November 1. E. Levesley, Secretary.
November 25, 26 and 27 at New Orleans. Entries close November 1. Edwards Adair, Secretary, New Orleans, La.
December 8, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

New York, Sept. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please send with this programme, running rules and entry blanks for our coming meeting, and for which some of your friends may apply.

A meeting held this A. M. the following gentlemen were selected to act as the judges of the trials: Messrs. E. H. Lathrop, Springfield, Mass.; J. Von Lengerke, New York; T. F. Taylor, of Richmond, and J. M. Kinney, of Staunton, Va.—JACOB FENTZ, Sec.

The third annual meeting will be held under the auspices of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Robin's Island, Longue Point, Long Island, N. Y., commencing Thanksgiving Day, 1881. Open to the world.

Robin's Island Stakes, or Eastern Field Trials Derby.—Open for all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1881. First prize, \$150. Second, \$100. Third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5. \$10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on October 1, 1881. Puppies, or All-Aged Stakes.—Open to all setters or pointers. First prize, \$250. Second, \$150. Third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5. \$10 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on October 1, 1881. To this stake will be added, by the club, a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value at the option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stake.

Members' Stake.—Open to members of the club only. Each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. This stake to be a piece of the value of \$100. This prize to be known as the Eastern Field Trials Cup of 1881.

JACOB FENTZ, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

FULL LIST OF ENTRIES OF THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING.

Robin's Island Stakes, or Eastern Field Trials Derby.

Open for all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1881. First prize, \$150. Second, \$100. Third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5. \$10 additional to fill.

St Elmo II, English setter, 9mos St Elmo-Prairie Rose, S Fleet Spear, Brooklyn, N. Y.
St Elmo III, English setter, 15mos St Elmo-Diana, same owner.
St Mars, English setter, 11mos St Elmo-Diana, same owner.
Don, English setter, 15mos Ranger II-White's Daisy, H F Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Plantagenet, Llewellyn setter, 14mos Dashing Monarch-Petrel, J C Higgins, Delaware City, Del.
Guyard, Irish setter, 15mos Rover II-Rose Bradwardine, A E Goddoff, Guyard, N. Y.

Becky, Gordon setter, 15mos Bob-Beauty, same owner.
Seaton, Jr., pointer setter, 16mos Sensation-Owner's Grace, Luke White, Bridgeport, Conn.

Ferida, English setter puppy, Donner's Stock-Heckler's Lady, John G. Heckler, N. Y. City.

Foxhall, pointer puppy, Dan-Dufferin, same owner.
Berkeley II, setter, 5mos Wenzel's Chief-Pierces' Gussie, N D Putnam, N. Y. City.

Queen Elizabeth, Irish setter, 14mos Rover II-Rose Bradwardine, J O Donner, N. Y. City.

Nothing, Gordon setter, 9mos Malcolm-Dream III, H Cassand, Baltimore, Md.

Reddie, Irish setter, 15mos Elcho-Rose, J H Goodsell, N. Y. City.
Dashing Norvie, B W & T setter, 14mos Dash III-Novel, D C Sanborn, Downingtown, Pa.

Royal Dale, B W & T setter, 16mos Dash III-Daisy Dale, J D Blackstone, Norwich, Conn.

Glen Dale, B W & T setter, 10mos Water's Grouse-Daisy Dale, same owner.

Dean, G B & T setter, Jersey Duke-Spooner's Daisy, F H Wetmore, East Orange, N. J.

Dou, Belton setter, Jersey Duke-Spooner's Daisy, E A Spooner, N. Y. City.

Danless, Belton setter, Jersey Duke-Spooner's Daisy, same owner.

Beauty, pointer, 11mos Sport-Flora, Geo. Snyder, Easton, Pa.
Pontiac II, B W & T setter, 17mos Higgins' Pontiac-Judith, H E Hamilton, Troy, N. Y.

Clementine, Llewellyn setter, 5mos Dash III-Cornelia, L Sanborn, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gertrude, Llewellyn setter, 16mos Gladstone-Nellie, J W Orth, Pittsburg, Pa.

Glady, Llewellyn setter, 3mos Gladstone-Nellie, Albert G Sloan, Vacuities, N. Y.

Valley, English setter, 17mos Dash III-Diana, E E Hardy, Boston, Mass.

Entry, G B Reeder, Easton, Pa. [Writing blurred so as to be undistinguishable.]

Puppies, or All-Aged Stakes.

Open to all setters or pointers. First prize, \$250. Second, \$150. Third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5. \$10 additional to fill. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value at the option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stake.

Croxteth, L & W pointer, 3½yrs Bang-Jae, A E Goddoff, Guyard, N. Y.

Glen, Gordon setter, 7yrs Collum's Dash-Mullin's Belle, H F Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Chief, Irish setter, 2yrs Berkeley-Duck, Mac Wenzel, Holoken, N. Y.

List, Llewellyn setter, 2yrs Lincoln-Petrel II, John C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del.

Dashing Monarch, Llewellyn setter, 3yrs Dash II-Counter's Moll, same owner.

Pontine, Laverack setter, 4yrs Pride of the Border-Petrel, same owner.

Emperor Fred, Laverack setter, 4½yrs Blue Prince-Daisy, C A Herzberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Adelph, Laverack setter, 2½yrs Emperor Fred-Blue Cor, same owner.

Juno, L & W pointer, 3½yrs Discount-V, R M Lindsay, Scranton, Pa.

Glen, pointer, 2½yrs Snap-shot-Gipsy, H Hall, Marlboro, N. Y.

Brook, Irish setter, 3yrs Bosco-Myl Duchesse, Geo T Leach, N. Y. City.

Countess, setter, 3yrs Bosco-Myl Duchesse, same owner.

Jennie, setter, 6yrs Dick-Harrington's Gyp, W Tallman, Norwich, Conn.

Jennie II, setter, 6yrs Patch-Jennie, same owner.

Vun e, pointer, 2½yrs Dillie's Ranger-Bess, S T Hammond, Springfield, Mass.

Leo, setter, 4yrs unknown, F Brugner, Newark, N. J.

Tom, setter, 3yrs Royal Duke-Dessie, G R Watkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nellie, setter, 5yrs Belton-Dimple, D C Sanborn, Downingtown, Mich.

Count Noble, B W & T setter, 2yrs Winden-Nora, same owner.

Servant, setter, 10yrs Gladstone-Bertie Hoffman S W Weir, New Albany, Ind.

Nace, setter, 2yrs Frank-Vost's Rose, H O Hamilton, N. Y. City.

Maida, English setter, 4yrs Dick-Chlo, S F Spicer, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lizzie Lee, English setter, 2½yrs Drum-Maida, same owner.

Chancellor, English setter, 21mos St Elmo-Maida, same owner.

Gus, setter, unknown, unknown, W G Parsons, New Brunswick, N. J.

Malchance, English setter, 21mos St Elmo-Maida, D. T. Worden, New York City.

Tip, setter, Knapp's Cap-Lambert's Peg, C. Cashman, New York City.

Bel, English setter, 2½yrs unknown, Jacob Steiner, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Boss, pointer — Sensation-Unknown, P R King, Starkill, N. Y.

Spy, Irish setter — 3yrs Duke-Bell, S D Duple, New York City.

Princess Draco, setter, 4yrs Rob Roy-Lery, J H Clark, Philadelphia, Pa.

Match, pointer, 21mos Sensation-White's Grace, R C Cornell, New York City.

Don Juan, pointer, 2yrs Sensation-Petrel II, Elliot Smith, New York City.

Grouse, setter, 3yrs Grouse-Daisy Dale, W A Buckingham, Norwich, Conn.

Daisy Laverack, setter, 3yrs Thunder-Peeres, J H Goodsell, New York City.

Rockel, setter, 3yrs Rattler-Lola, same owner.
Drum, black and white setter, 2yrs Tam O'Shauler-La Pine, same owner.

Flora, setter, 4yrs Sport-Flora I, H A Rosenthal, New York City.

Prince Salm, setter, 2yrs Grouse, Nick-Flora I, same owner.

Phil, setter, 2yrs Grouse-unknown, same owner.

Members' Stake.

Open to members of the Club only. Each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. This prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100. This prize to be known as the "Eastern Field Trials Cup of 1881."

Spy, Irish setter, 3yrs Duke-Bell, Sidney D Duple, N. Y. City.

Glen, setter, 3yrs Dash-Bell, Harry V Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y.

St Patti, English setter, 3yrs Pride of the Border-Jessie II, E A Herzberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Brook, Irish setter, 3yrs Bosco-Myl Duchesse, G T Leach, N. Y. City.

Countess, Irish setter, 3yrs Bosco-Myl Duchesse, same owner.

Chief, Irish setter, 2yrs Berkeley-Duck, Mac Wenzel, Holoken, N. Y.

Bessie, English setter, nudor 3yrs Ranger II-Mallard's Bell, J O Donner, N. Y. City.

Grouse Dale, setter, 3yrs Grouse-Daisy Dale, Wm A Buckingham, Norwich, Conn.

Ami, English setter, 3yrs Morford's Don-Fairy, C H Raymond, Morris Plains, N. J.

Max Harkaway, English setter, 3½yrs Guy Manninger-Quimby's Moll, same owner.

Tom, English setter, 3yrs Royal Duke-Dessie, Geo W Watkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE LONDON DOG SHOW.

LONDON, Oct. 5, 1881.

On arriving here your correspondent found the town and the hotels crowded with visitors, it being the occasion of the annual cattle, agricultural and horticultural exhibition to which was also added the bench show of dogs. The weather, though extremely warm for the season, was favorable during the meeting, and the show as an exhibition was highly pleased with the arrangements made for the accommodation and care of the animals, which were under the able supervision of Mr. Charles Lincoln, whose ability to carry out successfully such an undertaking is too well known to need any further comment.

The exhibition frame building had been erected on the Fair Grounds for the dog show, and was well adapted for the purpose. It was divided by three aisles, and the boxes or stalls on either side were sufficiently roomy, and at the same time, at the proper elevation to show the dogs off to good advantage. The attendants were both civil and obliging. They did their duty very faithfully. The food prepared for the dogs was first-class in every way. Too much cannot be said in favor of the polite attention extended to visitors and exhibitors by the genial secretary, Mr. Pudicombe and by the other officers of the society. As for Mr. Lincoln he was indefatigable in his care and activity throughout. The attendance was all that could be desired, and the show proved a success financially as well as on other ways.

Among the gentlemen present who take great interest in these matters we noticed the following: Messrs. John H. Long and Ed. Gillman, of Detroit; Edmund Ogilby, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Wm. B. Wells, of Chatham; H. B. Harrison and Fred. Tilton, of Stratford; J. S. Niven, M. D., and T. H. Smallman, of London, and many others not forgetting Mr. L. H. Smith, of Stratford, whose dog was a source of pleasure to the many visitors who are favored with his acquaintance.

The judge appointed for the sporting classes was Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky., whose ability to fill this position cannot be questioned. The non-sporting classes were judged by Mr. C. H. Moore, of London, N. Y., and late of England, whose experience in "dogology" is said to be second to none.

The entries, which numbered nearly four hundred, most of which were on hand, represented some of the finest stock in the country.

Class 1.—Brought out the splendid brace of English setters, Paris and Pearl, belonging to Mr. Smith, of Stratford, which were entered for exhibition only. Paris bears his seven years fully, and is still a grand dog. Here I would like to remark that I consider that Paris has done more for the improvement of our sporting dogs than any other individual. He started the ball in motion by importing that king of sires, Leicester and the remarkable bitch Drad, whose progeny and descendants can be readily distinguished at all exhibitions.

Class 2.—Brought out but one entry, Mr. Wm. B. Wells' Star, a good specimen of the Llewellyn setter.

English Setter Dogs.—Contained fifteen entries, and was a magnificent class, but the Major soon tapered down the number to the choice ones, and the victor was by the blue bell, Dick, of the London Thunder-Peeres. Dick is one of the grandest dogs of the day, and bids fair at no distant time to run a tight race for supremacy with his sire Thunder. Mr. Long's Coin II was justly entitled to second honors. He is a dog of splendid, large frame, and of the most noble nature. His entry was one of the grandest London came in for v. b. c., but we should have selected Mr. Wells' Mark, who had to be content with a c, as to our eyes he is a very compact dog, full of quality. Mr. Weighell's Trump, who obtained a b, is also pleased.

Class 3.—Brought out another nice lot. First prize was awarded to Mr. Harrison's Belle. This bitch was catalogued at \$200, and immediately picked up by Mr. Long, of Detroit, who always has an eye open for a choice specimen. Keip, who secured second prize, was also well selected, as was also Fred. The remainder were far above the average.

English Setter Dog Puppies.—Were a superior and very promising class. Mr. Wells secured first position with his Drum-Star black and white pup Mingo, ten months old. He also secured second with a litter brother Ginger. These are certainly a beautiful brace. Mr. T. G. Davey's Pride of the Dominion and Mr. Crozen's Duke of Brunswick well merited the h. c. which was awarded them.

English Setter Bitch Puppies.—Comprised eight entries. For first honors it was indeed a tie up between the Mohawk Kennel's Belle's Pride and Mr. Wells' Dido II. The judge after the most careful scrutiny awarded the premium to Belle's Pride. Had we occupied his position we would have reversed the decision, as we considered Dido II. to be a good point and much more so than Belle's Pride. We attributed Mr. Wells' defeat in a measure due to his not having handled his pup more, which prevented her showing in the ring to advantage. She was in the pink of condition, and is a gem. Mr. Davey's Norah D. is quite promising, and fully entitled to the position of second prize.

Champion Gordon Setter Dogs.—Dr. Niven's Blossom met with no competitors; he is a dog of good point, but age is now beginning to tell against him.

Champion Gordon Setter Bitches.—Mr. T. H. Smallman's Maida.

Gordon Setter Dogs.—For which there were ten entries, and among them some extra good ones. Mr. Pudicombe scored the blue ribbon with his Grouse-Moll dog Jock, a good specimen of his class. He also placed second with his bitch, a fine young dog and we think in some points had the advantage over Jock. The Gordon Kennel Club, of Locust Valley, L. I., have a very compact dog in Gordon; he shows fine quality, true markings and for an all-day dog he would be our choice. However, in my opinion, the only good point of the Club is Gordon-Blossom, Jr., and Cannister, belonging respectively to Mr. Thompson and Mr. Smallman, of London, were above the average good dogs, scoring h. c. and c. The Gordon Kennel Club had a good animal in Duke of Locust Valley, he being a thorough Gordon of the young type, but only took one of the Club's medals, due to suit the judge, as he was passed unnoticed. There was not an inferior dog in this class, although varied in type, some showing the Irish head.

WARDS.

A firm dealing largely in sportsman's goods lately made extensive inquiries among purchasers concerning the "Bond National Hunt," and this is what they say: "From the many answers received the only conclusion we can come to is that they are by far the best portable, the most useful and in many respects the best hunting boots ever built."

A firm in Delph, Ind., have just written: "The cars and rowing gear arrived in due time and work like a charm. You certainly have the boss boat we ever saw."

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Keep's Shirts, the Best.
KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily finished, 1881; color black and tan, broken charge and retrieve; price \$40. Gordon setter pup, full sister; will make a good one; price \$25. In sister, sister, sister, red with white toes, hunted some; price \$25. A native hunter, good shot, hunted on quail and snipe; is staunch, good nose and a splendid worker in field; 2 years old, price \$35. These are bottom figures. H. B. VONDERSMITH, Lancaster, Pa. Oct6,11

Keep's Kid Gloves, none better, \$1 per pair.
KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the best.
KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the strongest.
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KEEP'S NECKWEAR, latest novelties.
KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, 6 for \$9.
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 448.]
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REAL SCOTCH STAGHOUNDS—The Reverend A. BARGAIN, For sale, Gordon setter Jim, whelped Aug. 1881; color black and tan, broken charge and retrieve; price \$40. Gordon setter pup, full sister; will make a good one; price \$25. In sister, sister, sister, red with white toes, hunted some; price \$25. A native hunter, good shot, hunted on quail and snipe; is staunch, good nose and a splendid worker in field; 2 years old, price \$35. These are bottom figures. H. B. VONDERSMITH, Lancaster, Pa. Oct6,11

FOR SALE,

a Shattuck 10-bore, 9 lbs., single B.L. made to order; has fine Damascus barrels, checked fore end, (not on trade gun); the working parts have been finely finished and plated, viz., triggers, cock springs, guard and pin. Makes fine target. Also 20 shells and loader. Price \$25. Never been used only at target. Address J. F. RONAN, Box 34, Roxbury Station, Boston, Mass. Sept2,11

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FOR SALE,

two beautiful solid color red Irish pups, light stock, price \$15 each. CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn. Oct6,11

FOR SALE,

a very fine cocker spaniel dog pup, 5 months old, imported stock, a finer rich liver with little white, handsomely marked; price \$20. CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn. Oct6,11

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a setter dog from one and a half years old to two; must be thoroughly trained, staunch to point, a good retriever, and an obedient dog which will not break shot; red Irish preferred. Address with full particulars as to color, height, stock, etc., LOUIS L. COHEN, 3 Broad street, Rome, Ga. Oct6,11

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FOR SALE,

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FOR SALE, two good English mastiff pups, male and female, 10 months old; weight 70 lbs. each; are docile and fond of children. Address H. J. MCNALLY, Waukegan, Conn. Oct6,11

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three dogs and two bitch pups, out of my imported English greyhound bitch Juno by my imported Leo. Pups whelped Aug. 12. Are medium-colored, and fine healthy animals. H. W. HUNTINGTON, Williamsburgh, L. I. Oct6,11

FOR SALE,

a fine bred Gordon setter bitch, 6 months old, broken to the gun and to the field; a rare chance for a good dog. Post Office Box 350, CHAS. T. BROWNELL, Mt. Pleasant, New Bedford, Mass. Oct6,11

FOR SALE,

a fine bred Gordon setter bitch, 6 months old, broken to the gun and to the field; a rare chance for a good dog. Post Office Box 350, CHAS. T. BROWNELL, Mt. Pleasant, New Bedford, Mass. Oct6,11

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\$10 will buy a pure Irish dog pup, 4 mos. old, having one cross of Elcho and two of Plunket. \$20 will buy a native setter bitch, 10 mos. old, of a very popular strain. Address E. J. ROBINSON, Wethersfield, Conn. Sept 15, '91

FOR SALE, setter pups out of Belle of Nashville (property of J. Louis Valentine, Esq.), by that world famous king of the field, Champion Joe, Jr. rare chance, only a few chosen ones will offer, and sold under guarantee. Just right now for fall shooting. Pointers and setters for sale. Address NASHVILLE KENNEL CLUB, Nashville, Tenn. Sept 24, '91

HARE BEAGLE KENNELS—For sale, the produce of imported and home bred animals that have been hunted since able to follow the dam on the trail, and are believed to be second to none in nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON, Brookville, Pa. May 12, '91

OLYMPIAN COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS—For Cocker of all ages and colors, dogs, bitches and puppies, address with stamp, ROBT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. July 21, '91

RARE CHANCE. I have for sale one brace of setter puppies by the renowned setter dog champion Paris; also one brace of highly bred cocker puppies. CHARLES E. LEWIS, Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Sept 22, '91

FOR SALE, a pair of lemon and white pointer puppies, by Sensation and owner's Nell H., eight weeks old; also a lemon and white setter bitch, well broken on sweetie-k and quail, large size, with lots of speed, drop to wing or shot, age 3 years, price \$40. Address Box 90, Apollo, Armstrong County, Penn. Sept 29, '91

FOR SALE CHEAP, a few very fine Gordon Setter Puppies, 8 months old, by Dream, late Dr. Downie's, and imported Sun. Also some very handsome red Irish Setter Puppies, 3 months old, by my bitches Maid and Nellie Hattlack, ex. Foot. Maid by Champion, Elcho and imported Stella; Nellie by Tyke and Dirk Hattlack; Joel by York ex. Hess. For prices and pedigree apply to THOS. HAYTH, McIntyre, Pa. Oct 1, '91

REMARKABLE KENNEL, N. H. VAUGHAN, proprietor, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs broken and handled, also a number of broken dogs for sale. Dogs and puppies boarded on reasonable terms. P. O. Box 246. Sept 22, '91

RORY O'MORE KENNEL—Thoroughbred red Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion Rory O'More out of Nora O'More, Magenta and Pearl. Full pedigree. Address W. N. CALLEN, DEN, Albany, N. Y. Aug 11, '91

FOR SALE, a number of well bred and well broken pointers and setters, also dogs boarded and broken, satisfaction guaranteed. Address H. B. RICHMOND, Lakeville, Mass. Sept 22, '91

FOR SALE, Brant, by Leicester out of Sarnora's Nellie, two years nine months old, color black and white ticked, well broken. Roxey's Boy, by Dash III, out of Roxey (Nellie-Leicester), two years and two months old, broken, black and white. Four pups by Dashing Tim, ex. Llewellyn Leda, by Dash II, out of Armdia (Peachont-Leicester), very fine ten weeks old, parties wanting good stock can be accommodated. For prices and full particulars address I. YEATLEY, JR., P. O. Box 14, Coatesville, Pa. Oct 6, '91

SETTERS FOR SALE—Polka (C. K. C. S. B., 1878, winner 24 prize New York 1879, by Pride of the Border ex. Kate II, sister to Llewellyn's champion Dash II), 7 months, 2 puppies, dog and bitch, black, white and tan, whelped July 19, 1891, by champion Emperor Fred, ex. Kate II; \$50 each, \$90 the brace. J. W. Box 2499, New York. Oct 6, '91

ALLEN'S NICKEL-PLATED DUCK CALLER.

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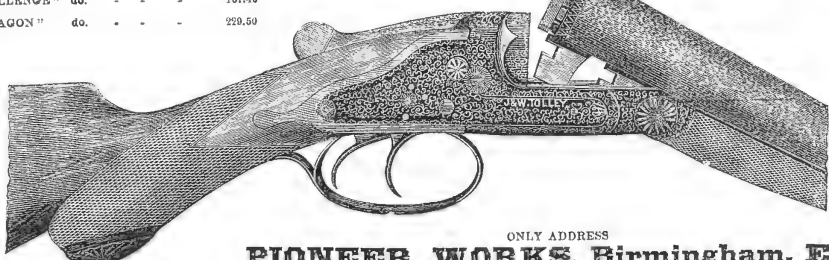
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With Safety Bolt across the front of the Hammers, working either automatically or independently, as desired; the triggers are also automatically locked and unlocked.

"STANDARD" BRAND,	\$120.01
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"CHALLENGE" do.	167.40
"PARAGON" do.	229.50

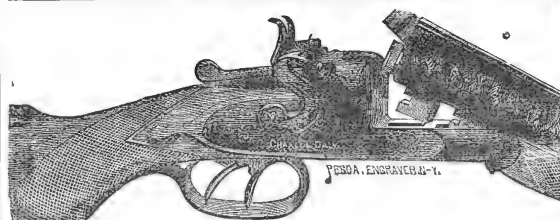
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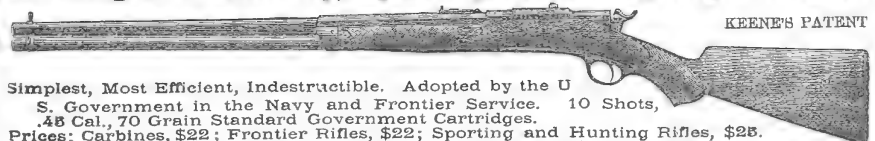
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COSTING TWICE THE MONEY.

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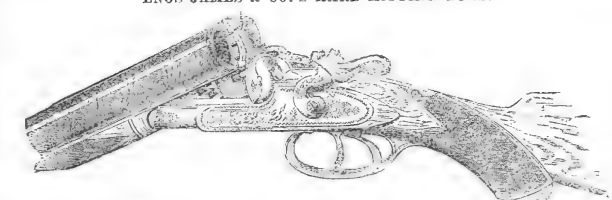
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PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent post-paid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec 30, '91

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FOR RED IRISH SETTERS and Cocker Spaniels of the most fashionable blood address CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Ct. Sept 15, '91

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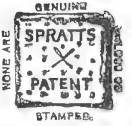
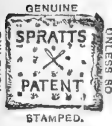
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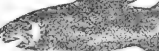
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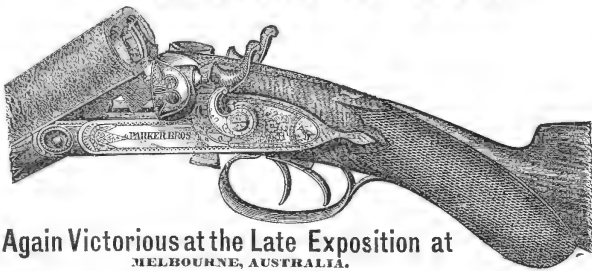
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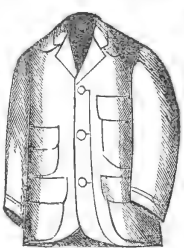
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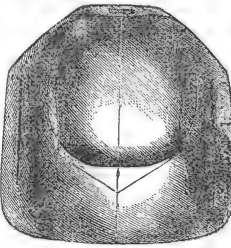
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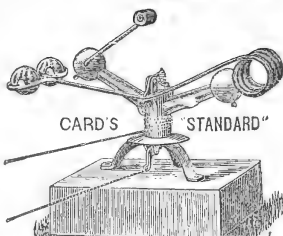
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.
Thursday, October 13.

MAINE MOOSE MURDERERS.—We publish in another column a letter from one of the Maine Commissioners of Fisheries and Game, in which he questions the practicability of bribing the Maine game wardens. As to the integrity of the Maine game wardens we have no means of judging, beyond the correspondence which has appeared in these columns; but whatever may be the faithfulness or unfaithfulness of the wardens, the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game of that State have given abundant proof of activity and determination. They should have the co-operation of all sportsmen who wish to see the laws enforced. Mr. Stilwell says he is ready to prosecute the Portland moose killer. Now let some of the indignant Portland sportsmen, who have sufficient grit, give the Commissioners the facts in the case. As Mr. Stilwell pertinently suggests, the best kind of indignation is that which bears some fruit. At the sitting of the County Court at Farmington, last week, the Grand Jury found a bill against Dr. A. A. Robinson for having killed a yearling moose. He is reported as saying that "if convicted, he will make his case a test of the constitutionality of the law; if he is fined \$100, he will willingly pay \$5,000 to make the test." We advise the Doctor to keep his money. There is nothing unconstitutional about the law, and money spent in trying to prove the opposite is simply thrown away.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

THIS is a subject which has come into decided prominence during the past year. We have, however, purposely deferred its consideration in these columns, because the question is one which should be discussed fairly and impartially on its merits, and not solely in its relation to any single particular occasion or society. The State pigeon shooting tournaments of 1881 are past; those of 1882 are yet a long way off. This, then, is a fit time to consider the question which has engaged the serious attention of many sportsmen throughout the country. It is this: Is the wholesale trap-shooting of pigeons a proper employment to consume the time at the various State conventions of sportsmen?

To answer this candidly, it is necessary to look the facts squarely in the face. Briefly stated, they are as follows:

1. State associations are formed for the purpose—so their titles, constitutions and professions declare—of advancing the interests of sportsmanship and for securing the better protection of fish and game.
2. Annual conventions are held by each association, to which delegates are sent from the several clubs composing it.
3. These delegates are those who are most expert as trap shooters.
4. Professional trappers are hired to trap tens of thousands of pigeons on their nesting grounds. These birds are packed in crates and conveyed to the places designated for the conventions.
5. The only business accomplished at the conventions is the shooting of these pigeons, dividing the prizes and arranging for the next shoot.
6. Many influential sportsmen who have a warm interest in matters pertaining to the advancement of sport, withhold their support and presence from the State trap-shooting tournaments. The number of prominent men thus holding aloof is yearly increasing.
7. Not only do these conventions accomplish absolutely nothing in the right direction, but more and worse than this, they have a positively bad influence in their effect upon public opinion. Instead of fostering by their transactions a popular appreciation of the dignity of field sports, and a public sympathy with the spirit and objects of just game laws, they bring the term "game protection" into ridicule and contempt. The only time the public hears anything of these societies is when its ears are saluted by the fusillade of their guns at the pigeon traps. The outside world never dreams of the existence of these State associations for the protection of game, except when they pose before it as exterminators of wild pigeons. The influences of these conventions upon those who participate in them is also questionable. In one State at least the annual tournament is tending more and more every year to a money-making affair. One of the State tournaments of 1881 was, to all discoverable intents and purposes, a grand money-making scheme on the part of the clubs under whose direct management it was held. The speculation failed, because the public could not be induced to pay gate-money to witness the immense and business-like slaughter of pigeons. The convention was barren alike of dividends for the stockholders in the scheme, and of any single good result which should legitimately have followed a game society's convention.

Those are the facts; but in regard to them very diverse views are held. It is argued, on the one hand, that the pigeon is not a game bird; that there is no sufficient reason why it should not be utilized for trap shooting; that it is no more cruel to kill one pigeon than one quail, nor twenty thousand pigeons at the trap than twenty birds in the field; that when the number of congregated shooters is taken into consideration the average number of pigeons per man is not excessive; that no other form of amusement can be substituted for the trap-shooting of live birds; and that without some such attraction the conventions would not be held. On the other hand, there is a growing conviction among an annually increasing number of sportsmen that this yearly slaughter of thousands of birds is essentially cruel, unmanly and unworthy of the societies which practice it; that the average shooting afforded by these birds, which have been cooped up and starved for so long a period before they are finally put into the trap, and thrown weak, dazed and helpless into the air, to the spot where the gun was pointed be-

fore the trap was sprung, requires no special skill, that trap-shooting is largely trick shooting; that the motives of those participating in the State shoots are mercenary; that in their eagerness to secure prizes the pigeon shooters are nothing more nor less than "mug hunters;" that if pigeons are not game birds, game associations certainly have no business to trap and shoot them by wholesale; that pigeon shooting is an infatuation with which these game societies are so filled that they wholly fail to do their legitimate work; and that, if pigeon shooting were abolished from the annual conventions, the State associations would receive large accessions of influential supporters, and would then accomplish the ends for which they are professedly organized, but which have not been gained.

Another objection to these large pigeon shooting tournaments is one wholly apart from any sentiment, and is recognized by both parties; that is, the growing scarcity of the birds, the consequent difficulty of procuring a sufficient supply and the increased expense. During the past year this objection has presented itself with more force than ever before; and has in some instances practically put a stop to proposed tournaments.

This question of shooting pigeons, or not shooting pigeons, is one which demands the candid and deliberate consideration of those who have at heart the perpetuity and usefulness of our State sportsmen's associations.

The question is not whether pigeon shooting is in itself cruel; it has nothing to do with ordinary pigeon shooting as a form of amusement for individuals and clubs.

The point at issue is simply whether by dispensing with these vast annual trap slaughters of birds, the associations of sportsmen in various States can not accomplish better results, more successfully further the common interests of their clubs, attain a greater prestige and wield a more potent influence.

We invite an expression of views.

ARE THEY OF ANY USE?

WITH our issue of April 14, we began to head our columns of "Sea and River Fishing" with choice quotations from standard writers on angling. We have ransacked our brains in the hottest of city weather, and thumbed volumes of learned and entertaining authors to obtain quotations which should embody some appropriate sentiment or enforce some axiom which we especially wished to enforce upon the attention of our readers.

We are discouraged. Disappointed at what we believe to be a lack of appreciation. Not a word of censure or praise has it brought forth, not a line of commendation has it elicited. The sweetness has apparently been wasted upon the desert air. No one has ever referred to the quotations in any manner whatever. If they had only said that they were bad!

These quotations—gems we have thought them—appear to us to have contained the cream of angling sentiment, epigram, wit and learning. Some of them have embodied erroneous statements as well, but they have not called forth a word of remonstrance. Why this is so we know not; but have several times been on the point of abandoning the practice of heading those columns with the quotations of thought of anglers gone before, on account of the labor of looking up the passage which condenses the wit and learning of a volume, a work often requiring hours to select a paragraph which can be read in four seconds. But we won't. Not yet. We will continue for a while now that we have thus publicly called attention to what our angling readers may have overlooked. We want them to know that these things are weekly spread for them and have them educate their tastes up to them, the same as they have learned to love tobacco and raw tomatoes.

We have given quotations from Walton, Thad. Norris, G. Christopher Davies, W. C. Prime, Frank Forester, Edward Jesse, James Wilson, Cotton Mather, Dr. J. A. Henshall, J. F. Sprague, W. Wright and others well known in England and America. In fact we have prided ourselves on the aptness and richness of these extracts, and knowing that we number among our readers so many men of taste we have wondered if it was worth while to continue this labor, or if the pearls were cast before such an appreciative audience.

that they were so rapt in admiration as to become insensible to such material objects as pens, ink and paper. Hence in writing this article we chose the heading which you see above.

SOME ONE TO BLAME.—In a Brooklyn shooting gallery last Saturday night, Harry Heathcote, a boy sixteen years old, attended to the targets. An unknown man had fired four shots, and Heathcote went to the end of the gallery to take down the target. While he was there the man fired the fifth shot. The bullet struck Heathcote in the right side of the neck, killing him almost instantly. After firing the shot the stranger coolly walked away. The proprietor of the gallery is to blame for this fatality. Rifle ranges may be constructed like that in Conlin's gallery, this city, in which such so-called "accidents" as this are utterly impossible; and the proprietor of a gallery, who neglects to provide his range with these appurtenances of safety, should be held criminally responsible for the consequences of his negligence. In Conlin's gallery access to the target is had only by pushing open a heavy iron door, which swings back upon the end of the tunnel and interposes itself between the target room and the firing point. This device insures absolute protection to the attendant who is arranging the target.

THE WILL of the late Inslee A. Hopper, of Newark, N. J., who for many years was President of the Singer Manufacturing Company, gives all of his property to his wife excepting his fishing tackle, guns, and other sporting implements. These he bequeathed to his two sons, expressing his desire that they will cultivate a love for fishing and field sports. Of the intrinsic value of the sporting outfit we are not told; but the advice we know to be worth many thousands of dollars to young men. There are hosts of gray-haired veterans to-day who would not exchange pleasures found in field sports for a very considerable money consideration; and we know one gun and one dog and one fishing-rod which a small fortune could not buy.

SMOTHERED DOGS.—The misfortune which overtook the kennel of a Philadelphia gentleman, who exhibited at the London dog show, calls for strong language and vigorous action. This is not the first time that valuable dogs have been destroyed while being transported in railway baggage cars, nor until some better method than that now employed shall be adopted can we hope that it will be last. The occurrence argues either very insufficient accommodations or gross carelessness on the part of the railway employees, and we trust that such decided action may be taken in this matter as will enable dog owners to feel more safe in the future, when forwarding their dogs by rail, than they can at present. We have not the details of the unfortunate affair, but hope to have them next week.

GUNS GIVEN AWAY.—The cheap gun speculator has appeared again. This time it is the "Saxon," an arm which, the advertisements tell us, all the "sporting papers" speak highly of. We dropped in to see the "Saxon" gun the other day and to inquire what "sporting papers" endorsed it. The man in charge scratched his head, and cited two or three European papers; but he could not specify the issues containing the "Saxon's" praises. The "secret" of the cheapness, he volunteered to us confidentially, was that these "shot-guns" were originally rifles made for the Zulu war, and afterward rebores and fitted to stocks to be sold to "farmer's boys" and "countrymen." It must be a very green chap who invests in the "Saxon." By the way, we should like to stand at a safe distance and see the agent of these arms shoot one of them off once.

MASSACHUSETTS GLASS BALL ASSOCIATION.—This flourishing organization is composed of sixteen clubs, and has a membership of six hundred. It holds two tournaments each year. Trap shooting in Massachusetts has quadrupled since the substitution of glass balls for pigeons. The Association's fall tournament began on the grounds of the Natick Sportsman's Club yesterday morning; and will be continued to-day.

MULERTT'S AQUARIUM.—We have received a colored lithograph of the Japanese gold fish, "Kingio," etc., to be seen in the aquarium of Hugo Mulertt, 507 Race street, Cincinnati, O. It is well done. These fishes are sports of the ordinary gold fish, and are singularly supplied with extra tails, long tails, protuberant eyes, etc. Some of them are very beautiful.

THAT MYSTERIOUS LAW.—We have heard from time to time indefinite rumors of a law alleged to have been passed at the last session at Albany, prohibiting all shooting of game. Such a law exists only in the imagination of the wisecracks who originated the story, and who repeat it with all the mystery attending a conspiracy to murder Caesar.

GIBSON'S TRAPPING.—Mr. William H. Gibson has prepared another edition of his well-known work on trapping. The Harpers publish it. We will notice the book at greater length.

THE GAMBLING QUESTION propounded by a rifleman in our last issue has drawn out a response from Boston. The first shot is fired at Bunker Hill; it may yet echo round the world.

BY-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

FIFTH PAPER.

TWELVE miles from where it puts off from the main Inlet, the North Arm ends in the narrow but heavily timbered valley of Salmon River. We ran up to the head of the Arm, and anchoring not far from the shore, landed and lunched under a superb Douglas fir. One of the mouths of the river emptied within a few steps of the spot where we were seated, and after lunch Mr. H. took a rod to make a few casts, and try to capture some of the trout with which the river was said to swarm. Mr. Fannin, Seammux and I got into the Indian's canoe, and pushed off up the river, to see if we could not discover a white goat feeding on the mountain side. We did not expect, even if we saw one, to be able to kill it, but I had never seen this curious animal alive, and was anxious to behold it in its native wilds.

It was about low water when we left the steamer's side, and paddled up the river. The water near the mouth was nowhere more than a foot or two deep, and little rifles, or rapids, were encountered at every bend of the stream. In some of these the water was extremely shallow, so much so that it was quite impossible for us to get the canoe up them, while it was so heavily loaded, and all but Seammux were obliged, more than once, to land and walk around the rapids. It was a fine sight to watch the Indian as he stood with his pole in his hands preparing to drive the canoe up stream against the turbulent current. Quietly pushing along until he had almost reached the rushing water, he would set his pole firmly against the bottom, and, leaning back against it, would send the little shell fifteen or twenty feet up the stream, and then, before its way had ceased, would have his pole again fixed in the bottom. Standing as he did in the stern, the nose of the canoe rose high out of the water, and looked, as it rushed forward, like the head of some sea monster whose lower jaw was buried beneath the surface. No matter how furiously the water rushed, nor how it boiled and bubbled on either side, the light little craft, held perfectly straight, moved regularly onward until, the rapids passed, we would step aboard again, and resume the paddles, which would only be laid aside for the poles when another riffle was reached.

Mr. Fannin had brought both his rifle and shot-gun, the latter for the benefit of any interesting birds that we might happen to see; while I had only my own rifle. All the guns were pretty wet, since the canoe sat quite low, and in the rushing and broken torrent of the rapids took in considerable water.

I have scarcely ever seen the dipper (*Uinculus mexicanus*) more abundant than it was on Salmon River. On every little reach of still water one or more would be started and would fly from rock to rock, bobbing comically at each point where it alighted, in the most grave and absurd fashion. Many of those which we saw were young not long from the nest, and were quite without fear, allowing the canoe to approach within a very short distance of them before they would fly. The young of this species are readily distinguishable from the adults by the color of the under parts, which is pale brownish on the breast, fading to a pinkish tinge on the median line of the belly. We also started a number of broods of young harlequin ducks, some of them almost able to fly, while others seemed to be just hatched. Whatever their age, they seemed abundantly able to take care of themselves, and they could always keep ahead of the canoe until they had rounded a bend, after which they would not be seen again. Everywhere along the stream grew the salmon berry bushes laden with mature or ripening fruit. This shrub (*Rubus spectabilis*) resembles in its manner of growth and in its berries one of our Eastern species of blackberry, but its fruit when ripe is either red or yellow, berries of both colors growing on the same bush. They are pleasant to the taste, but have little substance.

We pushed on for some distance, up the stream without seeing any animal life larger than the ravens and eagles, which occasionally flew over us, going up or down the valley. At one point we saw where a bear had crossed the stream, and at another noticed some old deer tracks. At length, about two miles from the mouth of the river, we came to a long sand, or rather gravel, bar, and landing on its lower extremity, we strolled along examining the hillside for the white goats that we hoped to see. The guns had been lying in the water, and we took them out of the canoe, Mr. Fannin holding his two down to drain, and then placing them against a stick of driftwood to dry in the sun. I shook and wiped the water from mine as well as I could, and walked along with it in my hand. We had gone perhaps forty yards from the canoe, when Fannin and the Indian stopped, and began to scan the hills carefully while I walked on toward the upper end of the bar where there was a huge log, from which I hoped to get a better view than could be had from the water's level. Reaching the log I climbed on it and looked back at the others. As I did so I saw Seammux speak earnestly to his companion and point across the river, and in a moment Mr. Fannin turned toward me, gave a low whistle, and beckoned with his hand. Thinking that a deer had possibly shown itself in the brush, I dropped down from my perch on the log and ran toward them. I felt sure that it could not be a goat that they saw, for Seammux had evidently pointed to the opposite bank of the river, and the goats at this season are found only on the mountain sides. As I ran toward them the loose stones on the bar made what seemed to me a horrible clattering under

my feet, and I feared, forgetting the noise of the rushing waters, that, whatever it was that they saw, it would hear me and run off into the brush. When I was within about fifty yards of the watching pair, Mr. Fannin turned toward me again and made a gesture recommending caution, and, just as he did so there came in sight from behind a bush a fine bear. I had slipped a cartridge into my rifle as I started, and as soon as the animal appeared, dropped on one knee, and was about to fire. As the bear, however, was perfectly unconscious of our presence, I waited a few seconds for him to stand still, for, with two spectators, I was particularly anxious not to miss him. He was about one hundred yards off, and there would be no excuse for failing to hit him. He was gathering berries and was evidently giving his whole mind to it. Where the fruit hung low he would merely reach up his head like a cow picking apples from a tree, and winding his long tongue about the branch would strip the berries and leaves from it, leaving merely the bare stem; at other times he would stand up on his hind legs, and, reaching his fore paws to the higher branches, would pull them down to within reach of his mouth. Two or three times I was about to fire, but waited for a better chance, which came at last. For an instant he stood still facing me and I fired at the white spot in his breast. Just as I pulled he started to rear up for some berries above his head, but as the gun cracked, he thought better of it and whirling about lumbered off into the brush. He had disappeared almost before I had lowered the rifle from my shoulder. A moment later I stood by my companions and asked them, "Did I hit him?" Neither could tell, but the Indian offered to go across and see, if I would lend him my rifle. This I declined to do, and was about to wade the stream myself, when F. told me to wait, and sent the Seammux to fetch the canoe up to where we were standing.

While waiting for the craft I explained my refusal to let the Indian take my gun to go across for the bear. It would have been a regular Indian trick for him to have crossed, and if he had found the bear dead, or badly wounded, to have fired a shot and then claimed that he had killed it.

In a moment the canoe came up, and springing on board we soon reached the opposite shore. Mr. Fannin and I climbed up the steep bank and ran to the point where the bear had disappeared. We had hardly gone four feet in the bushes when we saw a broad leaf covered with blood, thick drops, and further on a place where it looked as if a teacupful of blood had been spilled on the ground. The trail was a plain one. Mr. F. said: "I am afraid he bleeds too much," to which I replied: "If he will only keep on bleeding we will be sure to get him." By this time Seammux, having secured his canoe, came up, and we hurried forward on the trail. Once we lost it for a moment, but a low call from the Indian soon told us that he had found it again, and as we overtook him he stopped with an exclamation, and pushing by him I saw the bear lying a few yards away, curled up on his side with his paws over his nose. The Indian did not seem inclined to approach him, so holding my gun in readiness, I stepped up behind the brute and gave his back a push with my foot. What sounded very much like a snarl of rage was emitted from his throat, but it was really only the air escaping from his throat and wounds, as I pressed my foot on him. He was quite dead, the ball having pierced the white spot and torn his lungs to pieces.

With some trouble we lugged him out to the river bank, and dropped him off into the canoe; and soon after, as we could see nothing of any goats, we turned down stream and hurried merrily along by the dancing waters, took our way toward the steamer.

It was very exhilarating to fly down the rapids, dashing by the bank at almost railroad speed, giving now and then a stroke of the paddle to keep the canoe straight or occasionally to turn her when a threatening rock appeared under her bow, and seeing the rapids, that had been surmounted with so much difficulty, disappear behind us almost as soon as they were reached. It took us but a short time to run down to the mouth of the river, and we were soon alongside the steamer. We found steam up and everything in readiness for a start, and received the cordial congratulations of the whole company on the unexpected success of our short excursion.

As we were about to start, attention was called by the Indian to two very minute white specks high up toward the top of the mountain on the west side of the Arm. Glasses were at once in requisition, and after watching the objects for some time it appeared quite certain that the objects were goats. Although they were so far distant that no motion could be detected in them, it was apparent that they gradually changed their position, both with regard to each other and to surrounding objects. They were too far off, however, and the day was too far spent, to allow us to think of pursuing them.

Our sail down the inlet was no less beautiful than that of the morning. The shadows of the trees and of the mountains were so different from those we had seen earlier in the day, that the effect of certain portions of the scenery was wholly changed. On our way we saw on a little grassy point a bear feeding at the water's edge, but before we came within range he had taken the alarm, and a shot from one of the party, fired at a distance of four or five hundred yards, had only the effect of making him take a long look at us and then trot off into the brush.

Seammux told us, on the way down, a rather interesting

story relative to a certain Selallicum which once inhabited the North Arm of the Inlet, and in ancient times destroyed many Indians. This Selallicum was peculiar in form, being shaped like two fishes joined together at the tails. It used to lie stretched across the mouth of the North Arm, just under the surface of the water, with one of its heads near each shore. Whenever a canoe would attempt to pass up the Arm the monster would wait until it was directly over its body and would then rise to the surface, overturn the canoe, and with one or both of its heads devour the occupants. In this way it destroyed many Indians, for the North Arm was a great hunting ground and fish, game and berries abounded along the river. At last the depredations of the Selallicum became so terrible that the Squamish Indians had lost nearly half their tribe, and no one any longer dared to go up the Arm, so that the people feared that they would starve to death. Now there was a young man in the tribe who had seen his comrades' misery and pitied their misfortunes, and at length he resolved that he would sacrifice himself for his people, and would kill the Selallicum even if it cost him his own life. So one day he went about to his family and bade them all good-bye, saying that he was going away and should not come back for a long time. Then he went away into the mountains, and no one saw him more. He fasted for many days, and prayed to the good spirit, and at last, when he was very weak, he dreamed one night that a very large white goat stood near him as he slept, and spoke to him long and wisely. The next day the young man went up further into the mountains, and gathered certain roots and herbs, which he dried in the sun, and afterwards, building a fire, scorched. Then he scraped them into a powder and mixed them with some medicine oil and rubbed the whole over his body—over his head and arms and body and legs. He left no part untouched. Then he walked down the mountain to the shore of the inlet and dived into the water. For five years he lived in the water, scarcely ever coming out on shore. In all this time he never spoke to a man. He was so much at home in the water that he could swim faster than a seal or a salmon, and at the end of that time his medicine was so strong that he could call the fishes or the seals to him, and lift them into his canoe. Now he was ready to fight the Selallicum, and, taking two spears, one in each hand, he swam to the mouth of the North Arm, and diving under the monster, thrust them into it. The fight was long and terrible, but at length the battle ended and the monster was dead. The young man was terribly wounded and expected to die. His wounds were so severe that he could not move, and he floated on the surface of the water like a dead salmon. As he lay there on the water he heard the sound of a paddle; and a canoe, in which sat his brother, stopped by him. The two recognized each other, and the brother lifted the wounded man into his canoe and took him to shore. The latter then told his brother to take him up into the mountains, and to gather certain roots and herbs, which he should first dry in the sun and then scorch in a fire. Then he told the brother to scrape them into powder and to mix them with the oil of a medicine fish, and to rub them over his whole body—to rub the mixture over his whole body, leaving no part of it untouched. This the brother did, and immediately the young man rose from the ground and walked about sound and whole. Then the two brothers went home to the village. Since that time the Selallicum has never been seen in the North Arm. This story, which I have thus briefly outlined, as nearly as possible in the Indian's words, was told by him at considerable length and with great particularity and detail.

We reached the town of Hastings about six o'clock, and at once took the stage for New Westminster. The next day I left for Victoria.

Camp on Loughborough Inlet, B. C.

ROUTES TO THE DUCKING GROUNDS.—As the season for duck shooting draws near, it is worth while to suggest to those who purpose visiting the South, during the season, how they can most conveniently reach their destination. We presume that about the middle of November the exodus for the shooting in South Carolina will begin, and the members of the various clubs, their friends, and those who annually go to Van Slyke's, will commence to move off. The famous shooting grounds on Currituck Sound have, by the completion of the Elizabeth City and Norfolk Railroad, been brought within twenty-four hours of this city, and recently arrangements have been made by which the route is somewhat shortened.

Those who intend to visit Currituck can take the 3:40 p. m. train at New York, as per advertisement of the Associated Southern Railways in another column, reaching Norfolk at 9 o'clock a. m. They should leave the train at Snowden, which place is reached at 10:50, and proceed thence by private conveyance to Currituck Court House where they can take the steamer Cygnet for Van Slyke's and other landings. If for any reason the steamer should be detained, they can continue on overland to the shore. The charge for conveying passengers from Snowden to Van Slyke's will, we understand, be \$2 each. The agent at Snowden will furnish all necessary information. There is no hotel at Currituck Court House, but a good dinner can be obtained at Captain Walker's. We understand that by taking the all-rail route, via Richmond and Petersburg, one can leave New York about 9:30 o'clock p. m. and reach Snowden at 6:55 p. m. the next day.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE DREAMS AND THE STREAMS OF THE PAST.

THERE be dreamy days in summer time, when all sounds that come to the ear are like the droning of a nursery crone; when the bees, and the water-fall, and the tannery wheel, and the wind in the solemn pines, all seem to hit it off in unison, singing an overpowering lullaby that dulls the senses deliciously. It was on such a day as this that I wrote to the blessed old Judge (your sometimes correspondent "Pitz") to know when I could meet him on the stream, and be with him in some new old spot among the favorite resorts of other days; and hear from him again the tales of former plights, the recollections of famous catches and misses of the Past. Now, the Judge is a confirmed *laudator temporis acti*, and faithfully believes that there were more pretty girls, and big trout and fine fellows, in the good old days before the flood, than there are now or ever have been since that "critter went sloshin' around with his darned old ark searing the fish and drowning folks." So just to humor him I dropped into the same vein; but, alas! the sleepy song of Nature overcame me, and I woke up with a start, only to find that I had mixed up the trout and the maiden in my verses in frightful fashion, and had produced a modern poetical mermaid worthy of Barnum:

Oh, the dreams and the streams of the Past!

What a charm when one fondly recalls

How full were the former of Hope,

And the latter of wonderful "bauls!"

You remember the maiden so coy,

Who'd an eye like the blue of the sky—

You think, with a spasm of joy,

Of the day when you first cast a fly.

How her lips, like the roses, were red,

How you worshipped the curve of her nose—

You feel even now the sweet thrill

As you "nipped" a half-pound that rose.

Full the daintiest maiden was she—

That ever was tempted with bait—

How speckled and glossy her sides,

And how swift through the water her gait.

And the hair falling down from her gills

Was so golden and flowing and free!

Not a thought had you then of the chills,

Though you waded in love to your knee.

You were filled with a sense of delight,

As you fondled her dear dorsal fin;

On rivals you looked with contempt,

Those who dished with a tow-string and pin.

You remember the swift-whirling "swash"

When she rose to your artificial cast,

And how you were mad and said "Gosh!"

As you missed her and lost her at last.

But now, looking back on it all,

You can say, "twixt the twinges of gout,

"She slipped at the fly with her tail

And was only a fingerling trout."

Oh, the dreams and the streams of the Past!

What a wonderful halo is this,

That so quickens the creels of old days,

And even softens the pang of a miss!

THE MAJOR.

THE GREAT SOUTH BAY.

IN TWO PARTS—PART TWO.

NEXT morning's "snipe shoot" was another failure. Mr. Green hunted killy fish through the mud and water of the meadow, and the Commissioner discoursed on his favorite subject, the wonderful natural attractions of Long Island and the Great South Bay. On their way back to breakfast they got a few shots at an immense flock of oysters, and secured enough game for breakfast, dinner and supper. Bidding good bye to their friends of "Castle Conkling" and the Wawayanda, they headed further toward the west. Mr. Green had, since the beginning of the trip, made the yacht "lie to" alongside of any fishermen working their nets, and he had examined the pounds and interviewed all manner of bay-faring men. After we had passed Oak Island, with its club-house and promising snipe grounds, over which the Commissioner breathed a parting sigh, and were bravely heading for Cedar Island, an indefinite spot where the Commissioner once, in early boyhood, had great sport and had lived since to manhood's prime in the hope of having it again, Mr. Green perceived two fishermen up to their waists in water "treading out clams." This singular employment, the like of which he had never seen before, argued an immediate explanation that was plainly beyond the limits of his credulity. He had studied the working of the oyster tongs and clam rake, and to the great surprise of the owner in each case, had taken lessons and had insisted upon working them himself, and had brought up clams and oysters from the vasty deep; but to believe that people just walked around in the water till they stepped on the rounded bivalves, and then picked them up with their hands was giving too much credit to the productiveness of even the Great South Bay. So he must go and see. We went, and the men confirmed all that he had been told of them as the lay with sheets eased off, and Mr. Green satisfied his doubts and learned "something new about clams." But the men were working in shallow water which was shallower still around them, and hardly had we left them two hundred yards before the yacht, of light draft though she was, ran solidly aground on a sand bank. All manner of efforts were made to get her aloft; sheets were eased off and trimmed in; the jib and mainsail were worked at alternately; a long pole was used to try and "bend her around"—but in vain. The yacht was fast and the tide was falling. Here was a predicament for an exploring party. The next twelve hours were evidently to be spent exploring a limited space of sand bar, but the Commissioner's equanimity was not to be disturbed. His golden rule of life had been "Don't Worry,"

and he was not going to forget his precept for all the dahl in the Great South Bay. He calmly turned to the Superintendent and remarked:

"Do you like to bathe?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Green.

"If so, now is the time to bathe, and salt water bathing is strengthening."

So those two wise and rather stout men stripped off their clothes, and stepped overboard. Mr. Green was about disporting himself in the water, and had in mind the excellent chance that presented itself to practice a little "treading out clams," when the Commissioner remarked as calmly as before:

"Now, if all hands will come to the bow, and get under the bowsprit we can shore her off."

So it proved. It must have been a funny sight to any beholders, those stout, elderly and dignified gentlemen garmentless, working away at the Au Revoir to get her into water where she would be herself again; but lightened, as she was, of a good deal of solid flesh she swung around easily, and made off so fast that they had to clamber aboard in haste, and Mr. Green was compelled to postpone the study and practice of the great art of "treading out clams" to a more convenient season.

"Now," said the Commissioner when they were fairly under way again, "beyond this point I am not familiar with the bay, having forgotten about it, but I have my charts which I made in old times."

"What?" exclaimed Seth Green, "don't know the way, and you mean to go?"

"Oh, no, a man in the South Bay only minds his own business. If he fishes for clams he knows where the clams are, if he uses a net he understands just where and how to set it, if he digs mussels or catches 'bunkers, mussels and 'bunkers are the extent of his knowledge. Why should he worry himself with vain things? My man worked in the middle part of the bay. Into the East Bay he has told me he went once."

Into the West Bay, though but thirty miles from his home, he has never presumed to penetrate. But I told you I can rely upon my charts."

"Then," said Seth Green, decisively, "the sooner you begin to study them the better."

"I remember," said the Commissioner, as he brought them out of the cabin to the waning light of day, "that there was a white house, which bore northeast and northwest or north-by-east or about that, from the opening in the bulkhead, but I forgot exactly which white house it was, and there seem to be several."

"Perhaps," replied Mr. Green, with deepest "sarkassum," "it is that white house we passed an hour ago, or the one we are abreast of, or that one a mile ahead. As everybody seems to paint his house white on this shore you have quite a choice."

"Oh!" replied the Commissioner, innocent of the ill-concocted irony, "this was a large, white house, it is either that one in the distance or some one beyond."

At this the Superintendent bounced around in restlessness. "Let's follow some other boat, that one ahead, she seems to be going our way."

"It is a thousand to one she is not, there are villages all along the bay, and every cove is converted into a harbor. We shall find the house, but what troubles me is the course. I seem not to have marked it on the chart. I must have known it so well once."

"And suppose we cannot find it, what then?" asked Mr. Green, anxiously. "Where can we make a harbor?"

"Oh, we can anchor anywhere. The water is not over four feet deep where we are. But we can surely find the channel. It was staked out. So they took 'heart at sight of every oyster stake, and eel pot stake and net stake in their course."

"What is the bulkhead anyhow?" asked Seth Green, after a pause.

"It is a strip of sand like a shallow sand bar, miles long, and dividing one part of the bay from the other. There is some way of passing around it, but I do not know how, and that would take us far out of our course, and nearly up to the mainland. We shall find the channel, never fear."

This easy confidence was justified. They discovered the narrow passage, only a few feet wide, staked out in the middle of that long bar of sand, but the tide was running strongly against them, and as the wind also was ahead they found it impossible to make any progress, and were compelled to try to go around the obstruction. It seemed a long journey, and soon they had passed from the open bay and were threading their way through narrow channels, among marshy islands, but fortunately the tide was nearly full, and ordinary flats were covered with water. Night found them at last surrounded by islands in a part of the bay they were wholly unacquainted with, and with no other boat near them. They did not want to anchor in the track of larger vessels, for fear of being run down in the night, as they had no lantern, but there was no help for it, and they dropped anchor in a blind creek. It had become dark, the wind was blowing hard, and there was damp, cold sleet falling. Hardly had the Au Revoir brought up on her cable than the Commissioner called out, "We are on an island, I can see the grass through the water." Fortunately they floated over it, and a fresh east of the lead, that is a sounding with a lead, a revealing good water, the anchor was dropped again and all hands went below tired, hungry and not altogether satisfied with their position for the night. A heavy supper, that panacea for all ills, swallowed, and to bed we go.

"All's well that ends well." Daylight next day shows us that we could not have chosen better had we known every inch of the bottom of the bay. We were in the best water, and the Au Revoir, on her way to the mainland, was in full sight. We had only to go straight for it, but it was straight as the innumerable intervening islands would permit. Point Look-Out is the easterly extremity of Long Beach, connected with the principal hotels by a local railroad which runs every hour to and fro over the sandy beach. The point is on the edge of an inlet which lately broke through, and already boasts of a hotel and a half dozen cottages. The hotel is admirably suited for families who prefer quiet to the noise of the great caravansaries. To gentlemen it offers as straight as the habits of fiddler-crabs, chase minnows through the ditches, and learn all about the hatching capabilities of Hempstead Bay, as the South Bay begins to be called in this neighborhood. The Commissioner to sit on the piazza of the hotel, watch the ocean commerce through his glass, and expatiate upon the future glories of all the sand beaches that lie between his favorite island and the broad Atlantic. These important matters accomplished, and I rejoined them, and once more we sped away back by another route into the

broad waters. In the way and in one of the narrow channels we passed two yachts whose owners we knew; one of the latter shouted out something as we sailed by, which, as they appeared to be fishing, we took to be—

"We have just caught a sea bass of six pounds!"

As this was very large for a sea bass Seth Green shouted back at the top of his voice, "I wish I had the Commissioner!"

"Hold him up and let us look at him!"

Our friends got under way immediately, and taking a short cut headed us off, and we were all surprised when we learned that they had really said "they had a sick man aboard they wish I would take home." Mr. Green's answer must have seemed to them ironic if not heartless.

It was an intricate channel, but one vessel whose owner knew the way was our pilot, and we came safely and quickly through. As we emerged into the main bay through the narrow channel in the bulkhead the Commissioner drew Mr. Green's attention to the compass and a large white house looming up on the northern shore. "You see," he said, "it bears exactly northeast as I told you, and my charts are perfectly accurate."

Then our friends informed us they were out of provisions and we invited them to stop aboard, and it was agreed to unite forces and go down to the easterly end of the bay together to fish and shoot, sending one boat to leave the invalid and get fresh provisions.

"We need some bread and ship-biscuit, and we are out of champagne," said the Commissioner.

"What! out of champagne!" exclaimed the Superintendent, in alarm, "then it is time to send ashore for supplies."

What a supper we had! Canned goods are a poor substitute for fresh provisions, but we had fish and some birds which Seth Green had shot the day before and eggs and home-made butter and ice and, still a couple of bottles of champagne. The Brunswick's up-stairs, by far, the best, and the canned counties are really excellent. Our man served such a free, "hot-hot out of the pot" potatoes likewise, and all with the flavor of the fire in it, not tepid and half-sodden with waiting to be served, as is often the case in our city kitchens. The cooking was intelligent, for did we not oversee it and even without the splendid sauce of appetite? I contented that our supper was as good as any we should have got anywhere ashore. The highest science of French cookery can add nothing and produce nothing superior to a plain broiled roast.

One of our guests, the Doctor, taking deep interest in the slap-jacks which constituted our dessert, for our meal came both dinner and supper, determined to take their time of cooking which he thought had much to do with their excellence. He placed his watch on the table, "the makings" of a slap-jack was poured into the pan. He waits, dreading the dial face eagerly a few minutes, the slap-jack was done, and ready to be eaten.

"Gracious," said the Doctor as he accepted the dainty and proceeded to devour it, "my watch is not going; I forgot to wind it up last night."

Moral. Always wind up your watch when you are off yachting, and never time a slap-jack unless you know your time-piece is going.

It took us a long while to finish that meal, but when it was over, we parted company temporarily, one boat disappearing in the hazy darkness to the north, agreeing to rejoin us later on at the snipe ground, and we, following the other on our course eastward. It was a beautiful night and a delightful sail. The moon had risen and was pouring a river of silver light over the laden water. Against its rays the sails of our friend's yacht looked black; the wind was blowing fresh and we dashed along at headlong speed after those sails that, like a phantom vessel's, fled as fast as we pursued. Half after hour with a free wind and all we wanted of it we followed our leader along the bay. It seemed as though every minute must bring us to the end that was looming dimly before us, but it was not till eleven o'clock that we made out a lone sand-hill on the beach which was our landmark for the snipe ground. Then we gladly furl'd sail, dropped anchor and went to sleep.

Fishing and shooting do not combine well. There was a net aboard for catching minnows, and after Seth Green and the Commissioner had arranged their blind and set out their decoys, they went to fishing. The birds did not fly numerous, and our sportsmen supposed they could keep on the watch and not lose any shots. They were convinced of their error when several fine flocks were by unobserved while they were deeply interested in catching "white-bait" or studying the sex and nature of some newly captured killifish. "When I was a boy," remarked Seth Green, gravely, after such an occurrence had happened and they had dropped their net and let the minnows escape, and rushed for their guns just in time to be too late to use them, "When I was a boy and out shooting, and my ammunition ran low, I would often divide my last charge of powder and shot into two, and—I never killed anything with either of them."

The "white-bait" were only "spearing," quite a common, but very pretty fish of the northern waters. It is semi-transparent, and certainly looks "good enough to eat," and the Doctor assured us it was delicious, but the Commissioner had eaten it before, and his souvenirs were not favorable. However, we had that cooked and the barred-killifish, and the green-killifish, and the many varieties which are known generally as "mummies," from the Indian word *mumunology*, along the shores of Mattowax, the Lone Island of the aborigines, and Seth Green ate of them all. His plan with the fish is very simple; first to catch it, then to smell it, for he says every fish has its own peculiar and distinguishing smell, then to cook it, then to eat it. No matter what it may be, nor how repulsive it may look. He once tasted jelly-fish, but reported that it was bad; in fact that red pepper was a relief for the taste it gave, and that when he had exhausted himself trying to remove the recollection with water he scrubbed his mouth out with sand. He tests the warmth of all water in which he fishes with his mouth, and can tell to a degree of the thermometer what it is, and he drinks a little to ascertain if it is salt or fresh, and if brackish exactly how brackish.

Our whitebait were certainly very sandy; they were too small and pellicled to need cleaning, but their stomachs were as full of sand as if they lived on nothing else. Seth Green insisted that they were a very sweet fish, what there was of them, a proposition to which the Commissioner gave a disgusted assent.

"A very sweet fish indeed," he said, "all of them which is not bones or sand, and that is not much."

I may say incidentally, that while there is a little real whitebait, there is a great deal of what is sold in New York markets, what is usually passed off under the name, is a mixture of all sorts of young or small fish, among which the

spearing holds a prominent place, and that it is about as miserable a substitute for real whitebait as cooked clams are for cooked oysters. Of course this fact was well known to our party, but the beauty of spearing was misleading some of them, as beauty has misled some of us more or less during our lives.

Seth Green had always been an admirer of a central-fire snap-action gun, and in vain had the Commissioner wasted his eloquence in explaining and contending that no improvement had been in the action of the original Lefaucheur pin-fire breech-loader. Out of regard for his guest's views he had had an old Parker gun, which he had discarded, revamped and refurbished, and delivered it and a lot of cartridges into the hands of the Superintendent, who has the reputation of a first-class shot, and knows it. In the course of the shooting he had made a few misses, although indeed very few, and during the day he opened a number of his cartridges to find out if they were loaded properly, and gave the result of his investigations to the Commissioner at the dinner hour on the following day without reserve. As the entire party dined on the Au Revoir for sociability, he had quite an audience as he commenced:

"When I first came to the seashore I was treated very hospitably, and the Commissioner was so good to me that he gave me a hint—look to shoot bay snipe with, while he used a breech-loader. I have never forgotten his kindness. This time, however, he told me, he not only lends me an old gun which he has given up entirely, although he has a dozen others in his case—but he gives me all the old cartridges that have been loaded since he first tried to learn to shoot. I opened them and found some loaded with number two shot, others with number tens, some had two drachms of powder in them and others had five, and the bigger the shot the less the powder. Why! They were of all sizes from an inch long to three, and as for powder, well, just look at that."

Hereupon he drew out of his pocket a cartridge cut open so that the powder was visible, which was seen to be packed into a solid mass of brown material more like road dust than good powder.

"There, just look at it and tell me if anybody can be expected to kill game with that?"

The Commissioner was taken aback, but while the company were laughing he recovered his composure.

"Certainly," he replied calmly, "Mr. Green is right. I always make it a point to gratify the wishes of my guests whenever I can. Mr. Green shoots with a central-fire snap-action gun, and I will use one myself. There is a central-fire snap-action gun. I had it put in order especially for him. It never would work for me, but I hoped it might do better for him. Anyway it is his choice. And as for the cartridges, I know better than to use them, but I don't object to his shooting away at the old ones which I was foolish enough in my youthful days to load. Besides," the Commissioner added expansively in conclusion, "they furnish a good excuse for missing. Where would any of us be without an excuse for missing, and as Mr. Green has certainly needed an excuse, he is lucky to have so good a one. It was really a most delicate allusion on my part in furnishing him with something upon which to place all blame."

In spite, however, of this pleasing and gracious way of putting it, the Superintendent was evidently discouraged, and either found the snipe too scarce or his ammunition too poor, for after that he devoted himself almost wholly to experiments. There were no more fish to capture, and he felt like Alexander out of business. He dug a hole in the sand a few feet from the bay and stuck his water can in it, pronouncing it not good, but six degrees colder than the bay water and quite drinkable. "There," he said, bringing some in a cup to the Commissioner, who was patiently waiting in the blind for that "flight" to begin which he had expected for so many years, "taste that; if a man had nothing better he could get along on that. Try some more of it," as the Commissioner made grimaces after taking a mouthful which he had promptly ejected, you did not get a good taste. It is easy to spit out if it is not like it.

"No, thank you," replied the Commissioner, "I've been spitting over since the first trial. I prefer iced cream."

Having exhausted the fluvial and piscary resources of the spot, Seth Green explored the neighborhood. He went off among the sand-dunes, took a look at the ocean, pulled up flowers and plants, studied the coarse grasses, and finally returned with two large bushes which he planted like trees behind the Commissioner and himself to serve as a shade between them and the raw cold soil, which at times came down to rub the bay and water that water came up in it, pronouncing it not good, but six degrees colder than the bay water and quite drinkable. "There," he said, bringing some in a cup to the Commissioner, who was patiently waiting in the blind for that "flight" to begin which he had expected for so many years, "taste that; if a man had nothing better he could get along on that. Try some more of it," as the Commissioner made grimaces after taking a mouthful which he had promptly ejected, you did not get a good taste. It is easy to spit out if it is not like it.

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Then the party separated, and the Au Revoir once more made her lonely journey along the bay. Fir Island was revisited and Sammie's Hotel, the fashionable resort on the beach in front of which the Au Revoir went hopelessly aground, and bathing even in the presence of all the guests on the piazza and the travelers by the Babylon steamboat which came by at the time, and who to its deep interest in the proceeding, was in vain, and she had to stay there till the tide rose. Those on board were beginning to be worn out with their long cruise and unaccustomed labor and went to bed, having first carried an anchor out into deep water. In that part of the bay where they were, the tide runs with great violence and rapidity, and it is an easy thing for a boat to swing round, trip her anchor, and then be carried out to sea. The Commissioner doubtless was dreaming of such possibilities when he waked to find the yacht had a slow heavy roll just like that she would have in the swell of the ocean after it had broken on the bar. The horrors of an unexpected trip to sea at midnight, without preparation or a knowledge of the position of the boat, burst upon him and he darted from the cabin with the speed of half his hundred years. Even as he went, however, the various circumstances and a sudden flash of light through his mind, should he anchor with the spare anchor, would he have time to get the sails up, could he tell where he was so as to keep in the channel and out of the breakers? If the yacht struck and filled it would be a most certain death, as the tide runs over the bars and the surf beats upon them with a violence too great for even the most expert swimmer. In the daytime there would be a chance of escape or rescue, but at night there would be no one to see or to help, and the castaways would not know in what direction to seek safety.

There was a great deal of water on the table, a vast list of possibilities, but when the Commissioner reached the deck and found the yacht still lying at her anchor and the "silver moon" gazing placidly in the fullness of her

splendor down upon the tranquil waters, he was more than relieved. The motion of the vessel had been caused by the swell from the breakers that at high tide comes in over the bar and reaches some distance up into the channel way. All he had to do was to haul in part of the cable so that the yacht would swing clear of the shoal at low water, and once more return to his comfortable though limited sleeping compartment. And now the night was nearly over. A visit to the eastern bay and an examination of the endless eel-pots which there take the place of gill-nets completed the investigation into the advantages and disadvantages of the Great South Bay as a breeding-place for sea fish. Nature had done much for it, but man had treated it as he seems to insist on doing with all common property. Generation after generation had taken all they could get, regardless of the future or of keeping up the supply. Extravagance and waste had produced the results that are sure to follow them in private or public matters. It was clear that if the waters of Long Island were to be restocked with fish in satisfactory abundance, the work would be one of time and difficulty, and need a co-operation from the residents which it might not at present receive.

It seems that in this land of freedom it is impossible to save or restore any natural source of wealth, unless it can be converted into private property, or until it shall first be so utterly ruined as to be of no value to anyone. Our people seem to learn that it is much easier to save a fishery from ruin by timely protection than it is to restore it after it has been exhausted by abuse and neglect.

On shore, the fresh water fisheries were found to be in much better condition. Some ponds, like those of Mr. Lorillard at Islip and the South Side Club, had been brought to a high standard of productiveness by artificial assistance, but most of the ponds and streams had been poached and fished and neglected till the famous trout of this most favored island had almost disappeared. There were hundreds of small ponds of fish water, which are shipped to New York markets to be sold at a dollar a pound. In no part of the world trout grow so rapidly. Nowhere is there a more abundant supply of food for them nor do they attain higher delicacy of flavor. The visitor can scarcely travel a mile without crossing a beautiful pellucid brook fed by springs of the best temperature for these dainty and exacting fish, and containing unlimited food and perfect spawning beds. No one who has not given a careful study to the subject can realize the preservation of fish waters, and the ponds which hereafter there have been built on them contain. There are, in the first place, the countless minnows which run into them from the bay, and will find their way a long distance from brackish water unless prevented by some obstruction. There is no better food for trout, and a hatchery can be made to raise trout for market at a good profit where these can be obtained. There is the salt and fresh water shrimp, and many trout on this island have the habits of the trout of Canada and migrate to and fro between the fresh and salt water.

The fresh water shrimp, although smaller than those of the bay and darker colored, are exceedingly abundant in all the ponds. The ephemeral and other flies are numberless in certain seasons, and fill the air like motes in the sun or snow-flakes in a storm, and it is found that fish fed on flies grow faster and attain a higher flavor than any others. Many of these flies pass the grub stage in the water encased in houses which they build of sticks or stones, or in holes, and are devoured in myriads by the voracious trout and thousands of other water insects. The flies are obtained abundantly in winter, when most kinds of food are scarce. Often, on disturbing an old log that has lain a long while in the bottom of a pond, an inkly looking current will flow from it. This, on examination, will be found to be composed of so many insects that it seems to be actually black. Of course, the first requisite to raising animals is to have food for them, and fish need feeding, although many persons act as if they doubt it, this, precisely as much as land animals. Either the abundance of food or something in the natural surroundings or conditions of the fish causes the trout of Long Island to grow easily twice as fast as those of the interior of the State.

A fish raised at Caledonia, in the State hatchery, and well fed and cared for, that in fifteen months after birth, say by June or July of the year following, weighs one-quarter of a pound, has grown fast and done well; whereas a trout in the preserves of Long Island will in the same time have acquired weight of half a pound and occasionally of three quarters.

In spite of all this the trout-breeding of the State, of the entire island from Greenpoint to Mostack, except where they have been artificially stocked, has so far depreciated and diminished as to be scarcely worth following for pleasure or profit. The day of its utter extinction is indeed so near at hand that many owners of what were once valuable trout preserves, are talking of introducing black bass, or have already done so. To these I wish, however, to give a word of warning if it shall be in time to save their trout and perhaps those of their neighbors, for the black bass, the voracious fish that crosses their path, and will devour all of the trout that cross their path. I wish to say to them that there is a far finer and gamier fish which can be obtained from the State hatchery, a fish which may yet replenish our trout streams without loss at any point, the mountain trout of California.

These fish are very handsome, so much so as to be named scientifically the "rainbow trout"; they take a fly as readily and with more of a rush than their Eastern brethren; they fight harder when hooked, and are better on the table; they are more easily raised, and more readily will bear confinement with less loss, and will grow twice as fast. To a man who has a good trout brook I might not recommend an improvement, but the owner of water suitable for trout should not degrade it to black bass when he can obtain that nobler game fish the California mountain trout.

The examination was over, Seth Green with his usual indefatigableness of search after improvements had made all manner of original arrangements of fishing gear, had suggested new modes of catching clams and oysters, had advised changes in the size of the twine for nets, had tried all methods of improving the speed of the Au Revoir, had advised the building of new and unheard of styles of boats, and had thrown out ideas which, if followed, would have occupied the attention of the inhabitants of Long Island for a generation, but to the incredulity of the Commissioner he admitted, as he was about taking his departure, that:

"After all that the people in every locality have generally found out and practice the best methods of doing what it is necessary for them to do."

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

FROM CANADA TO TEXAS—Fall River, Mass., Sept. 30.—We are very much pleased with the returns from our advertisement of the gun cleaner in your paper, as we are receiving responses from Canada to Texas.—CLIMAX MFG. CO.

to death against the thorns by which he is surrounded.

ONE OF THE OLD FELLOWS.

TWO of our sportsmen, Geo. B. and Billy W., are "high-up" authority on duck shooting. Their corner on crumbeaking is at the corner on Goose Lake, where they bag the mallards. No one is too old nor too young, neither too rich nor too poor, to presume to go ducking before obtaining the advice of the above named messieurs in regard to all the minutiae of successful duck shooting. A piece of advice in the mind never fails to insure dead ducks in the bag. A word from them is worth the quack of a d-zeen mallard.

Last Tuesday they were souzily encoosed on their favorite point when a steady looking party, with a gun and a yellow dog, emerged from the brush and began reconnoitering.

"Wonder if that old relic intends to pop here?"

"Yes; he probably will locate his corporeity near here, blaze away every time we shoot and then exclaim in the stereotyped phrase, 'There! I downed that fellow.'"

"Do you 'tumble to' his old fud? See where the stock is worn with friction against the side of Noah's ark."

"Ha! ha! I 'tumble to' it quicker than any duck ever will."

"Hold," said Billy, "I've an idea," and approaching the Ancient Party he said: "Going to try your luck, eh?"

"Yes, I thought on't."

"Ever shoot much?"

"Some; squirrels and such in Alabama."

"Say, I'll give you a point, seeing you're a stranger; see that point over yonder? That's a good place to shoot from."

"Yes, just the place I was going to tackle."

Returning, Billy said, "I've got the old fossil anchored down there where a duck will never fly unless it's a crazy one. Blazer!" said that mallard tumble!"

Sure enough, the old gun had spoken. The duck gyrated and fell with a kersplah. The "yaller dog" plunged in and quickly retrieved it, and the Ancient Party finished reloading in time to repeat his feat on the next flock, and so on till night, when he gathered up eleven mallards, and as he passed our fellows he said, "Stranger, you were kind to put me on that point. How're you made it?"

"Oh, we came up to go in swimming but found the water rather too chilly." Mo.

Memorize, Wis.

REMINISCENCES OF FORTY YEARS.

THIRD PAPER.

I HAD an extraordinary day with the wild fowl in 1862. My companion was my old friend Robert Henry, then as now of the extensive dry goods firm of William Barr & Co., St. Louis, Mo. We were on the Darden prairie, a low flat bottom, marshy and full of snipe. Many ponds were at that time caused by the overflow of the Mississippi. These ponds were in many places two miles in circumference, and they were all frozen with the exception of one of the deepest, where immense bodies of wild fowl had congregated—ducks, geese, brant and swan.

We arrived at the scene at daybreak. I planted myself behind some brush and rushes and began shooting right and left, as fast as I could load and discharge my muzzle loader. The birds fell and still others came from their feeding grounds, among the cornfields a few miles away, to this unfrozen piece of water. This continued all day.

I had never shot a brant nor a Canada goose before this day. My first shot at brant was at four of these birds, which were skimming around and around the pond without settling down. They passed me all together, their four heads in line, about forty yards out. I shot the four, bringing them to the ground with the first barrel. So my first brant shot was a good one. An hour later I heard a welcome honk, and looking round saw two immense Canada geese coming straight for me and about ten yards high. I "lay low," until my double barrels did their work, and there were my first Canada geese, a double shot.

That same day, while I was standing on the ice, I shot a large goose some sixty yards above me, aiming almost perpendicularly. Down came the goose, plump within two yards of where I was standing, and went right through the ice, which was thick enough to bear my weight of 150 pounds. You may judge if he must not have been a tough old gander.

The total count of that day's shooting scored 168 ducks (Mr. Henry will have it that it was 173), 17 brant and geese, with one gun (Mr. Henry too insists that there were seventeen brant and seven geese); however, it was tall work. The wagon load of game went to Springfield, Ill., where I was then living.

In September of the year 1864, my old friend, George Holman, of the Holman Opera Troupe, shot with me at Dawson, ten miles from Springfield, Ill. Between half past three and half-past five or six o'clock that afternoon, in a stubble field of ten acres, we killed 64 pin-headed grouse, and the next day 67. The splendid birds were all full grown, and we did not miss a double shot in the lot; still, one could hardly miss such birds as full fledged prairie chickens, rising right under your nose. The secret in prairie chicken shooting, as in other shooting, is keeping cool; if you grow excited, plenty of the birds will fly off untouched.

In these reminiscences, which include some of my many years' shooting, I have given the shots exactly as they occurred. From them sportsmen of the present may realize something of the great abundance of game in the past.

WILLIAM KING.

LIVE QUAIL WANTED.

KEYPORT, N. J., October 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend and myself propose making a trip to Virginia this winter. Our main object is to negotiate with parties for from three to four thousand quail to be let loose next spring in this county, one thousand of which our club (the Kari-tan) will retain for this special vicinity. The rest we will try and distribute with other clubs at actual cost. As we also go for the gunning season, our time and expense in the matter is our likely locality in the State where we can "kill the two birds with one stone?" 2d. Can you give, or procure, names of parties in the South whom we could correspond with to this end, and from whom we could procure the trapped quail?

The few quail let loose here last spring, we have reason to believe, have done well, and several pairs have brought out full broods within our town limits.—FRANK.

A VIGOROUS LETTER FROM MAINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I very rarely notice any assertion in a public print knowing a subject that they are made by irresponsible persons, and are unworthy the good of the time. But the respectability of the source from which a remark is quoted from a "lover of the dog and gun" over the signature of "Homo" entitles it to correction as an error. I give the text as taken from the letter:

"Well, after all, all you need do is to give one of the Game Warden three or four dollars, and he will take you to a moose. Eight dollars a month is not enough wages to keep them interested in their duty. They may be true in this."

I know of none of our wardens in the State of Maine upon whom this is not a gross libel. There are always numbers of loose, disreputable loafers hanging around our places of summer resort seeking work as guides, who are willing to commit almost any crime for the price of rum and tobacco. That they may represent themselves as wardens is very possible, but I do not know of a single warden in the State who is open to the charge made.

Our wardens are appointed by the Governor and Council, and it has been the custom with but rare exceptions to refer all these appointments to the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game. There have been exceptions, but even the names of such appointees we do not know. If any of them have been guilty, it requires but to present the evidence to the Commissioners, and both dismissal and punishment will rapidly follow. I have yet to learn that any one deserving the characteristics of manhood or honesty will bribe even a drunken poacher or pot-hunter to break the laws of his State, as is worthy he who would bribe a clerk to rob his master's till.

Nothing is so painful as from expressing my indignation that visiting sportsmen from other States to whom we should look for aid and sympathy in protecting our fish and game, who are allowed all the privileges of our own citizens in our streams and forests should, while here as our State's guests, break our laws and become poachers, and tempt others to assist them in their very dirty path of amusement. Two arrests have been made this very week of summer visitors, for killing deer and caribou during close time. Penalties for poaching have been paid and they have gone home. Wardens are in possession of other parties, still others have fled the State, with laws and hospitality they have abused. As to the Portland moose killing offense, the indignation of sportsmen is best shown in giving the name of the offender and the evidence of the offense. The end is not yet, and will not be reached until the penalty is paid. S. W. STILWELL.

MONROE COUNTY NOTES.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 8.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The summer of 1881 has not been a very eventful one to the sportsmen of this city, and since the return of the Monroe County men from the Coney Island tournament there has been no event of much note to record in the line of sport. I feel, however, under a sort of obligation to contribute a few facts now and then that may be of interest to some of your many readers and contributors as their communications interest me. This was a great and sad day for many monomaniacs, and even now, although the best season has been out away, the snipe grounds drained and club houses built on the shores of the bays where wild fowl did most abound, lucky or skillful and well-posted members of the shooting fraternity occasionally have very successful shoots. I have seen several good bags of woodcock since the opening of the season. On two occasions I had the second-hand pleasure of exclaiming bunches of the brown beauties (not "speckled beauties") containing twelve brace each. The same men who shot those birds have brought in a great many woodcock in bunches numbering half a dozen or so at a time. The boys who have the sport of shooting so many of these much admired members of the game family are not only good shots, but so circumstanced that they can attend to their ordinary business, and at the same time shoot two or three times a week if they please. Their trade brings them in contact with farmers, and they are thus enabled to learn where game may be found as soon as it appears. Their record of woodcock killed this season must aggregate several hundred.

The severity of last winter does not seem to have done any harm to the ruffed grouse in this neighborhood, for I understand that the birds are even more numerous than in former years, and some good sport has been had among the covets Squirrel shooters, too, report that their favorite object of pursuit is unusually abundant this year in this and adjacent counties.

There has been a good flight of teal on Irondequoit Bay during the last week or two; and their ranks were thinned out by an army of shooters, some of whom asserts that he killed twenty-two blue-winged teal with two shots. Blue-bills and red-heads have also appeared on the bays and ponds of this county bordering Lake Ontario, and from now until ice covers the water the boom of the duck gun will be heard incessantly along the shores of the many wild fowl resorts within four to fifteen miles of this city.

A few gray plover have been shot in the wheat fields hereabout, but they do not, as in former years, come in numbers enough to promise a good day's sport, and they are now usually picked up as incidentals to woodcock or partridge shooting.

The first snipe I have seen this fall were shot the past week, and it is reported that they are to be found in fair numbers on the marshes around the bays. One of my acquaintances bagged fifteen a day or two ago, and as I have a standing invitation to have a day at the ducks or snipe with him, near his home in Greece, I anticipate some sport in the near future, for there is no kind of shooting I enjoy more than duck or snipe shooting. If the birds are to be found in fair numbers. If fortune smiles I may let you hear of how the field was fought and won. E. R.

A HORNELLSVILLE MAN IN WYOMING.—A Hornellsville, New York, sportsman, has been trying the game of Wyoming Territory. In a private letter, extending over a year, he has kindly permitted to publish, he says, under date of August 1, describing a trip from Evanston toward the United Range: Attempted to cross the ford and go into camp, as we saw a storm coming up. We got nicely into the middle of the river, when the horses concluded they had gone far enough. They could not be budged an inch. The driver stood up and belabored them until he brought the clare on one of them, but they did not even wink at it, and once in a while when he would put in an extra hard blow you might discern a smile

pass over the gills of the old gray, for he doubtless thought the driver was brushing off his flies. Well, said that it began to rain, and how it did pour. So we pulled off our boots and socks and waded to the shore; but even then the balters would not move. Then it began to hail, which made it interesting. The hail kept coming harder and harder, and how I did take them on my shoulders. When it let up the hail stones were over an inch deep. Then the river began to rise until it had risen over a foot. For fear the wagon would go down stream, we had to lug everything up on to the bank. The horses would not pull the empty wagon out, so we all had to get hold of the wheels and shove horses and all out. We loaded up, went a mile and camped. We sent the driver and one of the boys back after another team; they returned at noon the next day, and we started on. We got up into the timber Thursday afternoon, and saw three deer that night, but could not get a shot at them. The next morning, while climbing over a windfall of old trees, I scared out a big elk, but of course was in a position where I could not shoot, as I was using the gun to help me over the logs. In the afternoon I wrote again and saw a large doe. After that I sat under a tree to rest a while. I had sat some time, when all of a sudden I saw a wild cat within eight feet of me. He saw me and crouched down. At the same time I could feel my hair pushing my hat up into the trees, but I brought up the gun, took good steady aim and bored him through the shoulders. Then he made for me, but was hurt too bad to make any headway. So I soon got another shot and sent it through him lengthwise, fixing him in short order. The bird was within an inch of the length of the rifle; or, as near as I could measure with my hands, forty-nine inches from nose-tip to tip of tail, and weighed from fifty to sixty pounds. I had just made up my mind to take his hide off, when I discovered another wildcat in the bushes working that way. Not daring to trust to a rifle shot, I skipped out. Had I shot, and only wounded him, I would have had a lively tussle; I would probably have got the worst of it, for they are bad medicine in this country. The next day we went down the river and struck camp near Fort Reno. We had some fine chicken shooting, also some good trout fishing. Monday night, while making for camp, the darkness came on and we got lost. We did not find our way to the camp ground until about midnight. We had some chicken shooting most every day. We were soaked to the skin with rain almost every day, which was unpleasant. H. A. T.

LONG ISLAND SHORE NOTES.—Shelter Island, Oct. 9.—I wrote in answer to the inquiries of your friends that I would recommend them to go to Napeague Bay for a convenient harbor, and one which will be handy for fowling in Gardiner's Bay. The fowl arrive there and remain there first, and later reach the shores of Shelter Island. The shooting here is very uncertain, and little can be done without the birds. The birds come too shy to be approached with rail-boats. Much depends upon the supply of scallops, their natural food. I have not heard this season whether that shell-fish is plenty or scarce. I think at Gardiner's Bay, included between the mouth of Napeague, Gardiner's Island and Fire-place Point, is the best ground for fowl-shooting. Coot, old squaws, and sheldrake, and sometimes brant, are met there in great numbers. When the fowl are numerous around Shelter Island, the best place for them is on the flats, on the southeast side of Great Neck Island, and there are some fine places for the snipe. The shooting is also sometimes good at Norac Bay and Jessup's, or at Gibson's Bar. The golden plover have been very scarce at Montauk this year; but a friend of mine got there forty birds last week. I hear the bay-snipe shooting at Shinnecock Bay is now good, and Will Lane says the feed for them is now good.—ISAAC McLELLAN.

NEBRASKA DUCK SHOOTING.—Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 4.—On the 12th of September last, Mr. Hullet and I drove by a small, narrow lake in the open prairie, two and a half miles from this city, and in walking along its margin knocked down two wood-ducks, a blue-winged teal, three rail and two snipe. At the foot of one of the hills we came upon a boy, fourteen years old, barefoot, an old muzzle-loader across his shoulder and an even half-dozen birds swinging at his waist. For our inquiry as to where he bagged his game, he replied, "In there," pointing to the lake. He then informed us that he crept up on them through the grass and got them all at one shot. "How many were there in the flock?" I asked. "These were all—I killed them all," he said, without seeming to feel that he had done anything particularly clever. A few days after this my friend and I got two shots into a flock of green-winged teal in this same lake, and our dog retrieved sixteen as the result.—B. W. P.

ENGLISHMEN'S AMERICAN HUNTING PRESERVE.—Among the details of the immense landed estates of an English duke just appearing in print, we find him accredited with the possession of 20,000 acres of land in the State of Colorado. As all these English noblemen are great huntsmen and deprecably addicted to field sports, it appears that this duke comes to America to hunt over his own estates. What particular necessity there was of this might be a source of wonder to the average American citizen in view of the immense wildernesses of the West that are open to all the world as free hunting grounds; but it must be remembered that the one thing especially required by the English aristocratic hunting class is the presence of the deer. Hence, the duke's game preserve in Colorado in order to be able to hunt over his own grounds, and to be under no obligations to anybody else for his enjoyment. Many important considerations will readily occur to our thoughtful readers in this connection. We will only say that while the public lands of the United States are offered for sale to all who choose to buy at extremely low prices, of course foreign noblemen are as welcome to purchase as any other class. But in view of the enormous wealth of the European nobility and land owning class, and of the comparatively large numbers it will not be difficult to force the possibility of such a land monopoly for hunting grounds as might eventually become a positive evil, the more especially if upon these hunting grounds the exclusiveness of the English game laws were to be attempted seriously.—Germaniston Telegraph.

Gossip on Various Subjects.—Prospectville, Pa., Oct. 8.—Editor Forest and Stream: "Pentagon" must have had a good time all to himself laughing at "Teece's" explanation of "Left-eyed Shooting." Now let Mr. "Pentagon" do as "Teece" says with the gun, give it a good trial, and let him fail to change his mind, why he is either "left-eyed" or

"both-eyed." I tried it and couldn't get an aim from the left shoulder at all. But "gun measles" is a better description, and I am interested in it too. Although not the owner of a breech-loader, I hope to be soon, and am saving up all these suggestions for future use. I am also acquainted with one of those old guns; it was a few inches over seven feet in length, shot four or five boxes with it one winter in New Hampshire some years ago. Unlike the Prince gun, it was not a kicker, but an easy gun to shoot, and as sure as the rest; but of course it was useless for quick shooting. I want to say one word of "Podgers," that is, let him write. And there is another "quill shaver" out in Ohio who caught the big "longe;" "Kingfisher," of course. Let us have an account of that trip. Glad you have gained the day in cutter vs. sloop; hope the flat-bottom folks will sleep better.—L. L. LOPE.

GENERA. N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In your last issue, on this subject, a Rockingham correspondent, "Twice," asserts that a person cannot shoot from his right shoulder with his left eye. I always shoot with my left eye and the gun at my right shoulder, and two to one that I can outshoot anybody in that manner. Often when out hunting I try to aim with my right, but cannot do it. I think that our correspondent must be mistaken, though I know not how it may be with him. I have seen only a few quail this season. Ducks are quite plentiful.—MERWIN.

REST IN GUN BARRELS.—Utica, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In your last issue I noticed an article from a correspondent on the matter of rest in gun barrels. Your remarks were to the point and true. If our friend will soak a rag in kerosene oil, and thoroughly rub his barrels after using the gun, and then use another rag dipped in equal parts of the best sperm and kerosene oils, he will find no rust, even laying his gun aside for one year.—J. R.

BARRELS, Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have often (especially after leaving my gun aside for a few days and then looking inside the barrels) wondered why the inside of a gun barrel couldn't be plated, say with nickel, to keep away the rust, as well as the outside. Have you ever heard of its being tried inside a gun barrel?—H. J. T.

[This would be impracticable because the shot would soon wear away the plating.]

VIRGINIA RUFFED GROUSE.—Shadwell, Va., Oct. 8.—A friend and myself having just returned from a dog-training trip to Bath county, Va., I am happy to be able to report that the ruffed grouse is still there. We were shooting setters that had previously been hunted on quail only, and on the first day the both did very well; but I am of opinion that with two guns a team of really good cockers would have afforded us more fun. Single-handed I could get more shots with a clever setter. We put up at a Dr. Smith's, some eight miles from Millboro Station, which can be reached conveniently by the Chesapeake and Ohio line. I mention Smith's boarding house as there are very few comfortable places in that neighborhood. The doctor is a very fine sportsman, and a clever and pleasant companion. Any one staying there can indulge in a choice collection of mineral waters, and enjoy cooler air than on this side of the Blue Ridge.—IBEX.

WISCONSIN CHICKEN SHOOTING.—Menomonie, Wis., Oct. 1.—The chicken season here has been extremely good for the chickens. I do not think there has been a dry week since the 15th of August, and September was nearly a continuous rainstorm, consequently but few birds were killed. They are now too old and wary to come to bag. They have commenced to flock; and very large flocks are now numerous. Provided we have a good hatching season next year and do not have any meddlesome interference of our present law by legislators the shooting next season will be gilt-edge. While a train was running on the road from Wabasha to Bumbrota, Minn., a wolf was discovered on the track ahead of the engine. The throttle was opened, when his wolfish majesty was soon run down and killed.—MO.

INDIANA GAME NOTES.—La Fayette, Ind., Oct. 4.—The show for quail is much better than we had hoped for from the severity of last winter; and I have heard that they are very plenty in parts where we had supposed none were to be found. In my excursions after chickens I have seen a great many. In the western part of this State and eastern Illinois, along the line of L. E. & W. R. R. We soon look for the tall flight of ducks and geese. Chickens are more numerous than for several years past. A great many woodcock have been killed on the Kankakee River. The crop of wild rice in the Kankakee marshes is unusually abundant.

GAME ABOUT AIKEN.—Aiken, S. C., October 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: We have very fine quail shooting in this vicinity. It has always been a pleasure for me to place strangers in possession of this fine sport, as can be testified to by numbers of good fellows from your own and other cities of the North. As this is a health resort in winter, it is unnecessary to speak of accommodations. Should you or any of your friends drop down this way, and know how the thing is done, will guarantee you the opportunity of making money, as these lively birds "fold their wings," and should you not know how to do it, will show you how it is done by a "piny woods boy."—JIMBO.

REED BIRDS GONE.—Philadelphia, Oct. 10.—Reed birds and quail, after the cold spell of last week, were visibly decreased in numbers, especially the former. Only crippled bobolinks that can't get away can be now found on the marshes. Old weather prophets say when we do not have a "line storm" in the fall we always have an early winter, and a periodically blistering one, until the middle of January. The fine weather until the period when the vernal equinox is due, Mr. Le Force says two Florida gales on the pond, and reports them as being very plenty.—X. Y. Z.

BAKING THE REED BIRD.—The editor of the *Planter's Journal* gives this method of baking the reed bird: Cleanse the bird and split and place each half of one in a bed scooped out of half of a potato, then lay the segments of potatoes together, enfold in cloth or green corn husk, and place in ashes to bake. You can season as you wish before or after baking, and when thus prepared, the delicacy is simply and unobscured by the wonderful results of the culinary art that are indescribable luxuries.

MIMICATORY QUAIL.—Springfield, Mass.—The rooms of the Red and Gun Club, of Springfield, are models of elegance,

the club having just changed their quarters to more comfortable apartments than were formerly occupied by the association. I was quite sorry to hear that the European quail imported by the club, and liberated a year or so since, have never been seen or heard of. Unlike those let out by the sportsmen of Portland, Me., which are known to have bred, the birds of the Red and Gun Club are not known to have even returned, let alone to have hatched.—HOMO.

GAME IN THE NORTHWEST.—Mr. Howard Clark, of Philadelphia, not yet eighteen years old, writes as follows of a late trip he and two companions took to the Northwest: "I have been back from my trip about a week, and have had the best of luck. We got in three days 203 prairie chickens, and on a longer trip from headquarters twenty-one head of large game, eleven elk, seven black tail deer and three antelope. We were unfortunate in not getting any good heads, although I killed five elk myself."—HOMO.

A SERPENT and an eagle were struggling with each other in the throes of a deadly conflict. The serpent had the advantage and was about to strangle the bird. A countryman saw them, and running up, loosened the coil of the serpent, and let the eagle go free. The serpent, irritated at the escape of his prey, let by his poison and injected it into the drinking horn of the countryman. The rustic, ignorant of his danger, was about to drink, when the eagle struck his hand with his wing, and seizing the drinking horn in his talons, carried it aloft.

This fable, which is more than 3,000 years old, teaches us that Esop, although not an American journalist, was not destitute of ability as a liar.—[*Tears Siftings*.]

AN ANCIENT POWDER HORSE.—A correspondent of the *Sacramento Bee* describes a powder horn "in the possession of Miss A. W. Bryan, made by her great uncle, Daniel Boone, a short time previous to his death. It is a large steer's horn, well scraped, and capable of holding about five pounds of powder. It has an antique look, and I was informed by Miss Bryan that the family had been offered one hundred and fifty dollars in 1876 to allow it to be placed on exhibition at the Centennial Fair, but the offer was refused for fear of losing the relic."

THIS paragraph has been going the rounds of the press. It started with the San Diego, Cal., *Union*, and bids fair to be copied until the end of time: "Van Dyke, of Fall Brook, lately came upon a wildcat and four kittens upon a large rock. He pulled trigger and the ball struck the nearest kitten in the neck, the splinters striking one in the ear, another in the breast, and the main portion passing on killing the mother cat. This was done with an ounce round rifle ball, with a gimlet hole bored in front, half-way through, so as to make it expand."

GOLDEN PLOVER IN THE WEST.—A correspondent wishes to know whether in former times the golden plover was not confined to the sea coast and if they had not been driven to migrate through the interior in comparatively recent times by the great increase of shooting along our coast. To which we reply that this bird is—and no doubt always has been—distributed over the whole continent, a closely similar form being found also in Asia.

CHICAGO NOTES.—Chicago, Oct. 9.—We had three very cold days last week, and they brought the ducks down in thousands. Mr. George Ayer, of this city, returned from Wisconsin last week. He reports A1 shooting there. Woodcock are plenty here, and quail are seen in the market again. If any of your readers want good deer and bear shooting let them go to Peshigo or Marinette, Wisconsin.—TEX BOWE.

FLORIDA COMPANIONS WANTED.—A gentleman and his wife who have spent one winter on the Gulf Coast of Florida propose returning there this season. They know where to go, and having been through one campaign are well-posted. They wish companions for the winter. Parties wishing to communicate with them in regard to the trip may address Nic Norwood, this office.

INDIANA GAME.—A Fairland correspondent writes us: Woodcock not yet—too dry in our covers for his fastidious taste. The past dry season, we think, has been very favorable to breeding of quail; some early birds are now almost grown. We are expecting fine sport when the time comes. Squirrels are reported more numerous than usual, but that kind of shooting does not interest me, nor indeed any kind of shooting in which the need of a brace of well-broken setters is not felt.—W.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., Oct. 8.—The Wendell Gold Badge was won by M. E. Card, at the club shoot, Friday, Oct. 7, by 10 straight at 27 yds. Thomas consoles himself by saying the badge still lingers in the trap maker's union. Birds a little more plenty. Smith and Crittenden bagged eight woodcock and three grouse, Oct. 6.—HAMMERLESS.

STRAFORD RAIL SCORES.—South Norwalk, Conn., Oct. 7.—The season just closed for rail shooting at Stratford, Conn., has been a good one. The following are my scores: 7, 10, 61, 33, 24, 78, 48, 4, 99, 35, 32, 135, 65, 20, 17, 23, 21, 17. Total, 865.—F. B.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS., Oct. 9.—Went out yesterday for the first time this season to look for birds, and found them very scarce; weather dry and warm, which may have something to do with it; saw but one woodcock; don't think they have arrived here yet.—C. T.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 7.—This cold snap has brought along the birds quite plenty. Shooting on the marsh and big pond is very good. Teal, broad-bills and other small ducks plenty. Mr. Le Force shot two Florida gales on the pond, and reports them as being very plenty.—X. Y. Z.

GAME BIRDS IN TOWN.—A boy of quail recently rested for a while in a tree on Main street, of Keyport, N. J., in front of Thomas B. Hoff's. Captain Maconkey informs the editor of the *Weekly* of that town, that a woodcock made its home in his garden for several weeks, a few years ago.

"GUYON" CALLED FOR.—Escanaba, Mich., Sept. 21.—I think I am not alone in the wish to hear from "Guyon" again and often.—A. F. Y.

Address all communications to the *Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN OCTOBER.

FRESH WATER.	SALT WATER.
Black Bass, <i>Micropterus salmoides</i> and <i>M. pallidus</i> .	Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .
Muskegon, <i>Rosio sabulorum</i> .	Cripped Bass, <i>Roccus lineatus</i> .
Pickering, <i>Rosio reductus</i> .	Rock Bass, <i>Ambloplites</i> (Two species).
Pike or Pickerel, <i>Esox lucius</i> .	War-month, <i>Channargyptus gulosus</i> .
Walleye, (wall-eyed) pike, <i>Stizostedion americanum</i> , <i>S. griseum</i> , etc.	Crappie, <i>Pomoxis nigromaculatus</i> .
	Brook Trout, <i>Salvelinus fontinalis</i> .
	Sheepshead, <i>Achoerodus triostatus</i> .
	Kingfisher or Baro, <i>Mentidivus melanocephalus</i> .
	Weakfish or Squeetee, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> .
	Spot, <i>Leiostomus xanthurus</i> .
	Channel Bass, Spot or Redfish, <i>Sciaenops ocellatus</i> .
	Spanish Mackerel, <i>Scomber maculatus</i> .

The enthusiastic angler is never content with minor achievements. His constant expectation is that every new cast will afford him some new conquest, and that the grand sport of to-day will be excelled by the grander sport of to-morrow.—GEORGE DAWSON.

TIM POND AND THE SEVEN PONDS.

ON August 18 I left my home in the wooden nutmeg State, on my fourth trip to Tim Pond. I spent the first night in Boston. The next morning I took the train which arrived in Farmington, Maine, about five o'clock the same day. I could have taken Clark's stage for Kingfield the same evening, and arrived at Kennedy Smith's farmhouse at about noon next day, but instead my friend Simon, with his private team and my own cocker spaniel, "Biz," my gun and tackle, and we started on our way rejoicing. We left Farmington Monday morning, the 22d. There had been heavy showers during the day and night of Sunday. The scenery was fine and the atmosphere very refreshing to one who had been cooped up in a hot dusty city for months. The ride of fifteen miles to West New Portland was one of comfort and pleasure. At this point we could elect to turn to the left and go via Kingfield, going up stream to the picturesque banks of the Carrybasset River, or defect a little to the right and travel an excellent road on the banks of the same river down stream, the waters of which were swollen by the recent heavy rain fall. For nearly five miles we greatly enjoyed the leaping, rushing and wild foaming of these waters as we took the latter named route. Turning a little from the river banks and going about a mile further, we came to the pleasant village of North New Portland. And let me say right here, that if one takes the route from Boston via Westville and North Anson, he will come to this place after a ride of eight miles, and will be greeted by Viles & Ditson, who have an excellent reputation for good care and urbanity toward their customers. The passengers from N. Anson reach this village early in the evening, and the next morning are taken by the stage to Smith's Farm, a delightful drive. We dined at the Dirigo House, and all that has been said in praise of it and Fred. Viles, the proprietor, by your correspondent, "Simon" and I heartily endorse, and so no doubt would our horse and "Biz" if they could speak, for all had untiring and gentlemanly attention. Special consideration seems to be given to sportsmen visiting the ponds, lakes and mountains in search of trout, game and recreation. The house has fifteen rooms. A shower detained us here two hours after a real good dinner. During this enforced stay we visited a factory, the machinery of which was driven by water power, and saw what I was glad to see, viz., that the vast amount of low price or no price lumber is being utilized, and labor of honest men receives good remuneration. At this factory, from cheap wood are made an enormous variety and number of boxes, which find a ready market in the large cities. Among other things we were interested in Plummer's patent beehives and honey boxes.

The shower over, we started on. The road was muddy at first, but I never weary of the wide view which has been described in your good paper that is well known "Down East" and by the "rest of mankind," but the view from Lexington Plantation and "Horseback" is grand! It is called twenty miles from Viles' Dirigo House to Parson's Mount Bigelow House, at the foot of the southeast end of Mt. Bigelow. It is a large house for a country home, and we found it a good one. It was nearly dark when we reached it. Soon we were glad to be seated in front of a blazing wood fire, for the night was wet and cold. Supper over, anon we retired to our rooms, and listening to the glad music of a near mountain stream, fell asleep to dream of the speckled charmers in Tim Pond, just beyond the mountains before us.

Early in the morning of the 23d we were astir. Anticipation was keen. Not much time was wasted in disposing of breakfast and preparing for the coming day's ride before entering into the forest path that leads to our destination. The air clear, cool and bracing, invigorating us as we rode along, with Mt. Bigelow towering on our left and Dead River flowing on our right. Does Switzerland have landscape more charming? A few miles on we came to the "crossing," but the ferryboat was on the "other side." So "Simon" used his stentorian lungs most lustily, for no "living human being" could be seen. Presently a huxton country lass responded to his call, and with truly manly vigor tossed the beam, came for our reception and in amiable style landed us on the desired shore. At 10 o'clock, having accomplished our ride of seventeen miles, and having passed through Flagstaff, with a nice look at the residence of Miles Standish, an alleged descendant of the captain known to history, we found ourselves at the door of Smith's farmhouse. After some preparation, a dinner, with fresh trout on the menu, provided by the forethought of Edgar and his nimble wife, was devoured with avidity. A blackboard team was then placed at our command. Carefully we placed the treasures we had garnered during months of study and research, and watched during the many miles of travel, in the box. Just as all was in readiness, with my trusty breech-loader and "Biz," I started ahead. The law covering ruffed grouse was not off, and the game was of a nondescript character for the most part. But no matter, all were in the liveliest mood of expectation and exuberance. When we had proceeded a mile or so Simon came, seated on his cushion, guiding "Rosinante" with great grace and gusto.

Just here the road was too much mixed with water, and I perched by the side of the Jehu, and so we went into this dense forest, beautiful in its solitude. Now I rode and Simon went ahead with dog and gun, and here and there was an unlucky yellow-banner, owl or hawk. When for a time I would lead the van, when I would trail the strange pig, were in sight of the village of Six Cabins, one, the "Massachusetts," new this year. We were heartily greeted by about ten old comrades, and there were some fifteen guests strangers to us, but not strangers long. Conventionalities do not dwell in such a house.

I tried my flies that evening with only moderate success. The 24th was cloudy and the scarlet iris was a favorite, so there were light colored phantoms—and we took all the enticing and excited swimmers we desired. But as the weather became fair and hot our delusions would not lure the most solid denizen to the surface—it was but the "average" ones that left the cooler retreats to take our bright lures and gratify our greed. But when we dropped in the cool depths a more substantial morsel, even the wary and more weighty aristocrats yielded to an unwilling rise. For an hour each morning and evening gentlemen and ladies enjoyed the sport, and helped to please our palates at the table—a good table of agreeable and nourishing food, with much variety, for a forest—which gave satisfaction to men, women, and children; yes, ladies and children graced and gladdened the cabins this year at Tim Pond. During the day they engaged in games, reading, writing, needlework, target shooting, hunting, visiting cascades, places of beauty and places of wonder and admiration, till the week was gone and Saturday night came. The Sabbath dawned in profound stillness, a stillness we never know in our cities or villages. What grandeur in the hush of the depths of the woods! What solemnity of a Sabbath day in the solitude of an unpeopled forest!

With Monday, the 29th of August, came a brisk stir in our little community, a colony were to embark for a new territory and new scenes. The promised realm is called "The Seven Ponds." A party had returned from them the 26th, and had given us glowing accounts of game, and shown us specimens of fine fish—and we were thrilled with the prospect of great sport. Soon after seven o'clock provisions, tackle, guns, dogs, horses, boats, buckboards and men were prepared to start. Simon and I stepped into our boat, pushed off, crossed the Tim Pond, the point where the new road leaves this lakelet for the Seven Ponds. The new road is in good condition for walking—but though Smith has expended much labor and money on it, and still had men at work, it was not in as good condition as the road from the Farm House to Tim Pond. The Buck-wagons were in our rear, and we were at liberty to fall back at any time, and ride if we chose to do so. But we so enjoyed the dense forest and ever-changing scenery that we slowly trudged on, resting now and then at the camps by the road. At the half-way camp, on the banks of a branch of Alder Stream, we partook of a light lunch. In seven hours we had put the ten miles behind us, and stood before the camp on the shore of L. Pond—one of the so-called Seven Ponds. Though the cook had not expected us so early, in an incredibly short time we were ravenously satiating an appetite aroused by a long walk, the solvent qualities of frequent light draughts from the purest mountain springs ever distilled in Nature's laboratory, and an atmosphere full of comfort, and rendered romantic by the fir tree, the cedar, spruce, hemlock and pine.

The cabins here are but temporary, and not so good as the comfortable, neat and convenient ones we left in the morning. Visitors here crowded upon Smith before he has had time to fully prepare for them, and we were obliged to rough it a little and pack rather thickly in the three camps. Smith has many laborers, and is preparing to put up a number of first-class cabins, not only for sportsmen but invalid seekers for health and recreation, on an eminence which commands a view such as artists seek. This high ground is now covered with sightly and healthful oaks. On one hand at the base, from a mountain side, comes tumbling and laughing a clear, cool brook. Standing with the face about to the north, directly in front is seen the large sheet of water called Big Island Pond, the large green island adds beauty to its appearance. On the right, with towering peaks, is Snow Mountain; on the left are hills, or smaller mountains; away in the north or northwest is a grand range, called by the guides "Line Mountains," to be near or on the Canada line." It is a fine beauty to feast the gaze of poet, painter, sportsman, or the worn business man seeking rest. Next year I hope the new road and cabins will be completed according to plans made. My comrades and I have spoken for "rooms."

But it will take too much space and time to give even an abstract from my journal. So if your readers ask if we found trout, I answer yes, legions. Were they large? Yes, larger than in Tim Pond, but not so large as some found in the large lakes. One morning our cook told us that he should need twelve or fifteen pounds for the table that day. Simon and I went just off an inlet of a cold stream, within six rods of the landing, and in about an hour returned to camp with thirty-one trout, weighing sixteen pounds. This is a sample for size and quantity at "L. Pond." We could have caught an equal string by going a half mile or a mile distant as some inlet, or feeding ground; or we could have gone to Big Island Pond, seventy-five rods to the north, and taken larger trout but less in number.

Is there good trout fishing every day? No. In August, when the lake is bright and the surface is smooth and warm, all sportsmen know large trout will not "rise," assertions of proprietors to the contrary notwithstanding. Tim Pond is the most uniform in this regard of any I have found. I think it may be because it is fed only by small, cold mountain streams, and the surface does not often become warm. There are some ponds to the east of the region of which I am speaking fed, as I am told, by large and more sluggish streams that furnish good fishing in spring and autumn, but very poor fishing in the warm seasons. Is there game here? After September 1st all the grouse were brought in that could be eaten. There were "swarms" of them! As my companion said, it was like going out into his farmyard and shooting his chickens, so tame and plenty were they. I never saw them so numerous; partridge broiled and partridge stewed were no drug with us. But no one must shoot more than the table required. As to large game, if being aroused from my morning nap two mornings by the creaks of bears, and two other mornings by the small hoofs of horses, this none of us recognized; and if paths hard trodden by deer and caribou, on their way to and from spring, are "indications," then there must be a large yield this year! Personally I have little knowledge or experience

in this line. The law was on at the time of which I speak, but I was told by one of the knowing ones willing to give "points," that a greenback bullet would "bring down" a guide and a deer most any night, and from a suspicious looking man I should not doubt a guide passing my camp one rainy night, I fear his point was too well "backed." Yes, large game is abundant in this region, and large quantities are taken by hunters in the season.

My issue of August 18th was handed to me while at the Ponds, and I noticed a sarcastic remark by your correspondent "B.," upon some words of mine in your number of August 11th. I trust my reply will be respectful and an aid to those recreation-seekers who, like myself, desire information. As "B." says it was a very "short article," and has in general terms to what might be amplified to fill a book, and yet, if one had read my previous articles, I think the words would not mislead. I write for the love of it and the rest-seeking public, not for proprietors. I write of resorts I know about, having no reference to other places that may be different, as good or better. I did not mean to be understood that Indians had not fished in these ponds centuries ago; that lumbermen and hunters have never gratified a sharp appetite by taking trout from the ice-locked waters! Nor do I deny that a few sturdy, enthusiastic sportsmen, like our friend T. S. Steele, but with heavy guides, penetrated, through much endurance, to some few of these ponds, to spend a day or two at a time. But how much did this deplete the number of trout? This is a wonderful group of lakes or ponds, and received its name when not as well known as now. Then but seven were known, guides and hunters and trappers now say eleven, and if small ones are counted, even more belong to the group.

Mr. Douglas, who had his headquarters at Rangeley for some years, and has been guide, hunter and trapper for twenty-eight years in this region, gave me material for a map of these waters that is of much value. It has been inspected by other guides and hunters and pronounced substantially correct. So far as I visited the region this topography is virtually right. Coming as I did to L. Pond first, I will make it a starting point. About sixty or seventy rods north is Big Island Pond; about sixty rods to the east of last named is a small pond called Rock Pond; two miles west of Big Island Pond is Little Lake Pond; seven or five rods south of this is Beaver Pond; sixty-five rods south of this is Long Pond. Again, one mile north of Big Island Pond is Northwest Pond number one; and about sixty rods west of this, Boundary Pond; one hundred rods from Northwest Pond number one is number two; and so I could go on and enumerate sixteen ponds that are properly in this one cluster, and only six miles say, northeast of this group, is the first in the group of Chaney Ponds. Now if it is a fact, as I have evidence from several witnesses, that these ponds have been stocked by a fraction of the lake, we wet the lines of an occasional sportsman, may I not be pardoned for saying "these ponds are stocked with trout which have enjoyed their homes unmolested since the history of trout began, till now Kennedy Smith has opened a buckboard pathway for sportsmen to the waters where they dwell?" All agree that all of these ponds are as full of trout as in primitive years, and all agree that the first buckboard pathway to their shores was built by Kennedy Smith last summer. So far as I know, all interested in the opening of such a medium of sport and health are grateful for the road. I have heard many on the ground and others, in Boston and New York, express their gratitude.

Some will know that there is a long, hard trail from Rangeley to this remarkable group of ponds, where a strong guide can take but a small pack of supplies, tackle, blankets, etc. The stay has been short, with but few comforts. Now the new road is good for walking, and one can ride on a rough road a part or all the way. Even a Boston lady has had the courage to make the attempt this season, and one or two buckboard wagons can be sent in with supplies each day, when the road and the cabins are complete, next year.

The "forest cure" is now prescribed by our best physicians; thousands are seeking such resorts, and do not wish to pass through fatigue, hardships and peril to gain them. It was a pleasant sight at Tim Pond to see a husband and wife in a boat, both gracefully "casting the fly!" When we take our wives with us on these excursions, the correction is well practiced and greater pleasure enjoyed. We returned to Smith's Farm House, as we went in with a buckboard team as a tender—we alternately rode and walked, shooting many grouse on the way, leaving some at the cabins and some at the house. September 6 Simon and I bade good-bye to Smith and his family, feeling we owed them a large debt of gratitude for the great pleasure we had enjoyed and health received. They did all for our comfort and happiness willing minds and hearts could amount. The new road, via the new roads, through Jerusalem and Kingfield. This new road is having a large sum of money expended on it, and is greatly improved. The hotel in Kingfield was burned last May, causing a great loss to the public and the village. We kept on to West New Portland, and passed the night at a good country hotel, called the Blaisdell House.

And now your readers have learned the way to the Seven Ponds via Tim Pond. I trust you understand the charms that have drawn me thence four times and Simon five times. We, and the large number from different cities and States, who were around the camp fires the chill evenings, said we would meet here again and renew these friendships next year. Slowly and carefully I put in order and packed away my gun that had done so good service. As carefully did I unjoint my rod, that had been the admiration of so many and had given me such true pleasure—gently I folded it in its case.

New Britain, Conn., Oct. 8, 1881.

A TEN-POUND MACKEREL.—We received from Mr. G. M. Skinner, of Clayton, Jefferson County, N. Y., who writes: "I was out fishing in another pond, one fine mackerel, long of ten pounds weight, packed in ice." He writes as follows: "This afternoon I sent you a ten-pound mackerel, caught by myself on a spoon hook yesterday afternoon. Please accept it with my compliments. Day before yesterday I caught one of twenty pounds weight, which I sent to Boston, and the oarsman who was with me, John Purcell, on both days caught one of eighteen pounds, the day previous, Saturday, fishing with a Mr. Hille, of New York City, quite a gooder than another boat, one of New Jersey, day after day in succession, and on one day, thirteen picked as well. I hope to be in the city the first of next week, and trust I shall have the pleasure of meeting you in the office. While regretting this fish is not larger, I can

assure you that we consider such sized ones as choice table fish."

ABORIGINAL FLY-FISHING.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yours of the 19th ult. duly received. I have just been writing for the *California*, to be published probably next month, a description of the various ingenious methods adopted by the California Indians before their contact with white men, for the capture of fish and game, and I answer your question by making the following extract from it:

"The Indians of Kern River made use of an artificial fly for the capture of trout, and probably used it for ages before Europeans invented it for the same purpose. The hook of the 'spiral' form, but without a barb, was made from the shin bone of a deer. On the legs of the California deer, *Ovis montanus columbianus*, corresponding to the chestnuts or warts on a horse's legs, are also warts but covered with stiff long hairs of a darker color than those on the other parts of the animal. These warts and the hairs growing on them have a strong and peculiar scent of the deer, which is not easily removed or washed away. A small bundle of these hairs is neatly fastened at one end around the shaft of the hook, the loose ends pointing to the eye of the hook. With a neatly made line of Indian hemp (*Apocynum cannabinum*) and a yellow rod, and the fly hook, he combined sport and business. The fly was thrown on the water and kept as near the surface as possible by continuous short jerks. Every motion of the hook in the water caused the loose ends of the hairs fastened to it to open and shut. At a short distance it would resemble the motions of a caterpillar in the water, that had dropped from an alder and was struggling to reach the shore. The Indians say that the trout can smell and are attracted by the scent of the deer hairs. This kind of fly is still used, but the hook is now made of telegraph or other iron wire."

I send you one of the warts with the black hairs upon it. I have no doubt it will retain its peculiar deer scent for years.

B. B. REDDING.

CANOEING IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

FROM THE HEAD OF CROOKED LAKE TO INDIAN RIVER.

IT has been but one short week since I returned from a seven weeks' trip in Northern Michigan, and if ever I had a severe case of Northern Michigan heretofore, I now have an utterly hopeless relapse.

My friend Frazer, who writes to you asking "if a fisherman can be a Christian," was tempted to do so by the fishy stories which I told him of some bass fishing in Black Lake, all of which I will relate at its proper place, and all of which I, as a matter of course, am willing to affirm. I can only return the compliment to him by asking him to write the chances of a canoeist would be who, on his maiden cruise, "paddles forty miles up a rapid current and against a head wind in one day."

Much of my cruise this year was over water traversed by me many times before, but little of it, however, in a canoe; and after my craft was safely launched at the head of Crooked Lake and duly filled fore and aft with what to me were necessities, I hoist myself in and feel like a frisky young kitten. At first, as I start, I admit not but that I acted as such, while my companions, Henry C. Lounis and E. R. Woodrow, from Columbus, and our old hero from Cheboygan, Mich., Capt. David Smith, seem as pert as schoolboys. We start out with the understanding that we will stop at any point on our route that we may desire and as long as we wish, and let the distance traversed, or to traverse, be a secondary consideration. Paddling down Crooked Lake for a couple of miles, I call a halt at one of the grandest, coldest springs Northern Michigan boasts, and while spending a short time here a breeze springs up, taking advantage of which we hoist sail and start for Plover Lake, about a mile and a half distant, directly across Crooked Lake, and then through a narrow little stream, where the beautifully clear water and the handsome large white pond-lilies, there in profusion, of which we each pluck a good, large-sized bundle to ornament the forepart of our cockpit, together with the pure bracing air, compel us to slide down in our canoes and hang our shoulders and elbows over the gunwales, and express our admiration in words and emphatic, but at the same time appreciative, exclamations of delight. Finally, paddling on through this delightful little outlet, we enter the foot of Crooked Lake and with sail set and a good strong wind to push us, we in a short time run the couple of miles we have to make, and pull up at our old camping ground, where we find springs enough and of different characters to suit the most fastidious. I gave this place special mention in a letter of mine to FOREST AND STREAM of May 15, 1879. We make camp, get up our tent—some of my brother canoeists prefer their small canoe tents. I do not, but have one of good comfortable size for four persons and all the traps—and then we live sociably in a good, comfortably sized room, and while Capt. (David Smith) volunteers to get us something warm, Pettie (I. C. Lounis) hies himself out for ye gentle bass, in which he is soon followed by your humble servant, while Woodrow girds up his loins, and "goes out to look for a deer," all returning empty handed, but ready for something to eat, very prompt at sundown. The first night is now upon us, and we at last stretch ourselves out upon our blankets with glowing fire in front of our tent which soon sends us off to dreaming.

Up bright and early we all (with the exception of Woodrow, who "goes out to look for a deer") adjust our rods, and start for fish for breakfast, there being not a fresh bit of meat in the house. We fish on the right side and on the left side with the greatest of care and attention. Try them with frogs, minnows, worms and flies and all to no purpose, but finally Pettie succeeds in inveigling one in a twinkling, about two o'clock, when all bent a hasty retreat for breakfast, after which camp is broken and a return is made to Crooked Lake, crossing which to the head of Crooked River, we enter upon one of the handsomest streams, I doubt not, in America for a canoeist. The only drawback is that length is only about seven miles. The banks are lined to the water's edge with trees or high water reeds, dotted here and there with the hand-ornament cardinal flowers; lovely and fragrant large, white water lilies, and the water so clear, and we can see the bottom of many varieties darting hither and thither aroused by the commotion caused by our little fleet. Many of them we catch as we lazily float and easily paddle along. Paddling on through this properly named Crooked stream we amuse ourselves by occasionally shooting a duck or catching fish, until we reluctantly find ourselves at the mouth of the river and

entering Burt Lake. Here we hoist sail, and being favored with a slight but favorable sailing breeze we make the eight miles to the head of Indian River, where we pull up at the hotel, and prepare for a couple of days' stay. He we find quite a camping party, and among them the old veteran, "Senex" (Dr. Franklin), of Ann Arbor. Seems to me I have heard "Old Hickory," tough bass wood, or some such cognomen attached to him somewhere; at any rate he was there, wrestling with a tumble-down old yacht, and ready to tell some everlasting big stories about the whopper of a big bass that got away.

This point, to my mind, is the most central and best place in Northern Michigan to make headquarters from which one can radiate. After being comfortably located at the hotel, Capt. Pete and I light a cigar, take a comfortable chair on the porch, loist our feet at a comfortable angle, the perfect picture of contentment, while Woodrow "goes out to look for a deer."

FRANK N. BEBBS.

To be Continued.

AMPHIBIOUS FISHES.

MEDIA, Pa., October, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send the following list of fishes which inhabit both salt and fresh water, as an addition to those given by the late Prof. Milner, Prof. G. Brown Goode and Mr. Fred Matthews, in the paper read by the latter before the American Fisheries Association and published in FOREST AND STREAM of July 14:

Sea trout, or weakfish (*Cynoscion carolinensis*).
Channel bass, or redfish (*Sciaenops ocellatus*).
Shark (species unknown).
Tarpum (*Megalops thalassoides*).
Cavalli (— species?).
Mullet (*Mugil albulus*).
Drum (*Pogonias chromis*).
I have caught all the above-mentioned fish in fresh water, on the west coast of Florida, except the tarpum, which I did not catch. I was once playing a sea trout with a light rod, when a tarpum seized the fish in its mouth, and then the novel scene was introduced of playing a tarpum with a 9 oz. fly rod. As we were nearly matched in size, the "odds" were rather in favor of the tarpum. I expected, of course, to lose my leader, but before the line was all drawn from the reel, the trout managed to escape from the tarpum. When I reeled in the fish, I found its sides well marked by the bite of the tarpum. The tarpum and drum do not go into the fresh water often, except in summer.

JOSEPH WILLCOX.

BIG BROOK TROUT.

OSWEGO, N. Y. Sept. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of September 22, "Seven" records the capture by a New York city sportsman of a four-pound six-ounce trout, measuring twenty-one inches, in the Oswego Lake River Inlet to Cranberry Lake, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., and adds that every one in the vicinity united in calling it the biggest trout caught there within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant."

Now the fish was a beauty and its captor has just reason to be proud of his "take," but the "oldest inhabitant" if a resident of that region for the term of half a dozen years only, must have an abominable memory. I have before me the life-size photograph of four brook-trout, caught by a party of gentlemen from this city in the inlet named above in May 1870. These trout weighed respectively five and three-quarters pounds, four and one-half pounds, three and one-half pounds and three pounds. In length, the fish spoken of by "Seven" overlaps the largest of this redoubtable four, as "Seven's" trout measured twenty-one inches while the speckled king of 1870 was but twenty and one-half inches in length.

These fish were taken during high water with bait and minnow-fishing.
Cazenovia, N. Y., Oct. 1.—Editor Forest and Stream: In the Oswego Lake River Inlet to Cranberry Lake, on the fifteenth or sixteenth of June, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-two, I caught a brook-trout twenty-two and three-quarters of an inch in length. Had no scales to weigh him, but Charley Marsh, the guide, said he would weigh five pounds, and from the length and weight of one caught by your correspondent I no longer doubt but that Charley was right.

WILL H. CRETCHEN.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

THE subject of these lines is usually found in the bar-room of a country hotel. Old and weather-beaten is he, with the grime of toil upon his wrinkled hands and his aged form bent with the weight of years. He is conscious, in a dim, undefined way, that he has been hardly used; that in the battle with fate he has received some blows below the belt, which have effectively removed what little hope he may have had of winning the fight. And now, from the summit of his eighty years, he looks back over the long and dusty way he has trod with weary, aching feet, and amid drearily wonders how he has succeeded in climbing so high. Even now he can be seen at Martin's Hotel, on the Sangre de Cristo, in the taproom of that famous old hostelry, sitting in an armchair tilted back against the wall, his few scattered locks covered with the remnant of a straw hat; his Kentucky jeans trousers supported by one suspender, and his feet thrust stockinged into a pair of cowhide shoes. He has succeeded in finding, somewhere in the cavernous depths of his pocket, a bag which at some time like this has contained tobacco, and he is tramping fingers search for the morsels which have collected in the corners, carefully placing them, when found, with his toothless jaw and the inside of his leather-like cheek, with an expression of intense satisfaction. After patiently listening to the conversation of a couple of anglers, who have just returned from a fishing trip to the Esopus, the fossil suddenly becomes instinct with life. "You fellows can't catch no fish," he vehemently remarks. "Why not?" mildly inquired one of the party. "Kase ye don't know how," and as he warmed to the subject, he continued, patrimonically: "You don't see us usin' any new-fangled bait; no, Sir-ee—none o' yer dobsils an' sich on my line when I'm arter bass; jis' giv' me a grasshopper an' I'll pull 'em out faster'n ye kin take 'em off'n the hook." The speaker, thinking he detected an incredulous look on the face of one of his listeners, confirmed his remarks by an appeal to

a friend: "I'll leave it to Silo Jones, over there. Say, Silo, ain't it so?" and Silas solemnly affirmed, as was true as Holy Writ. The aged Walton went on: "I seed a feller—sort o' style-ish chap—down 't the bridge yesterday, and he didn't have a fishin' pole no thicker'n my finger, with a little hook onto it, and when he hooked a fish that the darn fool stood turnin' the handle o' that little hook, and the fish runnin' round 'n' round, 'n' th' little fishin' pole bendin', an' I swar—Now ain't that the God's truth, Silo?" To which forcible interrogation Silas nodded vigorously—"if he didn't monkey an' monkey," continued the antediluvian, "a furr party nigh half an' hour with that ere bass afore he got his fingers onto him. Now, th'w's what I call cussed nonsense. None o' yer monkeyin' with a bass when he get a-bolt o' my grasshopper; I yanks 'em out if I loses a leg," and the bleared eyes of the ancient turned with a longing gaze toward the bar, and then toward his auditors, but seeing no indications of an answer to his mute appeal, he relapsed into semi-torpority again, until the departure of the fishing party roused him long enough to say: "I kinder think you fellers is jist like that darn fool I seen yesterday."—Kingston Freeman.

LAKE SHEEPSHEAD—Fairland, Ind.—I inclose you a description of the lower jaw of an animal or fish—or something—the best informed in our vicinity cannot tell what, which we would like you to throw some light on, if my description is at all sufficient. The lower jaw was found by the little boy of Dr. E. N. Bull, of this place, under the house, where it had doubtless been dragged by cats or dogs, some dried remains of flesh still adhering to it. The impression inclosed shows the number of teeth, except those lost, to be about one hundred and twenty on the lower jaw. It measures three inches across condyles; width across teeth, two and one-quarter inches; size of dental triangle, two and one-quarter by one and one-half inches. It may be a very common specimen—too common to excite any interest in one who has made such things a study—but while we are qualified to identify anything that comes under the head of ornithology by the help of Dr. Coues's Key—thanks to the advice of your excellent journal—we do not have the books necessary to identify this specimen, which is evidently, from the number of teeth (two hundred and forty), if the upper jaw contains as many as the lower one, of the earth, and prepared to do a great deal of grinding.
[The jaw is that of a fish, one of the sciaenidae, and is that of the lake sheepshead, *Haplochromis grunniens*.]

STURGEON AND CAVIARE.—It is claimed for Wilmington, Del., that it has the largest sturgeon fishing firm in the country, where it employs between thirty and forty nets on the Delaware River. A schooner is kept busy in the ice trade, and a steamer accompanies the boats. While the men are fishing the steamer moves from boat to boat, taking on the sturgeons as fast as caught, dressing them on the boat and taking the caviare from them. The sturges in which the fish are caught are about 200 fathoms long, are 32 meshes deep, and are made of 32 cotton twine. The firm uses three tons of cotton twine a year. The season commences about April 1, and should close about July 1, so as to give the fish a chance to spawn. As it is, the river is fished clear up to the freezing time. Speaking of caviare, mentioned above, it should be stated that it is made of the fish, and is a favorite sauce, particularly with the Germans. It consists simply of the fish eggs, properly cured, and epicures regard it very highly. Many hundred kegs are shipped to Germany each year. The firm, after much trouble, is able to put in the caviare very nicely, with a patent preparation.

A NEW TRIPLE HOOK.—We have been shown a new device for baiting a triple hook for bass and pike fishing. Two hooks are made on one steel wire and bent back to back, forming a ring for attachment to the line, in the usual manner, and the third one soldered between them. A needle to hold the bait has its point a trifle below the bend of the hooks and runs up through the ring and is soldered on the opposite side, its farther end projecting under the union of the hooks and bent into a clasp for the needle, after the manner of the fastening of a brooch. The minnow or other bait is pierced by the needle and held in place by the clasp. It is made for Abbey & Imbrie, of 48 Maiden Lane, New York.

CAMP COOKED FISH.—The editor of the *Planter's Journal* says: "Our method of cooking fish in camp was to take out the entrails and then fill the cavity with seasoned dressing, the principal ingredient of which was roast or boiled beech-nut kernels or chestnuts. We then encased the fish in an inch of dough-like mud and placed it in the ashes to bake. When done the edges of the crust were broken and served as platters. The scales and skin of the fish stick to the earth and the deliciously flavored and perfectly-baked meat can be eaten from the improvised plates. This is a royal dish for use in camp."

HARPER'S FERRY.—A Baltimore correspondent wishes name of party at Harper's Ferry, or at Point of Rocks, who can furnish live bait for bass fishing.

Fishculture.

FISHERCULTURAL NOTES.

MR. CALVIN FLETCHER, the newly-appointed Fish Commissioner of Indiana, has an appropriation of only \$1,000 to provide feed for two million people. His term expires September 20, 1883.

The Richmond and Allegheny Railroad have decided to erect fifteen or more fishways over their dams on the James River, and have adopted the McDonald plan for all of them. It may then be possible to have sand and other fishes again at the headwater of this river.

The New Jersey Commission are thinking of stocking the Passaic with black bass. They may do so this fall if the fry can be obtained, and they may resort to importation of the river herring, which is not polluted by the drainage of Patterson and Newark, which contains much chemical matter in addition to ordinary sewage.

The United States Fish Commission sent 400,000 quinnat salmon eggs to Germany by Steamer "Dona" on the 10th, and 100,000 to France by Steamer "Canada" on the 12th. Of the former lot 350,000 were for President Von Behr, of the Deutsche Fischer Verein and 50,000 for C. Basse, Gasteinmunde. Mr. A. Columbus Parle, received them in France. The eggs were sent by Mr. Livingston Stone from the U. S. Salmon Breeding Ranch on the McCloud River, California, to Mr. Fred Mathor, of FOREST AND STREAM who repacked them in refrigerating boxes.

HOW DID THE FISH GET THERE?—Crockett, Tex., Oct. 3.—I was somewhat disappointed at not hearing some explanation in regard to the way the fish came in my pond. Now it is the same thing over. The time that I drained my pond it was perfectly dry for two or three weeks; then I stopped the flow and the water from the spring began to accumulate again. I have not received my carp as yet, but to my surprise and chagrin I find that the pond is full of minnows from one-eight to two inches long. I am fully convinced now that the eggs are either rained down or come from the spring water. I am convinced that one or the other is the cause, inasmuch as the very minute carp I find that an exclusive carp pond cannot be laid in this part of the country.—R. C. S.

FISH COMMISSION REPORTS.—Two weeks ago we published a list of the reports of State Fish Commissions which were missing from our files which were being prepared for binding. Since then we have received the first report of the State of New York, for the year 1880, from Mr. Selah Green, to which we tender thanks for the same. It is exceedingly difficult to obtain back numbers and we appreciate the kindness. We still lack the following: Massachusetts—1st, 9th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, Pennsylvania—1870 and all before; also 1872, 73, 76, 77 and 78. New Jersey—1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 1878, and all since. We have reports of Virginia from 1875 to 1878; both inclusive, but none other. Any person having spare copies which they wish to put where they will do the most good, may send them to this office where they are needed for frequent reference.

FIRST IN INDIANA—Lafayette, Oct. 10.—We have a chance now to stock our rivers with fish and keep out the snakes, and it is a step in the right direction. There is a strong club being organized here to protect our fishing interests and stop all unlawful fishing. Our Fish Commissioner is the right man in the right place, and he is interested in that he has undertaken. If from the laws we have now we cannot stop all unlawful fishing and restock our streams without having them dragged with seines and dynamited, we might as well set all law aside and let people kill at their pleasure every fish that is to be found.—J. M. SMITH.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

October 10 to 15. National Fair Association Bench Show, Washington, D. C. H. H. Blackburn, Cor. Secretary.
September 21, 28, 29 and 30, at London, Ont., London Dog Show. Entries close September 12. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, Tecumseh House, London, Ont.
December 4, 15 and 16, at Lowell, Mass. Lowell Dog Show. Entries close December 6. Chas. A. Andrew, West Boston, Mass., Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

October 25, 26, 27 and 28 at Massillon, Fayette Co., Pa. via boat from Pittsburg, Pa. Pennsylvania Field Trials. 1st Annual Derby. Entries close at Pittsburg, Pa., October 15. R. Stanton, Secretary.
November 1, at Gilroy, Cal. Field Trials of the Gilroy Rod and Gun Club. Entries close November 1. J. C. Presley, Secretary.
November 23, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 1. Edward Odell, Secretary, New Orleans, La.
December 1, Grand National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On reading your issue of September 8 I was much struck with the very sensible letter on bull dogs, signed "Henlock's Hero." I've owned as many bull dogs as any man, and have as many prizes at London, and I have done a good deal of work. On the contrary, they were affectionate dogs—too much so, in fact—for a bull dog, unless teased, will to a certain extent fraternize with any body. Many accuse them of stupidity. I deny that they are at all wanting in sagacity; on the contrary they can keep their end up, when it comes to 'cuteness' with most of the dogs. But think how frightfully the bull dog has been handicapped in the battle of life. Look at the class of men with whom he is generally associated, and a moment's reflection will cause his direct enemy to confess that it is wonderful that the breed has not been exterminated. In many generations of his ancestors have been created and confined as his have been. Sportsmen shrink from breeding from unbroken parents in the case of field dogs, because they say the progeny are less steady—not that they have less brains in their heads, but that they are not so well bred, and so well bred a creature has had of proving himself superior to any other breed in intellect or whatever you like to call the faculty which dumb animals possess for showing their intelligence.

Another subject which interested me considerably was your showing up of a dog-dealing gentleman with a variety of names. I don't know whether this is the same person who kindly referred to an American gentleman to me as one who "would speak for him." I was horrified to receive a call from the purchaser, who told me that he was in London, and I was to say what I thought of the opinion of the dogs I sent out to some dealer or other whose name I forgot. Eventually I satisfied my visitor that he had been hoaxed, and that I never sent a dog to the States in my life, nor did I intend doing so while connected with the press. In my experience John Lewis would not have been so easily deceived, and it would be most unfair for them to sell a beast one day and criticize his merits on the next. Added to which, dog-dealing and quack-driving don't mix at all.

Since my last letter two fair dog shows—Eastbourne and Dorking—have taken place. The latter contained nothing very much out of the ordinary run of dogs among those present, but Eastbourne was the first exhibition which I have visited where champions are barred from competition. The object of the promoters of this class show is avowedly to get rid of the worst of the dogs, and it is likely to receive if there was a probability of championing competing. The result, however, in my opinion, is not encouraging, for it is not pleasant to see a lot of third-rate dogs figuring as winners of prizes when one knows their owners have better tackle at home, and would have brought it had it been worth the trouble to do so. Granted that such regulations please the owners of indifferent types who wish to figure as possessors of first-prize winners, it is still worth while considering whether or not the breed of dogs encouraged by first-rate specimens being kept out of competition. The quality of the dogs was nothing very high, and the National Exhibition received the full support of the Kennel Club and had a good prize list into the bargain.

Taking of the Kennel Club makes me think of the excitement which followed in a former letter, and which is the result of their attack upon Darlington and other shows, who will not suffer the club to foist their rules upon them. Matters have not mended a bit since I last wrote, and there is to be a big show at Manchester next month, at which the Kennel Club rules will not be enforced. It may be mentioned that the Honorable Secretary of the Manchester fixture is a leading member of the Kennel Club, and others equally high in position in the club are judging. This all shows that they are not unanimous in their "disavowal" of the program, and it is because I am a strong advocate of the Kennel Club that I should never have alluded to this trivial incident had it not gone far to show how very silly some persons can be when their hobbies are under attack. I am sure that the folks become, when their prejudices, to not as dictators to the canine or avian or other world. Still the Darlington people, to use a racing term, have their toes

TEXAS GAME NOTES.—Indianola, Texas, September 30.—
Editor Forest and Stream: We are having very wet and
squally weather and high tides—everything overflowed. The
ponds and sloughs are all full. Everything promises fine
shooting this season at the geese, duck, etc. I saw the first
jackupke of the season on the 31st. All we lack is some
cool weather to bring the birds along.—A.

A TRAVELER in Texas writes to a Pecos paper:—"On the road from Stockton to Pinar there is not a tree in sight of the road—not one. A blanket thrown over a Spanish dagger affords the best shade to be found in that locality, though it is asserted that there is fine timber in the mountains, such as cedar, short leaf or spruce pine, live oak and some cottonwood. The springs are clear, sparkling and cold; the lakes on the stream are deep and everlasting water. The range cannot be excelled in any country. There is very little stock in that country as yet. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs, or will run, through the place. Land is cheap."

The stings of bees, wasps, yellow-jackets, hornets, etc., are not only painful but with some persons may be dangerous. If you can see the sting extract it with tweezers or by pressing a watch key over it. Apply soda, kerosene, sweet oil, whisky or cologne. If there is depression give stimulants.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD. VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It prevents debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and renews after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 200,000 packages. For sale by druggists or mail \$1.

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Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

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GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c., &c. SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE. KEEP MANUFACTURING CO., 631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.



HOLABIRD Shooting Suits.

Write for circular to

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VINCENT BISSIC, Practical Gunsmith

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New and Second-hand Guns, Pistols, etc., constantly on hand. Repairing of every description done in the best manner and warranted. Guns bored to shoot close and hard. Pistol grips fitted to stocks. Pin fire altered to central fire. SHELLS LOADED TO ORDER.

Water! Water! Water!

Dwellings, Factories or Towns supplied with water by Pipe Wells or Deep Rock Wells. Dug wells that have gone dry made to produce. NASHUA ARTESIAN WELL CO., 240 Broadway.

FOR CHARTER—A first-class gunning outfit, complete, for charter by the week or season. Apply to MATTHEW REYNOLDS, Havre de Grace, Md. Oct 13, 81

For Sale.

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE—Main house, 40 by 18; extension, 30 by 16; hardwood finish; marble mantels; ice and cold water; stable, hen-houses, etc., two acres lawn and shade trees. Price \$6,500; cost \$11,000; \$1,500 cash. For sale, six acres near two railroads, Closter, N. J. For sale, 9 acres on the river, near the Palisades, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Money loaned to build. Apply to E. R. WILBUR, 40 Fulton street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 A. M. Aug 25, 81

FOR SALE, a Shattuck 10-bore, 9 lbs., single B.L. made to order; has fine Damascus barrels, checked fore and aft (not on trade gun); all the working parts have been finely finished and plated, viz., triggers, cock springs, guard and pin. Makes fine target. Also 9 shells and loader. Price \$25. Never been used only at target. Address J. P. FOX & CO., Box 34, Roxbury Station, Boston, Mass. Sep 24, 81

FOR SALE—W. & C. Scott & Son Breech-Loaded Hammerless Gun (same quality as Bogardus uses); fine Damascus steel; barrels, 30 inch long, 10 bore, takes 2 1/2 in. shell, 5 1/4-10 lbs. weight; pistol grip, pin, fore-end, horn butt plate, patent crystal indicator, pat. block safety, top automatic bolt, top lever, double coil, extension rib, extra fine shoulder, close and hard; fine engraving; sold for no fault; will send C. O. D. privilege of trial; gun cost \$25; price now \$100, with sole leather case holding 10 shells, and barrel loader, resupper and decapper, and 60 brass shells. Price of gun without supplements, \$150. L. A. DAVENPORT, Davenport, N. Y. Oct 13, 81

FOR SALE, the following titles will be sold at a low figure: Sharps Long Range, Sharps Mid-Range, Sharps Military, Sharps Hunting, Stevens Pocket Rifle. Address Box 513, Boston, Mass. Oct 13, 81



PATENT FOLDING CANVAS FISH BASKET.

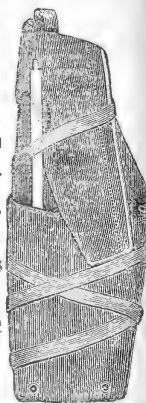
EACH: \$1 75, \$2 00, \$2 50.
SIZE: A, B, C.
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PRICE INCLUDING STRAP.
FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS
IN FISHING TACKLE.

DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE ONLY.

Orders received from persons residing in cities in which dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

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Ecl. 12:12.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

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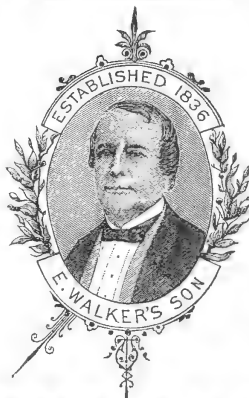
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SPECIMENS ON EXHIBITION.

If you want good work, at low figures, and save Agent's Commission come direct to
JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St.

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TO DATE, and ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.



THE GUN AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

WITH NOTES ON SHOOTING.
BY W. W. GREENER.

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"Modern Breech-Loaders," "Choke-Bore Guns," Etc.

One Vol., Extra Fcap., 4to, 680 Pages, 500 Illustrations, Cloth, Gilt.

PRICE, \$7.50.

"The fullest description of fire-arms and matters pertaining to their use and manufacture which is accessible to the general sportsman."—Col. Wingate, in the Critic.

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"The book is well worth a most careful perusal, and we commend it to all interested in sporting guns or rifles."—The Sports of the Times.

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739 and 741 Broadway, New York.

ORDERS NOW PROMPTLY FILLED. GREATLY IMPROVED.
CAPACITY OF FACTORY GREATLY ENLARGED. NOT OVER 1 PER CENT. OF BREAK-AGE AT THE TRAP GUARANTEED.



THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO CLUBS: 1st, \$100; 2d, \$25; 3d, wire trap and 1,000 pigeons. For particulars, rules, score cards, etc., address the manufacturers.

[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 483.]
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CLUBS DESIRING EXHIBITION OF SAME PLEASE NOTIFY COMPANY.

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That stand unrivalled for PURITY. Warranted Free from Drugs or Medication.

FRAGRANT
VANITY
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KINGS.

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Each having Distinguishing Marks.
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8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

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TUCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES,
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WANTED, one or two gentlemen of means to unite with me in buying the finest sea-side resort and hunting grounds in Virginia. A fortune in it. Full references given and required. Address OLASSEUM, care FOREST AND STREAM. Oct 13, 81

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Price \$3 50.

For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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FLEAS! FLEAS! WORMS! WORMS!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs
A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.
THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on
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It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper-
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Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

Acrea Nut for Worms in Dogs.
A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full
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Price 50 cents per box by mail.

Both the above are recommended by ROD AND
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COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL,

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Champion Bragg and Champion Feather, Gracie

(Half ex-Yulette) stock for sale.

Pups ready for delivery.

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RECEIVES AND FORWARDS Dogs

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Cubs, Sportsmen and others, intending to import

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sented to him. Information furnished in regard

to the best methods of importing, shipping, etc.

Imperial Kennels.

We will take a few setters and pointers to thor-

oughly field break. Reference given; satisfaction

guaranteed. Broken dogs for sale. H. CLAY

GROVER & C. GROVER, Toms River, N. J.

Oct 6, 1881

FOR SALE, Brant, by Leicester out of Sanborn's

Nelle, two years nine months old, color black

and white ticked, well broken. Koxey's Boy, by

Dash III, out of Koxey (Nelle Leicester), two years

and two months old, broken, black and white.

Four pups by Dashing Gun, ex. Lewisella, by

Dash II, out of Armida (Pocahontas-Leicester), very

fine, ten weeks old. Any parties wanting good

stock can be accommodated. For prices and full

particulars address I. YEARSLEY, JR., P. O. Box

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FOR SALE, a beautiful litter of pointer puppies,

lennon and white in color, and evenly marked,

out of Bess (King Philip ex Ada, sue Sleaford and

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and dam of this litter are first-class field dogs. The

pups are 4 months old, well grown and healthy,

and are pointing chickens about the yard now.

Address A. H. BEYBARTH, Rock Hill, S. C.

Sept 22, 1881

FOR SALE—A dark liver and white pointer dog

puppy, whelped Feb. 1, 1881, by Dr. Strachan's

Flash (Old George-Peg), sire of Steel's Flake, out of

Black's champion Princess (Hanger-Pan). The

puppy is offered for sale on account of the owner

having no convenient place for keeping him. Ad-

dress LOCUST, P. O. Box 2, New York City.

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\$10 will buy a pure Irish dog pup, 4 mos. old,

having one cross of Elcho and two of

Phantom. \$20 will buy a native setter, 4 mos.

old, of a very popular strain. Address E. J. ROB-

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FOR SALE, setter pups out of Belle of Nashville

(property of J. Louis Valentine, Esq.), by the

world famous king of the field, Champion Joe, Jr.,

4 years old, only a few choice ones to offer, and

will under guarantee. Write right now for full

details. Pointers and setters for sale. Address

NASHVILLE KENNEL CLUB, Nashville, Tenn.

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FOR SALE, 3 full-blooded Gordon setter dog

pups, very handsome; perfect black and tan;

and Dash the great prize winner; dam Maud, full

pointers on both sides; sire and dam both prize

winner, both on the bench and in the field; a rare

chance for a good dog. Post Office Box 330, CHAS.

T. BROWNELL, Mt Pleasant Kennel, New Bed-

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Oct 6, 1881

QUELUT COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL.—For

Cockers of all ages and colors, dogs, chickens

and puppies, address with stamp, ROBT WALKER,

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July 21, 1881

FOR SALE, a finely bred Gordon setter bitch, 6

months old, broken to stop on her foot; by

Look ex. Lit. I. F. JOHNS, P. O. Box 617, Haverhill,

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Oct 6, 1881

NEWMARKET KENNEL, N. H. VAUGHAN, pro-

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broken and handled, also a number of broken dogs

for sale. Dogs and puppies boarded on reasonable

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ROBY O'MORE KENNEL.—Thoroughbred and

Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion

boy were out of North O'More, Nags and

Real. Full pedigree. Address W. N. CALLENDER,

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FOR SALE, a number of well bred and well

broken pointers and setters, also dogs boarded

and taken, satisfaction guaranteed. Address R.

RICHMOND, Lakeville, Mass.

Sept 22, 1881

NUD BEAGLE.—PLUTE (Rattler-True): full

pedigree; white, black and tan; 14 1/2 high; 6 yrs

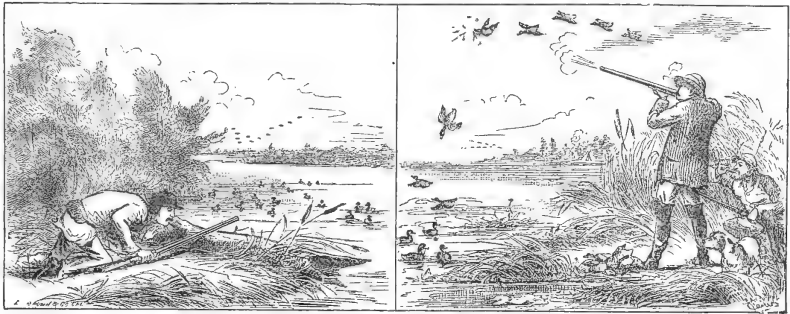
old; price, \$100. Stud fee, \$10. Address N. EL-

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The most natural toned and easiest blowing duck caller in the world. Sent post paid to any address on receipt of one dollar.



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Is simply a device for holding a dead duck in a natural position in the water, on ice or land, as a decoy. Sent to any address, C. O. D., or on receipt of price, \$3 per dozen. No. 1 for mallards, etc., No. 2 for widgion, etc., No. 3 for teal. For sale by the trade everywhere, or by E. A. ALLEN, Monmouth, Ills.

J. & W. TOLLEY'S Breech-Loading SHOT-GUNS, WITH HAMMERS OUT OF THE LINE OF SIGHT.



"Standard" brand.....\$120.40 10-bores extra.....\$10.50
"National" " ".....137.35
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TERMS: A draft in full with the order.

For the sums named the guns can be placed on the cars in New
York all paid in eight weeks from order reaching us. A comparison
of these prices, with those charged in the gun stores for really fine
English guns of first rate quality will result in your ordering direct
from the manufactory. Only address,

PIONEER WORKS, Birmingham, England.

MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE.



Manufactured by Marlin Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., makers of the celebrated
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.40 cal., 60 grains of powder and 250 grains of lead. .45 cal., 70 grains of powder and 405 grains of lead
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Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.



KEENE'S PATENT

Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U
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It should be remembered that while we are the chief distributors of the regular Colt Guns, we are
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Every genuine Colt Club Gun has the rubber heel plate, with the words,

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celebrated guns of Enos James & Co., Birmingham, and Forehand & Wadsworth's Great Single Breech-
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P. O. BOX 4,319.

The Kennel.

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LIVE FOXES WANTED, Address Box 187,
Monclair, N. J.

Oct 6, 1881

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POINTERS. For very superior pointer pups, by
Champion Sensation out of Livingston's Rose
(2d New York, 1878, and third of Barrow), or for
stud services of Barrow, address, with stamp,
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Sept 22, 1881

The Kennel.

FIVE HUNDRED RED FRIGGETS for sale at \$7 per pair,
single female \$4, single male \$3, wire muzzles
15 cts. Address, with stamp, CHARLES H. VAN
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Sept 15, 1881

FOR RED IRISH SETTERS and Cocker Spaniels
of the most fashionable blood address CHAS.
DENISON, Hartford, Ct.

Sept 15, 1881

—See Kennel Advertisements next page.

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"SPRATT'S PATENT" are Purveyors by Appointment to all the principal Shows and Kennels in the United Kingdom and abroad. The Patent "Fibrine" Cakes are used at the Dogs' Home, London; Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris, etc. They have been awarded over 50 Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals; receiving the highest award for Dog biscuits at the Paris Exhibition, 1875; Kennel Club Special Medal; Grand Gold Medal, Hannover Dog Show, 1879; Westminster Kennel Club, New York, Gold Medal; Irish Kennel Club, Silver Medal, etc., etc.

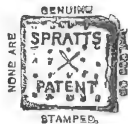
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

Please see that Every Cake is Stamped "SPRATT'S PATENT" and a "X."

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FRANCIS O. de LUZE & CO.,

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Packed in Cases of 112 pounds each.

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Trolling Spoons.



Sixty varieties manufactured, suitable for Trolling for all kinds of fish that will take an artificial bait, and adapted for any lake or river in the United States.

Our Perfect Revolving Spoon is undoubtedly the best general spoon for taking fish ever offered to the public.

Three sizes made—No. 20 for bass, pike, pickerel, or any fish under five pounds weight; No. 21 for large fish, and the best spoon ever made for salmon trout; No. 22 excellent for deep water fishing. Beware of imitations. None genuine except JOHN H. MANN'S name stamped on every spoon.

Sold wholesale and retail by the principal dealers in Fishing Tackle.

JOHN H. MANN & CO.,
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SPORTSMEN'S DEPOT.

(ESTABLISHED 1836).

First Premium at World's Fair at New York, and Centennial Exhibition.



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GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS,

Fishing Tackle, Rods, Reels, Lines, Hooks, Flies,

Leaders, Shoos, Artificial Bait, Fly Hooks,

Etc., Etc.

Also "Krider's" Celebrated Center Enamel Split and Gilded Bamboo Rods.

Birds' Eggs and Birds' Skins in Great Variety.

Taxidermy in all its branches.

Spratt's Patent Dog Biscuit.

Repairing of all kinds.

TO ANGLERS:

JOHN ENRIGHT & SONS,

Fishing Rod & Tackle Makers

Castle Connell, near Limerick, Ireland.

Reels and Lines to match balance of rods. No

agents. All information respecting fisheries on the

Shannon. In this locality, as also catalogues of our

premium rods and general assortment of tackle,

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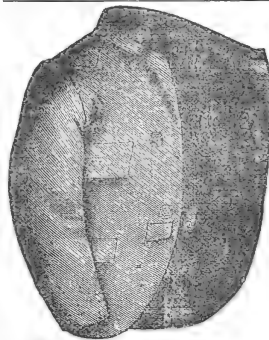
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Rubber Shooting Jacket.

Philadelphia Fishing Tackle

HOUSE.



A. B. SHIPLEY & SON,

Manufacturers of Fine Fishing Tackle of Every Description.

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Shipley's Looped and Plain Mist Color Leaders.

Shipley's Improved Adjustable Flots. Reversed

Wing Trout, Bass and Salmon Flies in stock, and

also tied to pattern. A full assortment of common

and finest Rods, Lines, Reels, etc.

Our Bethabara Fly and Ball Rods and Split Bam-

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Centennial, Franklin Institute and Penna. State

Fairs.

A specialty of the celebrated Bethabara Wood

for Fish Rods and Archery bows. Stronger than

split bamboo and as tough and elastic as steel.

Rod mountings of all descriptions on hand and

to order. Price list of wood and rod mountings

free. Our 65-page new illustrated Catalogue of

Fishing Tackle sent, post-paid, on receipt of ten

cents in stamps.

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HODGMAN & CO.

425 Broadway and 27 Malden Lane,

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ARE OFFERING THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF

RUBBER

Hunting and Fishing Outfits,

COMPRISING

Light Weight Shooting Jackets,

Hats, Cartridge Bags, Gun Covers,

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And Complete Rubber Outfits.

[ESTABLISHED 1833.] Send for Catalogue.

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WOODEN DECOYS.

25 CANADA GEES.

100 BLACK BRANT.

100 CANVAS BACK.

100 RED HEAD.

Stating whether new or second-hand, with all particulars and lowest cash price

Address E. E. P., care this office.

Oct 20/81

Three Westley Richards

PATENT HAMMERLESS GUNS.

ONE HIGHEST GRADE, 12-bore, 3-in. bend.

"SECOND " 12-bore, 2 1/2 in.

" " 10-bore, 2 1/2 in.

Pistol Stock, Choke-bore, with all newest im-

provements, and warranted the finest shooting

guns that can be made. For sale very low.

FRANCIS TOMES,

738 BROADWAY. 738

THE NEW AMERICAN

Breech-Loading Shot Gun.

SIMPLE AND

DURABLE



Rebounding Lock.

Choke-bore Barrels

For close, hard shooting excels all others. Extra heavy guns for ducks a specialty. Send stamp for circular. Price, post paid, \$1.50.

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Birds' Skins, Taxidermists' & Naturalists' Supplies.

Send for New Price List. Reduced Rates.

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Birds and animals preserved by superior French and American workmen.

DEMUTH BROS., Manufacturers of



Artificial Eyes for Taxidermists and Manufacturers.

Also, all kinds of Glass Work, &c., to order.

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CARDEN AND FARM SEEDS.

SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE.

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Athletic Sports for Boys—boards, 75c; cloth.....	1.00
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60c; Common Objects of the Seashore, 50c; Cage and Singing Birds, 60c; Dogs, 75c; Bird Eggs and Nests, 60c; Fish and Salt Water Aquarium, 50c; Native Song Birds.....	.75
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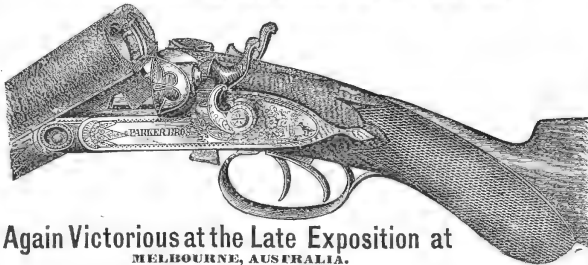
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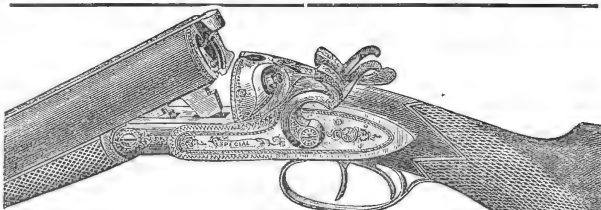
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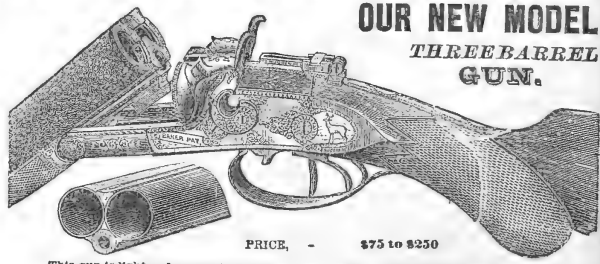
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondents' name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, October 20.

Specimen copies of the Forest and Stream will be sent free upon application.

AMONG THE VALUABLE BOOKS destroyed in a large fire in this city last week was a copy of Audubon's Ornithology, owned by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and valued at \$1,200.

LIVE QUAIL WANTED.—Any one having live quail for sale, or in a position to secure a large lot of birds, will please communicate particulars to editor of this paper.

BACK FROM THE WEST.—Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Michigan, has just returned from a shooting trip in the Red River Valley in Minnesota where he had grand sport among the sharp-tailed grouse. He had with him a number of his well-known dogs among which were Abbess, Scottish Chief, Prince Charlie, Lauderdale and Champion Tramp.

THE PAST WEEK was signalized by a very interesting trial of speed at the grounds of the Gentleman's Driving Association, of New York, between St. Julien and Trinket. In the three heats trotted the horse won, but the speed shown by his competitor was such as to give the brightest promise, when we consider her youth, for her future on the track. The Gentleman's Driving Association numbers among its members many of our most respectable citizens, and its influence on trotting cannot fail to be of the greatest benefit. With such names as are found among the subscribers to this Association, it will take the same place in trotting matters as does the American Jockey Club in running racing.

CHANGE THE PROGRAMME.

THE annual meetings of some of the State game protective associations of this country are entirely taken up in the competitions to determine who can kill the greatest number of pigeons. The conventions are pigeon-killing tournaments, "State shoots." Nothing more.

The time has come for a change of programme. The interests of the associations, of the individual clubs which make up the associations, and of sportsmen in general, demand this.

A change of programme will bring to the associations the support of public opinion, which it is most desirable that they should have, but which they have estranged by the magnitude of their pigeon slaughters.

It will bring back into the active work of the associations many of the old members who have withdrawn from the annual convention since it was turned into a tournament.

It will add to the associations many sportsmen, not now members, who are in sympathy with the expressed aims for which the societies were formed, but not with the manner in which these purposes have been forgotten and are slighted. These men are ready, with their time, money, influence and personal effort, to join the associations whenever the latter by a change of programme invite such accessions of strength.

The change is due to the individual clubs which make up and support the State societies. These local clubs are each something more than pigeon-shooting clubs. Why should their true character not be recognized in the annual conventions?

This matter rests with the clubs; they can make the change if they see fit. Will they?

THE MIGRATIONS OF SHORE BIRDS.

SHORE BIRDS are a group which receive and deserve considerable notice at the hands of sportsmen. They are also extremely interesting to the ornithologist, by reason of their extended wanderings, the short period which they spend on their breeding grounds, and their varying course during the migration. The thoughtful and studious essay on the migration of the *Limicola*, printed in our Natural History columns, will be regarded by all ornithologists as an extremely valuable contribution to the literature of the migration of birds. The questions here discussed are those which have puzzled students in every country, and the flood of light thrown on the subject by Mr. Hapgood will be welcomed by all. To the careful thought and extended investigations, of which the present paper is the outcome, has been added the experience of a sportsman of many years standing. The combination is a happy one, and shooting and scientific men will highly appreciate the result.

HO! FOR FLORIDA!—Dr. Henshall informs us he is making up this winter for cruising and camping in Florida this winter. He is going with Mr. Frank Strobbhar, who has a light-draft schooner, 34 feet long, and will visit all the inlets and rivers on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts of Florida, beginning at Titusville, at the head of Indian River, on the east coast, and ending at Cedar Keys, on the west coast. The trip will consume three or four months. Mr. Strobbhar is an experienced sailor, hunter, etc., and his charges will be moderate—one hundred dollars per month. This includes everything. Dr. Henshall will be accompanied by his wife, and would like another gentleman and his wife to be of the party. Three or four more gentlemen are yet needed to make up the complement. Any one who wishes to go must apply immediately, with references if required, to Dr. J. A. Henshall, Cynthia, Ky. The health of the party will be looked after by the Doctor without charge.

STEAM STEERING GEAR.—The New York Herald, with characteristic enterprise, struck a new course in daily journalism, when it gave to the public something of practical value in the shape of a series of articles on steam steering gear, and capped the climax, last Wednesday, with a number of plans and elevations, which would have been a credit to any engineering journal.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, and not to individuals connected with the paper.

FIELD RIFLE PRACTICE.

THE Boer war, so short and decisive in its effects on British arms, is living on in the influence it is exerting upon rifle practice over the Scotch and English ranges. It has been discovered that an army composed of men, where every one in the ranks may be ornamented with a marksman's badge fairly won, may be defeated simply because they do not know how to shoot, or rather do not know how to apply the rigid class practice they have had at immovable targets over fixed and known distances to the rapid judgment and snap shooting of the skirmishers' line. It is not enough that men be able to do this or that amount of hitting under the conditions which usually hold on the rifle range. They must be able to determine distance and then guide their aiming accordingly, otherwise, pitted against a foe capable of so judging and aiming, they are practically helpless. Experiments upon our own ranges and recent imitations of the Creedmoor "Skirmishers' Match" on the Scottish ranges, show that the men are woefully deficient in this double practice. An average of one hit in ten shots at the figure of a man at indeterminate distances between 600 and 800 yards, was shown at the recent practice of a crack Scottish corps. Better results have been recorded on American ranges, yet the general marksman, who may do very fairly at known distances with a rifle properly sighted, is yet unable to cope with this more practical style of shooting.

To neglect the old formal class practice, however, simply because a lack is seen in another direction, would be a grievous error. Such class drill is the first requisite in a course of marksmanship. The men must receive a certain amount of theoretical instruction, and then, with the element of distance fixed, learn to cope with the various details of accurate hitting. The men become thus familiar with their arms, but to make the drill of troops in rifle shooting begin and end with class practice, would be to make them little better than raw recruits in the face of an enemy, drilled in fixing of distance as well as shooting over it when fixed. To be sure it would appear that this judging-distance drill was more important in the case of regular troops, liable to be called into miscellaneous field work, than in the ranks of the militia, where the main duty will in all probability consist in close point-blank work in streets. Yet the perfect rifleman is he who can make the utmost of his weapon. To do this he must have this elementary practice well looked after. To attempt general and miscellaneous snap shooting before correct habits of holding and recording have been formed is worse than useless. Officers and men need constant and persistent instruction in this direction. It may not be the part of an officer to handle the rifle on service, but it is his duty to superintend, to instruct, to guide, and direct his men to attain the best results, and to care for them and their work in every respect. The *onus* of theoretical and technical knowledge of arms and their use is placed on the officers. Special marksmen will always exist, because of the special physical and mental conditions which make some men, in spite of themselves, shoot better than others, but there is no reason why the poorest member of a regiment, fit to serve, should not be able to shoot his rifle respectably, and this would point to the most earnest attention being paid to the old and recognized systems of drill on the range, while at the same time keeping an eye out to the necessity of the cultivation of a force of field riflemen whose quick eye, steady nerves and intuitive judgment, as to atmosphere and distance, wind and light, would render untenable any corner in which an enemy might be concealed.

MADGE.—The cutter has again given proof of her superior speed and excellence as a seaboot, this time pitted against the Shadow, a craft acknowledged to be without a peer in America. The first race was nominally lost, but owing only to a fluke of the most palpable sort. When the sloop and cutter had an even wind the cutter went to the fore every time. The second race was as fair a test as could possibly be wished, and the little cutter, sailing, against a sloop one quarter as large again, added still another win to her splendid record by scoring by more than twelve minutes over a thirty mile triangular course, thus proving again the superiority of fine form, large displacement and the cutter rig. Our reports of these races in the East will be found elsewhere, and are the most complete and reliable published.

BY-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

SIXTH PAPER.

THE sail from New Westminster to Victoria is very beautiful. We hurry down the Fraser between the high walls of evergreens, with their background of gray mountains in the distances, and are soon upon the broad waters of the Gulf of Georgia. In whatever direction the eye is turned, it sees mountains backed by mountains. To the north are those of the mainland, the nearest ones comparatively low, while those beyond rise higher and higher, the most distant being crowned with snow; to the west is a stretch of timbered country, level at first, and then becoming more broken, ending at last in a wall of granite, with Mount Baker, the prominent feature of the landscape, reaching its sharp cone toward heaven. To the south lie the blue waters of the gulf, dancing and sparkling in the clear sunlight, with the myriad islands which dot its surface and give to the scene a wonderful variety, while beyond is the main shore of the United States with its ranges of snow-clad mountains, above and beyond which one may sometimes catch a glimpse of majestic Rainier. The high ranges of Vancouver Island are visible to the eastward, and on these, too, are white patches which shine in the sun.

We hurry along toward the island, noticing the distinctness with which the line is drawn between the muddy current of the Fraser and the clear waters of the Gulf. Something similar one sees at the meeting of the Missouri and the Mississippi, but it reminds one still more of the union of the Rhone and the Arve, where the waters of the one are blue and of the other muddy, as here. Two or three hours steaming bring us to the point whence we plunge in among the islands. The channel is a difficult one, owing chiefly to the furious tides which are constantly rushing backward and forward through the narrow passages. At times the vessel stands quite still, and all the pulsations of her powerful engines, all the splashing of her great wheels seems to avail nothing against the rush of waters which swirl and eddy about her. Now she gains a little and moves very slowly onward, and then, caught by a favoring eddy, gives a bound like a frightened horse, and rushes forward only to be checked again by the almost resistless water. At certain points, two tides coming from different directions meet in the narrow passage and here the waters, piled up and foaming, boil and toss, as though mad with passion, they would overwhelm the rocky walls which confine them. Little chance would any vessel, however staunch, have in these whirlpools at certain stages of the tide, and indeed it is said that the last time the steamer Victoria—a vessel of two or three thousand tons burden—went through Plumper's Pass, she was whirled around like a top, and finally came out of the passage stern foremost.

The sail is a succession of surprises. You enter a passage a quarter of a mile wide and follow it through all its twistings and turnings, expecting as you make each change of direction to see the open water before you, and each time being disappointed. At last you come to what appears to be the end of the channel—a veritable *cul de sac*; the steamer's nose runs straight toward a vertical wall of rock, two hundred feet in height, and it seems as if the next moment she must crash into it, when, suddenly she sheers to the right, passes around a rocky promontory into another, and hitherto unnoticed channel, and in a moment glides smoothly out into the open water, and toward another group of islands. As we twist and turn through the labyrinth, we pass many camps of Indians, and see their owners fishing in the eddies, their canoes anchored behind low points of rock. They are taking the herrings, considerable schools of which lie in the comparatively quiet water in such places. The tackle employed would puzzle the average fly-fisher. A slender pole, from twelve to fifteen feet long, oval in cross section, being about one inch in diameter from side to side, and two inches from before backward, is studded along its edge, with a row of sharp nails about an inch long and two inches apart. The unarmed portion of the pole is held in the hands, and the Indian, sitting in his canoe, sweeps it vertically through the water, with exactly the same motion that he uses in paddling. The herrings are impaled upon the points, and the stroke is continued until the lower extremity of the pole is clear of the water. The instrument is then brought in board, and a tap on the side of the canoe loosens the fishes, which drop to the bottom of the craft. Every sweep brings up from two to half a dozen of the silvery fish, and as the Indian makes from twenty to thirty-five strokes a minute, it will be seen that, under ordinary circumstances, no very long time elapses before he has a bushel or two of herrings. The hoolichans, a very delicious little fish, somewhat smaller than the herring, and only found during the month of May in these waters, are taken by the same method, and in enormous quantities. When fresh this fish is said to be superlatively delicate eating, and I can testify to its excellence when smoked or salted. Besides their value as a food product the hoolichans furnish a most excellent oil, and of late years a very considerable trade has sprung up in this commodity, and factories for expressing it have been established at several points in the Province. The only bar to the success of this new industry is the short duration of the run, which lasts only ten days or two weeks. The fish are so fat that it is said that when dried they will, if lighted at one end, burn like a candle, and from this fact they are

often called candle fish. There is no doubt that, if prepared like sardines, the hoolichans would find a ready market.

The run from New Westminster to Victoria occupies but six or seven hours, and about 3 o'clock I found myself once more at the Drift House. As I had reached here just too late to catch the regular Alaska steamer, I was anxious to charter some small steam vessel on which to make the north trip. Several days were occupied in searching the wharves of the town and in telegraphing to other places to try and secure what was wanted, but all my efforts were unavailing. There were three or four small launches which exactly suited me, but in every case I found that they had been engaged for the fishing on the Fraser. The salmon commence to run about the 15th or 20th of July, and the run usually lasts a month or six weeks. Every four years, the fishermen say, there is a very heavy run, the next year thereafter a good run, the next it is poor and the fourth almost a total failure. This year the big run was expected, and all the canneries were making great preparations for the fishing. Every available boat and man had been engaged. The Indians, who ordinarily are paid a dollar a day, got this year two dollars, and even at this price could not be had in numbers sufficient to supply the demand. A steamer was not to be had for love or money, and it was evident that the hope of reaching Alaska must for the present be abandoned.

The next best thing was to take a canoe and proceed by that slow means of conveyance as far north as the time at our disposal would admit. Mr. H. had kindly given me a note to Mr. T., one of the Government officials, and through the kind offices of this gentleman, whose long residence in the Province and thorough acquaintance with the inhabitants and their mode of life enabled him to understand precisely what was needed, our canoe trip was made a success. Through his influence the Sergeant was given a month's leave of absence, and was allowed to go with us as interpreter, and, in one sense, manager of the expedition, and certainly no set of men ever fell more emphatically on their legs than did our little party when it was decided that the Sergeant should accompany us. He has lived long in the Province, knows the Indians thoroughly, speaks Chinook and several of the native dialects, is a man of untiring energy, always willing to do his share and more than his share of the work, good natured under the most adverse circumstances, and with no small fund of anecdote and humor—withal a keen sportsman and a close observer of nature. He is one of the very best fellows with whom I have ever been in the field, and by the time that our trip was ended, had so endeared himself to each one of us that to part with him was a real pain.

By this time my two friends had reached Victoria from San Francisco, and our party was made up. For some little time after reaching Vancouver the Professor and the Admiral could think and talk of nothing but the woes that they had endured on their passage from San Francisco to Portland. I do not exactly remember whether it was eleven or fifteen steamers that they had "sunk, burned and destroyed" by the very simple, but, as it appeared, effective, method of taking passage on them for Victoria, but the number was large. When at last they did succeed in safely passing the Golden Gate, their sufferings had only commenced. To judge from the graphic narrative of the Admiral, that nautical hero's agonies during his voyage of four days resembled nothing so much as the sufferings on board a slave ship in the middle passage, or an old-time emigrant vessel, when the terrible ships fever had laid its blighting hand upon the passengers. The curs which were showered upon the Geo. W. Elder by my ordinarily mild-mannered and temperate friends quite made my hair stand on end.

By the Sergeant's advice we determined to take our canoe from Nanaimo, distant from Victoria about seventy miles. It was thought best, however, to procure all the necessities for the trip at Victoria, and a day or two was employed in getting together mess kit, blankets and other essentials. We also decided to take with us another white man, and engaged Arizona Charley, a Virginian, whose wanderings, after including almost the whole United States, had at last led him to Victoria. A most excellent man he proved himself, faithful, willing and good-humored. The Indians who were to constitute our crew, and on whom we fondly relied for the locomotive force of the canoe, we expected to hire at Nanaimo.

To one who has been accustomed only to the Indians of the Western plains and the mountains, the aborigines of the northwest coast are a surprise. In the vicinity of the settlements a blanket Indian is never seen, all of them wearing white man's clothing, including shoes and hats or caps. Very many of them work regularly, and lay up money, and for certain kinds of labor they are admirably adapted. They make good deck hands, longshoremen and fishermen, and are largely employed in the lumber mills and canneries. They are very strong, and are able to carry loads that a white man could by no means stagger under. They are almost brought up in canoes, and as all their journeys are performed in this manner, they are most expert boatmen. I have seen little children not more than three or four years old wielding a tiny paddle for hours at a time, and can well understand how it is that the adults can undergo so much work of this kind without manifesting the slightest fatigue.

In British Columbia an Indian is called a Stwasi. This is a Chinook word which is evidently a corruption of the French *sauvage*, and the term Indian is rarely, if ever, employed.

The Siwashes of the coast are essentially a race of fishermen. Their main dependence is the salmon, of which enormous numbers are caught, and not only eaten fresh, but also dried for winter consumption. They do some hunting, and kill not a few deer and mountain goats, but they rely chiefly for food on the salt water fish. During the months of June and July, before the salmon have begun to run up the rivers, they catch them in the salt water with the trolling spoon in considerable numbers, but it is not until the fish reach the fresh water that they are taken in sufficient abundance to make it worth while to dry them for their winter provisions. The natives do considerable trading with the whites, and oil is one of the main articles of trade. The dogfish, a small shark, abounds in these waters, and is taken with the hook and line in great quantities. The liver is the only part used, and the worthless carcasses of the fish are left to rot on the shore, and furnish food for the ravens and crows. Porpoise oil is also a staple article of trade. The Indians are very expert at basket weaving, and some of their work of this kind is wonderfully well done. I have seen baskets that were perfectly water-tight, and in which one could easily boil meat or fish. They also make mats, both of reeds and of the bark of the cedar, which are both useful and ornamental. These are admirable to sleep on, and keep off the wet as well as a rubber blanket. From the bark of the cedar too they make ropes and lines which are strong and durable. The dwellings of the Siwashes are utterly unlike those of the Indians of the interior. They are, in fact, houses made of boards split from the cedar, and though not very tight, are sufficiently so to keep out the water, and to form a good protection against cold and snow. They are without floors, and the fire is built on the ground in the middle of the room, the smoke escaping through the crevices in the roof. In the villages of the Northern Indians one may see before each dwelling a long pole, set in the ground and most elaborately carved through its whole length. These poles, which are sometimes eighty feet in height, are, in fact, a sort of family tree, and the images carved upon them denote the ancestry of the owner of the house before which they stand. The carvings usually represent animals of one kind or another, somewhat grotesque to be sure, but still admirably carved. A bear will perhaps be the lowest figure on the pole, and on its head will be seated a man; above this figure a crow, then a fish, another man, a seal, a wolf, and so on, the figures being sometimes repeated, to the top of the pole. All these tribes are remarkable for their skill in carving. The prows of their canoes are often very highly ornamented, as are many of their utensils. They display great ingenuity in fashioning curious masks and rattles for their medicine dances, and many of their carvings in a black slate which they make use of for this purpose are wonderfully well done. I was shown a model of a large house, which was certainly one of the most elaborate and highly-finished pieces of workmanship that I have ever seen. Two large plaques in the possession of a friend at Victoria were exquisitely ornamented in *alto relievo*, and were also inlaid with small pieces of carved ivory. Any design which pleased them they will copy with the utmost fidelity, and bracelets hammered out from a silver dollar and ornamented with a spread eagle or some other design furnished by a white man are frequently seen.

Scattered along the coast are a very considerable number of small tribes, some of them consisting of not more than half a dozen families. Each of these tribes has a language of its own, and this language is often not understood by any of its neighbors. The Chinook jargon is the common tongue by which the Indians of one tribe hold communication with all other Indians and with the whites. This jargon is extremely limited as to its vocabulary, and has absolutely no grammar. There is no passive voice, no declension of nouns, no inflection of verbs. Drawn from the English, the French and a dozen Indian tongues, it serves, however, as a medium of communication between the whites and the aborigines.

I have said that the Siwashes are admirable canoeemen, and must conclude this letter with a word or two about their vessels. They are of various sizes, varying in length from eight to eighty feet, and each one is made from a single piece of timber. The largest one of which I have heard is at the Bella Bella village. It is eighty feet in length, and is so deep that a man standing upright in it cannot be seen by one standing on the ground by its side. The canoes are roughly shaped and then hollowed out by fire. Then, by means of a piece of steel attached to a wooden handle, they chip the wood off in little flakes and reduce it to a proper thickness—about an inch or an inch and a half for a vessel thirty feet in length. They have no models and the eyes their only guide in shaping the canoes, but the lines are as unvaryingly correct, and as graceful as could be made by the most expert boat-builder. There are two different types of canoes, the Chinook, which has a square stern and is approximately flat on the bottom, and the Northern, which is round-bottomed and has an overhanging stern. The former are the most steady in a seaway, and somewhat the most roomy, but on the other hand are much less fast than the Northern canoes, but both are perfectly safe. After being shaped, the gunwales of the canoe are slightly sprung apart, so as to give some flare to the sides, and are held thus in position by narrow pieces of timber, stretching across and sewed to them with cedar withes. The canoes are always made from the cedar, the superb *Thuja gigantea* of Nuttall, the wood of

which is light, easily worked and remarkably durable. The true very closely resembles the common arbutus, so generally used for hedges here in the East, but in British Columbia it grows sometimes to a height of 300 feet, and often attains a diameter of seven or eight feet. I measured one stump that was eleven feet through eight feet from the ground. As instancing its durability I may say that I saw the fallen log in the woods which was "straddled" by a Douglas fir two and one-half feet in diameter, and which was, to all appearance, as sound as if it had not been lying there a year. The stump of the fir rested on the log, and its roots stretched down on either side four or five feet before they reached the ground. The cedar log was covered with moss, and had lost most of its limbs, but on scraping away the green drapery and sounding and cutting into it, I could not discern that it was in the slightest degree decayed. It can readily be imagined, therefore, that such a wood supplies the best possible material for canoes built in this way. It has only one objection, and this is the case with which it can be split, and great care has to be taken to keep the vessels from receiving any knocks or rough usage. They are never allowed to remain on the beach within reach of the waves, but are always hauled up far beyond high water mark. I have known of a case where a canoe, not drawn far enough from the water, was found in the morning split from end to end. It is a work of no small magnitude to repair a craft in that condition, and too much care cannot be exercised in guarding the vessel from any rough usage. The canoes might be made much stronger if the Sitkawas would only put knees or braces of some kind in them, but this they never seem to do, although they are often seen in canoes owned by white men. The paddles are made of a species of maple, and are usually about four feet long, with a cross piece for handle, and a blade about four inches wide, terminating in a sharp point. They are light and easily wielded, but strong. The prows and sterns of the canoes are often carved and painted in red and white. Sometimes the larger canoes are rigged with one or more pairs of rowlocks on either side, and long cars of native manufacture are used, which, it must be acknowledged, help the vessel through the water much faster than the same number of paddles would. There is almost always a clock in the bottom, well forward, to which a mast steps, by a tenon, leading up through one of the braces. The canvas is a lug spritsail, and of course can only be used when the wind is fair, or at most on the beam.

Camp on Bute Inlet.

Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ATLANTIC COAST SHOOTING GROUND.

KITTY HAWK BAY, N. C.

I HAVE lived during the entire summer on the North Carolina coast, and have become very familiar with the country and people from Whale's Head Light down to Cape Hatteras. I have seen coast life at its best, and have had, with the exception of an occasional visit up the country, along the various towns on the rivers emptying into the Albemarle, Pamlico and Currituck Sounds. The elements are continually reshaping the coast—immense white sand hills that lie against the horizon like banks of snow are continually moving southwest from the ocean towards the sounds. The Kill Devil Hills, near Kitty Hawk, were until recently the highest of these, but now the Owen Hill, near Nag's Head, near its white crest 100 feet above the level of fresh water that lie at its base. These ponds are clear lakes of dark, pure and limpid water, and lie between the sounds and the ocean. There are some twenty of these between Kitty Hawk and Nag's Head, some of them thirty to forty acres in extent, and full of black bass, chub and perch, some of the latter I have caught being twelve inches long and very sweet. The ponds are much frequented by visitors to Nag's Head during the summer, the woods near them affording good shade and pleasant drives. They are continually being drained by the sea, and the water that resort here for water. In dry times, and when flies and mosquitoes are troublesome, they wade out until only their heads show above the water.

The ponies are lively little fellows, and scamper over the hills and along the beach at low tide at a lively rate, and are much better adapted for beach driving than heavy country horses. A good pair of ponies can be bought for about \$125. They are easily kept and live to an old age. Once a year they are corralled and branded. The balance of the time they range at will from Cape Henry to Cape Hatteras. When away from the fresh ponds and they want water they dig wells with their fore feet near the sound and find good water eighteen inches below the surface. When the chill blasts of winter are too severe, they go to the woods about Kitty Hawk or find shelter under the lee of the sand hills.

Recently I visited Bodie's Island Light House to shoot beach birds and to fish for blue fish, which are found in great numbers about the Oregon Inlet and the sound in front of the light house. I went up into the light house, after a toilsome climb up the 225 steps, and after an inspection of the apparatus at the top of the tower, I sat for two hours on the iron piazza outside and enjoyed the extended view afforded by my airy perch. I could see with a marine glass over twenty miles in every direction. In the east is the dark blue sea, with its billows rolling grandly towards the white pebbly shore, with all kinds of sail on their way north and south, on the west Pamlico Sound and Croatan Sounds, Roanoke Island, Duck Island, Off Island, and the cluster of smaller islands near the inlet; north and south stretched the narrow strip of sand between the sounds and sea, with herds of cattle, ponies and sheep grazing on the green places. Curlew, brown backs, willet, sea chickens and gulls in countless numbers wheeled and dove below me, and the tide surged and ebbled the Oregon Inlet almost under my feet.

This is one of the best light houses on the coast. The lighting apparatus was made in France. The tower is built of concrete, and is a fine example of the sturdy style of construction without trembling, and yet so powerful is the wind at times that it sways and rocks in a manner trying to weak nerves.

In the winter millions of brant, swan, geese, duck and other fowl pass here in their flight to their feeding grounds, and many of them are killed by striking against the glass that protects the light. Last year it was found necessary to put a frame work of iron in front of the glass to keep it from being broken by the heavy geese striking it. Several millions of fowl have been gathered from the platform some mornings that were killed during the night by flying against the frame that protects the light.

Oregon Inlet is gradually opening wider and deeper, and there is now five and one-half feet of water on the inner bar, and twelve to eighteen feet on the outer bar. Oregon Inlet is a great place for sportsmen, and there is good sport for rod and gun all the year. Spanish mackerel, sea bass, trout, drum, mullet, shad, blue fish, spots, croakers, diamond-back terrapin, sea turtle, chicken turtle, rock bass, all have their seasons, while the waters abound in oysters, clams and crabs.

In the fall and winter wild fowl frequent the islands near the inlet, and in the summer all kinds of beach birds are very abundant. It is said that snipe do not breed as far south as this, but I think it is a mistake, for I have seen large numbers of young snipe on the marshes, and have found two nests that contained regular snipe eggs.

Near New Inlet are the feeding grounds of the black and white brant. These fowl are destined to be very popular when known among epicures. They are very large, nearly twice the size of a canvas back, and many consider them fully as delicate in flavor. They will be shipped in considerable quantity this winter no doubt, as they can be sent via the Elizabeth City & Norfolk Railroad so as to reach markets in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York within twenty-four hours after they are killed. They "place" from Duck Island to Hatteras; are very plenty fronting the Jesse Etheridge tract, and about New Inlet and about Douglass Island, Pea Island, Jorymen Island and other islands along the coast and in Pamlico Sound. There are also great numbers of them about Gar Island, where there is a small club established called the Gar Island Club. This club, and the Little Hawk Bay Club, are the only clubs in Dare county, and own about all the best shooting grounds in the county. The latter club is a monster affair, and they have bought every island, shoal and beach and woodland of any value for fowl, bird and deer shooting, not already owned by the Currituck county clubs, from Whale's Head down to Gar Island, except the property owned by the Nyes at Van Slyck's landing. They control some 300 miles of water front and probably over 200,000 acres of land and island. They have shooting for a very large number of sportsmen and their fishing rights are also valuable.

Very few persons who have not visited this country have any idea of the extent of fresh water navigation within the boundaries of Eastern North Carolina. The sand ridge dividing the sounds and the ocean is from 100 yards to three miles wide. This is low, but mostly dry, and just above high water. It is firm and solid. The Ocean beach is the finest for bathing I have ever seen—the slope is long, shallow and even, floored with a fine soft sand that feels like velvet under the feet.

The waves come up the gradual incline which makes the bottom reach the land with gradually diminished force, and I have during the past summer been out 200 yards from shore with delicate ladies, and the rollers came over them without violence or danger. The Gulf Stream approaches the shore nearer along this coast than anywhere else and the water is warmer. The sounds contain a greater amount of fresh water than any other area on the Atlantic coast. All this water is continually flowing into the ocean, carrying with it as much mud, silt and dirt from the upper lands along the rivers, some of which head in the mountains of Tennessee and Virginia, hundreds of miles distant. This sand or dirt is being constantly deposited within the outer reef, and replaces the sands carried on the sand ridge and blown into the fantastic shapes that characterize the sand dunes or hills.

The only inlet between what is now Oregon Inlet and Cape Henry was Old Currituck Inlet, which was closed in 1713, and New Currituck Inlet, south of it, was opened about 1715, and vessels drawing six feet of water could pass through it. This inlet kept open for nearly 100 years and was closed in 1830. It is said that Old Commodore Vanderbilt used to come through this inlet in a trading schooner. His partner was a man named Hatfield, and they made considerable money trading in fish, molasses, feathers, tar, turpentine and other products of North Carolina. Hatfield invested his savings in some islands, which are now rented from his heirs by some of the shooting clubs. Vanderbilt at first did not like the place, and finally in New York City, he tried to induce Hatfield to sell out and go into the grocery business in New York, but Hatfield told the future millionaire man that he was afraid of his kite flying propensities and believed he would rather stay in Currituck. He fished, hunted and trucked it for the balance of his days and died in Currituck. All the world knows the history of the old Commodore.

There are no inlets in Currituck. At present the water is slightly brackish and is gradually filling up. Extensive shoals are being formed, which grow the grass on which the countless numbers of ducks, geese and swan that frequent these waters feed.

Northern sportsmen began coming to this county some time before the war to shoot wild fowl. In 1855 Elias Wade, Valentine Hicks and Stephen Taper, of New York State, bought 1,700 acres of beach and marsh land from Abram Baum at a cost of \$4,000, and organized the Currituck Shooting Club. This club has since bought some other property, and now owns nearly 10,000 acres. A handsome club house on the beach, costing, with furniture, some \$12,000. The club is composed of about sixteen members and the shares are limited to twenty-one, some of the members owning several shares.

In 1859 Peter Davis and John White organized the Palmer Shooting Club with twenty-five members, and leased the marshes of Josephus Baum, south of the Currituck Club. The war came on and fowl shooting was suspended. Soon after the war the Monkey Island Club was organized by R. T. White of Boston, and J. B. Meserole of New York City. This property was bought for an insignificant sum and would probably now sell for \$50,000 under the hammer.

In 1863 Arthur Emory, of New York, bought for \$5,000 17,000 acres of land from Abram Baum and organized the Light House Club, so called from its proximity to the Whale's Head Light House. This club has twenty-one shares, and their property is also valuable.

The Crow Island Club was organized in 1864. They rent the islands of Mrs. Hatfield, for which they pay about \$1,000 yearly.

Regged Island Club, in Back Bay, is compose mostly of

New England men. Solomon House, of Boston, is President. They have first-class shooting.

The smallest club in these waters is the Little Island Club, in Back Bay. This property was bought by Ben Wood from Major J. J. Burrus for \$4,000 just before the war, and was sold by him to William R. Travers in 1875, for about \$8,000. Old Abe Baum calls this a "one man club." The owner is a rich and eccentric old gentleman, who lives in New York City, and from what the natives tell me he must be quite a character. His instruction to the men guarding his property is that if any man is found on his grounds with a breech-loader to shoot him on the spot, as he is down on any gun but the old-fashioned muzzle-loader. He has first-class shooting on his property for several sportsmen, but his is the only gun ever fired on the property, and as his islands are isolated and surrounded by shoals, thick with wild celery, the old gentleman can bag his 100 pairs of canvas-backs or red-heads any day without trouble. Old Abe Baum, native and to the manor born, as his forefathers have been for over two hundred years, says the reason Mr. Travers don't organize a club is "Case he is an opinionated old cuss, and no one can't naturally agree with him and he can't naturally agree with no one."

Mr. Travers is said to be witty and sharp, and to have a slight impediment in his speech, which makes his sayings more pungent. On one occasion he was passing through Norfolk on his way North, after a season of hard shooting among the canvas-backs; and his clothes were somewhat worn and soiled, after several weeks of beach usage, and he did not look to ignorant eyes the educated, refined gentleman he really is. He was stopping at the Atlantic Hotel. It was some public occasion and the dining room was crowded. He saw only one vacant seat, which was at the right of a majestic Navy Admiral. The chair was tipped against the table to indicate that it was reserved, but Mr. Travers was hungry and did not stand on ceremony. Walking up to the vacant place he pulled back the chair and was about to sit down, when the head-waiter came to him in a flurry and, tapping him on the shoulder, said: "This seat is reserved, sir, for gentlemen."

Mr. Travers looked at the man and replied, "W-w-well, sir, he has c-o-m-e;" and took his seat, and quietly began scanning the bill of fare.

Once when beating down Currituck in a small schooner to take the Norfolk steamer, a northeast storm came up. There was only one man and a boy on board, and Mr. Travers was endeavoring to aid them shortening sail. While doing so he became entangled in the rigging. He had taken off his shoes so as to be ready for swimming for his life. He began to call loudly for assistance, but the raging tempest, the excitement of the position and his unfortunate impediment of speech made his words incoherent. The man at the helm at last got impatient and called out, "Sing it, Mr. Travers, sing it, sir." The old gentleman at once sang to the tune of "Drops of Brandy," "Oh! p-p-please let go the jib tackle; my b-b-big l-t-toe is caught in the block," and was at once relieved from his embarrassing position. JOHN BROSSON.

Natural History.

RANGE AND ROTARY MOVEMENTS OF LIMICOLE.

IT was in the month of April, 1868, that we made our debut as a duck shooter on a Western prairie. Born and bred almost within the sound of the breakers on "New England's rock-bound coast," we had been taught to believe that the shore birds—Limicole—were, with few exceptions, confined to the seaboard, and when we saw large flocks of several species of these birds feeding on the prairies we could scarcely believe our eyes, nor would anything short of a dead specimen in hand satisfy us of our errors. A golden plover (*Charadrius virginicus*, Bosc.) was secured and found to be identical with every particular with the golden plover of Atlantic coast, and, notwithstanding Prof. Baird had many years earlier declared their habitat to be "all of North America, and visiting also other continents," we could not somehow seem to realize the fact that they were so abundant at so great a distance from the sea shore. Other species were also observed, notably sickle-billed curlew (*Numerus longirostris*, Wils.), Esquimaux curlew (*Numenius borealis*, Lath.), summer yellow-legs (*Totanus flavipes*, Vieill.), and pectoral sandpipers (*Tringa pectoralis*, Say.). We endeavored to glean from inquiry into the habits of these birds some information relating to the habits, food, migrations, etc., of these birds, but our labors in this direction were vain and futile. The fact was patent that no one cared to waste time or ammunition on such "small birds" as plover or curlew when deer, swan, geese, ducks and their congeners were abundant in every direction. Another very serious obstacle in the way of our inquiries was encountered, viz., synonymy. We found it very difficult to make ourselves understood when undertaking to describe a particular species, so very different are the local names of birds.

Sportsmen, as a general rule, are quick, keen and intelligent, but not always literary people, and in the absence of scientific terms—some common platform upon which both parties could stand—our progress was very slow and unsatisfactory. We cannot always account for the origin or introduction and retention of such a diversity of common names for our feathered friends. It certainly is a great barrier to the acquisition of knowledge upon these topics. Names that are familiar as household words in one locality are entirely unknown in another. It is about as perplexing as when two persons speaking different languages attempt to carry on a conversation. For instance, the first bird we have named above was not known in the West where we were located as a plover at all, but as a "prairie pigeon." The turnstone in Massachusetts is commonly called "chicken bird," but elsewhere "calico back." A pectoral sandpiper in our section is "jack snipe," and in others "kriek," "grass snipe," etc. One often hears in the West, or even on "prairie land," the name "Dowitcher," but that cognomen would not be recognized in Massachusetts as referring to red-breasted snipe (*Mareca americana*, Leach), but if the bird was called "brown back," he would be instantly acknowledged. A "redbreast" (*Tringa cinerea*, Linn.) is variously known as "robin snipe," "grayback," and "knot." The marlin of the West is the marble godwit (*Limosa fedoa*, Ord.) of the East, and so on ad infinitum. This unhappy state of affairs should no longer exist. We have monetary, railroad, religious and other confusions to harmonize conflicting interests and opinions, fix rules and regulations, and so on. Why not have a national or universal conference to establish a uniformomenclature for our birds? Possibly the urbane individual who occupies the editorial chair of FOREST AND STREAM and ex-

have tried in vain to circumvent one of these wary creatures— "that he hunts in a 'down wind,' and as soon as one rises on a 'bump' the 'T' drops close to the ground." This is certainly "bump" or curiosity is developed about (equal to a black duck's, and not seeing any one there apparently imagines he has been duped, or, as we say, "fooled"; and not being willing to be laughed at by his fellows, who are feeding undisturbed over the fields, he approaches the spot from whence came his "scare," and as he comes "quidding" along trilling his alarm note, when in the right place, the gun is seized and in a trice the victim falls nearly at the feet of the gunner. He is instantly dropped again and remains quiescent all the birds have recovered from their fright, when he proceeds as before. On one occasion he discovered several of these birds in a pasture of only a few acres on a hill, and in less than two hours, in this way, retreating and working the ground over several times, he killed the entire seventeen!

Winter yellowlegs appear in moderate quantities. Nest here and further north, and return. Summer yellowlegs (*Totanus flavipes*, Bon.), also arrive early in considerable numbers, but push on further North as soon as the season will permit. Their southern journey is mostly by some other and more easterly route than their flight, when they proceed, *T. alpina*, better known here as "Dunlin," is a regular migrant, though not in large numbers; breeds further north. The little solitary sandpiper, "tip up," is common here as in most other parts of the country. Beetle-headed plover, red-breasted sandpiper, sandpeppers and jack curlew, although occasional visitors in this locality, are not as abundant as they are further east. We are inclined to the opinion that most of these birds that pass down the valley of the Mississippi, being either immature or heavy flyers, as, for instance, a sickle-billed curlew and the godwits, spend the winter in the Gulf States, Mexico or Central America.

It must be apparent to the reader, from the foregoing, that certain species of shore birds pass up the Mississippi Valley in Spring, but do not return by that broad highway. It will moreover be seen that the species that do not return by that road are abundant on the Atlantic Coast in autumn. If these premises hold, the conclusion is inevitable, that they go very far North to breed, swing over to the eastern shores, where they recuperate, and then proceed on their Southern journey. We present this as a hypothesis, and leave it to the money to support of this hypothesis. There is, in the northward of the Great Lakes and to the eastward of the Rocky Mountain Range, a vast unexplored territory within whose borders are mountains, valleys, prairies and marshes. Nestling away in the quiet bosom of the mountains or sleeping gently in the valleys are many lakes and ponds, source of numerous rivers, possible highways for future commerce. Thither for countless ages the feathered migrants have wandered in search of the solitude, that entire immunity from dangerous contact with man, not according to their habits, years along our frontiers. Here, too, must be found abundance of food suited to the wants of both old and young. Possibly this may have something to do with their line of flight. If it should be found that this region produced food peculiarly adapted to their tastes they would very likely take the shortest route via Mississippi Valley to reach it rather than travel away round the Atlantic Coast, Labrador, etc., and moreover it is well known that most of the shore birds resort to fresh water lakes and marshes to rear their young. That they do populate the whole region reaching the coast to shore in large numbers is attested by the explorers who have visited that inhospitable country. For many years naturalists have recognized these birds as belonging to Arctic fauna. In July, 1771, near the mouth of Coppermine River Hearne writes: "In the pools saw swan and geese in a moulted state, and on the marshes some curlew and plovers." Alex. Fisher, in giving an account of Perry's first voyage, 1819-20, saw at Ball's Bay, "Red phalarope and ring plover," and at Wainwright Harbor, "Red phalarope, Snow-bellied plover," and July 18, he adds: "A few prairie-martins, plover, sandpeppers and snow buntings were all the land birds that were seen." Again, at the Melville Islands, June 12, "saw several golden plovers." Sir J. Richardson while at Woolston Land wrote as follows: "On the first of June, bees, sandpeppers, long-tailed ducks, cackewees, eiders and king ducks and northern divers were seen." Again, May 15, "The yellow warblers feed on the alpine arbutus as did likewise the golden plover, whose stomachs also contained the fruit of *Empetrum nigrum*." The Eskimo curlew, which at this time feed on large snails, McClure, while the "Investigator" was packed in the ice at Prince of Wales Straits, lat. 70 deg., after making several excursions reported the following: "The plover and phalaropes and buntings here are their young untroubled by man around the recesses of petty bays." Dr. Kane speaks of seeing snipe at Rensselaer Bay, June 10, 1851, also at Cornwallis Island, September 4, 1850. Dr. Hayes saw the same species at Port Foulke, June 8, 1861. Mr. C. B. Cory, author of the charming little work entitled "The Birds of the Gulf States," gives in the form of a list the eggs of the golden plover taken at the Northern extremity of Hudson Bay, and that they are common there.

The above references will, we think, be sufficient to satisfy the average mind that the birds do reach very high latitudes in considerable numbers, and that they breed there. The enervating duty of nidifying, laying, incubating and rearing to the juvenile specimens such brief care and protection as the marshes and prairies might expect to afford, seems to generate a desire for a more secure and more fashionable watering place. Possibly the food they find so abundant, earlier, around the lakes or marshes, now gives out, or their tastes change and they banker after marine worms, or the berries of the coast, and they set out upon the journey to Ball's Bay, Smith's Sound, or Labrador, where they again regale themselves in the fresh bracing air of that isolated region. There are hundreds of miles, up and down the coast of Labrador, of low plain lands, which produce great quantities of berry-bearing *Empetrum nigrum*. These berries are not unlike our blue berries only larger. They are called by the natives "gallin berries," and the birds that feed on them "gallin birds," probably a corruption of curlew. The berries are also called "rotten apples." Upon these berries the Esquimaux curlew and dough-birds feed. Dr. Comes, in his observations in Labrador, in 1860, says of these birds: "Their food consists almost entirely of the cowberry (*Empetrum nigrum*), which grows on the hillside in astonishing profusion. It is called by the bear berry and curlew berry. It is small like the cowberry, but the berries are black, growing upon a procumbent-running kind of herb, the foliage of which has a peculiar moss-like appearance. This is their principal and favorite food, and the whole intestine, are more or less stained with the deep purple juice. They are also very fond of a species of small snail that ad-

heres to the rocks in immense quantities, to procure which they frequent the land-washes at low tide." The birds as far south as Cape Cod, and as about still have the anal and tibial feathers discolored by the excrement. We are informed by shipmasters and fishermen, who have often visited the coast of Labrador, that the birds come straggling along down over the mountains and hills on to the plains in myriads to feed on these berries. There are no towns away up on the coast, but a few scattered Esquimaux huts, where the hardy fishermen go ashore to cure their fish, and it is during these visits that the observations are made. The old birds, after resting awhile, move on to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Magdalen Islands, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and on to the southward, to give place to the young that must soon follow. Mr. Cory reports "young dough-birds are due here, Magdalen Islands, about 8th September; young golden plover come about 20th September."

A friend at Newfoundland writes, "Snipe, sandpeppers and yellowlegs are plenty—the latter breed." Thinks the Esquimaux curlew breed at Labrador. They are so plenty the fishermen kill them and salt them up in barrels. They arrive at Labrador before they reach Newfoundland in millions, so that they come to the sky as they rise. Large flocks of sandpeppers and grass-birds arrive late in the fall. He believes the birds go to Prince Edward's Island, and thence to South America.

Another good authority remarks as follows: "At the Magdalen Islands millions of golden plover and dough-birds come every year, in August and September. They feed on the uplands, and go on to the high beach at night to roost. So plenty are they that on a dark night one with a lantern and stick may kill bushels of them." The same party reports seeing, in 1854, as late as October, on the coast from Chediac to Dalhousie, immense numbers of these birds. Mr. E. An, an int-ling merchant of Boston, informs us he has visited Prince Edward's Island for nine consecutive years, and has failed but twice to get good shooting. They have a "flight" of birds there on an east wind just the same as at Cape Cod. Is of the opinion that birds feeding in a certain field this year, unmolested, will return the next year to the same field. In one day he shot green plover, Esquimaux curlew and summer yellowlegs in large numbers, as he supposed, also got further South—birds from Newfoundland reach the Bay of Fundy by crossing the narrow belt of land from Straits of Northumberland.

If the birds strike boldly out to sea from Nova Scotia in a southerly direction, as it is very clear they do, it would carry them to the Lesser Antilles. Now, it is settled beyond a peradventure, that they do have a "flight" there just the same as at Newfoundland and Cape Cod. From the Barbadoes, the most windward of the Windward Islands, we have the most positive assurance of a "flight." One of the memorable events recorded in the history of the island is "Sept. 12th, 1846, great flight of plovers." The U. S. Consul at that place writes us in reference to this matter, October 29th, 1878: "By all accounts the island was covered with them. They were killed in the streets with sticks." The following from a reliable source is so clear and pertinent we venture to quote entire: "I have seen none of the birds myself only what we call grassbirds, but by all accounts they come here the last of August and first of September till October, a flock but at no other time of the year. My view is that they take a due south course from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. When they go back in the spring the trade winds are strong from N. E., and they are blown more to the westward, and strike Georgia and the Carolinas and so make their way North to go over it again." Further on he remarks: "I have seen some black-breasted plover and yellowlegs. They are very tired when they arrive here; so tired sometimes they can't stand up." Again, he writes, as if to corroborate his previous statement that they take a "bee-line" for the West Indies. "I was coming home to Boston from Europe one voyage and I passed large flocks three hundred miles from land, going South, in September."

Capt. * * * informs our friend E. that one autumn he saw thousands of plover in the Gulf Stream nearly five hundred miles from land, skipping about and lighting in the water and on accumulated seaweed and other vegetable matter. He is quite sure the birds go by this route to South America. Other shipmasters have made similar statements. It must, however, be understood that when these people who are not naturalists speak of "plovers," they are liable to refer to any of the marsh or shore birds. In order to make it more clear that most of the shore birds do visit the Barbadoes, we insert the following extract from the History of the Island, kindly furnished us by Capt. P., the Consul at that place. "The number of indigenous species (of birds) do not amount to fifteen. About forty species and varieties arrive toward the end of August, and merely alight on their passage to some more distant land. . . . During the period of a southerly wind and rain prevails, they alight, whereas fine weather tempts them to continue their progress. . . . The greater part are then seen to fly very high, and to keep their course direct to the east. . . . The black-breasted plover (*C. Virginica*) is the most numerous. The male appears about the 25th of August, and the female (young?) which is called in Barbadoes the 'white-breast plover,' after the flight of the males has ceased, about the middle of September." Here is a partial list of the migrants that come to the islands: "*Squatarola helvetica*, Lath.; *Vireo gilvus*, Bon.; *Sceloporus semipalmatus*, Kaup.; *Sceloporus interpres*, Linn.; *Numenius Hudsonicus*, Lath.; *Numenius borealis*, Gml.; *Totanus flavipes*, Gml.; *Totanus chloropygus*, Vieill.; *Tringoides macularius*, Gray; *Tringa bartramia*, Wils.; *Tringa canutus*, Linn.; *Tringa petolaria*, Say; *Tringa pusilla*, Wils.; *Macrorhamphus griseus*, Leach; *Gallinago Wilsoni*, Bon."

On departing from the Windward Islands the birds take an easterly direction, which would, if persisted in, carry them to the coast of Africa—a prevailing opinion to the contrary among the inhabitants that the birds do go to that continent, nor do we presume the distance would be an insurmountable barrier. Other considerations oppose the conjecture. They would be likely there to meet allied European species and fraternize with them, and either be carried there or bring back those they met, and in course of time lose their identity; nor is any such return flight ever witnessed. The reason of their taking an easterly course in setting out upon the long voyage to Africa—is, probably, the prevailing trade winds. If they were to take the Gulf Stream route, as Capt. Rogue, a distance of two thousand miles, with a quartering current of fifteen knots on setting out, they must start up into the wind or they will impinge the continent far to the westward of their objective point. Any one who has ever seen a skillful oarsman cross a rapid stream must have observed that he always heads his boat up stream in starting,

or he would reach the opposite shore far below the place intended. But the birds, in their migrations, are a circumstance in such narrow limits as the Lesser Antilles. Their range embraces nearly the whole of the West India Archipelago. A letter from C. W. H., of Turk's Island, is of such general interest that we make from it a verifiable extract: "Golden plover, sometimes in large numbers, a few upland plover and curlew also arrive here from the North regularly about the end of August or first of September, and remain with us generally from four to six weeks, although a few stragglers stop a little longer. If these latter happen to be golden plover, after a short time they lose their yellow legs, and are marked dark-nodded plumage, and on a gray suit of feathers, looking like quite a different bird from what they did when they first arrived here, and are then sometimes called 'gray plover.' These birds go South from us, and they evidently pursue some other route going North, as we never see them taking flight in that direction. I have often heard old sea captains remark that they saw flocks of these birds in the autumn going South, but never in a single instance have they met them going North at any time of year."

C. B. Cory, in "Birds of the Bahama Islands," gives a similar account of the Barbadoes, but under somewhat different synonyms. He does not, however, recognize the godwits, curlew, *Tringa bartramia*, or *Tringa canutus*, as visitors of the Bahamas, nor are the former found in the Barbadoes catalogue. The godwits and sickle-billed curlew are rather clumsy flying birds, and it is possible very few reach these remote islands, but *Tringa bartramia* (Wils.) *T. canutus* and *Numenius borealis* are among the migrants whose "range" is the widest of all the shore birds, and we cannot account for their non-observation on any other ground, than by supposing that at the time of its arrival, late in December, these birds had mostly departed South. He had to rely on the authority of Dr. Bryant, Mr. Moore and others, for information of these birds during their migrating season, September and October. His winter observations lead him to believe that a few of several species pass the winter on those lovely islands. He does not, however, seem to find any of them abundant at that season, except the two least sandpeppers, nor do they, to any extent, remain on the islands to breed in summer. As a rule, they all go North to breed, and also go further South to the wintering grounds. The plover may be occasionally found in winter, even as far north as New England, but this is an exception to the general rule. Their return trip in spring is very far to the westward of these islands, and of course would not be observed at that season.

Mr. P. A. Ober, in his admirable work entitled "Camps in the Barbadoes," enumerates seventeen species of these wanderers as "birds of the Lesser Antilles," all of which come from the United States. He does not seem to have met either of the godwits, *Tringa canutus*, *M. griseus*, or *Numenius borealis*. Why he did not meet them is a mystery, especially the last named, which elsewhere travels in company with *C. Virginica*, and is recognized by other authorities as a visitor to adjacent islands. Possibly at the period of their passage he was in the mountains securing some rarer specimens of that region. But most of the Linnéists do reach these islands, a part of them coming in a "bee-line" from Newfoundland, and a part coasting along down to the Carolinas, dropping off on the road as inclination or strength might dictate, and striking out, southeast till they reach the Windward Islands, where, when the wind is from the north, it would not be at all strange with the face here in vogue to suppose that the birds that set out upon the lonely journey from Newfoundland or Nova Scotia would pass to the eastward of the Bermudas while those that pursue the coast line, if caught out in a westerly gale, would be blown on to that group. A letter from a reliable gentleman (W. W. D.) residing on one of the Bermudas, informs us "the plover and curlew, before the country was so broken up for agricultural purposes, were quite plenty in large flocks about the marshes and valleys, but now they are scarce. Generally make their appearance about September and October. They always show themselves after a strong westerly gale." He also incloses Lieut. Dennison's list of one hundred and seventy-nine species of birds that visit the islands. The list is very complete and covers about all the migratory waters that visit the east coast of North America and West Indies, except winter yellowlegs, sickle-billed curlew and great marbled quails. We would like now to take the reader back to Cape Cod, if he has not already had Cape Cod at noddies, and ask what effect an easterly storm would have on the birds there. If for three or four days during the flight period there happens to be a strong nor'easter wind, attended by considerable rainfall or fog, we are almost sure to get a "flight" of birds. Possibly we could not better illustrate this than by the recital of an instance that occurred under our own observation. On the 23rd of August, 1873, we made a trip to Chatham, Cape Cod, for the purpose of enjoying several days' plover shooting. The weather was fine, with a westerly wind, and birds very scarce—in fact, the outlook for shooting was gloomy in the extreme. In a couple of days, however, the wind veered to the eastward and blew fresh, attended by a dense thick fog and considerable rain. Toward evening of the third of September the deflected line of golden plover and Esquimaux curlew struck the shore and were at once driven to the fields or pastures. A few gunners happened to be there, and seventy-seven of the birds were bagged. All night long the birds could be heard crying and calling to each other for help. There were some eight or ten gunners at the same time, and the result was a great deal of excitement and confusion of getting ready for the morrow's slaughter. Long before the golden light had tinged the eastern horizon the next morning, breakfast was dispatched, lunch baskets packed, ammunition snugly bestowed—there were no break-ladders then—teams were at the door ready to take and distribute the parties in the various fields from one to four miles distant. Quite early the birds came rushing along in the wildest confusion, but paid very little attention to the deays or calls of the hunters. Those that did alight seemed utterly bewildered and stared about as much as if they said, "Where are we?" "What has happened?" Plover after flock went rushing along, pell-mell, as best they could in a gale of wind, till night fortunately overtook the weary birds and their pursuers. The parties drove back to the house one after the other, and spread out the contents of their "bags" upon the floor—two hundred and eighty-one golden plover and Esquimaux curlew together with a few sickle-billed curlew. It was a fine sight, and it was a very some pretty talk about that memorable night. We would not vouch for the truth of all the stories that were told. A slight deviation, a little—just a little—exaggeration upon such an occasion is pardonable. There was about as little sleeping done in that house that night, as was ever done

in a house of its size. Well, teams had been ordered for the next day (Sept. 5th.), with every prospect of favorable results, when, lo! the wind had shifted to the northwest! It was a cool, crisp, bracing morning, and scarcely a bird to be seen anywhere. This little party will show how dependent we are at this point upon an easterly storm for golden plover and curlew-shooting. It so happens that for years there will not be at the proper time a storm sufficient to throw the birds on to the land, and of course there will be no shooting during those years. In this instance, had the birds not been on the wing to the eastward of Cape Cod, they would not have been blown on to the land by a wind from that quarter. A change during the night enabled them to escape "a weath'rin' and slaughtering guns," nor did they wait for daylight or lunch. On departing they take a southeasterly course evidently to get back on to their line of travel as soon as possible. A "flight" of birds is liable to occur anywhere up and down the coast during the migrating season, when the wind and other conditions are favorable. Mr. S., afterward, "His Honor, the Mayor" of Portland, writes October, 1878: "There was the most immense flight of golden plover and Esquimaux curlew, the last of August, I ever saw. They have frequently seen golden plover and curlew, and following closely, they all disappeared." The same stories are told at Currituck Sound and other points along the coast. If then the line of flight of these birds is due south from Newfoundland for a period of six weeks, and if during that time an easterly gale prevails the results will be as we have stated. Several trustworthy fishermen who are excellent sportsmen as well, and who have often been cod-fishing off George's Banks, seventy miles east of Cape Cod, inform us they have frequently seen golden plover and dough birds there in large flocks, always mixed up together, going south, for weeks, when not too foggy, there was scarcely a moment when one or more flocks were not visible. Captain B. wrote us from Cienfuegos, June 23d.: "On the passage (from Boston) May 27th, forty miles southeast from Nantucket, I saw, distant from the ship, not over one hundred and twenty yards, eight plover swimming very gracefully on the water. They took wing and shifted a few hundred yards farther to the westward." He gives a very interesting account of the natural accumulation of water-reptiles in the middle of the sea, and thinks the birds stop to rest and feed on them, and other marine animals, myriads of which make their homes in these bunches of seaweed. Again we quote from a letter of September 11, 1879: "August 12, sixty-seven miles southeast of Nantucket, I saw quite a large number of migratory birds. I saw no large birds on the wing, but I passed several flocks of them sitting on the water, and either feeding or bathing. There were at least three kinds." We have cited the above very reliable authorities to prove that if these birds get weary on the long voyage of over two thousand miles, from Newfoundland to the West Indies, they can safely stop anywhere: to rest as they are graceful swimmers.

We shall now attempt, very briefly, to follow our beautiful little winged wayfarers on their voyage to South America. The data on hand, however, are few and quite incomplete, and we have had to patch them out and fill up gaps and interspaces as best we could. We hardly know how to express to the reader, intelligently, the great difficulty of obtaining from any point of interest in South America, or most meagre information in relation to these birds. We have from several correspondents in various localities the most positive assurance that they know nothing at all about the birds, nor can they obtain from these around them any items of interest upon the subject. None of the books that have fallen under our notice give any detailed account of the migratory shore birds that visit the continent. From some books of travel, special papers read before certain societies, incidental remarks here and there, and from our own correspondents, we have been able to glean such information as warrants the belief that these birds not only reach the continent in immense numbers, but that they cross the equator and pass as far south as Patagonia or Terra del Fuego. This theory is, however, pretty conjectural and liable to great modification by further investigations. The evidence to sustain it is not as ample as that we had the satisfaction of presenting in support of the theory that the breeding-grounds of these birds embrace even polar regions, but by grouping and connecting the few scattered facts, the chain is strong enough to sustain at least a portion of its own weight.

We know, then, very well that these birds *en masse* do leave the West India Islands in September and October. But where do they go? Not northward, certainly, at this season of the year. We have, however, the most reliable testimony that they are very abundant in Guiana about the same time of their departure from the Antilles. Our friend Capt. B., who is an intelligent gentleman as well as an enthusiastic sportsman, was at Demerara with his ship about the end of September, 1877. While lying there his friends invited him to participate in a plover shooting excursion. In fact, he had several days of the greatest sport in his life he has ever witnessed. Another voyage was made the next year to the same place, but he arrived six weeks later expecting to enjoy a repetition of the previous year's sport. He went to his friend and asked him if he could get a few days' shooting while his ship was taking in cargo. Mark the reply. "Why, Captain, you are too late! Had you been here a month earlier you would have had splendid shooting, as there was an extraordinary 'flight' of birds, but now they are gone!" This bird inquiry satisfied him that in September and October there is a "flight" at Guiana, just the same as there is at Labrador, Newfoundland, Cape Cod, and the Barbadoes. A letter from the ornithologist of the National Museum at Rio de Janeiro, under date of July 9, 1879, throws some light upon the subject. "I found *Charadrius plumifrons*, Wils., on the island of Marajo in the month of December in flocks of about twenty individuals. Later I found it in the month of May in Rio de Sul and in December, 1878, near Rio de Janeiro at Lopenber in a small flock of twelve individuals. This bird is certainly to be one of passage in these parts, because in Rio de Janeiro, for example, they are known as migratory birds, appearing only in the season, and in other places they appear always in flocks of ten, twenty or thirty individuals." As the plover are accompanied in their departure from the West Indies by many other species, so we may infer that, notwithstanding they were not seen at Rio, still they were abundant in the vicinity. We are informed that during the migrating season these birds are plenty at the mouth of the Rio de Brazil, and at another south, and we are not quite clear that they do not breed there, and certainly have time enough. Brant are not on their breeding grounds over three months, and *Anser bernicla* must require as much time to propagate as *Tringa pusilla*, a

valued correspondent (Prof. B.) writes January 3, 1881, from Concepcion del Uruguay: "All the *Limicola*, with the exception of *Fulvula argentea* and possibly *Thyrida argentea*, are migratory to a greater or less extent at this season. The two exceptions are peculiar to South America." We must not forget that the seasons there are the reverse of ours—i. e., their autumn corresponds to our spring, their winter to our summer. All the *Limicola* introduced here have large, strong wings and are capable of sustaining long continued flights. In tracing these birds to the northeastern shores of South America we have left them in a hot place, not over six degrees north of the equator. Now, we do not suppose any of the shore birds—possessing as they do the means whereby they can put distance so rapidly behind them as to tarri for any great length of time in the torrid zone. Their natures seem to lead them to temperate, north temperate, or even frigid zones. They must pass at once from the chilling, repulsive blasts of our autumn across the equator to the attractive, wooing breezes of a Southern spring. They are very sensitive to heat and cold, and it is not in the nature of things that they should remain four or five months sweltering under a tropical sun. A few may linger, as seen at Rio, down into December, but most of them must have "crossed the line" before the end of November. The fact that the people of the torrid zone are ignorant of the existence of these migrants is proof that they do not stay there during all the long Northern winter months. Those seen so late as December at Rio must have been the tail end of the autumn flight, nor would they be at all likely to abide as near the equator as the mouth of the La Plata, lat. 35 deg., but would push on still further south, even down to Cape Horn to regale themselves in the cooling breezes of that region. Very few if any of these birds north, bred as near the equator as 35 degs. Most of them seem to be more ambitious to reach the seventh parallel. May we not then safely conclude, in the absence of positive evidence, that their habits south of the equator would correspond with their traits north? It is not very clearly established what route they take in passing from Guiana to Patagonia. Whether they follow the coast line and double Cape St. Roque, or take a shorter or more direct route across the country, is not so fully determined. The weight of evidence in favor of the latter route. Some of the main branches of the Amazon reach up very nearly to the head waters of the Paraguay, and these river valleys would seem to offer natural highways for our migrants. The birds seen at Concepcion would most naturally follow this route to that inland town. Then the mountain ranges are mostly parallel to this line and the birds seen at Rio de Janeiro may have flitted along down the valleys and water courses to that point. Some of the stronger winged, as *Charadrius virginicus*, *Numenius borealis*, and *Totanus flavipes*, may follow the same line, or they may diverge as they do in going north in spring, on a question of food, some taking the shore and some the inland route. Still there is a serious obstacle in the way of their following the shore. The "trade winds," which blow constantly from S.E., would be likely to drift them inland, and this possibly may account for their appearance at Concepcion. The same influence would bear upon them on their return trip, though it would not be a head wind. But the birds do return the next autumn, say, March and April, and arrive on the northern shore of the Continent. From this point one would naturally expect them to return by the same route, which undoubtedly they would do were there no disturbing cause, but in crossing the Caribbean Sea they meet the northern "trade wind," which blow at an average N.E. current of fifteen knots from the ninth to the thirtieth degrees of north latitude. Of course at either extreme there is very little, if any, observable current, not enough to impede the progress of the birds whichever way they might wish to steer. We have seen, however, by the letters from the Barbadoes and Turks Island, that they do not come there in spring. They are forced by the trades down on to the east of Central America and Mexico, from whence they beat their way up across the Gulf, some reaching Cape Cod via the Atlantic coast, and some turning up the valley of the Mississippi, soon reach Fort Dodge, where they will be heartily welcomed by our friend, the Doctor, having completed their circuit as hereinbefore narrated.

W. HARRISON.

IS THE TURTLE FISH OR GAMF?

Editor Forest and Stream:

A true Potlucketian is never appealed to in vain for at least an opinion; so, although not a member of the "Turtle Club," I submit the following considerations. This is an excellent question for a lawyers' debate for reasons that shall appear—in the forum of science it cannot be answered. "Game" is not a scientific term for any group of animals; true, fishes may be game, and there are and may be many animals which are neither game nor fish. Terrapin are not "fish" in the scientific acceptation of this term, as they differ from the fishes in mode of breathing, in structure of heart, general formation, skeleton and otherwise.

The respected Commissioners of Chesapeake and tributaries might claim jurisdiction over everything that moveth and liveth in the waters, and fairly avail themselves of the popular acceptation of the term "fish," which makes it include not only the "finny tribes" (even when they are game), but testaceous fish (as the oyster) and crustaceous fish (as the lobster), and the whale fish, and shark fish, and perhaps the walrus and seal, the giant cuttle fishes, the mermaid and great sea serpent (if we are to suppose such monster fishes inhabitable in the Chesapeake), and also the Medusian jellyfishes—but not extending to a steamboat nor an iron-clad torpedo, nor a diving bell. A regard to the general public interests would induce a candid judge to commit the terrapin (which have neither fur nor feathers and differ from the usual kind of game, while they have many and close relations with their piscine friends and enemies) to the culture and protection of the respected Commissioners of the noble bay in question.

The above question reminds me of a "story." In a suit where Mr. Ambrose Clark and Mr. John Anthony were opposing lawyers, Mr. Anthony's client had a patent preparation for tanning leather, which was made of fish oil. Another party made much the same thing, only using whale's oil instead, and he was sued as infringing on the first patent. The defence was that it was no infringement, as *whale* oil was not *fish* oil, since a whale is not a fish. Prof. Mitchell was called upon as an expert, who, after being greatly induged by the lawyers, said that he was not sure, but that he thought minutely a whale. He replied: "A whale is one of those disagreeable animals which comes up before a box and

sputs!" The question, as far as I can learn, like that in the Virginia Legislature, has "not been decided to this day." KA-TOU-TEE-STA-K-WART.

The above letter was written previous to the publication of our last issue, and was therefore prepared before its author knew that the President of the Pot Luck Club had delivered the oration from his tripod. After these lucid dissertations on the merits of legislation—can plead ignorance of the turtle's place in nature. A trace to this politico-scientific subject! Let us turn to metropolitan turtle-soup. Puck, our professionally funny E. C., has been investigating the culinary mysteries of a New York restaurant. The experience of the Puck man was as follows:

An attenuated individual, with a great affluence of hair and a soft, seductive smile, gently swaggered into a restaurant took down not more than a week ago, hung his hat on a nail, took a seat, and commenced to drum for the waiter. The latter appeared in due time, and began to brush around the tumbler with a great deal of energy. The diner ordered some turtle soup, and, while he was sipping it, chipped in: "Pretty good soup this; what's the vintage?" "Tea A. M." replied the waiter, as he prepared to hurl the check down like a boomerang.

"Made of land-turtles?" inquired the festive guy. "Land-turtles?" repeated the waiter in astonishment. "No, land-turtles!" continued the diner—"these big, corpulent, speckled, Panch-nosed reptiles that walk around ryefields with initials and dates cut on their backs?"

The waiter assured him that he was positive that that was not the brand of turtle employed in the construction of their best soup in the city for ten cents a plate, including a roll.

"No, I suppose it is not," continued the guest: "I suppose it is not. I presume you use these little black, red-spotted specimens that infect woodland brooks and bird-stores at three for a quarter—these little polka-dot rascals that come in corked, corked, and corked, and I suppose you get them in quantities and open them like Little Neck clams, and spring the result on innocent people for terrapin. Does my intellect light on the scheme?"

The waiter didn't reply, and the guest went on:

"Perhaps you use snapping turtles. These fellows that grab at anything so hard that it makes them tired. These ignoble beasts that draw the skin over their eyes when you look at them, and who have skin enough for each eye to make an apron, strings and all, and—"

"We use an iron turtle," broke in the waiter, who was tired of being grieved.

"An iron turtle?"

"Certainly, an iron turtle."

"To make turtle soup?"

"Why, of course: to make turtle soup, not to make lamb stew, or fricandeau of nightingale's soul, or an epigramme of tapir's kidney."

"But," said the diner, "how do you make soup out of an iron turtle?"

"Why, we wind him up."

"Wind him up?"

Precisely; he has a key-hole in his back, you wind to your right, until you can't wind any longer. Then you throw him into the soup, and the machinery starts, and he kicks and splashes round for hours. We have a few eight-day turtles that—"

"But where does the nutriment come from?" inquired the astonished guest in tones of excitement.

"Why, from the ingredients: the calf's head, and the beef, and the carrots, and the lemon."

"Then, what is the use of putting in the turtle?"

"Why, he furnishes the motion."

"What, motion in soup?"

"Of course; we throw him into the soup, and he splashes round with his great paddle feet."

"To tone the system with iron?"

"Oh, no, just to keep the soup from burning. It's a great deal cheaper to work the turtle than to hire a boy to do the stirring."

Then the out-guyed diner left with a sadful look, as though he had just come down stairs with some manuscript, and half a dozen acres of editorial foot-prints all over him.—R. K. M.

A WORD OR TWO ON AN OLD SUBJECT.—The dealers in firearms advertised in this issue of the FOREST AND STREAM are numerous. They are established firms, who do business year after year. There is no room formed to maintain prices. The competition in the gun trade is strong. The firms, so far as our acquaintance goes, are possessed of business brains. All this means that no one firm can charge exorbitant prices for sportsmen's goods; which also means that a good gun can be bought of one of these standard dealers at the price fixed for that gun as the result of competition. The man who is possessed of average intelligence will, when he wants a gun, go to some of these regular established, respectable dealers. It is only a fool who will invest in the glowing, catch-penny advertisements in non-sporting papers of concerns which pretend to offer unheard-of largains in guns. Those men always seek to advertise in our columns and are as regularly refused that privilege; and with the advent of each new cheap-gun adventurer the FOREST AND STREAM's mail brings frequent inquiries about the great bargains offered. Our reply to one and all is to buy their guns of reputable dealers and not to buy the \$25 guns for \$2.50.

AN ENGLISH ANTIQUARIAN has recently given some curious extracts from an old book, published in 1704, entitled, *Dictionnaire Rustique et Erudition*, "A Dictionary of All Sorts of Country Affairs—Handicraft, Trading and Merchandizing." How do the following paragraphs strike our readers? "Shooting flying.—This being experimentally found to be the best and sweetest way of shooting. 'The gun most proper for the sport should be four foot and a half long in the barrel and of a pretty wide bore, something under a muckket.' Under the head of 'Powling Piece' is the following: 'That piece is even counted the best which has the longest barrel, being of five foot and a half or six foot long, with an indifferant bore, under harquebuses, tho' every fowler ought to have them of several sorts and sizes, suitable to the game he designs to kill.'

I cannot fail observing the many anxious expressions of regret and disappointment of sportsmen throughout the

country on the growing scarcity of our game birds, and at the same time the many honest attempts to solve the why and wherefore of this depletion, as well as the saving and increasing the present stock. I believe from these inquiries and predictions, the result of careful observations of sportsmen's experiences, that something will eventually produce a salutary and beneficial change. My experience has taught me, concerning this vexed question, to attribute this growing scarcity to three causes, viz., spring shooting, breach-loaders, and lastly, but not least, the emulation existing among members of the shooting fraternity for a public record of big bags. Of these three evils I deem spring shooting the most pernicious and destructive; secondly, I cannot too strongly deprecate this unsportsmanlike and reprehensible infatuation for wholesale slaughter and destruction. And why I mention the breach-loader is not because I am an advocate of the ancient muzzle-loader, but from the belief that if the breach loader is not used with judgment, it becomes an accessory in the gratification of producing this result of big score notoriety.—WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Flatbush, Long Island.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to see that you propose discussing thoroughly the question of pigeon shooting at the State meetings. I, as you probably remember, have always been opposed to it for a number of reasons, and give them now again.

In the first place, I claim that the name, "Society for the Protection of Game," used by the New York State Association, is a misnomer. They never have given the "Protection of Game" either time, attention or money. On the contrary, I claim that the action of the State Association has made them a laughing stock among real workers in the protection of game, and has injured them in the eyes of the public.

While, I presume, there is no objection to the shooting of a friendly match at pigeons or with the rifle, or a contest in fly-casting, it should be a side matter, and should take place after the business part of the meeting; but I cannot see why pigeon shooting should receive prizes valued at thousands of dollars, while rifle shooting, fly-casting, etc., receive prizes of hardly any value at all. Better offer prizes to those who have protected game the best, and rewards for the conviction of poachers. I do not know how much money was spent last year, but I guarantee it was more than ever was spent on the protection of game since the Association has existed.

W. HOLMSTON.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., October, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read your editorial carefully, and fully concur with the views expressed by you.

There can be but one opinion as to effect of pigeon tournaments, in connection with the meetings of State associations. "No man can serve two masters" was written many years ago, and time continues to prove the truth of the adage.

Pennsylvania has not, and never has had, one of these tournaments, and I hope she never will. Since the organization of one State association, our meetings have been solely devoted to the interests of a game protective society.

It is true that we have had once or twice little social events, the day after our meetings, but nothing in the way of tournaments, so called.

That there is anything morally wrong in pigeon shooting I am not competent to say or judge; that it is a means of enabling those, who have but little time for field practice, to keep in good shooting form is no doubt the truth; but when State associations have become so demoralized that the delegates are pigeon shooters, and nothing else, when the objects for which the associations were organized are so far forgotten that the shooting becomes the all-absorbing topic and the chief end of the meeting, as you truly say, "it is time for a change of programme."

The fact of the matter is that the people look with distrust on "sportsmen" at the best, and we must divert ourselves in such a way as to gain the regard and respect of the community, or our usefulness is gone. If, therefore, we become bands of bird slayers, instead of bird savers, we engender distrust and cast opprobrium upon our cause, destroy our usefulness and invite violations of the laws we get passed—instead of making the name of "sportsmen" an honorable title, we only join ourselves to the band who "make their living by their wits."

B. F. DORRANCE.

(From the Forest and Stream, Oct. 13.)

This is a subject which has come into decided prominence during the past year. We have, however, purposely deferred its consideration in these columns, because the question is one which should be discussed fairly and impartially on its merits, and not solely in its relation to any single particular occasion or society. The State pigeon shooting tournaments of 1891 are past; those of 1892 are yet a long way off. This, then, is a fit time to consider the question which has engaged the serious attention of many sportsmen throughout the country. It is this: Is the wholesale trap-shooting of pigeons a proper employment to consume the time at the various State conventions of sportsmen?

To answer this candidly, it is necessary to look the facts squarely in the face. Briefly stated, they are as follows:

1. State associations are formed for the purpose—to their titles, constitutions and professions declare—of advancing the interests of sportsmanship and for securing the better protection of the game.

2. Annual conventions are held by each association, to which delegates are sent from the several clubs composing it.

3. These delegates are those who are most expert as trap shooters.

4. Professional trappers are hired to trap tens of thousands of pigeons on their nesting grounds. These birds are packed in crates and conveyed to the places designated for the conventions.

5. If only pigeon was accomplished at the conventions is the shooting of these pigeons, dividing the prizes and arranging for the next shoot.

6. Many influential sportsmen who have a warm interest in matters pertaining to the advancement of sport, withhold their support and presence from the State trap shooting tournaments. The number of prominent men thus holding aloof is yearly increasing.

7. Not only do these conventions accomplish absolutely nothing in the right direction, but more and worse than this, they have a prejudicial influence in their effect upon public opinion.

8. The result of fostering by their transactions a popular appreciation of the dignity of field sports, and a public sympathy with the spirit and objects of

just game laws, they bring the term "game protection" into ridicule and contempt. The only time the public hears anything of these societies is when its ears are saluted by the fusillade of their guns at the pigeon traps. The outside world never dreams of the existence of these State associations for the protection of game, except when they pose before it as exterminators of wild pigeons. The influence of these conventions upon those who participate in them is also questionable. In one State at least the annual tournament is tending more and more every year to a money-making affair. One of the State tournaments of 1891 was, to all discoverable intents and purposes, a grand money-making scheme on the part of the clubs under whose direct management it was held. The speculation failed, because the public could not be induced to pay gate money to witness the immense and business-like slaughter of pigeons. The convention was barren alike of dividends for the stockholders in the scheme and of any single good result which should legitimately have followed a game society's convention.

These are the facts; but in regard to them very diverse views are held. It is argued, on the one hand, that the pigeon is not a game bird; that there is no sufficient reason why it should not be utilized for trap shooting; that it is no more cruel to kill one pigeon than one quail, nor twenty thousand pigeons at the trap than twenty birds in the field; and that when the number of congregated shooters is taken into consideration the average number of pigeons per man is not excessive; that no other form of amusement can be substituted for the trap shooting of live birds; and that without some such attraction the conventions would not be held.

On the other hand, there is a growing conviction among an annually increasing number of sportsmen that this yearly slaughter of thousands of birds is essentially cruel, unmanly and unworthy of the societies which practice it; that the average sportsman who shoots these birds, which have been cooped up and starved for so long a period before they are finally put into the trap, and thrown weak, dazed and helpless into the air to the spot where the gun was pointed before the trap was sprung, requires no special skill; that trap shooting is largely trick shooting; that the motives of those participating in the State shoots are mercenary; that in their eagerness to secure prizes the pigeon shooters are nothing more nor less than "nug hunters"; that if pigeons are not game birds, game associations certainly have no business to trap and shoot them by wholesale; that pigeon shooting is an infatuation with which these game societies are so filled that they wholly fail to do their legitimate work; and that, if pigeon shooting were abolished from the annual conventions, the State associations would receive large accessions of influential supporters, and would then accomplish the ends for which they are professedly organized but which have not been gained.

Another objection to these large pigeon shooting tournaments is one which wholly apart from any sentiment, and is recognized by both parties; that is, the growing scarcity of the birds, the consequent difficulty of procuring a sufficient supply and the increased expense. During the past year this objection has presented itself with more force than ever before, and has in some instances practically put a stop to proposed tournaments.

This question of shooting pigeons or not shooting pigeons is one which demands the candid and deliberate consideration of those who have at heart the perpetuity and usefulness of our State sportsmen's organizations.

The question is not whether pigeon shooting is in itself cruel; it has nothing to do with ordinary pigeon shooting as a form of amusement for individuals and clubs.

The point at issue is simply whether by dispensing with these vast annual trap slaughters of birds the associations of sportsmen in various States cannot accomplish better results, more successfully further the common interests of their clubs, attain a greater prestige and wield a more potent influence.

We invite an expression of views.

WAY DOWN EAST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over some back numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM, I saw an article from an old friend whom I have known from my boyhood, a most perfect sportsman and without exception, the finest field shot I ever saw. When I say this, and it should come to his ears, I think I can hear him say, as I have heard him reply oftentimes to some person who was declaring that his dog was the best in the world, etc., "Have you seen them all?" I plead I have not seen all the shots, but I have seen a great many in the West and in the East, and I know what I am talking about. When I saw the article I thought that your readers down on this rocky-ribbed coast, who feel that they are particularly favored if they can, by hunting hard all day, get three or four brace of woodcock or grouse, would be pleased to hear of some of the bags made a few years ago; and knowing that my friend used to keep an accurate record of his shooting, the idea came into my head that I would ask you to use your persuasive influence and get him to allow you to print them; and if possible, to add in at least two or three of the Belle, of trips and shooting. Shelby, Ashley, Woodville and other places. I can jog his memory when it fails him, which I doubt ever will when shooting talk is going on. I am happy to say I graduated in the class of youngsters that he initiated into the art of shooting. I think I hear him say, "Pretty low in the class, wonder he got through at all;" however, I have followed up his instruction of "Shoot away, they are in a darned sight more danger than you" pretty well, when there has been anything to shoot at. Down this way the cover is so thick that we have, as a friend expresses it, "Shoot at the noise seven-tenths of the time." The person I refer to is James Chubb, of Cleveland, O. I hope you may induce him to give your readers what I am sure will be a pleasure to them, a chance to see what shooting used to be in Ohio; and now that we are all scattered and some dead, try and get him to tell us where that spot was where he got seventy-three woodcock in one day, for if I ever get back to Cleveland I want to try it.

Our shooting cover is not going to be very great this fall in my neighborhood at least. The spring lake was frozen, and to-day, October 5, snow falling (twelve miles from here this morning it was two inches deep) so woodcock I am afraid will make but a hurried stop on their flight to sunny skies. Yet it may come off warm; if Yenor has predicted cold I am sure it will. Grouse are not plenty, and the cover is thicker than I ever saw it before. Hares are plenty, and we have right royal sport, after woodcock have gone, shooting them over beagles. Coot and snipe are very plenty, but no one eating them, this way at least, and there is not much

use in shooting them. I am told that in the northern and eastern part of the State deer are quite plenty. Moose are rarely seen. I see by your last an article stating a moose was killed at King Lake, Sept. 15. Come, Mr. Stanley, teach this Dr. Porter a lesson, that those who come down here every year and put our game out of season may profit by it. This reminds me of a "fortnight" as stated by Thour, "that four dollars to a warden would take you to a moose" is undoubtedly the case with some. I have heard of one near Enfield, who acts as guide, proposing to furnish canoe, dogs, etc., for a party intending to hunt deer. I can only say to these gentry it is profitable for a while, but are you not killing the bird "that laid the golden egg?"

Some other time I may tell you of a poaching scrape or joke on one of our fishing sportsmen.

WAD.

"Way Down East," Oct. 5.

ILLINOIS DUCKING GROUNDS.

CHILLICOTHE, Peoria Co., Ill., October, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If further proof of the usefulness of your paper were necessary the following may illustrate what advantage sportsmen take of its columns. Some time ago "J. W. B." stated in FOREST AND STREAM that he wished to be put in communication with a practical ducker in the West. I replied through your columns, offering to give him the desired information, but to my astonishment thirty-seven letters from all parts of the country, North, South, East and West, found their way to Box K. I replied to several of these, but as my time was limited, and as market shooters please don't print this "pot-hunters" are not usually sufficiently wealthy to secure the services of a private secretary, I resolved to ask your aid in letting your readers know what our country is like.

Chillicothe is situated on the west bank of the Illinois River, and has about 1,000 inhabitants, good, bad and indifferent; and has probably more professional hunters among its population than any town of its size in the West. Of game we have almost all varieties—prairie chickens (not very plentiful), quail (any amount), woodcock, jack snipe, plover, ruffed grouse (supply limited), wild turkeys (do); and of water fowl, any quantity and of all kinds, from Canada geese to green-winged teal.

We have, however, no professional guides. One correspondent claimed that I have misled myself as such. If I did I was not aware of it, and am sorry to say that if such were the case FOREST AND STREAM received no consideration for the "ad." There is no one whose business it is to hire out boats and decoys. Still, our hunters are always willing to show any one around and help them to what sport is to be had; though, often very ungratefully, these amateurs will write them up as pot-hunters, and try to lay to work, as it were, to vagrants, etc.—see "Dydymus" in a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM. By the way, I feel sorry for "Dydymus." He pitches into the clubs, first, who buy lands for their own exclusive right, and when he gets worsted in his communistic arguments, he turns his heavy artillery on the unfortunate market shooters, from whom there is less danger of retaliation. Oh, fie, "Dydymus!" If you will only come "out West" and follow us day after day, we will show you that laziness is no component part of a Westerner's make-up, and that you and we are not such different people as you give us a better humor with yourself and the world in general.

The weather here has so far been unfavorable for ducking—too warm. The mallards have not put in an appearance though there are thousands of blue-wings and some jack snipe. As to the number of ducks a gun can kill in a day, of course much depends on the individual behind the gun, but we consider from forty to fifty a fair day, and bags of 100 to 125 are not at all rare occurrences. Our best bag last fall was 215, and then we had no wild rice. This year we have a magnificent crop, and the prospects for big bags are good. Twenty-five miles up the river from us there is a chain of lakes, with a hotel on the bank of one (Searchwin) for the accommodation of hunters. The surrounding country is a grand one for wild fowl shooting, though on account of being advertised it is somewhat overstocked with shooters. The hotel is kept by one "Grubbs," who keeps boats and decoys for hire. His charges are \$1.25 per day for board and use of boat—decoys and pusher extra.

In conclusion, the wholehearted Illinois River Valley, in the season, is one vast feeding ground for wild fowl, and one can hardly miss getting good sport at any point he may strike it. I have hunted it from one end to the other and know whereof I write.

LEOT.

THE HURLING GROUSE.

McDONALD'S CORNER, Queen's County,

New Brunswick, Canada, Oct. 11.

I SEND you a few game notes from this far-off corner of "Kanuckia." Duck shooting has been better here this season than at any time during the past five years, and some very heavy bags have been made—mostly "blacks" and teal—being rather early for "dippers." Snipe and woodcock are scarce, but during the month of September we have won our place in the "big game" list. The season of snow is evening, sportsmen expect soon to hear the musical "chink" of the wild grouse. During no season in the past fifteen years have ruffed grouse ("birch partridge," we call them here.) been so scarce as now, the fact being probably due to the long continued rains during the hatching season.

A correspondent, writing to your paper in 1890, says he would call a man an artist who could kill one grouse out of six fired at while on the wing. I would be willing to grant that title to any one who could make one successful flying shot in twenty at our grouse. Bret Harte says: "To keep your plover in the furrow when the cattle begin to 'raze' ain't no sure thing," but had he made the first line—"To 'draw a bead' on a partridge when once he gets in the air," the simile would have been far more forcible. I have hunted grouse ever since I could raise a gun—probably about sixteen seasons. During that time I have hunted with men who were nearly certain death to any duck, snipe, pigeon or cock, which attempted to get up within gunshot, and they tried to bring grouse there was always much "rand trant" about the way of locomotion for them. I do not say that the feat cannot be performed, but I would give five dollars to see it done, and twice that to do it myself, for it has been my one great ambition as a hunting feat, and I have always failed.

We have one consoling fact in connection with the scarcity of grouse this year—the roar of the pot-hunter's brass-banded musket resoundeth not in the land, for he is too comfortably shiftless to buy boats in which to shoot water fowl.

L. E. P.

RUST SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

COLUMBUS, O.—Editor Forest and Stream: There has been of late considerable correspondence in your columns in regard to gun rust menses and such. I have nothing to offer by way of recommendation for its extermination, as the inside of my gun barrels is handsomely freckled. What I want to know is this: What will be the effect on the inside of a pair of gun barrels if they are not cleaned out after shooting, but put away until the residuum in the barrels turns to a dust or powder, as it will; then wipe out if you choose before using again? I have been informed by an old Californian that this was the way to take care of the inside of a pair of gun barrels. I have tried it and find it an exceedingly convenient way, to say the least, and so far am not able to discover that it has in the slightest degree been the means of more elaborately freckling the in-side of my shooters. I would be pleased to hear from some one, if any, who has tried this plan on a new gun. —FRANK N. DREBE.

CENTRAL MICH., Mich.—Editor Forest and Stream: I see that some of your correspondents go to lots of trouble to take care of their guns. Now I am the owner of a fine breech-loader, and have never used a drop of water to clean it with yet, and will challenge any one to produce a cleaner or brighter pair of barrels than mine are, inside. In the first place I always clean my gun as soon after I return from shooting as possible, and use a good quality of sewing machine oil to clean out the burned powder and any particles of lead that may be in the barrels; and when they look bright I change the rags for others well saturated with blue oil or "augumintum" (almost every hunter knows what that is); and push that through the barrels once or twice, and then put the gun in a dry place until I want to use it again. I find it always clean, without a particle of rust or dark spots on it in any place. Though I find lots of difference in powder, in the amount of labor required to clean out a gun.

TOBACCO RIVER.

Quincy, Ky.—Editor Forest and Stream: I always use common coal oil to remove all residuum, and afterward thoroughly polish inside of barrels with an old flannel rag, using a hickory wiping stick, as I think jointed wiping sticks are injurious, the metal joints coming in contact with the delicate works of the breech. Water is an unmitigated nuisance in a gun barrel, as it is nearly impossible to get it out again, therefore I never put it in. Coal oil is a good preventive of rust, and is a good article to remove any dirt, therefore I use it and my gun always looks like a new silver dollar.—D.

A HAPPY CONCLUSION.—Gilesey House, N. Y., Oct. 15.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have been fooled by noticing an advertisement in your paper with regard to ducks and other game in Sullivan County. I have just returned from Eldred, where I spent three days in pursuit of game, and which I did not find, for the very good reason that there was none. All I got after my time was one woodcock and a meadow lark, which were all the birds I saw worth losing a charge for. I had a brace of good dogs, and a good guide, who told me to never again go to any place on the strength of such advertisements. They are only catch-pennies, so I think I will most undoubtedly take your guide's advice. It would be well if you notify your subscribers not to be fooled as I was.—SOLD.

[We condole with our correspondent on the harsh fate that overtook him in Sullivan County, but we beg leave to differ with him most decidedly when he affirms that the note referred to was a "catch-penny," for we have the best of reason for believing the author of that note perfectly sincere and correct in his statement of facts. That our Gilesey House friend found no ducks in Sullivan County is—with all due respect to himself and his guide—no evidence that Sullivan County may not, after all, be a good place to go for the birds. Others have found them there, and others still will find more there. Let not our friend set all men down as liars because on three certain days in October, 1881, he found no ducks in Sullivan County, New York.]

RANGLEY NOTES.—Rangley, Me., Oct. 10.—The reputation of the Rangley Lakes for large trout has been maintained the past season. Several have been taken of six and seven, and one of eight pounds. The early fishing was all that could be desired, but for some reason midsummer yielded the poorest results ever known by the old-time anglers, this refers to the big lakes. At K. meadow and Seven Ponds the sport has been all that could be desired. Several loons have been shot during the season, but their number is not sensibly diminished. It is somewhere stated that a loon consumes its weight of fish daily. In view of such destruction in trout waters, would it not be desirable to offer a liberal bounty for their b-aks? Guides are now renovating old camps and building new ones, and sacking in their supplies preparatory for the winter hunt. Signs of deer and caribou are fairly plenty, and the writer has lately seen fresh tracks of two moose. A yearling moose was shot in Little Kennecago last summer by a party from Boston. That exploit, and the shooting of several deer, it is alleged, is the basis of a racy sketch in the *Phillips Phonograph*. The mention of Phillips reminds me to say that genial "Sam" Farmer, mine host of the Borden House, is still to the fore as a favorite with visiting sportsmen.—WARFIELD.

DEER SLAUGHTER IN THE ADIRODACKS.—A person has only to visit the Adirondacks this season of the year to be convinced of the glaring defect of the present game law for the protection of deer. Hundreds, and I might truthfully say, thousands are being killed by driving them into the water with hounds. I would not deny the sportsman who visits the woods in October of needed venison for the camp. But deer are so easily killed in this way, that this clause in the law is subject to great abuse. Hundreds are killed and wasted, and also by pot-hunters who attempt to get them to market, but being heated by the chase, it is in an unmarketable condition when it arrives there during warm weather. It is not uncommon for parties to kill five or six deer a day. I have known a single party to throw away as many as twelve deer. Four times as many deer are killed in this way as by every other method, including crusting which is a kin to killing them when rendered helpless by being driven into the water. It is not deplorable that a law should stand upon our statute books that is so rapidly despoiling the Adirondacks of its most noble game.—MUSSET.

LIVE QUAIL WANTED.—Any one having live quail for sale, or in a position to secure a large lot of birds, will please communicate particulars to editor of this paper.

CALIFORNIA.—Goleta, Santa Barbara Co., Sept. 30.—Editor Forest and Stream: There was a large catch of quail here this season, and as the law is out runners are quite numerous after the little beauties. They are the finest birds we have here, and therefore they are sought after by many. We also have plenty of deer, back in the mountains, where civilization has not driven them away. If we get any venison we have to go out camping, which is pleasant here at most times of the year. Myself and a friend took a week's hunt just after the deer law had expired, and succeeded in killing three four-pointers and two spike bucks. We returned home after having enjoyed six days of excellent sport among the antelope.—M. M. B.

SQUIRREL SHOOTERS are advised to have their grip-sacks ready and to read the daily papers. About once a week appear items like the following: "Union City, September 23, 1881.—Squirrels are crossing the Mississippi River south of Hickman fifty miles, in fabulous numbers. They are caught by the dozens by men in bluffs. They enter and pass through corn fields, destroying as they go. They are bearing with them last week, when a freight train came along. With its great body and heavy wide-spreading antlers, the animal presented an imposing sight. The engineer, carried away by the spirit of the chase, obeyed a sudden impulse and threw the throttle of the locomotive open in an endeavor to run into the huge animal. It is probably fortunate for the train that he was unsuccessful. This moose is supposed to be the last survivor of his race in Washington county."

A MOOSE ON THE TRACK.—An exchange says that a full grown moose of immense size was standing on the track of the E. & N. A. Railway, between Forest and Eaton, Me., about last week, when a freight train came along. With its great body and heavy wide-spreading antlers, the animal presented an imposing sight. The engineer, carried away by the spirit of the chase, obeyed a sudden impulse and threw the throttle of the locomotive open in an endeavor to run into the huge animal. It is probably fortunate for the train that he was unsuccessful. This moose is supposed to be the last survivor of his race in Washington county.

CHICAGO GAME NOTES.—Chicago, Oct. 15.—Weather cold here at present, thermometer 68. Mallards coming south in thousands, also snipe. Every one who owns a gun is out on the marshes. Pigeons are plenty, shot twenty-two just north of the city yesterday morning before breakfast. Mr. R. A. Turtle, the taxidermist, has some fine specimens of game birds in his rooms, mounted and in dead game cases. Geo. Camell, Sheridan's celebrated scout, was in the city last week, he predicts fine shooting in the "Far West" this season.—TEN BORE.

SHIMNEOCK BAY.—Good Ground, L. I.—Ducks are now coming into the bay by thousands; there are already three or four large bodies sitting in the bay on the feeding-grounds, and more coming night and day. We expect to have the law repealed which prevents our shooting but three days per week on Tuesday 25th, so that we can shoot every day after the 25th of October. With plenty of feed and great numbers of ducks already here, we look for a good season.—WILLIAM N. LANE.

GREENO, N. Y., Oct. 10.—This has been a grand day for sport at Long Pond shooting ducks. There have been more ducks killed here to-day than I ever knew so early in October. Several men shot from fifteen to twenty apiece. I was there myself and had good sport. Snipe have been quite plenty. A friend of mine killed ten the other day. Woodcock shooting not very good yet.—A. E. R.

A FERRET REWARD.—Ten dollars reward will be paid for the evidence which shall convict any person or persons, in Lowell, Mass., of the use of ferrets contrary to the provisions of law protecting wild game. Any one having such evidence may communicate with City Marshal, of Lowell.

TRAPPED QUAIL IN VIRGINIA.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of October 13 "Frank" wants to know where to come in Virginia to get quail. It is against the law to trap quail in this State at any time.—W. O. W.

KENTUCKY, Quincy, Oct. 16.—There is an abundance of game in this locality. I flushed a flock of twenty quails yesterday. Ducks are coming in. Squirrels are excessively plenty, and are doing considerable damage to the corn crop on the hills. D.

VICKSBURG, Miss., Oct. 12.—On last Saturday afternoon I bagged eleven squirrels, after 8 o'clock, P. M.—MAROONER.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 12.—Quail are very plentiful within thirty miles of New Orleans. Teal, duck and venison in market.—S.

To our list of "Catalogues Received," issue of September 29, should be added that of Messrs. Jno. P. Lovell & Sons, Boston, Mass.

DECOY SWANS are wanted by a correspondent.

WARNING TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Editor Forest and Stream: Please warn your correspondents that I and many others of your readers always stop on an article the minute we come to the words "speckled beauties." We don't want to read any further.—Yours, CAPTAIN.

BOND'S SECTIONAL BOAT.—W. E. Bond, of Cleveland, Ohio, has made some very acceptable improvements in his boats since they were first brought out. From a common flat bottom skiff with stiff sides he has developed his idea into a very handsome, well constructed boat possessing light weight, speed, carrying capacity, beauty and durability, which are certain to retain for them their deserved popularity. The Bond boats are divided into three classes, ranging from 14 ft. up to 16 ft. They have moderately narrow bottoms of well-seasoned, kiln-dried wood saturated with an oil cement, making them impervious to rot of any kind. The sides are of galvanized iron with just the right amount of dead rise on the bottom, and an easy turn to the bilge, in fact approximating to the usual sporting boat in form without the use of many ribs. The boats are taken apart and shipped, where bulkheads and connections are fitted for that purpose, and one end is stowed into the other for transportation. They have an excellent reputation among sportsmen, and are met with in all parts of the world.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN OCTOBER.

FRESH WATER.

Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. jadis*.
Mascallong, *Esox niodior*.
Pike, *Esox lucius*.
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostedion americanum*, *S. gireum*, etc.
Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*.
Striped Bass, *Roccus tharatus*.
White Bass, *Roccus chrysops*.
Rock Bass, *Ambloplites* (Two species).
War-mouth, *Channobryttus gulosus*.
Cyprinids, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus*.
Baclocher, *Pomoxys ananias*.
Chub, *Semotilus corporalis*.

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis striata*.
Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Roccus tharatus*.
White Perch, *Marone americana*.
Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
Scup or Porgie, *Stenotomus argenteus*.
Pollock, *Polachius carolinarius*.
Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis*.
Spanish Mackerel, *Scomber maculatus*.
Weakfish or Squeteague, *Cynoscion regalis*.
La Fayette or Spot, *Leiostomus xanthurus*.
Chinaman Bass, Spot or Redfish, *Sciaenops ocellatus*.
Sparcehead, *Achoerogaster probatocephalus*.
Kingfish or Barb, *Mentelivra velutina*.

I give up fly-fishing; it is a light, voluble, dissipated pursuit. But the ground-bait, with a good steady float, that never bobs without a bite, is an occupation for a Bishp, and in no ways interferes with sermon-making.—SINNEY SMITH.

BLUEFISHING.

BLUEFISHING, by some anglers, is considered but little sport; but the opinion is generally expressed by some paper sportsman, who never had the pleasure, excitement and hard work of pulling in a twelve-pounder, and so continuing until exhaustion compels one to desist.

There is no spot along the Atlantic coast that can surpass the Five Fathom Banks for bluefishing. On the 10th day of August, being at Cape May, and nothing on hand save the sole purpose of enjoyment, and passing along Washington street, in front of alphabetical Alderman Ware's office, I was met by Colonel James M. Scovel, an occasional contributor to your columns with the request that I should accompany another limb of the law (Counsellor Douglas by name) and himself on a little fishing excursion, to start that evening at 9 o'clock from Denzies's Pier. I consented, and, at the appointed time, was on hand with a basket of lunch, claret, etc. The Colonel and "Dug" (familiarily called) were provided and armed in the same manner.

After getting in a small yawl we pulled out to the little sloop "Vandalia," commanded by Captain Foster, whose crew, as well as their commander, sported the names of "Captain," to wit: Captains York and Rice, to whom we were introduced as when we stepped on board.

Owing to the condition of the tide, we were informed that we would be compelled to lay at anchor until 1 o'clock. Upon receiving this information the Colonel turned in. "Dug" and I volunteered to keep the first watch, and the Captain and crew followed the Colonel to the arms of Morpheus. After being comfortably seated on a large coil of rope, lawyer-like, we began swapping yarns, and telling remarkable anecdotes of wonderful witnesses, and disagreeing on most propositions, for the sake of argument and to while away the time, which passed pleasantly, until the Counsellor, with one bound, sprang to his feet, and shouted, "What's that?" I listened for a moment and heard a sound, faint at first and gradually growing louder, then sinking away in the distance until all was quiet. "My gracious!" shouted the Counsellor, "we must have got adrift and I dated clear out to the Banks, because I know I heard the automatic buoy on the north bank! Listen, it sounds like a mad bull rushing up the road!" And without further remark he rushed with a precipitation that was calculated to end in the water, if he had not fortunately grasped the slide on the companion-way, and then shouted, "Turn out, Captain; we're adrift!" The Captain, followed by the crew, hastened on deck, threw his eagle eye (for he was blind in one eye) around the horizon, burst into a hearty laugh and said, "Why, you fool, don't you see the lights of Cape May City on our port side?"

Still the following continued with but slight intermission, and the crew began to express themselves in a supercilious manner. At last Captain York went down into the cabin to light his pipe. Our ears again were saluted with a loud "halloo." He rushed up, and said, "Why, 'Dug,' you bairn got the sense you was born'd with; it's Colonel Scovel a-snooin'"! Captains Foster and Rice moved to throw "Dug" overboard, but I persuaded them to let him live a little while longer. I suggested to grease the Colonel's nostrils with lard, which was done effectually, and he awoke with a loud snore, swearing eternal vengeance.

About 6 a. m. we reached the Banks just as old Sol was peeping from under the horizon, sending heavenward a perfect halo of glory, and making innumerable reflections on the bosom of the then placid Atlantic. Out with the trolling lines—one on each side with out-riggers, and one stern line—all hands eager for the sport. "Dug" with rags tied on every finger, and irrepressible Colonel with a pair of long-legged stockings on his hands in order to prevent the line from cutting. Your humble servant was assigned to one of the out-rigger lines, and had to keep up for about five minutes for a bite, when, wia! went the line, as a big fellow rose to the top and tried to swallow the squid. Now commences the sport. The fish, feeling a powerful strain in a direction he don't banker after, at last makes a break for the boat, and then what a lively time to haul in the slack; but perseverance, muscle and perspiration were a little too much for the voracious monster and, with one jerk, it was landed on the deck. Next the Colonel drew in a large fellow. "Dug" soon followed another, and so on, until I quit, perfectly exhausted.

The Colonel and "Dug" made a bet as to who would make the largest catch. Luck varied first on one side and then on the other, until one of the crew of the lightsman was put on board (an old hand at the business) in order to be taken home. "Dug" immediately enlisted him in his service to draw in most of the line and would then catch hold and land the fish. The Colonel stood this for some time, as "Dug" gradually won the score advance, and at last broke out with, "How can you expect me to keep up with you when the United States Government, bone, sinew, muscle and the Treasury Department are at your back. In the whole course of my experience I never knew a political party to win who had such odds to contend against." "Dug" still kept on

know full well that beyond a letter or two of mild reproach they are safe from any attempt at recovery of their ill-gotten gains; and, emboldened by success, they continue their swindling operations as long as they can find victims. So great an evil has this become, and so great an extent have these dishonest dealers practiced their tricks, that in justice to honest dealers, summary measures should be at once adopted to put an end to their career. This can easily be accomplished if every one wishing to purchase will take the ordinary precautions that should be observed in any business transaction.

No honest dealer will object to the closest scrutiny regarding the animal he may offer for sale, nor to the fullest inquiry as to his own reliability and responsibility; and no fear of a possibility of wounding any one's sensibilities should deter would-be purchasers from fully satisfying themselves in these respects, of perfect immunity from becoming the victims of fraud.

Before purchasing a dog it is, if possible, very important that you should see him at actual work in the field on game, in order that you may know how he does his work, and learn just how her has been handled. When this is not practicable, you should receive from his owner minute instructions as to the different words, signs and whistles used, as well as a full description of any peculiarities that he may possess, either natural or acquired. You will also find it greatly to your advantage to become well-acquainted with him before taking him into the field, particularly if he is young, or has not had experience.

That the complaints of purchasers, who think that they have been cheated, are sometimes unjust or perhaps entirely without the pale of reason, we are well aware. It is often the case that persons who buy a dog are woefully ignorant of everything pertaining to his management, and because their recent purchase will not set at once in a faultless manner execute their commands—which probably are couched in language which the poor animal has never heard in his life—they at once pronounce him worthless, and seizing their pen, they write us pages of vilification and abuse of the seller, who very likely is entirely honest and has sent them an animal which is just as represented by him.

Every one who has had much experience with dogs should know that, no matter how perfectly trained the dog may be, in the hands of a stranger, be the man ever so expert a handler, with perhaps the advantage of having witnessed the manner in which his former owner worked him, the animal will not acquit himself nearly so well as when under the eye of his accustomed master. This to one of slight experience is a prolific source of disappointment; and as first impressions are generally the most indelible, often ends in discarding a really worthy animal, whose only fault is that he cannot at once "off with the old lore and on with the new."

Our remarks have been called forth by the receipt of numerous letters from correspondents in different parts of the country upon this subject. Many of them are too grossly personal and abusive to find a place in our columns, but nearly all of them tell the tale of carelessness that we have endeavored to point with a moral. We trust that our readers will profit by the advice here given, and that we shall have less occasion to allude to this subject in the future.

One word to those who appeal to us to redress their wrongs and we have done. While sympathizing with them and indignant that such things should be, while freely offering our aid to assist them so far as lies in our power, we wish it distinctly understood that we will not prostitute these columns to the use of any man or clique for the furtherance of purely personal ends, nor for quarrels of a personal nature. These matters should never offend the public ear, nor be paraded before the public eye.

It should be unnecessary for us to add that neither personal abuse nor billingsgate will be admitted here, but as we are occasionally indicted with effusions containing both, we take this opportunity to inform the writers thereof that all articles partaking of this nature are speedily relegated to that bureau from which no manuscript ever returns.

FOX HUNTING AT SPRINGFIELD.

OF my fox hunting and woodcock shooting with the hospitable sportsmen of Springfield, Mass., I must write you. Reaching the city on Monday, the 12th inst., I was met by my friends, and implements for a participation in their sport, these gentlemen sought me out and rigged me completely, even to foot gear. Our first day was an enjoyable one, and the party was composed of the Messrs. Bill, Williams and myself, our hounds, Don and Beauty, belonging to Mr. Bill, and good-natured Rory O'More, owned by Dr. Williams. I say good-natured Rory O'More, for in all my experience I have never seen such a clever "folky" foxhound as he is. With a disposition so foreign to the hound family, he is always content, on being a chase and a romp when not at work. We reached the ground late, and the day proving a dry, hot and misty one, the scent of Reynard, made in his prowlings the night previous, soon faded and taken by the dogs, was in an hour or two lost. We had music for a time, however, and I was becoming sanguine that I should have a good day's sport, when the hounds rusted and gave tongue together. In our tramp we put up several grouse, but, with guns loaded for the fox, we did not try feathers. One anecdote I must relate of Dr. Williams' Rory. Before he purchased him he was one of a number of hounds that had followed and killed a hare. All but good-natured Rory were sent into the hole to draw Reynard out, but none brought him into daylight. At last Rory was put in, and, reaching the fox, looked jaws with him and drew him to the surface and then cleverly killed him. He was then given a vigorous "give tongue at hole." Rory was sent in again and repeating his great performance. He was most surprising in all this is that the dog in question is of the most gentle disposition and one that would be the last supposed to howl so much courage.

Our first day's hunt was a black one, but the second a fox was started at about eleven o'clock by Mr. Bill's Beauty, and, in company with his Don-Rory O'More having been left at home—Reynard was followed two miles and kept running through swamps, over fields and across meadows until killed by Mr. Bill just as he was going through a fence. While this chase was going on my correspondent was trying the woodcock, Mr. Harrington, with his setter Hiram, and Dr. Williams, with his pointer Jim, having laid out a little work for me. We found but few woodcock, and, consequently, but few were killed. A solitary English snipe was run out and bagged, and a brace of grouse were put up with and out of range. The day was a pleasant one, barring a shower in the afternoon. In my opinion the flight of woodcock have not come on yet, for we should have met them in the splendid cover we worked had the birds been in. As the weather was more cold weather in order to put Mr. Longbill on his migrations.

Springfield is full of your friends, Messrs. Editors, and are firm ones. I am now on my way homeward, trying hard to reach it in time to catch an open season.

While at Springfield I saw a charming pair of reds, owned by

Dr. McLean. They are, I believe, out of Peg Wolfington, by old Echo. The brace are about a year old, dog and bitch, the bitch of a perfect red and darker than the dog, and not for sale. Hoto.

PENNSYLVANIA TRIALS.

WE have received the following circular from the Secretary of the Pennsylvania State Field Trials Association, and trust that we shall have the pleasure to announce next week that the amendments have been adopted, and that the trials will be run at Grand Junction immediately after those of the National Association. We have no doubt that they would prove a success, as undoubtedly many sportsmen would enter their dogs for the double event. We are deeply interested in the welfare of the association, and shall wait with no little interest a report of their action in the matter.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 12.—A meeting of the association will be held at the store of J. Palmer O'Neil, Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, on Saturday, October 22, 1881, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of considering amendments. The committee on the trials will be appointed to examine grounds selected for the fall trials, reported at the meeting held the 12th inst. that there were no birds, and it would be impracticable to run the trials at Massouton as already fixed up. At the meeting on the 22nd inst. the propriety of running the trials of Grand Junction immediately after those of the National Association. The Executive Committee will be held at the same place immediately on the adjournment of the above meeting.

I. R. STATTON, Secretary.

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENTS.—To be stricken out and Article made to read as follows: Section I.—The stakes to be run shall be a Derby, an All-Aged and Club stakes, to be open to setters and pointers only.

Sec. II.—There shall be a first, second and third prize offered in each stake. The entry fees, forfeit value and nature of prizes; time for closing entries for All-Aged and Club stakes; time and place of holding trials, as well as all details pertaining thereto, shall be determined by the Executive Committee.

The Derby stake shall be open to dogs (whelped) on and after the first day of January of the previous year. Entries for the Derby stake of the year 1881 shall close on the 22nd day of November, 1881, and entries for the Derby stake of any subsequent year shall close on the first day of April of the year the stake is to be run for.

The All-Aged stake shall be open to dogs of any age. The Club stake shall be open to dogs of any age, but the dogs must be owned by a member of the association at the time of making the entry and at the time of running the trial. The trials of Club stakes dogs must be handled by their owners. Nothing in this shall be construed so as to prevent a member from prophasizing a dog previously entered and handling him in the trials.

COCKERS AND TREED GROUNDS.

FRANKLIN, N. Y., Oct. 8.

Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in Sept. 29 issue of FOREST AND STREAM, page 175, "The Bodach," under the heading of "Cockers vs. Yellow Dogs," endeavors to give me a little thrust apropos to cockers treed grouse and shooting ruffed grouse out of trees, etc. In the test of spirit I must say to "The Bodach" that from this I am led to believe that he has never enjoyed one of those glorious autumn day's sport among the mountain thickets of our Eastern and Middle States with the jolly, lively little cockers, where it is utterly impossible to work setters or pointers or get even a single wing shot. Would he care to come to the "fevered cocker" the slightest tendency toward exterminating this very old mountain boomer like the wicked snare or pen field shotting wild, I would as quickly rally to the vetoing of this mountain wildwood sport as I do to every illegitimate or unsportsmanlike act.

And now, Bodach, I really do think you need be alarmed as to "tripping over a well-broken brace at every turn," for the many to be found gladdening the hearts and hearths of American sportsmen to-day are not in dangerous tripping proximity to each other, believe, owing to this continent being quite a good-aided little farm, taking it altogether from about the middle of the country to the coast. You will not believe that in my kind invite to the Editor of FOREST AND STREAM I desired a "cheap advertisement," as you say, when I tell you that I do not sell my broken dogs, for they are my breeders and workers, and I have only for myself I sell only young stock; so if any are unnecessarily sensitive over shooting ruffed grouse from the trees, all they will have to do is to omit the teaching of that denuded part of their education, and they will then have the most successful and sport-giving ruffed grouse and woodcock country. Broken cockers are not easily bought from their possessors, and many will not even loan them. I am led to believe that you are a staunch setter and pointer man, and that your inquiries must have been to setter or pointer men who were so rejoiced against the English and intelligent little rival, the cocker, for I must believe that in the neighborhood of New York city you would be a find of cockers that would not only be worth following a day in the field but many years as well. I am glad that you have had the pleasure even of shooting over two good brace since you came to this country, and hope that you may luckily "tripple" over many more in the future and at last become a firm convert to our faith. I could have convinced you on the pot-pie score but a day or two ago, had I had the pleasure of your company at dinner, and should also have been delighted to have passed you a sumptuous, plentiful for your discretion, while I related to you how I took the conceit out of two of those old roosters in a dense beech and birch thicket, treed by a pair of as nice cockers as you ever saw or as ever outwitted an old York State cock grouse. M. P. McKOOS.

FOXHUNTING IN CANADA.—The Toronto Globe says that in Canada the sport of foxhunting is becoming more and more patronized in the neighborhood of large cities, and although owing to a dearth of foxes the drag has to be used, the chase remains almost as exciting and interesting as ever. In 1855 the Toronto Hunt Club was organized, and since that time the sport has been largely in the hands of Hendrie, H. Golden and A. Smith, V. S. The kennels, which then contained about five couple of hounds, were situated on Bishop street, but as the city increased in size it became necessary to remove them to Bloor street West, where they now are. The presence of the Thirteenth Hussar Cavalry in the neighborhood, and here, and their commanding officer, the late Col. Jenyns, was for two seasons an efficient M. F. H. At present the club numbers about forty subscribing members, with a pack of hounds numbering about twenty. The club has been very successful in its career since the inauguration of the present management, and has discharged its duties in a highly efficient manner. On Thanksgiving Day the annual fall steekhouse of the club will come off, and having proved successful in former years will, without doubt, prove the same this year.

PIERCE'S GUSSE—Peelskill, N. Y., Oct. 10.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your correspondent's account of the London, Oct. Bench Show, you mention my Irish setter bitch Gussie, winner of special prize G, was an indifferent specimen. Now, in justice to Gussie, I hope you will allow me space in your columns to say a few words in her defence. She was in no show condition when I expressed her, having just shot out. Besides, she was in whelp to my Larry (Elcho of Gussie) and no doubt acted dill at strangers' hands. This is the first time I ever heard Gussie spoken of indifferently in public or private. She is no "parlor ornament," kept merely for show, but is a practical field dog and has worked very hard from the beginning to the closing of every shooting season since a puppy, and is known by many sportsmen as a remarkable bitch in the field. Dr. Rose called her when at London a capital bitch and worth all the rest of the Irish setters exhibited. When exhibited in New York in 1880 one of the judges, Mr. Hugh Dalzell, told me she was one of the best-sired Irish setters he ever saw. She was then just returned from a hard winter's work in the South and was poor in flesh and coat, consequently she was given only a V. H. C. She was awarded first at Pittsburgh, January, 1881, beating some good ones, including three top Elcho bitches.—Yours respectfully, Wm. H. FISKE.

[We cheerfully publish the above, more especially as we remember Gussie as she appeared at the show here last year, of capital form, but sadly out of condition, which greatly detracts from a dog's appearance, and, will, no doubt, satisfactorily explain the criticism of our reporter.]

LONDON DOG SHOW.—At a meeting of the Committee it was moved by Mr. T. H. Smallman, and seconded by Dr. J. S. Niven, that a copy of the Standard of the English Setter be published in the very efficient manner in which he conducted the show, and for making it a success. Carried.—JOHN J. SMITHSON, Secretary.

THE MEADOW BROOK HUNT.—The Meadow Brook Hunt had a most enjoyable meet at Mineola, Long Island, last Monday. Owing to the nasty weather, the field was not so large as it should have been. The first event was a drag hunt, which, with the exception of eight bays, none of the dogs were well run and capital ridden. The chase of the "bagnan" was not a success from the huntman's standpoint, although the pack would probable pronounce it a decided success, as they killed the fox in a few seconds. The next meet will take place to-day at Island Trees at 4 p. m.

FIELD TRIAL JUDGES.—New York, Oct. 15.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have read the letter of Mr. W. A. Covert in your paper this morning, and I am greatly surprised that he should mention as one of the desirable qualifications of a field trial judge that he is a "pointer man." Now, although a pointer man, it strikes me that what we want is not a pointer man, nor a setter man, but a dog man, whose in-tact will lead him to place the dog in the position where their merit entitles them to be, regardless of all else.—WINTER MAN.

IMPORTANT SALE OF LAYBACKS.—We have received a letter from Mr. John C. Higgins announcing the sale to Mr. J. H. Goodell, of this city, of the pure Layback setters, Pontiac, Petrel, II., Petrel III., and Fairy II. This is the most important sale of Layback blood that I ever transpired, and we congratulate Mr. Goodell upon the acquisition of so valuable an addition to his kennel. Included in this sale is the young dog Plantagenet by Dashing Mousch out of Petrel.

FROST.—Mr. W. A. Strother, Lynchburg, Va., writes us that his dog Frost is out of the hands, and that he is well run and in our Kennel Notes last week. We obtained our information from the National American Kennel Club Stud Book. Is it possible that they could have made a mistake?

LOWELL DOG SHOW.—GRANBY, CT., Oct. 15.—Editor Forest and Stream:—In looking over the "Premium List" of the coming show to be held at Lowell, I was surprised to find that a breed as numerous and well-recognized as the beagle is should not be assigned a class. As the show has done, and will be cancelled to enter it as if it is through the back door ("Miscellaneous class") which is certainly very humiliating to that poor little dog who feels that he is justly entitled to a class of his own as well as his larger brothers—foxhounds—and dislikes to sneak in through an unguarded rear entrance.—N. ELMORE.

QUAIL FOR ROBINS' ISLAND.—The Eastern Field Trials Association have received their first consignment of quail to be turned down on Robins' Island, and are glad to give against the possibility of any lack of birds at the coming trials.

KENNEL NOTES.

* Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelp, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that this strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Dime Royal, La Grecia and Low Rola—Claimed by Mr. S. B. Dilley. Three bitches, all black and white, by the latter pointer dog, and two liver and white bitch puppies by owner's daughter (Dicks-Kate) out of owner's White Lilly (blue-Queen).

Don Pedro—Claimed by Mr. S. B. Dilley, Rosendale, Wis., for (liver and white) (black pointer dog puppy by Kinger (take Kate) out of Bird Royal (black-countess Royal).

Don Pedro—Claimed by Mr. S. B. Dilley, Rosendale, Wis., for (liver and white) (black pointer dog puppy by Kinger (take Kate) out of Bird Royal (black-countess Royal).

Larry—Claimed by Mr. C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., for red Irish setter dog whelped April 23, 1881, by Mr. McClinton's Bix (Dass-Flora) out of Nora (Elcho-bitch).

Navanion II., Little and Madam—Claimed by Mr. W. F. Duerr, Orange, N. J., for tenon and white pointer dog and two bitch puppies whelped Sept. 6, 1881, by the latter pointer dog, and two bitch puppies whelped Sept. 6, 1881, by Mr. W. A. Costar's Don Royal out of Tobby.

NAMES CHANGED.

Midget to Mary—Granby, Conn., Oct. 10.—In compliance with Mr. Cameron's request, I will change the name of midget bitch Midget (Rattler-Flora) and now claim the name of Mary for her.

N. ELMORE.

WHELPS.

Daisy.—Mr. W. A. Costar's (Flatbush, N. Y.) black and white setter bitch Daisy (Beaton-Brumby) whelped Oct. 13, five-two dogs and two bitches, all black and white, by the latter pointer dog, and two liver and white bitch puppies by owner's daughter (Dicks-Kate) out of owner's White Lilly (blue-Queen).

Glean.—The Borstal Kennels (Morristown, N. Y.) tenon and white pointer bitch Glean (Snapsnip-gipsie) whelped Oct. 14, twelve-six and six bitches by Mr. R. C. Connel's mastiff (Sensation-White) Grace.

Gipsy.—Mr. Chas. W. Nutting's (Lyons, Mass.) foxhound bitch Gipsy whelped Oct. 14, six-two dogs and two bitches, all black and white, by the latter pointer dog, and two liver and white bitch puppies by owner's daughter (Dicks-Kate) out of owner's White Lilly (blue-Queen).

Little.—Mr. T. M. Aldrich's (Providence, R. I.) black and white setter bitch Little (champion Drake-Mollie) whelped Oct. 8, six-two dogs and four bitches, by Mr. M. B. L. Bradford's Pete (Irish's Trim-owner's Smut).

BREDS.

Brandy-Hearty.—Mr. W. W. Nixon's (Lynchburg, Va.) Newfoundland bitch Hearty to Dr. Shirley Carter's Hero.

Royal Pan-Crozier.—Mr. S. B. Dilley's (Rosendale, Wis.) pointer bitch Royal Pan-Crozier (Dagger-Dolly) to Mr. A. E. Godfrey's Crozier (Bang-Bang).

Minnie-Sensation.—The Borstal Kennels (Morristown, N. Y.) champion pointer bitch Minnie (Sensation-White) to Westminster Kennel Club (Black-Bess-Bix) to Mr. J. S. Niven's (London, Oct.) black cocker spaniel bitch Black Bess to Lachue Kennel Club's Black Bix, Oct. 8 and 9.

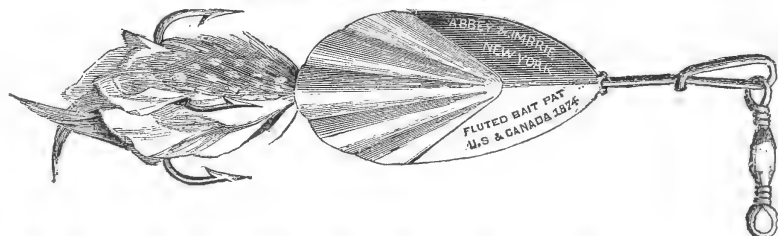
Rose K. Hector.—Mr. Carl Klock's cocker spaniel bitch Rose K. to Dr. J. V. Venn's Hector, Oct. 9.

RUNNING-WATER NOTES.—We readily consent that the Muses had their birth and rearing in the neighborhood of certain springs and streams. This was a wise provision for their subsequent musical education, since it was intended, no doubt, that they should gather the rudiments from such congenial sources. The Greeks left us no account (as they well might have done) of the technical drill pursued by the nine sisters. However, we may suppose that they wrote off their scores from the fluent dictation of their favorite cascades and streams, and that they scanned, or "sang," all such exercises by the laws of liquid quantity and accent. Perhaps at the same time, the better to measure the feet and mark the caesural pauses, they danced, as they sang, over the rippled surface of the stream. Nor did the Muses alone love springs and running water, but it would seem that the philharmonic societies of their descendants have had their haunts in like localities; or was it mere chance that Homer should have lived by the river Meles (hence Melesigenes), or that Plato should have had his retirement

"where Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream?"

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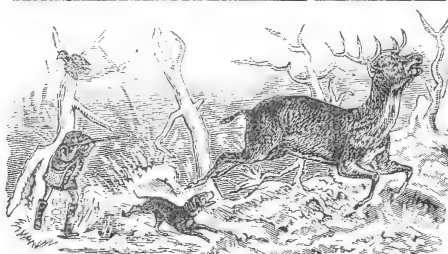
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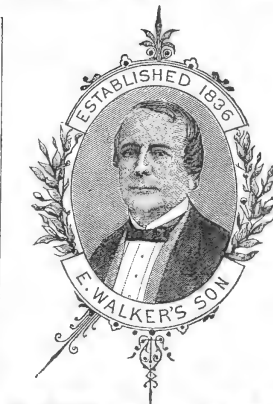
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 483.]
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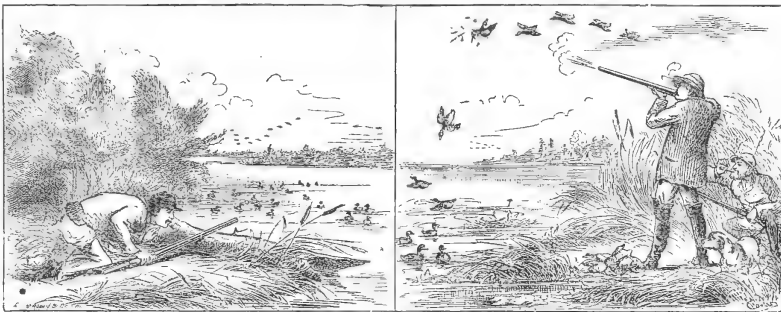
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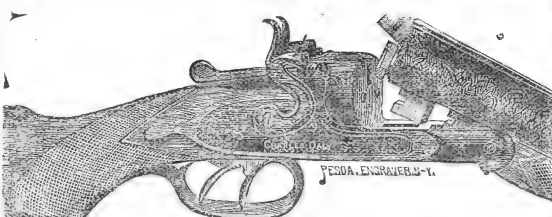
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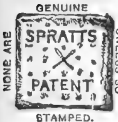
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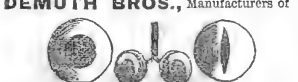
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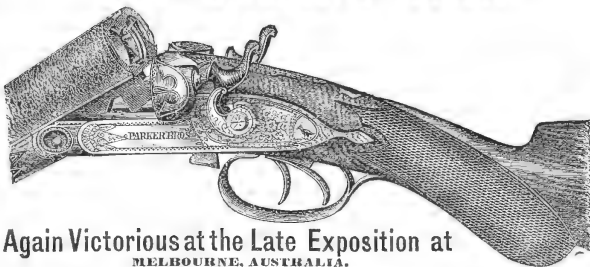
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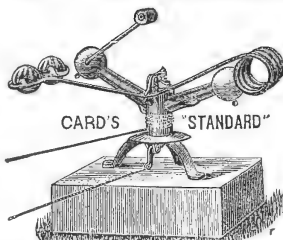
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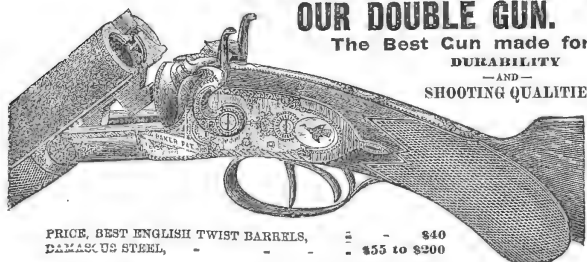
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Forest and Stream* is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information among American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address: *Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*,
Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York City.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, October 27.

THE UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND FOR *FOREST AND STREAM* during the past two weeks has taken us by surprise, and we sincerely regret that we were able to supply neither our friends who called for them at the office, nor the orders from news dealers. Notwithstanding the fact that an unusually large edition was printed last week, we have been since Monday without any copies. This state of things shall not occur again, as we have made arrangements to still further increase the edition printed, so that there shall be enough to go round.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—The gentlemen having charge of the interests of the Eastern Field Trials will leave no stone unturned to secure a successful meeting. Although there are a large number of native birds on the island, five hundred quail from Indian Territory have been secured and will be turned down as soon as received. The first assignment has already been turned loose, and more are expected in a few days. The heart-breaking briar thickets are being "grid-ironed" with wide paths through their length and breadth, and will not give a tittle of the trouble caused last year. Everything now looks promising for a capital meeting, and, judging by the quality of the dogs entered and the well-known probity of the judges, we predict that the winners will have no easy thing, and that their laurels will be well worth the winning.

TO NEW YORK GAME PROTECTORS.

GENTLEMEN: There are eight of you, and as your appointments seem to have been made without the slightest regard to your geographical distribution, it is unfortunate that not one resides south of Columbia County. Of course you can travel, and as you are all appointed for the State at large this would be no obstacle if your allowances were liberal enough to permit of constant motion. *FOREST AND STREAM* has steadily claimed that one of your number should be resident in New York city to watch the markets, and another on Long Island, the home of the poacher.

This not being the case we now call your attention to the following facts: Quail are systematically snared on Long Island from Oct. 20 to 30 in order to have a good number on hand for sale at the beginning of the season, Nov. 1. We would suggest that two or three of your number should attend to this matter, and if you will call at this office we will give you a list of the most prominent points for observation.

The professional fishermen on the Hudson continually violate the law prohibiting the capture of striped bass less than half a pound weight. This is the case especially between Yonkers and Peekskill. It is done openly every day at this season of the year when the small fish are numerous. It is sincerely to be hoped that you will take some action in this matter.

IN FRANKLIN, Essex County, N. J., a man named Wolf shot and fatally wounded a young girl of seventeen with a supposed unloaded shot-gun, which he pointed at her in joke. It is said that the murderer has not been arrested but "deeply deplores his rash act." It can scarcely be doubted that this young idiot, as well as all the other fools belonging to his class, know that a gun, whether loaded or unloaded, should never be pointed at any one or any thing, that it is not intended to shoot. The proper place for all such people is behind the gratings of a lunatic asylum. The sad part of the matter is that people who perpetrate such crimes are often not discovered to be unfit to have their liberty until they have accomplished the killing or maiming of some of their unfortunate friends. The man who has committed this act, while probably not guilty of murder, has, by the law of New Jersey, certainly committed manslaughter, and should be tried and punished for that crime.

We have preached the necessity of the most scrupulous care in the handling of firearms for, lo, these many years, and the more we have to do with them the more afraid of them in careless hands do we become. We have had in our time more rather narrow escapes from others, and nothing is more annoying to us than to see any one who neglects the care which we believe to be necessary in handling a gun. It is not, however, to sportsmen that accidents most often happen. They have, most of them, learned how to use the arms that furnish them with so much pleasure. It should be made a felony to point any firearm at a human being, and, to our notion, the hanging of the first half-dozen individuals found guilty of the act would have a marvelously salutary effect. We commend this subject to such of our readers as occupy chairs in the legislative bodies in the various States of the Union.

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH COMPANY.—During the past week a somewhat curious corporation has been brought into existence in this city. It is styled, the "International Rifle Match Company, Limited." According to the certificate of incorporation on file in the office of the Supreme Court, it is organized under the act of February 17, 1848, "to authorize the formation of corporations for manufacturing, mining, mechanical or chemical purposes." Under which of these several heads the new concern is to take place it would be difficult to say, unless it be that it is intended to "manufacture" bullseyes. One clause of the articles of incorporation declares, "The object and nature of the business for which said company is to be formed is the holding of Grand International Rifle Matches between the British, Scotch and Irish rifle teams and the best American marksmen, and the place thereof and the locality of its business are to be at the County of New York." To carry out these laudable purposes a capital of \$30,000 is named in shares of \$100 each and three trustees are to manage the business of the

company for twenty years. The incorporators named are John H. Brown, Richard A. Saalfeld, George W. De Lano and Orlean H. Dodworth. The last named gentleman does not figure in the Directory, so we cannot give his business. The first name appears ten times over, so there is too much liberty of choice given. Mr. Saalfeld is a music publisher, and Mr. De Lano is a lawyer. We know nothing about the concern and care less. If international matches worthy of any respect and notice are to be fought in the future, it will be after the Britishers get over their dread of things American in a competitive way, and then by spontaneous, voluntary action, and not by the efforts of any set of rifle match dry-nurses.

FLORIDA GAME RESORTS.—We have in hand an excellent article on Florida game resorts from the pen of "Al Fresco." This will be printed next week; those who are contemplating a trip to Florida this winter should not fail to see it.

IS SWEEPSTAKE SHOOTING GAMBLING?

GAMING is defined to be "the act of playing a game for a stake." A game I understand to be any game, sport, race or contest.

By the early common law gaming was not illegal. As early as the reign of Henry VIII. statutes made certain forms of gaming illegal, and the courts refused to enforce contracts "contrary to public policy or good morals." Lord Mansfield, in 1778, refused to enforce a wager made as to the sex of the Chevalier D'Eon. The Court of Kings Bench, in 1790, sustained an action on a wager as to whether or not a wagon had been purchased. Thus there were lawful wagers and unlawful wagers; they were both wagers, however.

To-day we look upon gambling as unlawful, therefore it is fair and natural not to call that transaction gambling which the courts will recognize as a legal contract. Gambling may be defined to be illegal wagering or gaming. Would the courts to-day decide that the winner of a sweepstake is entitled to recover the stake from the stakeholder? If they would decide in the negative, then to shoot for a sweepstake is to gamble.

The English statute on gaming, 8 and 9 Vict., declares all contracts, by way of wagering or gaming, to be void, except "subscriptions, contributions, or agreements to subscribe or contribute for or toward any plate, prize or sum of money to be awarded to the winner of any lawful game, sport, pastime or exercise." In 1848 a case came up under this statute, in which it was decided that a foot-race was a lawful game, sport, etc., and if two men agree to run a foot-race, and each of them deposits £10 with a third person, the whole £20 to be paid over to the winner, that the agreement on which the money was deposited was legal, and that the £20 belonged to the winner.

On the understanding that competitive shooting is a lawful game, sport, etc., under the clause of exceptions in this statute, to shoot for a sweepstake would be legal, and therefore it would not be gambling. Under the Maine statute entitled "An act to prevent gaming for money or property," it was decided, in 1841, that money bet by the respective owners of two horses, and deposited in the hands of a stakeholder, and paid by the stakeholder to the winner, could be recovered by the loser. Under this statute, to shoot for a sweepstake would be illegal, and therefore it would be gambling.

The New York statute on this subject declares to be void "all wagers, bets or stakes made to depend upon any race or upon any gaming by lot or chance, or upon any lot, chance, casualty or unknown or contingent event whatever." Under this statute again, to shoot for a sweepstake would be to gamble.

The New York statute expresses, more or less accurately, the law as to gaming in many, if not in most, of the States. Whether or not certain acts will constitute gambling is not a question of opinion or of abstract moral reasoning, but it is a question of law, and it depends upon the law of each State whether or not, in that State, to shoot for a sweepstake is to gamble.

W. B.

The Sportsman Tourist.

PROVERB.

Charadrius vociferans.

Now is the Autumn's rime prime,
When woods are tinted with Autumn's blush,
When melody groves are bright with gold;
And maples wear a blood-red flush;
The poplars bear a yellow crown;
The oaks their robes of russet brown;
The dogwoods their dull purple screen,
Mixed with the alder's sable green,
And where the sparkling rivulet twines
The greenery of the willow shrubs.

The silver fret-work of the frost
Gleams in the early morning light;
Balmy and brisk the air is tost
Over salt marsh and upland height;
Now, shrilly sound the plovers' cry
As circling down the breeze they fly.

Where the salt meadows wide and far
Sweep seaward to the sandy bar
Where pebbled inlet the Bay
Is riotous with the willow's play—
There thick the black-bellied plovers soar,
Where minute shell-fish line the shore;
There cressets their banners wave,
There loiter over the fowler's snare.

But where they rolling dunes outspread,
O, wild Mountank! thy grassy plain;
And where the sunnec-k hills o'erlook
The vast expanses of the main
There, where the insect swarms abound,
The golden plover-leeks are found.
Oft have I stood, ere dawning day
Flash'd on the ocean rim its flame,
With ready gun and throbbing pump
To watch the great ducks as they came.

First a mere speck above the sky,
A cloudy shadow, drifting near,
But soon a myriad, soft cry!
And soon a myriad wings appear!
They hover down the dusky air,
Like rushing winds they whirl and swoop,
Now sweeping low, now circling high,
Then onward to their banquet stoop.

O, another sportsman! have the earth
Such thrilling career to watch with this—
A moment with such rapture bliss,
An hour of such unbounded bliss!

Sheller Island, Oct. 3.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

MINNESOTA FIN AND FEATHER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your columns are sought so frequently for reliable information about game of different sorts and the localities of its greater abundance, and you are constantly receiving many inquiries by letter and otherwise on these subjects, that a plain account of a recent hurried trip to Minnesota for relaxation and sport may be useful to some of your inquisitive readers. It may at least interest those city folk men who, like myself, need and generally manage to obtain a few days' vacation every season for recuperation, and whose tastes and habits incline them to devote as much of their leisure time as possible to fishing or hunting, or both. The great rest was to an unknown land to me, and I longed for a snail of its pure and bracing air, "as the hart panteth after the water brooks," and therefore made my objective point Sauk Centre, Stearns Co., Minnesota, 117 miles beyond St. Paul, on the St. P., Min. & Man. R. R., and 1,485 miles from New York over my route, through Salamanca, Muskegon, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and St. Cloud. Leaving the city, say Monday evening, one is due at that place Thursday noon, if no connection is missed. I left New York the evening of Sept. 19, and got back the morning of Oct. 3, stopping at Chicago, going and returning, so that my time for sport was very limited. Mark also that my visit proved to be a little too late for "chickens" and a little too early for ducks, as there had been no frost nor very cold weather in that region. Still, the results of my angling for part of a day, and hunting for a day and a half, indicate the kind and abundance of game and methods of pursuit.

The town of about 2,000 inhabitants is prettily located on the lower end of Sauk Lake, ten miles long, from which, the day after my arrival, I took three pickerel and eight Oswego bass that weighed thirty-two pounds—the largest of the latter kicking the beam at six and three-quarter pounds. The forenoon was half-spent in preparations, and my boat was housed before 5 p. m. There is no doubt whatever in my mind that a skilled fisherman, with flies, trolling tackle and live bait, might, between sun and sun, capture from 75 to 100 lbs of pickerel, bass and pike. But it must be a Wal-tonian day, and here is the guide:

"When the wind is in the North, do it go forth;
When the wind is in the East, the fishes bite the best;
When the wind is in the South, it blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the West, the fishes bite the best."

Appropos to this subject, let me acquaint your patrons with an unexampled success in pisciculture achieved by the Bishop Club (Brown Tract, North Woods), which put 20,000 trout fry from Georgian Bay into one of its lakes in the spring of last year, and whose members caught some of the youngsters last August weighing a plump pound apiece!

My shooting at Sauk Centre was done in company with Geo. M. Bishop, a merchant and sportsman, to whom I was indebted for many friendly attentions. We settled out one morning for Westport Pass, famous for its morning and evening flights of ducks, with the lively rig of N. W. Rice, who accompanied us with his pointer bitch Gipsy, to range the wheat stubbles along our route. Both men thought my visit rather late for "chickens," and seemed apprehensive that the ducks had not yet been to "nest." This wet blanket sort of talk must have depressed B. and myself, and made us less hilarious than Rice expected, on a morning that would have justified us in singing—

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim it a hunting morning."

At any rate he decided to shake us up, and almost in sight of town, going down a little bank toward a big mud hole, adroitly managed to upset the wagon. But it was a

slow and easy performance, giving me ample time as I sidled "down and out" to deposit my gun on a dry and safe spot, and to arrange my corpus as a cushion for B., who made the spread and weight of his appreciation of my consideration felt without hesitation. Probably the reason for my forgetting to tell Mrs. B. of my tender care for her husband's person, was the fact that the man, after such painstaking to save his bones, actually complained of a wrench or two, which, in my opinion, would have been unnoticed had not his gun butt, plunged about two feet, muzzle first, into the water and mud, and this would put any man, not a saint, out of joint. Rice could not disclaim the purpose of the spill without discrediting his reputation as a driver. One of the nags was badly scared by the buffalo robes soaring out of the wagon as it went over, and paid his master off later.

About five miles out we turned off the road into a wheat stubble and in a trice raised a covey of "chickens." We had equally good luck at nearly every similar field we traversed, and ought to have made double the score we did. My gun spent some time and much powder in getting used to the novel game, and Gipsy was balked and confused by B.'s old pointer, Dan, who, although a matchless duck retriever, is an infernal nuisance in the field. His master twice tied him to a wheel, but his bound toward the first bird that dropped to shot would snap any rope we had, and Rice would not let us substitute a chain, for fear he would take the wheel off. The birds did not get up wildly, but flew to great distances, and we had no time to follow them.

Rice got out of his wagon once to find a covey he had marked down, and when Gipsy waddled it, B. and I jumped out and walked up, as R. said his team would stand. Very soon after we began to fire. A considerable clatter at the rear turned our attention first in time to see the tail-board of our wagon disappearing at top speed over the brow of a ridge. R. and I hastened out of sight in hot pursuit, while Dan, who would leave his master sooner than a fallen bird, busied himself bringing the slain to land, with a look at me, plainly meaning, "I'm afraid you silly brutes, we will stay and pick up the birds." My surprise was great to see the men presently riding back over the ridge as if nothing had happened, wagon and contents, horses, harness, everything in statu quo. B. had flanked the horses, and forced them into a "wire grass slew," where they stuck fast. The purpose for which these "slews" (some fastidious people would call them sloughs) were scattered about the prairies for the first time dawned upon my mind. They are a wise provision of nature, a kind of hitching post, for the benefit of hunters whose horses will not stand fire.

We arrived without further incident at Westport Pass in time for the evening shooting, but as my companions feared, the ducks were not flying. The long, narrow sparsely wooded ridge, between a lake on the south and an open marsh extending to an immense wild rice field to the north, is the finest vantage ground imaginable for the sport. Thousands of mallards in small flocks were constantly rising from the rice, circling around and dropping down again. We got a new shot the evening, slept at a farm-house nearby, and tried our luck again in the early morning, but bagged nothing. Dan's performances compensated me for the disappointment. He sat on his haunches watching out in the air and sighting the game as soon as we did, and if a shot took effect the old tiger's rush would carry him into close quarters whether the duck fell on water or land.

Mr. Bishop's business requiring him to be at home at noon next day, we could not course the fields much on our return. We saw a good many geese in flight, and one duck heading toward us, we got out of the wagon to give them a passing salute. The old ones filed off, but three young ones kept straight on overhead, and we brought two of them to the ground. Our score was twenty-one pinnated grouse, four sharp-tailed grouse, two geese, three mallards, four broad-bills, one wood-drake and one jack rabbit.

My sporting experience was very brief, but demonstrated the game of this section as well as that to be plentiful, and its capture not at all difficult or even fatiguing. If one is on "chickens" alone intent to kill them before September 1. For ducks, and geese, and mallards, I would advise the hunter to wait until the first of October. The resident sportsmen said ruffed grouse were abundant and laughed at me for thinking nil worth shooting. In conclusion let me assure your legion of readers that any one proficient with rod and gun who could spend both months at Sauk Centre for headquarters would have fine sport "to the top of his bent" in a clear, pure and enlivening atmosphere.

New York, Oct. 19, 1881.

H. H. THOMPSON.

WHO WANTS TO GO?

NEW YORK, Oct. 11, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have had a notion to go South and get rid of the cold weather, slush, snow, sleet and snuffles this winter; and the recollections of a pleasant phase of camp life about Tampa Bay, Florida, some years ago, comes to me suggestively. To go alone would be unseasonal, dull and not to be thought of. To get together just the right kind of fellows is not easy to do, where harmony is such an essential element. I want but three others; and with a view to perfecting the pleasant recollections, I would write a book and such a book as every sportsman would read—amusing, sketchy and illustrated. An artist would be indispensable—one with a dash of humor in his pencil. Then two others with some knowledge of yachting and camp life, and above all, no cranky, notional chap, no eccentricities—a polite firm for rudeness and selfishness. A party of four, with a determination to make such a trip pleasant, harmonious and profitable to health, and economical, could have a lovely time. The writer being an old camper, yachtsman, and familiar with this sort of life, would give the necessary time and attention to the outfit, aided by the suggestions of the other members of the party.

The first thing to be considered is the proper kind of a boat for the purpose, and to get such a one it would be necessary to build not an expensive, but a cheap, roomy, light-draft centreboard craft, something of the sharpie order—say, thirty-five feet long, good freeboard, to give depth; a light-built cabin, with accommodations for four; a galley to come under cabin deck forward, lockers for storage, a roomy cockpit, schooner or yawl rigged.

The boat equipped, with awnings, etc., would cost, say..... \$600
Provisions for four men, and familiar with this sort of life, would give the necessary time and attention to the outfit, aided by the suggestions of the other members of the party.
One colored gentleman (picked up there)..... 20
Freight on board and incidentals..... 140
A tent and camp equipment..... 40
Total..... \$800
Credit sale of boat..... 400
Balance..... \$400

The amount for provisions may seem small, but it must be borne in mind that the table can be bountifully supplied with fish and game, the \$200 representing principally groceries, and salt and canned meats.

Such a boat as we would build would be so admirably adapted to the waters and so efficient for almost any purpose that she would sell probably much nearer cost than the figures named. This boat, by the way, would be safe and staunch for outside runs from port to port in any ordinary weather, would be comfortable, dry and safe. The cabin deck would afford storage room for tent and poles, the lockers around the cockpit for camp cooking traps. Such a boat can be built and rigged for about \$400. The \$200 would be for galley and cabin outfit. Her light draft would permit of her being beached in front of the camp, and when aloft would afford a cosy home. The undersigned having had a weakness all his life for boats, and having built half a hundred of all sizes and types, flatters himself he knows what to build to fill this bill to the letter. Has camped out, fished and hunted in Florida, and knows the requirements to make such an expedition a success. The thing he doesn't know how to do is to get along pleasantly with a selfish, disagreeable, lazy "crank," who will neither fish nor cut bait; and it is considerable of a lottery to draw four prizes—i. e., four fellows who can get along pleasantly and smoothly together, and every man to his allotted share of the work; for such an enterprise means hearty, healthy and vigorous occupation with plenty of time, however, when in camp, to enjoy the *dolce far niente* and sense of perfect rest far away from politics, telegrams, margins and double and payable. Just imagine the sense of utter freedom and abandon, release from coarsers, coats buttoned to the chin, narrow shoes, tight trousers and expense of a box at the theatre and suppers afterward at Delmonico's. No man can stay in New York for any such limited expense; to say nothing of getting rid of snow, ice, chills and slush of a winter in the city. Now, who says wig-wag to this "feeler" thrown out to see what will come of it, and whether four congenial fellows cannot be found to carry out the idea. The writer will lodge his credentials with the editors of the FOREST AND STREAM. SIN HAD.

IN CURRITUCK AND DARE.

AS the season for fowling draws near the natives who have been during the summer engaged in trucking and fishing, begin to prepare for fowling. Boats are put in order; stool ducks are overhauled and repainted; an extra feed of corn is now and then given to the decoy geese so as to have them "hearty"; guns are oiled and repaired, and engagements made with managers of the shooting clubs, as "waiters" on the club sportsmen; and water dogs, that have had to shift for themselves all summer and have had a hard time fighting this and flesh, begin to receive some attention.

The favorite water dog here is the Chesapeake dog, as they are strong, intelligent and faithful, and are unsurpassed retrievers. They are just the color of wild grass in shooting season. Wonderful stories are told of their sagacity. Some years ago Mr. Bodine, of New York City, a veteran sportsman, Col. Wilson Hollowell, of Pasquotank county in this State, and Mr. Cadwell, of Currituck, were shooting canvas backs on Morgan Island in Currituck Sound. Mr. Bodine went into a blind at the south end of the island, and as he was troubled with a stomach ache, he was exposed. Cadwell loaned him his Chesapeake bitch to bring in his birds. Col. Hollowell and Cadwell went to the north end of the island, about half a mile distant, and all three were soon hard at it and had good sport. It was very cold and the ice was very thick near the shore, and at last the bitch "Bonny" began to hang back when Mr. Bodine killed a bird, and it was only by speaking crossly to her that she would go into the water. After a while the dog disappeared after every shot, but soon came back bringing a canvas-back, and several times brought in two and laid them at the sportsman's feet. He continued firing all day, and when the sun went down launched his skiff and started to take in the other sportsmen. He picked up quite a number of ducks that Bonny had failed to bring in, and on counting found he had about two dozen more ducks than he was entitled to, judging from his count and the amount of ammunition he had fired away. He was puzzled to account for the overplus, but thought perhaps chance shots had killed more than he had calculated upon. He so reached the shore of Hollowell and Cadwell, and they got their traps together to embark in the skiff. But when they looked for their game they discovered that their thirty odd canvas-backs had dwindled down to about a dozen. Cadwell had waded out in long boots on the shoal and picked up the fowl as they were shot and had thrown them on the bank among the rushes. He began to swear, and abuse the unbanked thief who had stolen his game. But when Mr. Bodine related his experience, and they called Bonny to account, she was snarling and snapping, and she was the one who was the real thief. She had run across the island after every shot that Mr. Bodine fired, and stolen a duck from the pile of the other sportsmen to avoid going into the cold, icy water.

A descendant of this same bitch, by the same name, is famous as a retriever, and has been known to bring in three dead ducks at a time and to dive in deep water after crippled ducks and bring out two at a time. She will count the ducks and she will not rest until she has brought them in when sent out. She recently had her first litter of pups, which sold readily for ten dollars each to the native gunners. Wreck, another celebrated bitch of Albemarle and Chesapeake stock mixed, has been known to swim one hundred yards out into the ocean during stormy weather and bring in a crippled beach bird. Both these dogs have been secured by the Kitty Hawk Club for breeding purposes.

These dogs would be a good breed to attach to the Life Saving Stations, as they can easily be trained to bring in a line, have seen them go out on the beach and drive in the beach cattle and ponies when wanted by their owners. I presume this is the only country in the world where people use a boat and water dog to drive up their stock. Some of the cattle go out two miles from shore and drive their heads under the water after the duck grass, which is very nutritious. Fish feed on it, and the native gunners tell me that the grass, which has almost disappeared near the shore during the late long dry weather, will grow up again as soon as the mullet season is over and it is too cold for cattle and ponies to feed on it.

The season is very backward, on account of the dry, hot weather, and very few ducks have made their appearance. But a few days of cold weather will bring them in their usual numbers, no doubt. The coming season promises to be a good one, I think. Very few native gunners will shoot this season for a living. Many of them have gone into the new life saving stations, and the Kitty Hawk Club has en-

gaged about thirty of them as "waiters" or boatmen, while the shooting parties are all brought up by clubs. A few will shoot from batteries, but it is cold, hard work to lie on your back in a battery all day out in the open sound; and very few men are strong enough to stand many seasons of this kind of shooting. The Elizabeth City and Norfolk Railroad and Edenton Extension of the same have also drawn many of the Currituckers and Dareites to work on the road, as wages have been high and the contractors have paid ready cash, which is something new in the history of railroad work. The Norfolk and Roanoke is the only road ever built in the State that has not begun by asking State, county or town aid before commencing work.

I recently went over the line of the road from near Currituck Court House to Edenton, carrying dog, gun and fishing-tackle, and found good sport and the study of the ways and manners of the people interesting. I was always welcome to every house, and my contributions of game and fish were always received with thanks and considered a full equivalent for a meal or lodging; and it was seldom I could prevail upon any of them to take any money. The houses are generally as comfortable as the houses of country people of the same means at the North. As the climate is so much milder of course they do not need such tight houses as the Northern farmers; and the open log stables would shock a fastidious Northern farmer's eye. But, perhaps, the people and stock are as healthy as they are North. Chills and fever is the prevailing disease, but it is of a mild form, and those who use rain or juniper water are free from malarial troubles. The people are prosperous also; and I doubt if debt is as general among them as among the same class North and West. Cheap and labor is the only road ever built in the northern markets will soon make all this Eastern country prosperous. Every few miles the railroad crosses some dark stream heading up into the juniper or cypress swamps, and I never failed to catch a basket full of good, sweet fish, mostly chub, perch or pickerel: while the woods are full of quail (or partridge as they call them here) woodcock, sora, squirrels, rabbits, foxes and other small game. The cultivation of up-land rice is becoming a very profitable industry, and the effect will be to make the lumbermen through the swamps, and make the hunter welcome among the farmers. At the head of the streams in the swamps, deer, bears and wildcats abound. The hands on the railroad caught two young bears about one mile from the town of Edenton recently; and many deer have been shot by the men at work in the woods. I did not admire the towns. The houses are mostly old, dilapidated and weather-worn. And the idlers of the country—the young sawbones, half-litigious lawyers, small merchants, tinkers, scions of old families run to seed, and the crowd usually found gathered about the post office bar room of the northern village—are a class of humans I do not admire. The taverns are characterized by dirt, fleas, bugs, greasy food, bad coffee, saucy darkey help and high prices. I advise all sportsmen traveling through this country to avoid the towns and stop with the farmers. The barrooms in the towns are fearful dens. Black and white drink at the same bar and from the same dirty green-glass tumblers. Ice is an unknown luxury, except in one or two of the larger towns, and there they employ the same dirty, flabby bartenders, as in the barrooms of the towns. In fact it is an established principle with the average darkey to vote "Jes bodder" for the old Massa, and den I knows ice kerret. On the morning of the day of the election on the prohibition question I overheard a conversation between a big darkey named Jim and one of the scions of the old chivalry. The scion was anxious to have some garden truck plauted, and was trying to hire Jim to do it, but no inducements he could hold out would induce Jim to work on election day. He offered to double his wages, no, no, he wouldn't do that, he was promising a plug of tobacco. No go. He strengthened it with a proffer of a good dinner, and a drink at night. All to no purpose. At last the darkey impatiently said: "Boss, dis is 'lection day, and I can't miss neb' heah, nobow. Why, boss, I would leab a 'coon up a tree to go to 'lection." The scion knew that settled it; and went off sadly to plant his own truck.

I hear there are a goodly number of Democratic darkeys in the South, but have not yet found any. They are Republican to a man, and the darkey who has the courage to vote the Democratic ticket at a regular election must have considerable back-bone. I heard a good story illustrating the feeling among them toward what they call a "traitor." One of the villages they have two darkey churches, a Methodist and a Baptist, and there had been a strong contest among them as to which church should have the strongest membership. They had taken about all the colored people within a radius of several miles, and in their rivalry had not been very particular as to the character of some of the new members. At last one Jack Skinner, a desperate hard case, proclaimed himself a member of the Baptist Church. He had violated all the Commandments several times, but some of the elders of the church decided that they could pray off all his sins, and concluded to let him in on his promise to acknowledge all his numerous transgressions. It took several nights to draw them all out, and a heap of hard praying to wash them off. Some of his confessions caused some scandal, involving more or less the character of some of the "sistering" of the flock. But the elders were bound to have his whole record. At last he said he had confessed all his sins but one, and he begged that that was unpardonable, and that he never would forgive. The elders told him it must come out, and assured him that they would pray it off. He was very reluctant, and after laboring over him several hours, the old boss elder got impatient and gave Jack a cuff beside the head, and said: "See heah, yer, we can't fool wid you all night. Out wid it! Out wid it!" At last poor Jack faltered out that in the late election he had voted the Democratic ticket. This was too much. They could pray off all his sins but that. As soon as he heard of this he was accused of general yell of excommunication and a rush for him from all quarters, and Jack had to make a break for the woods to save his carcass, and has never been seen in that part of the country since.

It is amusing in traveling along the line of the railroad to hear the boasting and bragging of the people in the towns and villages. There are many Raymond Sellers, who see millions where a practical man could see only bankruptcy. Each town puts in a claim for future greatness. Currituck

Court House, which is about six miles from the road, is to have a branch road to that point, and expects to cut out from Elizabeth City all her lower Sound trade. Here the sportsmen will come to reach the fowling region, and the excursionists from Norfolk will come to breathe the pure air and bathe in the Sound. Stock and truck will all come through here. The suggestion that it is about a mile to deep water from shore is met by the prediction that Senator Matt Ransom will get an appropriation through the next Congress to have a ship ditch dug out to the main channel. "It wouldn't cost over half a million dollars."

At Camden Court House they point with pride to their big oak, under which a whole Sunday-school picnic can find shelter; to the beautiful Pasquotank, whose dark waters are full of fish; to the rich swamp land, which only needs State aid to become a perfect Egypt. And then Matt Ransom will get a little appropriation of a quarter of a million to dig the river a little deeper from Elizabeth City up to the Old Dominion steamers can come here, and, presto, change! There you have your metropolis.

At Elizabeth City they call your attention to the splendid harbor, magnificent wharves, big stores, new process cotton factory, the ship-yard, steam mills, lower Sound trade, to the lines of steamers to Newbern, Washington, Roanoke River, and other points; to the fact that it is the terminus of the old Dismal Canal, which only needs the help of Senator Matt Ransom to secure an appropriation of about a million to be a ship canal; and where is the rival town that has any show with their city?

Ten miles further on you reach Hertford, where they claim they are nearer to the Alligator, Suppennung River and the big fisheries on the lower Albemarle Sound, and Duran's Neck, the garden spot of eastern North Carolina. Here are forests of virgin timber near at hand. They point with pride to the new academy and float-bridge that proves the engineering talent of its people. They also need a small appropriation of a few hundred thousand to clear some dangerous obstructions out of the Perquimans River, but Matt Ransom will fix that at the next session of Congress.

Woodville, which claims to be rich in natural greatness, as it is high and dry and has such a country back of it.

At Edenton, which is to the great terminus of the railroad, they laugh to scorn the claims of the other towns. Here all the trade of eastern North Carolina is to centre. Steamboats are to run to the Suppennung, Roanoke, Cashir, Chowan, and Alligator rivers. They, too, have an academy and a harbor, which only needs the use of a bridge about half the time to keep a channel open to deep water in the sound. But Senator Ransom has promised to fix that matter. All these towns, however, near Northern capital and energy to develop their immense resources. The experience and judgment will be furnished on the spot. I understand that the railroad boom has struck the people on the other side of the Sound, and I shall make a tramp among them when the weather gets a little cooler.

In the meantime I shall remain on the coast, making my headquarters here in Kitty Hawk, which has the advantages of post office, telegraph, store, good fishing, shooting and a bracing air that is free from malaria. I wish to thank some of the members of the American and the Virginian Sportsmen's Association, which I find very interesting.

JOHN BROOKS.

A TRIP TO HATHAN BOG.

ON September 6 we left Sherbrooke, in the Province of Quebec, by the International train for Lake Megantic, on our annual hunting and fishing excursion. At Cookshire we met our genial friend, Charles Penney, Esq., and Albert W. Pope, brother of the Minister of Agriculture, who accompanied us to the lake, where we were soon enjoying one of Jerry Ham's comfortable suppers. The distance from Sherbrooke to Lake Megantic is thirty miles, over a first-class road, but, as one train does the greater part of the freight as well as passenger traffic, the trip occupies nearly five hours. Here we met Majors Ramage and McMillin, (the latter of the late Confederate service,) both jolly, whole-souled companions, and last, but not least, Captain John B. McDonald, known to every frequenter of the lake as "John Boston," to distinguish him from the numerous John McDonalds, with whom that part of Compton county abounds. John deserves to receive a passing notice. He is the pioneer of the fishing and hunting trip there, and in the early days of Lake Megantic. On our first trip there, some twenty years ago, he was the only white man we met, and the only occupant of the lake shore, except old Pamee, an Indian, whose hut was near the head of the lake. Pamee has long since departed to the happy hunting grounds, but we recollect when the profusion of moose relics in the vicinity of his hut gave evidence of his prowess in the chase.

On the occasion referred to, John Boston, then Mayor of three townships, (the united townships of Hampden, Whitton, and Macdonald,) was a young man, full of energy and factum, and proprietor of the only "dug out" around the lake. He paddled his own canoe, when he could, but when the current of the Chaudiere failed to run smoothly, had an utter disregard for pole and paddle and, with rope over his shoulder, took the towpath up the middle of the river. At such times he didn't wear kilts, they would have been superfluous, but you'd have been kilt with laughter to have seen John take frequent involuntary headers over the granite boulders. The boys who got the boulder he got, and we found the satisfaction in getting out on the broad expanse of Lake Megantic. Time had dealt gently with John Boston. He appears hale and hearty as when we first knew him, when the flavor of the flatstone on which we cooked our trout only seemed to increase his appetite. May he long continue so. When he has crossed the "one more river" many on this side will mourn his departure. Many of the old settlers in this part of the country bear the same name, and there are various ways of distinguishing them. Once, when holding an election in Winslow, fifteen miles distant from the lake, it became necessary to swear in one Angus McLeod as special constable, and as there were several of the same name on the voters' list, we asked him how we should distinguish him from the others. "Put me down Angus McLeod, P. S.," said he. "P. S., what's that for?" "Piper's son," said Angus, and the signature of "Angus McLeod, P. S.," appeared in the election returns. These old settlers are natives of the Hebrides Islands, and the Gaelic language is generally spoken. Some of them are totally ignorant of any other.

The site of the present village of Agnes used to be our regular camping grounds for several years, and we venture to say there is scarcely a rod of it upon which our campfires have not been lighted, or a portion of our *impromptu* placed. It lies at the outlet of the lake, upon both sides of the Chaudiere River, and is the present terminus of the In-

ternational Railway, soon to be extended to Moosehead Lake, Me., and by connection with the Bangor and Piscataquis and other railways, from a direct line between the Atlantic and Western Canada, and will effect a saving in distance of some three hundred miles as compared with existing roads. It contains the large steam saw mills of the Berlin Mills Co., of Maine, who ship a large quantity of lumber by rail. It also contains four hotels and several stores. The Prince of Wales Hotel, by Major McAlway, is very pleasantly situated upon the lake shore, and is liberally patronized by transient guests. The Criterion, by Mr. Morrison, is also pleasantly situated upon the opposite side of the river. The trout fishing is good here in September, when the fish go into the river to spawn, and no prettier fish swims than one of these fresh run trout, with its bright crimson sides. The fishing last September was very good, and many catches of ten to thirty pounds to a rod were made in an hour or two from the vicinity of the railway bridge. In the swift water they afford excellent sport, being large and gamey, usually running from one to three pounds.

As the little steamboat was not on hand we waited a day, when she came along, and we were soon en route for the head of the lake, distant twelve miles. Both sides of the lake are now settled, and though rough and stony near the shore the land is very good a little way back. The scenery is very fine, especially the background formed by Megantic Mountain near the head of Victoria Bay, and the view of the boundary-line mountains looking toward the head of the lake from the residences of Majors McMillin and Ramage. The trolling for lake trout or "lunge" is good in June and October, and the favorite trolling grounds is off Sandy Point rather than more than half way up the lake. Three or four years ago, at this point, in company with Capt. Thomas, of Windham fame, we took, by trolling, over 200 pounds of dressed lunge in two days, lying by from ten o'clock until tree. The largest we caught weighed fourteen pounds. On the west shore near the head of the lake is the steam saw and grist mill, of J. E. Myers, the first mill erected at the lake. Mr. Myers is a French-Canadian with a New England experience, and a mechanical genius. Nearly everything connected with his engineering, like water power, he can mend, repair, and if never stuck in providing anything that any ordinary mechanic can turn out in wood or metal. He is a Justice of the Peace, and has a sufficient knowledge of medicine to prevent him from poisoning himself or friends with any of the drugs or chemicals of which he keeps a liberal supply, and dispenses when required. His mill is used principally to supply local demand. Within a mile or two and back from the lake is the village of Piopollis formed by Papeau Zouaves. Across to the head of the lake, and we drop anchor at the Pamee cove. A few rods above here, a Mr. Piant, of Toronto, is erecting a large and very substantial steam mill. He owns a tract of land between Megantic and Spider lakes. His lumber supply will be principally from Spider. In connection with his mill Messrs. McLeigh and Wright, spool and bobbin manufacturers, of Beebe Plain, will also run a mill for the manufacture of white birch, a large supply of which as well as poplar exists at Spider. The Messrs. Leonard, of Winslow, are cutting a quantity of poplar for shipment to the States. White birch saws fire-dried to forty cents per cord standing. Mr. Piant has built and just started a steamboat with fifteen horse power engine for the use of his mill, but which will make regular trips through the lakes. A team here carried our traps across the Pamee portage to Spider Lake, a distance of one mile, for twenty-five cents per load, cheap at double the amount. Here we meet our guide, S. D. Ball, better known as "Dew," and, after a two-mile row, are snugly installed in our own shanty, beautifully situated upon a point commanding a view of every part of the lake. As we lie the lake is like a vast mountain, and from one part of the lake we can distinctly trace the boundary line over three separate mountain peaks, looking like a swath mowed through the forests.

Spider Lake (Indian name Macceannamack) is from four to five miles in length, with deep bays or indentations, radiating like the legs of a spider. It abounds in bass and a species of white fish, the latter of which sometimes run two pounds weight, also cusk, chub and trout. The trout are found in the inlet or upper Spider River in a small stream on the north-west corner of the lake, and in June in the lower river between Spider and Rush lakes. The general course of the lake is to the west and west or at right angles with Megantic. Between the two lakes as the stream runs lies Rush Lake, but as this course is some two or three miles longer it is seldom followed, a portage of three-quarters of a mile being necessary to reach Spider. There are now four or five settlers round Spider Lake so that to get large game it is necessary to go three or four miles up the river, but as some party had anticipated us in this we concluded to remain at the shanty, and spend a few days in fishing and game shooting. The water is lovely. The cloud shadows are chasing each other the boundary mountains. The setting sun bathes in sunshine Big Megantic Mountain, and the twilight comes on so gradually that the transition from light to darkness is scarcely perceptible. The loons are calling each other on the lake, and regretfully we retire to rest, for if the loons know anything we shall have wind to-morrow, and we want to do some trolling before the lake gets rough.

After several days' fishing and shooting with fair success, we concluded to go through to Hathan bog, in Maine, and Ball spent some days in blazing a line and hauling through a small but capable of carrying two, but so far from the outlet of tobacco couldn't be shifted from one jaw to the other without danger of a capsize. On the 19th we started from the upper river, and after a six-hours' tramp over the mountains reached the bog, distant four or five miles, about 3 P. M. Our party consisted of four men, owing to the difficult nature of the route, were unable to carry anything but provisions, light cotton tent, one blanket and firearms. Large game was plentiful, and it was necessary to keep very quiet. The hunt was over the bog, and in June in the lower river between Spider and Rush lakes. The general course of the lake is to the west and west or at right angles with Megantic. Between the two lakes as the stream runs lies Rush Lake, but as this course is some two or three miles longer it is seldom followed, a portage of three-quarters of a mile being necessary to reach Spider. There are now four or five settlers round Spider Lake so that to get large game it is necessary to go three or four miles up the river, but as some party had anticipated us in this we concluded to remain at the shanty, and spend a few days in fishing and game shooting. The water is lovely. The cloud shadows are chasing each other the boundary mountains. The setting sun bathes in sunshine Big Megantic Mountain, and the twilight comes on so gradually that the transition from light to darkness is scarcely perceptible. The loons are calling each other on the lake, and regretfully we retire to rest, for if the loons know anything we shall have wind to-morrow, and we want to do some trolling before the lake gets rough.

and thirty six thousand pigeons in one flock. As every pigeon daily consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve bushels per day. * * *

Person unacquainted with these birds might naturally conclude that such dreadful havoc would soon put an end to the species. But have said myself, by long observation, that nothing but the gradual diminution of our forest can accomplish their decrease, as they not unfrequently quadruple their numbers yearly, and always at least double it.

FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

A SUBSCRIBER writes us from Belle Vernon, Pa., asking (1) what is the fastest recorded flight of a pigeon? (2) What is the fastest flight of any bird—a duck especially? (3) How far in front of a pigeon, 21 yards, rise, bird flying across, would it be necessary to hold to drop the bird?

The rates of flight of the different species of wild birds have not, so far as we know, been measured, and it is difficult for us to see how this could be done. Various estimates have been made by different authors, but it must be remembered that these are merely estimates, and not measurements of speed. Speaking of the passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratoria*), Audubon says: "Their great power of flight enables them to survey and pass over an astonishing extent of country in a very short time. This is proved by facts well known in America. Thus, pigeons have been killed in the neighborhood of New York with their crops full of rice which they must have collected in the fields of Georgia and Carolina, these districts being the nearest in which they could possibly have procured a supply of that kind of food. As their power of digestion is so great that they will decompose food entirely in twelve hours, they must in this case have traveled between three and four hundred miles in six hours, which shows their speed to be, at an average, about one mile in a minute. A velocity such as this would enable one of these birds, were it so inclined, to visit the European continent in less than three days."

Writing of the common wild swan (*Cygnus americanus*) he says: "When traveling to a distance they proceed at a great height, with a steady and well sustained flight, though by no means so rapid as that of the trumpeter swan, this difference probably arising from the greater weight and alar extent of the latter." A little farther on he quotes Dr. Sharpless, of Philadelphia, as saying of the same species: "The swan, when migrating, with a moderate wind in his favor, and mounted high in the air, certainly travels at the rate of one hundred miles or more an hour. I have often timed the flight of the goose, and found one mile a minute a common rate, and, when the wind is in the same direction, flying ground, have been lying near each other, which I have often seen, the swan invariably passed with nearly double the velocity."

Of the black duck he says that he believes that it flies at a rate of seventy miles an hour, and of the golden eye (*Clangula islandica*) that he believes it "can easily traverse the space of ninety miles in an hour." Many additional citations might be made, but they would scarcely serve to determine the question.

To the last question of our correspondent we can only reply in general terms. The varying circumstances of flight and weather demand that a man in such cases must use his judgment according to the conditions under which each bird flies. One, two, or even three feet will sometimes not be too much to allow while in other cases the bird can be killed by holding at its head. We cannot do better than refer our correspondent to Prof. A. Mayer's exhaustive discussion of this subject, in an article printed in *FOREST AND STREAM*, Vol. 1, p. 247, Oct. 28, 1880.

The flight of one of our domestic birds has probably been more accurately timed than that of any wild species, since the records of the distances covered by homing or carrier pigeons are usually kept with care. Recently twenty-one pigeons were loosed by the Brooklyn Club, in Cresson, Pa., at 9:55 a. m., and of these the first to return, owned by J. Laubenberger, of South Brooklyn, reached his home at 5:29 p. m. The distance is 241.6 miles and the average speed of the bird was, therefore, at the rate of 941 yards per minute, or a mile in less than two minutes. Another bird owned by Mr. O. P. Field reached Williamburgh, a distance of 243 miles at 5:40 o'clock, having traveled about ten yards per minute slower than the first. Of course in these rates while they give the average speed for this long distance, no allowance is made for stoppages and they are thus only general and not at all a measure of the time occupied in traversing a single mile.

During a race from Cresson, which was flown last June, the best time was 330 minutes for 243 miles, or at the average rate of 1,296 yards per minute.

COPPERHEADS IN NEW ENGLAND.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

LOCUST GROVE, N. Y.

In a note under a letter with the above caption, by "New England Boy," in *FOREST AND STREAM* for October 13, 1881, (pp. 208) you ask for "further information and details" concerning the occurrence of the copperhead snake (*Agkistrodon contortrix*) in New England. I supposed that it was generally known that this species is as common as the rattlesnake in certain mountainous parts of New England, notably about Mount Tom in Massachusetts. I have myself killed both species on this trap ridge. Mr. Street, who keeps the house on Mount Monadnock, has for many years exhibited both species alive in glass-covered cages. He captures them when they first come out in spring, at a place called, "Snake's Den," on the south side of Mount Tom. During the spring of 1874, I accompanied Mr. Street on his annual expedition after these pets. On the 27th of May he caught nine snakes, of which number five were copperheads and four rattlesnakes. On the following day we caught but a single copperhead at the same place, "Snake's Den." They are taken while coiled upon, or among the loose rocks, basking in the sun, with a pair of long-handled wooden tongs.—C. HART MERRIAM, M. D.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Oct. 17.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I write in confirmation of the communication of "New England Boy" in issue of Oct. 13 in regard to "chunkheads" (copperhead snake). I have often seen and killed, or brought them home alive with the aid of a crooked stick and a piece of string, in the locality he mentioned. My boyhood was passed at the foot of West Rock, and while berrying or hunting we always kept a sharp lookout for "chunkheads." It

was not very uncommon then—twenty-five years ago—for some one to be bitten by them. I have known two persons who were so unlucky, both boys with whom I was acquainted. Whenever that happened, one of the Sperry's, of Sperry Farms, was sent for. He had a recipe, said to have been obtained from the Indians, which was a sure cure, provided the patient was not unable to swallow. I never knew of any one dying from a bite. The recipe was in my possession for some time, and I can probably obtain it for you if you want it. It was also used for cattle and horses, but I think not with equal success, for I have known of their dying from bites. I think the species is being fast exterminated, as of late years I have heard nothing of them.—NEW ENGLAND BOY No. 2.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

We not infrequently find copperheads on the western side of Mt. Tom, near a marshy piece of ground. In the fall one is almost sure to find them under the cornstalks. On the top of the range is a basin which is usually full of water, and they are reported to be found there. I have looked for them carefully, but never have succeeded in finding them. Can send you a nice specimen if you would desire.—G. W. CRITTENDEN.

[We should be very glad to receive a specimen.]

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The chunkhead (*Agkistrodon contortrix*) is not at all uncommon in many parts of Connecticut and I believe that I have collected specimens of this species in Rhode Island. I haven't my notes at hand for reference.—M.

REPORT OF THE SOCIÉTÉ D'ACCLIMATATION.

WE have received, through the courtesy of M. Raveret Wattel, Secretary of the Society, this interesting publication, from which we make the extracts given below:

"The observations made by M. Le Pautre, on the young California salmon, placed, for the sake of experiment, in the lakes of the forest of Vincennes, have demonstrated to you all the hardness of this species and its wonderful powers of supporting high temperatures. A salmon which can live without injury in water at a temperature of 25 degrees C. (77), and which, besides, develops with great rapidity, is certainly a species very desirable for us to acquire."

"On the other hand, certain facts have been brought before you which prove that this species can live and reproduce in kind in fresh water without ever visiting the sea, as this fact indicates that its successful acclimation would be easy."

"The very general depopulation of our water courses imposes upon us the necessity of laboring for their replenishment with fish by employing, so far as is in our power, species of rainbow trout, the introduction of which is of special importance to the acclimation here of the American trout (*Salmo fontinalis*), which develops much more rapidly than our indigenous trout. However, we may consider this species as already acquired by us, since Baron Hahn, in his fish-cultural establishment at Courances, has been able to accomplish its reproduction."

"The necessity of replenishing our covers, a need which is becoming more and more pressing, obliged us, a few years since, to consider the introduction of species of foreign game better able to protect themselves than those which we now possess and which are manifestly disappearing. Among the partridges, the perching species have attracted particular attention. Besides the fact that these species are less likely to be taken in the traps and snares which pachers make use of, their habits entirely forbid their nesting in a cleared country. These species need woods, thickets or hedgerows. Therefore, with them we need no longer fear the lamentable wholesale destruction of eggs which so often take place in the case of the French partridge at the time of the mowing of the artificial meadows. It is the duty of our society to try, one after another, the different foreign species until it shall have supplied to our country a partridge which shall be sufficiently able to resist the above-mentioned causes of destruction. The Chinese Quakiki partridge (*Bambusiole thoracica*) seems completely to fill this want."

THE NUTTALL BULLETIN.—The first article in the October number of the *Bulletin*, from the pen of Mr. H. W. Henshaw, treats of some of the Causes Affecting the Decrease of Birds, a subject in which all sportsmen and lovers of nature take a deep interest. Aside from the depredations of those animals, which may be termed the natural enemies of birds, Mr. Henshaw regards meteorological disturbances as the most destructive forces to which our migratory species are exposed. He does not think it probable that disease, as compared with other causes, plays any very considerable part in the destruction of birds, although, as he says, the evidence on this point is almost wholly negative, little or nothing being known about the diseases of this class in the feral state. Attention is drawn to the destruction of birds by telegraph wires.

Dr. Shufeldt, U. S. A., contributes to the present number an interesting etiological paper. Of the Osses of the Antibrachium as found in some of the North American Hawks, and Dr. J. C. Merrill some Oological Notes from Montana. Mr. Robert Ridgway's paper, On a Tropical American Hawk to be added to the North American Fauna, will recall to our readers his first announcement of the capture of *Buteo brachyurus*—then provisionally called *B. fuliginosus*—in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* in April of the present year. The question of the relationship of the two forms (*brachyurus* and *fuliginosus*) does not appear yet to be quite satisfactorily settled.

In a paper on *Podiceps occidentalis* and *P. Clarkii*, by Mr. Henshaw, we are furnished with a comparison of the two forms and a discussion of their relationship. Mr. Brewster's studies of two species of *Helminthophaga*, recently described, have brought out the extremely interesting fact that they are hybrids, and open a wide field for conjecture and speculation. Dr. "Leucobronchialis," Mr. Brewster concludes, is probably the result of the union of the male of *H. pinus* with the female of *H. chrysopygia* and *H. "laurencei"*, of the male *chrysopygia* with the female *pinus*. Moreover, certain specimens would seem to indicate that the hybrids interbreed with either *pinus* or *chrysopygia*.

The concluding paper in this number is an important one by Dr. C. Hart Merriam. It is a Preliminary List of Birds ascertained to occur in the Adirondack Region, Northeastern New York, and mentions 177 species.

Recent Literature contains reviews of several old and new works, and General Notes are full and interesting.

THE SMITHSONIAN CASTS.—The International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin last year demonstrated the fact that in the line of casts of large objects, Mr. Palmer, Modeler of the National Museum, had no superior. He is now engaged at Framingham, Mass., in taking the largest one yet. It is that of a yearling whale, about thirty feet long. It will be made of papier maché, which combines lightness with toughness, and supersede plaster for large objects. The cast is of only half of the whale. The other side is to remain open to show the skeleton, which will be in-erted.

YELLOW LEGS IN SOUTH AMERICA.—New York, Oct. 16.

Editor *Forest and Stream*: In Mr. Roosevelt's first paper, speaking of "bay snipe," he says they winter "away down South," nobody knows exactly where or how far. I can enlighten him. A few years ago I spent part of the winter on the southern coast of the Caribbean Sea—at Santa Marta and Sieneza—and there I found our yellow-legged friends in the greatest abundance. The country between the mountains and the sea is flat, with many shallow ponds, and these ponds are fairly alive with waders of all kinds. They seem very tame there as they are not molest d. On one occasion I was tempted at Sieneza—to shoot into a lot that were wading about thirty yards off, and my negro boy went and gathered eighteen yellow-legs. They were next to the largest variety and in splendid condition, but it re-ulted, as I feared, in u-ess slaughter, for they refused to rook them for me. The pigeon tribe, from the small-st dove (smaller than a robin) to a bird larger than our domestic pigeon, are so numerous that I could have killed hundreds in a day; but I did not want to shoot them, as the natives are utterly stupid, and will eat nothing in the way of meat but beef and fish.—H.

[In view of Mr. Haggood's recent article on this subject, the exact date at which our correspondent observed these birds would be of interest.]

BLUE RAIL—North Wood, Oct. 8.—I read in one of the late numbers of "our paper" an article on the rail, and failed to find a description of a bird that I killed last year on the St. Lawrence River, called there the "blue rail." It sid bird was as large as a cap-p-rail or salt water marsh-hen, only much heavier, plump, like a grouse, or a slay blue on back and wings, and blue-white underneath, legs and head very like a rail. The bird was in reeds, and acted just like all other rail.—Geo. L. APPLETON.

[We presume from your description that the bird was a Florida gallinule (*Gallinula galeata*).]

VIS MEDIOCRITATIS NATURE.—Sherbrooke, Canada, Oct. 10, 1881.—I send you with this a foot, or apology for a foot, of a ruffed grouse shot to-day. The individual evidently left one of his limbs in a trap at some time, and thus has the *V's* of *Mediocritatis* in its feet. The bird was in first-rate condition. Four of us were out and had a very pleasant day. I won't say how many birds were killed, for fear of making our American cousins jealous, but we had an average bag.—CANADA.

[The foot has been sharply cut off below the tarsal joint, and the end of the bone is as smooth as if it had been sawed off. The wound is not an old one, but is partially healed.]

Game Bag and Gun.

* * * For table of game seasons see last issue.

VERMONT DEER LAW.—The Vermont law prohibits deer shooting in that State at all seasons until 1885.

RUST SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

SAINT JOSEPH, Mich., Oct. 17.

Editor *Forest and Stream*: This matter of gun freckles (or rust, as it is called), is what I have long been studying about. I am glad the matter is discussed in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. None of the explanations are satisfactory to me, although I cannot explain the cause of them. One thing is certain, some poor quality of barrels in the hands of careless cleaners keep the barrels in good barrels (laminated steel, etc.) in the most careful hands at cleaning become freckled in spite of every precaution. I do not believe they are caused by rust as generally understood.

I have had experience with two guns, laminated barrels. The first gun soon began to show spots a few inches from the breech in one barrel. I worked to clean it and took every possible care and precaution to keep the gun clean and prevent more. But still they came, and kept coming and extended three-fourths of the length of the barrels. I became sick of the gun and concluded to get a new gun. I ordered one from Birmingham, England; specified every particular; in thirteen months it came, a perfect little gem. I was perfectly delighted with it. It was used daily and cleaned as soon as I entered the house, with all the care of a jewel. In a short time it showed a spot or two, and soon a few more. I worked to keep it clean, but still they came and went on two-thirds the length of the barrels, like a dose of sulphate of soda. They seem to stop at a point about three-fourths the length of the barrels.

Now, what I want to say, and to say emphatically, is that they were not caused by common rust. I know my gun was dried, and entirely clean. It could not be made cleaner. I know how to use and clean a gun as well as any living man. I pride myself on my gun. The world can't make me believe the spots came from the want of proper cleaning and common rust. Now, what causes them? Is it in the manner of manufacture of the barrels? Is it the chemical action of the powder, lead or percussion in the caps? Who will explain? I know what I am writing when I say common rust did not cause the spots in my gun.

I now lack a few weeks of being seventy-one years old, can clean a gun and shoot some. Here are a few scores: The past week I was out for blue and green-winged teal. I made eighteen successive shots at single birds and killed fifteen. On the last day of snipe-shooting, I shot a pair of snipe and killed fifteen, and the rest will do the same without glasses. You can judge if I can clean a gun as it won't rust. Who will explain my difficulty of gun freckles. They annoy me dreadfully, and still my guns shoot well. One weighs seven and a half pounds, the other seven pounds and eleven ounces. I wish they were lighter and inside brighter. LUTON.

Brooklyn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in the last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* that some friend of Frank N. Beebe recommends him to leave the residuum from a discharge in the barrels of his gun until next using them, as a preventive against measles or rust. I had a friend, who in an evil hour recommended me to do the same, and as a consequence the breech and recoil block of my new "Colt" are badly rusted and I have tried in vain to remove it. Last July I paid Luke Hopatcong, N. J., a visit in the hope of bagging a brace or two of woodcock and very carefully left my cleaning rag, rags and oil home, or I would not have been so anxious to take my friend's advice. The powder I used (Hazard's F. G.) seemed to leave a black pasty substance behind, which I was rather afraid of at the time, but concluded to risk it. I think the fulminate in the caps has more effect on the barrels than anything else, for the following reason. I was overhauling my gun and rifles, a few days since, to make sure they were not getting speckled, when a friend who had dropped in while I was at it accidentally discharged an empty shell which he was fitting in the gun. After removing the shell I carefully wiped it with a dry rag, dried it and put it in its case. Something prompted me a few days after to look at that chamber. Shade of Moses! what had got into it? About four inches of the barrel was black, and it took an unlimited amount of wire brush and elbow-grease to get it clean again. My experience is that constant attention is the best preventive against rust. If I had a "Saxon" gun I might not think so.—G. B. H.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 17.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed in several recent numbers a discussion on the subject of rust in gun barrels and the best means of preventing the same.

When I was a boy, my father, on a visit to Charleston, bought me a fine silver-mounted, muzzle-loading (of course) rifle. God gave me a good nerve and eye, and I became a fine shot, probably the best in my county. But I was heedless and careless, as boys are apt to be. The young men and boys with whom I hunted often complained that their rifles rusted in spite of wiping and oiling. I was in the habit of leaving mine, when returning from a hunt or shoot, without wiping or oiling, and with the powder-burn in it. My gun was always bright and clean when wiped out for use, and never showed red rust at all, and is free from it to-day, though in use thirty years; and never had a drop of oil in it all the time.

I was in the infantry of Lee's army during the war, and, having lost everything, had to work hard; and hardly fired a gun for a dozen years after the war ended. In fact, I lost my taste for guns and bullets. But latterly, having gone on the bench and leading a very sedentary life, the doctors advised me strongly to open air exercise. I bought a 12-bore breech-loader, and I have, I think, the finest setter in the State; and soon the old passion for the field returned, and is with me stronger than ever.

But with years I fear I have not much improved in habits of care for my gun; and for the past four seasons I have always left the inside of my barrels, after a hunt, with the powder-burn undisturbed; and, in fact, left them so all summer, and it is literally true that when wiped out my gun is now as bright as a mirror. I am of the opinion that the *debris* from powder-burn forms a coating which, no more than any other known substance, will preserve a bright iron or steel surface from rust; and I give you the statement with leave to publish it over my own name, unless your own better knowledge shows you that I am mistaken.

GEORGE HILLIER.

Editor Forest and Stream: An old gun repairer and excellent hunter once said: "I never clean my gun when I put it away after the hunting season is over. It will keep in better order by letting the powder dry in the barrel in any other way." I have practiced this method for years, and never had occasion to regret it. The difficulty is largely that of putting the gun away in a damp or wet condition. If put away dry and kept in a warm and dry place, I think there will be no rust found upon wiping out when the hunting season again arrives. Everything depends upon having the gun dry, and kept not only dry but warm, during the resting season. It is well that we cannot look into our old muzzle-loaders as we do into our breech-loaders; so many old scars would appear we would be frightened at the small appearance of our old rifles. That kept the spots and dirt out of our sight. I have found the best castor oil the best oil for a gun—for every part except the locks. It has a body that does not disappear readily, and will keep the barrels from rusting when in the rain longer and better than any I ever used.—

Monroe, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Spots in gun barrels" has brought out quite a number of receipts for its prevention. I have had no trouble in that line. I clean my gun thoroughly, and then swab the inside of the barrel with hard oil, using a wire brush for the purpose. I find after shooting two or three days that the gun is very little fouled, and no dry powder cake is about it, and with a wire brush and rag I can clean it bright as a dollar in five minutes. Try it!—be convinced.—Cott.

Boston, Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After many years' experience with gun barrels I have come to the conclusion that the secret of the trouble is in the polishing of the barrels on the lathe. No matter how finely and carefully this is done it always leaves an insensible number of small rings on the barrel, and these rings the minute particles of the residuum adhere, and there the rust trouble begins. Let any of your readers who have trouble with their guns look into the barrels carefully and they will see these rings. I send you a piece of gun barrel split open to show this. The remedy for this is the draw polishing, but gun-makers do not care to do this, because it is a hard and long operation.—E. H. EBERHART.

New Britain, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "For a protection against rust, nothing simpler or better adapted to general use has been discovered than the compound of lard and resin recommended by Prof. Olmstead, of Yale College (author of 'Olmstead's Natural Philosophy'), and used by him for the preservation of scientific apparatus. Take any quantity of good lard, and to every half pound or so add of common resin an amount about equal to half the size of an egg, or less—a little more or less is of no consequence. Melt them slowly together, stirring as they cool. Apply this with the cloth or otherwise—just enough to give a thin coating to the metal surface to be protected. It can be wiped off nearly clean from surfaces where it will be undesirable, as in the

case of knives and forks, etc. The resin prevents rancidity, and the mixture obviates the ready access of air and moisture. A fresh application may be needed when the coating is washed off by the friction of beating storms or otherwise. There was talk of patenting this recipe at one time, but Prof. Olmstead decided to publish it for the general good." I take the above from my scrap book, but have forgotten where I first found it. I have used the compound for years on a fine gun and other highly-polished surfaces of steel and iron. It is as sure a preventive of rust as Prof. Olmstead claims. I also find it produced which is a complete protection against moisture. For cleaning I think the compound is improved by adding crude petroleum that has been well filtered. But to prevent rust the first essential, as some of your correspondents have said, is to thoroughly clean and dry the surface to be protected. If oxidation has begun, no matter how slight, a coat of linseed oil, baked on in a kiln, or best japan even, will not stop its action—it will continue its work and throw off the coating.—J. W. T.

Amesbury, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Three years ago this winter I bought me a Parker gun, Damascus barrel, and a few weeks later saw signs of gun barrels. In shifting from muzzle-loading to breech-loader I followed the advice of friends who owned breech-loading guns, and used coarse powder, which some of our club boys were using. In less than three months my barrels were spotted badly in spite of the best of care; gun never remained over night without thorough cleaning. I carried a pocket cleaner, and after each discharge in the brush would draw it through the barrel. It was of no use. With the most thorough cleaning at night the barrels continued to rust or spot until they were so bad I had then resorted in about six months after first using gun. After reboring I shifted to finer grain powder of same grade, determined, if possible, to now retain the fine polish. It was the same old story, the spots began to appear, and at the end of six months more the gun was as bad as ever, using extra care in the meantime. Once more I had barrels bored out, feeling most disgusted with breech-loading gun in general, as the best part of the guns in our club spotted the same way, and it was the universal opinion of the club that it could not be helped. I continued to use the powder, and in about six months more the barrels were burning powder, moist, and would not take in muzzle, and was used by most of our boys. After another six months or thereabouts I had barrels again bored for the third time. I had made up my mind to rebore as long as barrels would stand it, and then get another pair of barrels. At this time I came to the conclusion that the powder was the great cause of the spots, and calling to mind the length of time I used my muzzle-loading gun without spotting, I immediately procured some of the old powder, which always gave best of satisfaction. At the same time I called to mind the fact that some of our boys who had continued to use the old powder after using breech-loading gun for year or more did not show the least speck in his barrels. I have continued to use this powder up to the present time in my breech-loading gun, and the barrels are in as good condition to-day as when they were last bored. In cleaning my gun all I am obliged to do is to just push through cotton flannel rag, and then another rag with sperm oil. I can clean the gun in this way after firing five or fifty shots, and without hot or cold water, inside of five minutes. In truth I have not used a drop of water in my gun for over six months, and the same polish is there without spot or blemish. Our club are mostly using this powder with best results, and some of them do not clean their gun for over a week after using, and still no spots appear. I can assure you there is great satisfaction in looking through a smooth pair of gun barrels. I do not care a tinker for any powder manufacturer in this country. All I have written is for the benefit of sportsmen who see their guns rotting every day. Shift on your powder, and I will wager my gun against a box of caps that certain grades of powder spoil your guns. I take great pride in showing my gun barrel to the boys every chance I get, for they have not spotted for most a year now, and I tell you no elbow grease or eternal vigilance is required to keep barrels in prime condition. I will say nothing in regard to powder which I claim has spotted the barrels in our club so badly, for a great many sportsmen are using it, and like its shooting qualities very much, but I would say to those who complain of the spots—Change to your powder, for your powder is what is spotting your gun so badly. The powder I am using is Oriental Western Sporting F. G.—G. F. G.

THE HURLING GROUSE.

PENNSYLVANIA, October 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While reading your interesting issue of the 20th inst. my attention was called to an article, furnished by "L. J. F.," entitled "The Hurling Grouse." Among other things, he says, he "would be willing to grant that title (of artist) to any one who could make one successful flying shot in twenty at our grouse."

I reside in a portion of this State where the hawks, owls and hard winters do not give much chance to multiply; woodcocks are scarce, and there are no lakes or streams of sufficient size to attract geese or ducks in numbers to justify hunting them, and so ruffed grouse, whose hardy nature enables them to cope with all the enemies named above, are about all the game we have to amuse us during these delightful autumn days. Now, I believe, (I am open to conviction if wrong) that our grouse fly as swiftly and through as dense covert as do the Canada birds of the same species, yet I assure "L. J. F." that were he in this vicinity he would lose five dollars every day he desired to see the operation performed of knocking a grouse over once in six shots; and the number of sportsmen in this and in the adjoining counties, who would bear the title "artist," if the test were only such as "L. J. F." would make it, would be amazing. I know that persons who shoot and fish some are pronounced by the heartless world prevaricators, to draw it mildly, yet I further assert, and can be borne out in the assertion, that I have seen three consecutive shots at grouse kill three game, save the last bird, and have known in the same game, man to kill, in my presence, eight grouse, single birds, in twelve consecutive shots, in the timber.

I do not presume that the last named gentleman is a better shot on other game than "L. J. F.," but, as I before stated, this noble bird is about the only game bird that he has practiced on, and this may account for his success in this particular branch of game shooting.

Ooro.

Specimen copies of the *Forest and Stream* will be sent free to any address upon application.

WORCESTER SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.

IN THE FIELD AND AT THE TABLE.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 18.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual hunt of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, for the game supper to be given by the losing side at the Bay State House, took place to-day. The schedule of game and count it was decided should be as follows: Ruffed grouse, 25; woodcock, 20; quail, 20; English snipe, 20; wild duck, 50; wild goose, 100; hawk, 50; owl, 50; fox, 300; coon, 100; rabbit, 15; gray squirrel, 15; mink, 100; weasel, 50; wild pigeon, 20. The captains of the two sides were Mr. A. B. F. Kenney and E. S. Knowles, and the result of the hunt was as follows:

E. S. KNOWLES' SIDE.

E. S. Knowles, 7 woodcock, 1 ruffed grouse.....	153
N. W. Fager, 7 quail, 5 woodcock.....	149
G. F. Huggs, 3 quail.....	60
J. A. Cass, 1 quail.....	20
C. A. Allen, 2 gray squirrel.....	30
J. M. Drennan, 2 ducks.....	100
J. B. Garland, 2 ducks.....	100
O. W. L. Teft, 2 ducks.....	100
N. S. Perry, 1 fox, 1 ruffed grouse.....	327
P. A. Bonnet, 1 rabbit, 1 ruffed grouse, 1 woodcock.....	60
M. D. Mann, 1 ruffed grouse, 1 quail, 1 rabbit.....	100
P. Houghton, 1 ruffed grouse, 1 quail, 7 woodcock.....	360
L. Holman, 1 ruffed grouse, 1 quail, 4 woodcock, 2 squirrel.....	151-1715

* The details of this score cannot be correct.

A. B. F. KENNEY'S SIDE.

N. S. Johnson, 3 ruffed grouse, 1 gray squirrel.....	90
N. W. Cole, 1 gray squirrel, 1 woodcock.....	35
S. Clark, 1 rabbit, 1 woodcock.....	35
E. T. Smith, 1 rabbit, 1 woodcock, 2 ruffed grouse, 1 gray squirrel.....	100
C. E. Darling, 1 rabbit, 6 woodcock, 1 ruffed grouse, 2 gray squirrels.....	190
R. B. Claffin, 1 woodcock.....	20
C. E. Mann, 1 ruffed grouse, 1 rabbit.....	40
G. McAlister, 2 quail sat down.....	40-550

It will be seen that Mr. A. B. F. Kenney's name is not in the list of those of his side and has no score. This can be explained from the fact that Capt. Kenney went for foxes alone. His dog started the fox and ran it, but the gun missed fire, or the man behind the gun missed—one or the other—hence a blank score. Judging from the woodcock killed, their condition, etc., the flight must be just beginning to come in. Home.

Your correspondent having been an invited guest of the Club can vouch for the following account of the supper, taken from the *Wag* of the following day:

The annual supper of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club was held at the Bay State House last evening, and, including the guests, just forty sat down at the table. The members of the Club assembled early in the evening in the parlors, and an hour was passed in recounting the many incidents of the hunt of the day, each telling of some fine shots made, or of the number of birds started that they failed to get. The guests of the evening were Mayor Kelley, Hon. C. B. Pratt, Hon. T. J. Hastings, John D. Washburn, Esq., Gen. A. B. R. Sprague, Col. J. A. Titus and Henry Woodward, Esq. At 8:30 the party proceeded in couples to the south dining room, where the tables were spread. Landlord Shepard had prepared the game brought in by the sportsmen in a manner to tempt the epicure, and presented the following menu:

Oysters on Half-Shell.	Roast Partridge, Larded.
Soup—Mock Turtle.	Broiled Woodcock on Toast.
	Broiled Quail with Jelly.
Stewed Rabbit, a la Maitre d'Hotel.	Fricassee of Rabbit.
Vegetables.	Chicken Salad.
Ice Cream.	Charlotte Russe.
Assorted Cake.	Fruit.
Nuts and Raisins.	Coffee.

Ex-Mayor Pratt presided, and after the removal of the cloth called for order, and said he was happy to be on the winning side, as he knew he should be, and then introduced as the first speaker Mayor Kelley, who said he was present for the first time at the annual supper of the sportsmen of Worcester. He was surprised, as well as happily gratified, to see many of the representatives of business men interested in the exciting sport of the field and cover. He regretted not having an expert in the use of the gun, but hoped before the next shoot that he might be.

Col. John D. Washburn was introduced as one who knew all "about it." He said he came to make a speech, but in the shape of the counsel for the fox, for whom he wanted 150 points granted on three different points; one on moral grounds, one in relation to civilization and good government, and the other in reference to the boot business, and he proceeded to illustrate each point in a humorous manner that kept the company in continual laughter, and all conceded the requested 450 points.

The next speaker was introduced as one who had been in jail for over four years—Sheriff A. B. R. Sprague—who said, although not a sportsman, he did have something to do with "birds." He related his early and brief experience in shooting, as a boy, at which he made no distinctive mark.

The president of the evening then said the club intended to petition the next legislature that they might be exempt from taxation, and therefore they had invited to be present with them one who had made taxation a study, and he then introduced Senator T. J. Hastings, who said he knew something of the value of the sport, and said the State would always keep open the rights of the forest and land and their treasures. The sport of hunting was a manly and healthy outdoor exercise, and he was glad to see so many interested in it.

Col. J. A. Titus was introduced, and said he looked upon the sportsmen of the city as a representative class of men. He considered it a duty that man owed to himself and family to preserve vigorous health, and that could be obtained by the healthful recreation of hunting for game. He spoke of the need of revision in some of the acts of the legislature in regard to hunting and fishing, and to the trespass act. The latter he said was not right when honest and gentleman sportsmen went out to hunt, for the malicious work done was not by them, but by bad boys.

Mr. Henry Woodward was the next one called upon, but evaded speech in a neat manner.

Rev. J. A. Cass was introduced, and said it gave him great pleasure to belong to so honorable a class of men as the Worcester Club, and to be able to have attended the hunt and the supper. The sport in this city was elevated to so high a position that it was an honor to belong to the club and to

join in their sports, which was productive of good health and physical development, and was a pleasant relaxation from business.

Capt. E. S. Knowles, the leader of the winning side, spoke in a sympathetic manner of his opponent, Capt. A. B. F. Kinney, and the true honesty with which he owned up to missing his fox while only four rods away, and closed by congratulating his side on their victory. Remarks were also made by Capt. A. B. F. Kinney, Samuel Porter and Chas. H. Bowker, and the exercises closed with the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

THE DECREASE OF GAME BIRDS.

HALIFAX, N. S., October 16.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If "Monte Verde's" letter had come from Nova Scotia I might, perhaps, offer some excuse for the scarcity of partridges this season, and as it is my excuse may be of some moment concerning Vermont.

In this Province, and I think within a radius of several hundreds of miles hence, the summer (?) just past has been one of the most wretched on record, and as the partridges of course depend upon the warm dry weather for breeding and raising their young, the poor blue-nose *matefamilias* must have had a most serious time of it, during the months of June, July and August last, for we had anything or everything but summer weather—fog and rain being largely substituted for the sunshine vainly looked for from week to week.

That partridges are scarce in Nova Scotia this autumn is not the opinion of one or a few, but of every one whom I have met. Since this season began I have spent several days on some excellent spots of partridge ground without seeing, much less bagging, a bird.

I was told yesterday by an Indian, who had been some weeks in the woods after moose, that he never saw fewer partridges, and never knew them to be so scarce generally. I also have it from a gentleman in the country that he went over fifteen miles of the "very best" partridge country without seeing a covey; he got a few birds, but they were all single ones over from last year. Another good evidence of their scarcity is that the Halifax market people are asking fifty cents per pair, which is just double the ordinary price.

Some may be at a loss to account for the absence of game this year, but anybody who noted the disastrous summer weather as I did cannot be surprised at so many complaints of flat flags. JOSEPHUS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few days ago, prompted by the beautiful weather and sharp frosts, I took a trip up the New Jersey and Northern New York Railroad, hoping to find a few woodcock. The foliage had just begun to turn, the air was clear and still and altogether it was as perfect an October day as a sportsman could wish for. I hunted through some splendid cover, dry swamps, with here and there a nice spring surrounded with good boring ground and side hills covered with alders and scrub oaks, where cock love to lie and rest after their long flight from the North. I found only one solitary bird and not a single covey. It was really sad to go through miles of such beautiful cover and not find birds.

"It is almost useless," as an old sportsman said to me this morning, "for one to keep a dog and gun nowadays." The deadly breech-loader and more deadly pot-hunter have about exterminated game birds in this part of the country. Every day, in and out of season, every inch of cover is gone over and over again by men and boys, determined to kill everything they see; and it seems impossible to prevent it. The farmers are too busy or indifferent, and justly fear to inform against poachers. The sportsmen who are really sportsmen are mostly engaged in the city, and are not out during the close season. The societies for the protection of game are too apt to devote their time to pigeon matches, although there are some honorable exceptions, and it is only here and there that steps are taken to enforce the laws.

It seems to me that, with the exception of those tracts of land owned or preserved by clubs, the quail, grouse and woodcock are doomed throughout this section, and like the once plentiful painted groves and wild turkey, bound to disappear. Yet with the unbounded cover we have, there should be plenty of game for all. All it requires is, that this senseless and selfish shooting and trapping in and out of season should be stopped; then sportsmen would be encouraged in turning out birds and restocking our desolate woods and fields. At present this is useless, for the game is killed before it has a chance to breed.

I think we all begin to see the necessity of stopping spring and summer shooting, for even the once numberless quantities of wild quail and bay birds show a terrible falling off. The laws should be so that no man should have an excuse to out on the uplands before Oct. 1 or after January 1, and all the Eastern States should combine on an opening day. I must confess that I really do not know where to go within a reasonable distance of New York for a day's upland shooting. Five years ago I could name a dozen. —HOLBROOK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a trip for wild pigeons in New York State we got twenty-eight within three miles of home. Found them as usual at their old game of picking up wheat on newly-sown grain fields. Not very many. And we left nine-tenths of them to miss some more another year. We were satisfied and gave them a rest. Continue your fight against the miserable trap shoot. Why wouldn't it be better to discontinue all spring shooting anywhere? Might as well kill off the hen in the spring as to be always harrassing game in its breeding season or just before—nature's time for everything in the game line to multiply and replenish September to March is long enough season for shooting in our climate, and then put up the gun. An old ad to see your steady opposition to cheap guns. Every nigger in the land will have a breech-loader soon unless the flood of cheap trash is stopped.

NOTES ON GAME AND SHOOTING—Chester County, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The growing scarcity of our game birds is, in my opinion, not all due to spring shooting, breech-loaders and notoriety for big bags, although they have in a great measure been the cause of the scarcity. But I think it is due to the increase of sportsmen. Thirty years ago you could count sportsmen in Chester county by tens; now you can count them by the hundreds. Thirty years ago you could find only here and there one that could stop a bird on the wing; now there are any number of them. Then it was a rare thing for a farmer to shoot on the wing; now it is a common thing. Do not understand me to say that they are

all expert shooters, but they kill on an average, say ten birds. Ten old birds ought, and will, in the following spring, bring forth at least forty or fifty young birds; thus you will see what becomes of the birds. Of course I can speak for Chester county only; it may be different in other places. I do not envy the farmer the sport, for no one has a better right to it. Game this year is very scarce, though the severe winter killed more than was shot; but our winters, as a general thing, are more mild than last winter was. Farmers and farmers' boys are shooting birds now. The law is off—of course they are at liberty to shoot them—but no true sportsman will shoot them this warm weather that we are having now, so they have it all to themselves. There is, as far as I can see, no remedy. Farmers will shoot birds as long as there is any; so will sportsmen. And let me say here, in answer to Mr. Beebe, that the farmers here take the same plan that the old Californian does, except they wash their guns at the beginning of the shooting season with pure water, wipe dry with rags, ram home a little powder (they all have muzzle-loaders), put on a cap and bang away; then their guns are ready for use, and as far as I can tell, their guns never get spotted. Ruffed grouse are scarce here, but in the "forest" in Berks County they are plenty; but as "Wad" in your last number puts it, you have to shoot at the noise seven-tenths of the time, the forest is covered with thick scrub oak, the leaves dying and remaining on the trees until spring. Quail, as I have said before, are scarce. Woodcock have not yet arrived. —SNAP SHOT.

[This is a subject of deep interest to sportsmen in every part of the country. The causes of the decrease of different kinds of game are many. We invite all persons having facts bearing on the question to give them to us.]

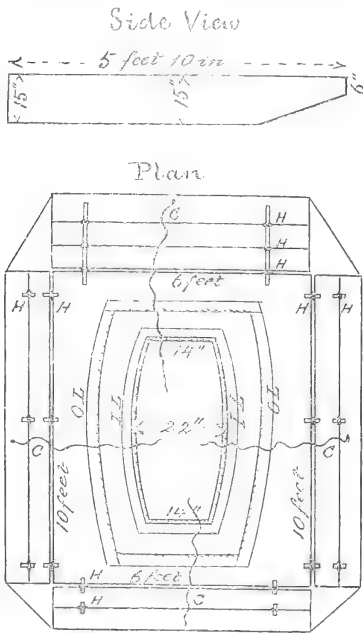
PLAN OF A SINK-BOAT.

THE WHEATLANDS, Oct. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It will afford me pleasure to give your correspondent the dimensions for a sink-boat, but I hardly understand what he means by asking for dimensions of sink-boat "suitable for man weighing 175 pounds," as the weight of man using it has not anything to do with size of sink.

The dimensions, materials, etc., to be used in constructing a sink-boat are as follows: The box in platform should be made of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch best white pine; or still better, white cedar, if to be had. The ends of box should be of white oak, $\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick. The box should be 5 feet 10 inches long, in the clear, this will accommodate any man not over 6 feet in height, as both his knees and neck are bent in lying in the position to shoot) 15 inches deep in clear and 23 inches wide, sides straight perpendicularly, but sprung together at ends to 14 inches at head and foot. Now, in regards to the depth of ends the simplest way is to make the box the same depth all over, but it is by no means the best



way. My own box is only 6 inches deep at head. The foot should be of full depth, viz., 15 inches. The reason I cut away the head of box is that the shooter, in lying down, has to have his eyes above the level of the box in order to watch the flight of the fowl, so that very little depth is required at the head. The box should be put together in the very best manner, as on its being perfectly tight depends the comfort of the shooter. Now make a $\frac{3}{4}$ inch drain board to be in bottom of box, and the sink is completed so far as the box is concerned.

Around the box is built the "platform," as follows: Have two oak carlings cut out 6 feet long, $\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick and 23 inches wide in the middle, tapering off to about $\frac{1}{2}$ inches at ends with 1 inch spring or $\frac{1}{2}$ at most. Now bolt these securely to ends of box, 1 inch below the top.

You are now ready to put on the platform or deck. This should be of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch white pine or cedar, 6 feet wide and 10 feet long, the same of deck to be well fitted together and especially made tight where it fits round the box, which will project above the deck $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. On each end of deck nail on a batten of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch strip, 3 inches wide, on under side of deck. At the head of platform is the head wing, which should be made of three $\frac{3}{4}$ inch pine or cedar boards, each 12 inches wide, and fastened together by strong iron straps, with hinges at each board, and also where the wing joins the

platform. These hinges should be so arranged as to give the head composing the wing free play to swing down at right angle with platform and to fold back on top of same, tacked loosely so as not to interfere with swing of wing, strips of heavy drill or duck (of color as nearly resembling as possible the water that boat is to be used in) over each crack between wing board and between inner wing board and platform. This completes the head wing. Side wings to be of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch pine or cedar boards, two on each side, each board 8 or 10 inches wide and connected together and with platform by three heavy sole-leather hinges in such a manner as give free play with platform with the strips of drill or duck nailed over the joints as in head wing.

I neglected to state that in addition to the battens nailed under platform there should be one on each side of box amidships on under side of platform which should be braced to box by an iron ell. The ends of all these battens should project beyond the sides of the platform about an inch, so that the side wings will have something to rest on, as the leather hinges must be long enough to let them fold over the foot wing when the boat is folded up. The foot wing should be made like the side wing, extending across the foot of box, or a single board 14 to 16 inches wide can be used at foot. Connecting the wings at the four corners are triangular pieces of lead colored duck, or heavy drill, tacked to the wings and having a stout cord sewed to their outer edges, on which cord I use small corks to keep the corner-pieces on top of the water as much as possible.

Now for the leads. These consist of two rows of sheet lead from four to five inches wide, the inner row to be tacked round the edge of box along the inner edge of the lead in such a manner that the outer edge can be bent up to keep the sea out. The outer row of lead is nailed round the platform half way between the box and the edge of the platform all round. Paint box, platform and wings as near the color of the water in which the box is to be used as possible.

The sink is to be moored by two anchors, one at head and one at foot. For head anchor two holes should be bored at head carling, about 15 inches from each end, and a rope knotted through these holes making a "bridle" about 10 feet long. The anchor rope should be made fast to the "bridle" of this bridle. This lets the head of box ride free in a sea. For stern anchor bore a hole in the platform near the edge at foot and let the anchor rope pass through this. This enables the shooter to trip his stern anchor (which should be a light one) in case of a sudden shift of wind so that the box will swing head in.

This is the arrangement of my own box, though differing somewhat from those in use at Havre-de-Grace. There they use a light frame for side and foot wings, with drill or tickings stretched over them. These forms are generally larger also, the usual dimensions there being 12x7 feet, but after a trial of both I have found the board wings to be better than the canvas or drill, and I find the 6x10 platform quite large enough, and I use my box in much "wilder" water than they have at the head of the bay. I inclose a set of drawings which may help to explain my letter. I shall be always happy to assist you or your readers in all matters that relate to shooting or yachting, as I am devoted to both. I have but one word for you, dear FOREST AND STREAM—Don't go crazy over Madge.

In the above sink about 200 pounds of weight in addition to the man will have to be used. We accomplish this by having iron decoys cast, each weighing from 25 to 30 pounds. These are set in the platform with wooden decoys of about one-third the usual thickness. The bodies should not be more than 2 inches high and flat on the bottom. Use also light wooden decoys on wings, with a "stool" of about 200.

SINK BOAT.

DOGBERRY IN THE FIELD.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 18, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose you a "trew tale" on our Arkansas Prairie Club, and I was one of the "victims."

Dr. Mitchell, Mr. Arthur Wheatley, Judge Sam P. Walker, R. D. Jordan and Mr. Dave Poston, with some dozen others not necessary to mention in this chronicle, were of a party of hunters returning from the prairies in Arkansas on Sunday last. Being ahead of their companions, they concluded while waiting for them to while away the time in shooting at a mark. Along came justice of the peace and a constable, and with many apologies for the necessity of performing a painful duty proceeded to take in the whole party for violation of the Sunday laws. These gentlemen protested that they did not know it was wrong, and they had never read the laws of Arkansas; but it was no go, the justice telling them that ignorance of the law would excuse no man. They then proposed to go to trial then and there, and if the justice concluded they had violated the law, after proof and argument, they would go to jail without any further trouble to him. The accommodating justice agreed to this, saying there was no statute in Arkansas against holding court on Sunday. The guilty defendants retired for consultation and elected Judge Walker for their lawyer, and unanimously agreed on Mr. Dave Poston for their witness. The attorney first argued that they were citizens of Tennessee and not subject to the laws of Arkansas, but the justice cut that off short by saying that it was too thin, as all persons were bound by the criminal laws of the State they were in. The attorney then argued that under the Constitution of the United States all acts of the Legislature were entitled to the same faith and credit in all the States as in the one making the law, and that corporations chartered in Tennessee might do business in Arkansas. The justice said this was so, but he did not see what that had to do with the case. The attorney then told the court that he proposed to prove by a witness that Dr. Mitchell and the witness himself belonged to the German Rifle Club, and the other defendants to the Archer and Rifle Club, and these two clubs were corporations, chartered under the laws of the State of Tennessee, and that their sole business was shooting at a mark; that the charter and laws of Tennessee allowed them to shoot at a mark on Sunday as well as any other day, and it was the constant practice to do it. The Attorney-General conceded that if the defendants had been hunting or shooting in the air, or at each other, they would have been guilty, but on the principle already conceded by the court they could not be convicted. If they were now, the case would be proved by both the facts and the facts by the witness for the defendants. After the case was over the court remarked that on the law and the facts as proved he must say that there had been no violation of the statute, as such a case was a clear exception to the statute, and in obedience to the Constitution of the United States he must release the defendants, but that the constable, as prosecutor, must pay the costs. Dr. Mitchell then per-

formed a very neat surgical operation on a jug, showing the abdominal viscera through a spectrum of ice to the justice and the constable, and the delighted defendants were permitted to depart.

HE CANNOT CIRCUMVENT THE DUCKS.

Carson, Nev., Oct. 14.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About four miles from here is Washoe Lake, a body of water some three miles long by one and a half miles wide. During the fall and spring months this lake is a favorite place for ducks and geese, but owing to the open nature of the lake and its surroundings the game is difficult of approach, and it is seldom that a large bag can be made. There are one or two feeding places near the main water, but they also are too open, and I never visit them but that I come away disgusted at my poor luck. I have been there when there were thousands of ducks sitting on the water and skimming over it away out of reach, and have returned home sometimes without a bird.

Now I want your assistance and the assistance also of our brother sportsmen in this matter. How can I out-general those aggravating birds? Will a sneak-box help me? I never saw one of these modern contrivances—merely the cuts of them that have appeared in your valuable paper. Won't you please give me the information I so much desire? And can you give me the plans of a sneak-box, providing that would enable me to approach the birds on a body of water such as I describe? I have tried decoys along the borders of the lake, while I lay concealed in a good, natural blind, but even then I have met with indifferent success. I am engaged at the ranch, and I fear that frequent that lake, for when I'm about its shores they sit out four or five hundred yards, and seem to take delight in quacking and honking at me, and if I can succeed in contriving some plan by which I can get my No. 10 within reach of them I'll make them think that the gun is a strong shooter.

Will you assist me? And if you ever visit this land of silver, sage brush and dirty Indians we'll go for a shoot.

SIVAO.

OCTOBER DEER STALKING.

ABOUT the second week in October stalking may be said to come to an end, so far, at least, as the stags are concerned, for hind-shooting follows in due course. Singing out a good "yeld" hind from her companions at some distance is one of the most delicate points in forestry. Nor after the stalker has come to a decision is she very easy of approach. Hinds are proverbially watchful and suspicious; they are generally told off as sentinels where deer are herding together, and the yeld hinds are the most wary and distrustful of all. Yet hind shooting is comparatively little in favor, though it tasks skill and experience to the utmost, while the superior quality of the venison is a consideration not to be ignored. We do not see it the difficulties of the sport that discourages the sportsman, nor do we believe it. But the enthusiast who is prepared for hardships, exertions and disappointments, naturally sets his affections on the trophy that is the symbol of an anxious but successful day. In examining the deer through the glass his eye turns first to the horns. It is a blissful moment for him, and his heart beats faster than before when the magnificent stag, hit clean behind the shoulder, lurches forward in his bounding gallop to drop heavily "in his tracks" when he admires the stately head he has made his own, with the branching antlers, brow, bray and trace.

This year many fair stags have fallen, and it has been a successful season in most forests, for the weather has been in favor of the rifles. It may be toilsome work stalking over steep hills and deep valleys, in brilliant sunshine or the close, thundery atmosphere that is even more trying. But nothing is more disheartening than the driving mist that envelops the ground in rolling vapors, with occasional gusts of wind from all points of the compass that banish the best concerted strategy. In such a season it is mainly a question of endurance, and a man goes about the indispensable crawling in more buoyant spirits when the weather is dry and the streams are shrunk than he does when he may be sowing the seeds of future rheumatic attacks in the saturated peat bogs and among torrents in miniature. Yet, however success (or a season may be, veterans will shake their heads and sigh over it.

Deer-stalking, they will tell you, has degenerated, and the deer are not what they used to be. In one sense, we can hardly doubt that the deer continually are true. Such grand heads as may still be seen decorating the porches and the walls of highland lodges are becoming excessively scarce, and the race of stags that used to carry them is well-nigh extinct. For this there are obvious reasons. The modern breech-loading Express rifle is a vast improvement on the ordinary weapons our fathers were in the habit of handling. By killing nearly point-blank at something like a distance of 150 yards, it spares the eager stalker the most difficult part of the stalk. Moreover, by the fatal facility it offers for reloading a stalker may shoot at random into the rapidly vanishing herd. Then, thanks to Wimbledon and the "running deer targets," with similar opportunities of practice, good skill with the rifle is become a very common accomplishment, while the very precautions that have been taken for fostering the deer have been far from tending to assure the survival of the hand-some. Fifty or even thirty years ago it was a very usual practice to combine the sheep-walk with the deer forest. The shifting about of the shepherds and their dogs kept the restless deer continually on the alert; and the deer were stags, like the "nicklehart of Benmore" immortalized by St. John in his "Wild Sports of the Highlands," which were well known over a wide range of country as having had the best of their games of hide and seek with their pursuers. But now, when sporting rents have been steadily rising, it has been found more remunerative to clear the forests of the sheep, and a *fortiori* of those cottagers, with their families, who used to vegetate in hovels in the sequestered valleys. The most efficient sentinels of the deer have been killed down simultaneously. Hawks and ground vermin have been spared that they may destroy the grouse, which might spring up with their cry of alarm at the most critical moment of the stalk. The consequence is that the deer have become more domesticated and more stationary in their habits, and far more approachable. Wherever a tempting head may show itself, it is marked by the forester in charge of the ground, and the chances are that before the end of the season it hangs dangling in the limps of death across the withers of a shooting party.

Thus Scotch deer can no longer attain the patriarchal age

embodied in the well-known Celtic proverb which had its origin in the days of the bow and arrows. On the other hand, although the area over which they roam may have been diminishing, there can be little doubt that they have greatly increased in numbers. It occurred to Mr. Bass a year or two ago to have a census taken of the tenantry of the forest of Glenquoich, and though the figures can only be an approximation to the truth, we may assume that they are roughly trustworthy. Judging by the rent, which is given at £1,800, Glenquoich is far from being a first-class forest. We believe that the more famous forest of Atholl has been leased for considerably more than three times the money. Yet in Glenquoich, according to the estimates of the foresters, there were, at the time of the census, from 800 to 900 stags, which should mean something like double that number of hinds. The return was doubtless founded on careful calculations, but many people would be surprised by it, and would not have supposed that the extent of forest measured by the rental could give satisfactory feeding for so great a number of deer. Any systematic attempt at counting heads, except when a tract of country has been driven, is altogether a new idea, and therefore it is impossible to form an opinion by comparison. When Scope wrote his work on deer-stalking, which was published in 1833, he estimated the deer in Atholl at between 5,000 and 6,000; and he gives the extent of the forest as forty miles in length, while it was eighteen miles wide at the broadest part; it contained 135,000 acres, of which 51,000 were given over specially to deer, and it comprises some of the finest grazing in Scotland. If Mr. Bass's returns are even approximately correct, they go far toward confirming another suggestion of the reasons why the deer deteriorate in size. Many of the forests must be overstocked, as, perhaps, they are over preserved. An animal accustomed to a quiet life no longer cares or dares to wander. He frequents the familiar straths and corries, according to the changes of wind and weather, and with the overcrowding and consequent scarcity of pasturage, must fall away in weight and condition.

The multiplication of the deer may be carried to excess, but, after all, it is the more satisfactory side to err on. Under any conditions, legitimate deer-stalking can never be anything but the most exciting of sports. The grouse may be killed down and the ground kept undisturbed, but the deer will always be the most wary of animals, not even excepting the wild goat. He sees or smells possible danger in anything or everything. If the weather is rough, it is difficult to get within shooting distance, because the wind brings the scent of his enemies to him from afar, and even the forester who is best acquainted with the ground finds it hard to calculate on the treacherous air currents. It is often more difficult to approach the deer when the weather is fine and calm, because then their instincts have directed them to some exposed slope, where there is neither heather nor moor, nor moss, through to give cover to the stalker. When, too, science and strategy have done all that can be done, when each act in the sensational drama has been conscientiously played out; when you have taken the hearings of the group of deer by landmarks impressed on your memory previous to fetching a compass upon them of some miles more or less; when you have crawled down the bed of the burn and wormed yourself through the peat moss; when yard by yard, almost inch by inch, you have slipped yourself forward over the slope of the heather brae; when at length you have thrust yourself into the kennel from the knoll from which contemplate making the final advance; then, when your hopes are at the highest, they are often cruelly dashed. A duckrise from the weed-covered "moss pot;" a mountain hare hops out of its seat; a curlew whistles or a lapwing shrieks; perhaps it is some tiny moor bird that pipes its feeble treble of warning. It is all over with you for that stalk, and you know it. The deer prick their ears and sniff the air, edging away in the opposite direction. The sportsman will let them go regretfully, though some may shut their eyes in sheer pride with the probability of making and the possibility of wounding. But if there are odds against killing in a difficult stalk, the gratification of success is proportionate when, after having had time to recover the wind and steady the throbbing in the tremulous pulses, the well-balanced weapon is brought calmly to bear, and the bullet is placed mercifully in the vitals of the victim. Deer-stalking is the most sensational of all sports, salmon fishing and fox hunting not excepted, and the only drawback to it is that the amateurs are always under the thumb of the knoll from which judge the currents of air, he must avail himself of the local knowledge of the professional. "Watching the passes" is pleasant, too, though it may be condemned as almost bordering on "pot-hunting," since unsuspecting animals are shot from an ambush. After all, nothing but practice can make perfect in it, and there is something romantic as well as exciting in the start from the lodge in the darkness before dawn, in fording streams and scrambling up steeply by the light of the lanterns borne by the guides, in envisaging your aim among the rocks on the mountain ridge, and lining up the footfall of the deer on the shingle, or watching for them as their forms emerge from the mists. Driving deer, as a rule, is open to great objection. On State occasions, and by way of ceremonial parade, when the proprietor of the forest is entertaining some personage, it may be all very well; and, moreover, there are historical associations and precedents in its favor. The venerable Spottiswoode tells us how in that same forest of Atholl to which we have already alluded, the earl of Argyll, in 1660, formed a circle or (inch) of 8,000 of his clansmen to pass as many of his deer under review before the beautiful and unfortunate Queen Mary. But the modern drive is almost invariably abused by men who shoot indifferently, and are more of butchers than stalkers. We have heard on excellent authority of batteries of Express rifles held in reserve for the hands of the gentlemen, who discharge their contents into the terrified herd that is crowding past within easy shooting distance, while a cordon of armed gillies has been told off to pursue the most severely crippled animals out of their midst. How many escape to the forest that prudent retainers will keep dark. Driving is far more unsportsmanlike than the *batauni*, and one objection to the excessive preserving of deer is the excuse it gives for thinning them in unsportsmanlike fashion. Bow Bells.

Edinburgh, Scotland, Oct. 1, 1891.

SPIRIT LAKE—Spirit Lake, Iowa, Oct. 15.—Ducks and geese coming in plenty now. This season bids fair for splendid shooting for the balance of the season. Geese nest here, as do a great many kind of ducks. At this time of year most of the shooting is on the wing, and a sharp shot is too, till every slough and lake is frozen. Taking a fairly good this fall—pike (wall eye) and pike (muskie). If any one wants rare sport this is the place for it.—A. A. MOSHEK.

BARNEGAT DUCK SHOOTING.

WILD FOWL shooting has been tolerably good in Barnegat Bay during the latter part of the past week. A party of four amateur sportsmen bagged sixty-nine head of ducks, besides numerous yellowlegs, plover, brant, snipe, loons, etc.

Captain Dell Crammer, of Manahawkin, and Mr. F. Ojipha were both fitted up for the accommodation of sportsmen, a gunning schooner, which has been aptly named the Ark, the cabin of which is large and comfortable; and two well ventilated staterooms, having two double bunks in each, afford ample room for a party of six or eight; with excellent camp chowder, oysters, ducks and sea food generally, make up the bill of fare. The Ark is anchored to the meadow, opposite Manahawkin, very convenient to the feeding ground of the numerous wild fowl which frequent the bay. A row of ten fifteen minutes in the early morning, after a 4 o'clock breakfast, will bring you to a good gunning point, and after the decoys are placed in position the fun commences.

Having enjoyed good sport last week I feel like recommending the same to my brother sportsmen who want a few days shooting near home.

A letter addressed to Captain Dell Crammer, or Frank Oliphant, Manahawkin, New Jersey, will receive a reply with desired information on the subject.

The feed is plentiful this season, and after the next cold snap there will be plenty of wild fowl in the bay.

J. E. M. L.

LAKE ERIE DUCKING GROUNDS.

Mr. T. E. Kern, of the Bradford, Pa., Ex., has been ducking on Lake Erie, and this is what he has to say about it.

Along the southern coast of Lake Erie, extending west from Sandusky to the southeastern boundary of Michigan, are thousands of acres of marsh lands, the principal production of which is ducks and muskrat. Much of this land has been leased by sporting men represented by wealthy members from Chicago, Cleveland, Toledo and other Western cities, each club annually controlling 3,000 to 4,000 acres. One club paid \$25,000 for a lease of 3,000 acres, and the club house was built at a cost of \$4,000. It requires considerable surplus cash to remain in good standing in any of these sporting institutions, and at a low estimate it is considered that each duck killed is brought to bag at a cost of over fifteen dollars to each member. The ducks are attracted to the spot by wild rice, on which they are voracious feeders, and which the clubs sow in liberal quantities each season. Usually the season is opened at the different club houses by a grand ball, on which the contest is enhanced by the presence of ladies. Good music is always in attendance, and a variety of supper is one of the many attractions. Each club employs a number of patrolmen, whose business it is to ward off intruders from trespassing on their grounds. Farmers whose estates extend along the marshes manage to put it to a profitable use. The farmer under whose hospitable roof the Bradford party were furnished quarters owns sixty seventy-five acres of farming fields and 500 acres of marsh lands. From the latter he derives a revenue by keeping visitors through the marshes during the spring duck and snipe shooting, and the fall duck and quail season, by furnishing the shooters with board and boats, and giving them permission to shoot over his grounds for a liberal compensation. During the winter and spring months he traps and otherwise catches 1,500 to 2,000 muskrats on his marshes, the hides of which he finds a ready market for. The marshes are dotted in every direction with muskrat houses, and in their construction these animals exhibit much of the ingenuity of the beaver, to which they are allied. Their houses are conical in shape and are visible some three or four feet above the water. They are made of sea moss, weeds and wild rice stalks, together with leaves and sprouts of the wild lily. When the marsh is frozen over and the ice is strong enough to bear the weight of a man, the hunter provides himself with a spear, and, accompanied by an other hound, visits the muskrat lodges. If the latter are inhabited the dog points them out, setter or pointer does a bird. The hunter then approaches and thrusts his spear through the thin, soft wall until he has secured the animal, and in a few minutes he is gone, and soon deprived of his hide. This manner of securing the game is not looked upon with favor, and the ordinary plan of catching them with a steel trap is considered more legitimate.

About the 10th of September the blue and green-winged teal fly into the marshes in large flocks, and furnish excellent sport for the experienced duck hunter. They are the most gregarious of the duck family and are usually found in large flocks.

The wood duck, with its beautiful plumage, is also found early in the season. Both of these, as well as the mallard, breed here. The wood duck usually builds its nest in hollow trees. The mallard nests in some lonely swamp, or in a secluded marshy spot. The nest of the teal is seldom found. Little ducklings soon after being hatched display much cunning in hiding among the weeds or diving along the grassy banks and remaining under the water, allowing their little bills to protrude only sufficiently to breathe. The pintails, it is said, do not breed this side of the Arctic circle.

The best open water ducks are the red head, the canvas-back and the blue bill. The marsh ducks are the mallard, widgion, bald head, whistle head, plug head, teal and the spoonbill. The canvas-back feeds on wild celery or sago, and seldom stops along these marshes. On one of our parties, however, was fortunate enough to knock one down.

A NOVEL PROPOSITION—Albion, N. C., Oct. 7.—I have been quail shooting twice this month, on the afternoons of the 5th and 6th. I found the birds very abundant; found about five coveys, two of them full grown, the others about two-thirds grown. My old dog, six years old, came to his work in fine style, and worked as well as when he was a yearling. I have had one and one-half years, was rather rough and seemed to have forgotten what he learned last year, as he was perfectly broken then. I have a book, in which I intend to keep an accurate record of the number of shots I make during the open season on quail, and the number of birds bagged, and would suggest that other sportsmen do the same, and when the season is over we all send our records to the FOREST AND STREAM for publication, so we may make a comparison and see what the average of the season can tell what percent, or so, of the shot, or so, to kill by a crack shot. I have a idea that there is a single subscriber, but would send a true report—just as well as if sworn to do so.—COLE.

NEBRASKA AS A HUNTING COUNTRY.—Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 21.—Last Monday, Messrs. Webster, Tomson, Hallett and I went out by the morning train to a small lake, or really a marsh, near Ashland, a small town twenty-seven miles from here, on the B. & M. R. R., and in a seven hours' shoot bagged 120 ducks and eight snipe. The lake was so full of weeds and rushes that a dog could not work, and we lost at least half as many ducks as we got. There were thousands of "mud hens," and these flying about continually bothered the party no little, especially when the sun went down, and made it difficult to distinguish them from ducks. The party waded out into the water, and took stands by the muskrat mounds that reared their heads above the water all over the lake. The day was cloudy and cold, clearing off half an hour by sunset, and giving us a glorious western horizon for closing the day's entertainment. All but about a hundred, ten, were of the larger species. I am beginning to think Nebraska is a better hunting ground than Mississippi. —B. H. P.

SULLIVAN COUNTY GAME.—New York, Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of the 20th that a party has been sold in going to Sullivan county for ducks and other game, wherein you disagree with him. I know all about it, and have asked Edered twice. The first time he told me it was for a week or more, and I remained for a week or more, and did not even see a woodcock, or anything else, and got disgusted and came home. I read it again, thinking perhaps luck was against me. This time I remained two weeks and saw but one woodcock and a few partridge, and a friend, myself and a guide, with an excellent dog, bagged in two weeks' time but seven birds, and bought all I could, which was six, making thirteen in all. The fact of the matter is there is no game up there.—S. P. GILLYERMAN.

CAMPING OUT AT YORKTOWN.—One of the most attractive points around the exhibition grounds to visitors is the encampment hotel kept by L. Y. Jenness. It embraces fifty tents, accommodating from two to thirty persons each, all floored with planks at a sufficient elevation, and nicely furnished and airy, located on a hill several hundred yards northwest of the Exposition and accessible from the main entrance by Marietta avenue and the Western and Atlantic Railroad. The entire is of the best, and there is a first-class dining-room attendance from New York. The encampment was brought here from Warwick Woodlands, Greenwood Lake, Orange County, New York, a popular Eastern summer resort, built up by the Greenwood Lake Improvement Company, of which William O. McDowell, a Gotham banker, is President. In addition to the tents there are closed comfortable frame rooms for those who prefer them. The encampment is handsomely arranged, with broad avenues, and elevated plank walks. It is inclosed by a high fence, with only one entrance (through the office), and is thoroughly guarded day and night. The novelty of this enterprise is attracting considerable attention, and it is extremely popular. The rates are the same as those of the Atlanta hotels, which have been reduced since the exposition opened, and it is specially to be commended for large parties or families.—*Exchange.*

THE "SAXON" GUN AGAIN.—New York, October 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention has been called to an article in a recent issue of your valuable periodical, headed "Guns Given Away," in which it was stated: "It must be a very good gun, why invest in the 'Saxon'?" Relying upon your good sense of justice, and in the hope that you will give the "Saxon" a hearing, I beg to state that during the last month I have sent many hundreds of guns out of this office in reply to mail orders, and have sold a great many across the counter. Out of this number of guns I have had but eight guns returned, as my books will show, and have received many testimonials as to its merits. I do not pretend that a \$5.50 gun is equal to a \$40 gun, but do pretend, and am willing to prove, that the "Saxon" breech-loader is a good, strong, reliable weapon, shoots well and gives great satisfaction.—WM. HARDING, President Saxon Importing Co.

[We wish to do Mr. Harding no injustice, and should have contented ourselves with the simple refusal of the advertisement of the "Saxon" gun which was offered to us, had we not been compelled by the wording of that advertisement in other papers to define our opinion of the gun in question. The advertisement falsely states that "the sporting papers generally join in praising the Saxon breech-loading shot-gun as one of the most reliable sporting guns in the world." The "sporting papers" have not "generally joined in praising" the gun, and, because of the assertion that they did, the FOREST AND STREAM took care to put itself on record as not praising it.]

The "Saxon" gun is one style of a large class of firearms which are, from time to time, worked off upon the public by means of specious and glowing advertisements. These guns, sold under many names, are all substantially the same thing, being old muskets which are converted into clumsy shot guns. They are the same guns that were sold to the Southern negroes and at country cross-road stores for \$5 or \$4, or less. The advertisements are all alike. We said that the person must be "green" who is induced by the advertisement of the "Saxon" to invest in the gun. We will explain why we said so. The advertisement asserts that the "Saxon" is a \$15 breech-loading shot-gun for \$5.50. This is not true; the grade of single-barrel breech-loading shot guns sold by reputable dealers is far superior to the "Saxon" which is, therefore, in no respect "a \$15 gun for \$5.50." The advertisement asserts: "Our single-barrel gun is \$15; in selling samples of the 'Saxon' at \$5.50 each we are making an enormous sacrifice." As a matter of fact the same kind of gun is furnished by New York parties to country storekeepers for \$2.75 wholesale, and retailed by them at \$4 or \$5. That is all there is to the "enormous sacrifice." The advertisement says "every part of it made of the very best material." The fact is that it is made of very common material. The advertisement says that "it is improved patent breech makes it far superior to any other gun." "Any other gun" is a very broad term, and the world. On the contrary, the action is as old one and has long been superseded by improvements. Etc.]

CHICAGO NOTES.—Chicago, Oct. 23.—The shooting has been very bad here since I last wrote you on account of the warm weather. I was down on the Calumet last Monday shooting. I bagged nineteen jack-snipe, seven killdeer, six blue-wing teal, one wood-duck and eight mallards. Snipe are plenty, but ducks of all kinds are scarce. There is good shooting on Kankakee River. A party of twelve Chicago sportsmen left for there this morning, to be gone two weeks.

Rabbits are very numerous here this fall, and I anticipate some good rabbit shooting this winter. We have had two steady days of rain this month, and everything is under water. A great many surf ducks have been killed on the inland rivers and marshes this season, which is an unusual thing here, as they are generally only to be found on the large lakes.—*TAY BOKAS.*

NOTES FROM ARKANSAS.—Van Buren, Ark., Oct. 19.—The celebrated poet and lawyer, Gen. Albit Pike, with Richard Thornton and others left this place Monday for a two weeks' hunt in the Choctaw Nation, I. T. The General says that this will be his last Arkansas hunt, but his many friends protest, and predict that he will come again. The weather has been extremely warm till within the last few days; there is now quite a change, and we have cooler still. The first mallard of the season was killed to-day by our Sheriff, Wm. Hallard. Some small bugs of teal have been made, but shooting as yet has been poor. With the approaching cool weather we expect to have royal sport. We have quite a number of splendid lakes within easy access of town, boats, etc., and are fully prepared to give the ducks a warm reception on their arrival.—*DICK.*

NOTES FROM THE MARCH TO YORKTOWN.—Yorktown, Va., Oct. 19.—Found plenty of birds on the way down to Washington, but having been delayed by the death of the President had not sufficient time to shoot much where the laws permitted. Expect to have a pleasant march back, and to have a well provided mess. It is claimed that wild turkeys are unusually thick along the river near Hanover town, below Hanover C. H. Expect to be able to report as to facts at a future date. "Circus" here almost a miserable failure, save possibly the military and naval, which has not yet come off.—U. S. A.

FLORIDA GAME.—Pensacola, Fla., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your "Answer to Correspondents" that you state that "in no part of Florida can a man make a living with his gun." It is a mistake; your informant was wrong. Evidence. Last week the Sheriff of this county and two other hunters took a trip to an old camp ground thirty-two miles distant from the city by way of the railroad. They remained there two days, and the amount of game killed was viz., three deer, six turkeys and two hundred and forty-nine squirrels. Plenty of doves and partridges around the city. Weather still very warm.—*NIC.*

DEER HOUNDS IN MAINE.—It is reported that two or three gentlemen belonging in Bangor, together with a party from Boston, have been guided by a guide who lives in Yonkers, Me., and two since went out to Lead Mountain, near Upton River, that State, to hunt for deer. The party had with them a pack of valuable dogs. A State law forbids the hunting of deer with dogs, and its violation so incensed the natives in the vicinity of the mountain that they all turned out and shot every one in the pack. One of the dogs, owned by a Boston gentleman, was valued at \$150.

CONNECTION NOTES.—Winsted, Conn., October 21, 1881.—Game in this section has been quite scarce this season, with the exception of woodcock, which have been as plenty as usual. I can report several fine strings. On Monday Messrs. Skinner, Bevins and Skinner bagged thirty-eight woodcock, and Tuesday Messrs. Skinner, Bevins, Skinner and Kirk bagged thirty more. Wednesday, Messrs. Camp and Beskerle bagged thirteen woodcock and two grouse. The above are the finest strings I have ever heard of being taken in this season.—*CLIFTON.*

COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y., Oct. 22.—I have spent the past week here in Columbia county as the guest of C. W. Bostwick and G. Hills, of Hudson, N. Y., and Dr. Jones, of East Chatham, N. Y., three as thorough sportsmen as ever pulled a trigger, and I must say nothing was spared that would add to the pleasure and comfort of myself and dogs. We have enjoyed some excellent woodcock shooting during the past week, especially on the 19th and 20th—the flight birds stopping here in goodly numbers.—*W. H. PRINCE.*

INDIANA.—North Vernon, Oct. 17.—Fall fishing is not first-class. Several varieties of bass are the game fish. The extraordinary drought of the past summer was almost extermination to the fluky tribe. Hundreds of yards of the creek beds were entirely dry. Here and there was a deep hole left with water enough to preserve a few fish. In shallow places hogs would overturn the stones where a stray fish might have found refuge, and gobbed it up. It was discouraging. We hope the fish may come up from the larger streams.—*N.*

NOTES FROM INDIANA.—North Vernon, Ind., Oct. 17.—The open season for quail and pheasants in this State is from the 15th of October to the 20th of December, and for wild turkeys from 1st of November to 1st of February. For the killing of a quail, pheasant or turkey out of season the penalty is \$3. Quail are not as numerous this year as in some other years. Turkeys and pheasants are always scarce.—*N.*

BOND'S ROWING GEAR.—We have in our office some samples of Bond's new rowing gear, which will be found to meet the wants of many. As a rule, oars and oar-ports are too narrow to pull the oar, and some arrangement is required for rowing which can be got rid of when not in use. To this end W. E. Bond, Cleveland, Ohio, has devised a very neat arrangement, combining several advantages sure to be appreciated. The rowlock is supported in a light and neat iron outrigger. The legs of the latter are supplied with adjustable hooks, by means of which the outriggers are attached to suitable castings screwed to the gunwale inside, and their height regulated by a thumbscrew to suit each individual and the depth to which the boat may be sunk. They can be quickly unshipped or turned backward to drop down to the boat's side out of the way. The rowlock itself has a swinging brass band of semicircular section pivoted within the arms of the rowlock, so that raising the oar to feather is accomplished by this band swinging about its pivots, thereby obviating all noise in pulling, a fact which the hunter will not fail to value. This arrangement facilitates the art of rowing very much and serves as a rest from which to "scull" without tiring the wrist. The work from which to "scull" is a very best for their combination strength with light weight and lightness. The shoulders of the rowlock are accurately fitted to those of the socket, and the latter, being two and one-half inches deep, prevents all rattling generally accompanying the swing of the oar. The gear ranges from eight inches to twelve inches in length and in price from \$8.50 to \$4, and can be had direct from the manufacturer, W. E. Bond, Cleveland, O.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN OCTOBER.

FRESH WATER.	
Black Bass, <i>Micropterus salmoides</i> and <i>M. pallidus</i> .	Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .
Masagoons, <i>Esox nubilus</i> .	Striped Bass, <i>Roccus tenebrosus</i> .
Pickereens, <i>Esox reticulatus</i> .	White Bass, <i>Roccus americanus</i> .
Pike or Pickereen, <i>Esox lucius</i> .	Rock Bass, <i>Ambloplites</i> (Two species).
Pike-perch (wall-eye), <i>Stizostedion americanum</i> , <i>S. grietum</i> , etc.	War-mouth, <i>Channa argus</i> .
	Carp, <i>Pomoxys nigromaculatus</i> .
	Bachelor, <i>Pomoxys annularis</i> .
	Chub, <i>Semotilus corporalis</i> .

SALT WATER.	
Sea Bass, <i>Centropristis striata</i> .	Weakfish or Squeteague, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> .
Striped Bass or Rockfish, <i>Roccus tenebrosus</i> .	La Fayette or Spot, <i>Leiostomus xanthurus</i> .
White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .	Channel Bass, Spot or Redfish, <i>Sciaenops ocellatus</i> .
Bluefish or Taylor, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .	Shoalshead, <i>Archosargus probatocephalus</i> .
Scup or Forgie, <i>Stenotomus argenteus</i> .	Kingfish or Barb, <i>Menticirrhus nebulosus</i> .
Pollock, <i>Polachinus carboaratus</i> .	
Tautog or Blackfish, <i>Tautoga onitis</i> .	
Spanish Mackerel, <i>Cybinus maculatus</i> .	

There are some kinds of fish, comely in appearance, bold bitters, and rather successful tormentors of fine tackle, which are styled "game fish" and angled for as such, but which by no means deserve the name and reputation. Such customers may possibly "pass in a crowd," as the shabby get feel frequently do among the masses of human society. But the superior qualities and attributes of the true game fish are readily detected. Denote me a gentleman and I will deny you a "game fish," with the same I know by the company he keeps, and re-occurs by his dress and address, features, habits, intelligence, haunts, food and manner of eating. The true game fish, of which the trout and salmon are frequent types, inhabit the fairest regions of nature's beautiful domain. They drink only from the purest fountains, and subsist upon the choicest food their pellucid streams supply. Not to say that all fish that inhabit clear and sparkling waters are game fish; for there are many such, of symmetrical form and delicate flavor, that take neither bait nor fly. But it is self-evident that no fish which inhabit foul or sluggish waters can be "game fish." It is impossible under every circumstance of their surroundings and associations. They may dash with timidity and tardy attire; they may strike with the brute force of a blacksmith, or exhibit the dexterity of a prize-fighter, but their low breeding and vulgar quality cannot be mistaken. Their haunts, their very food and manner of eating, betray their grossness.—CHARLES HALLOCK.

A "H RTY-THREE POUND MASCALONGE.

"HELLO, captain, which way?" This was the query I put to a good-looking young man of about thirty on the 7th inst., as I was descending the bank of Lake Erie, in our fine city of Erie, with cars over my shoulders, trolling line and gaff hook in hand ready for a short row and troll. The person addressed was genteelly dressed, an entire stranger to me and I to him. He had a good rod and line, a bucket full of live minnows and crabs, and replied:

"To breakwater and thence to South Channel pier for bass."

Seeing my oars, trolling line and gaff, he looked as if he would greatly prefer riding to walking, the distance to his fishing point being three and a half miles by land and only two miles by water. I informed him that I was going out for a troll, and if he was willing to go as slow as I desired he was welcome to ride and I would land him at his destination. He embraced my offer and in five minutes more we were rowing in one of the finest bays anywhere to be found.

The west wind was too high for good trolling, and our course being east there was but little rowing necessary; only a little guiding of the boat. I took the oars for a mile, trolling all the time with the line in my teeth, in which manner I have landed many a fine mascalonge, pike, black-bass and walleye. In a few minutes we were at "the channel." The stranger, Mr. R., took the oars and my line was transferred from mouth to hands. I requested him to keep close to the channel and to row very slowly, as the wind was carrying us fast enough. Then, with my gaff, I saw a fine, fat, kidney-shaped, Buel No. 2 spoon, brightly silvered outside and as brightly red inside, with ninety to a hundred feet of small linen line out, I tried my best to induce a bite, but doubtful of success owing to rough water.

Mr. R. had rowed but two or three minutes when I had a most decided and unmistakable strike, a bite like the pounce of a lion on a rabbit, and the instant I took the hook the fish showed its majestic form by a leap of four feet in the air. "Thunder!" exclaimed Mr. R., dropping the oars. "That's a big one; you'll never get him with that line." Attending to my line, I replied: "Yes, it's a large one; keep the boat steady—perfectly so, and whenever I bring it to side of boat haul in from that side." Then I had that indescribable delight of the troller. Like a tiger hooked to the end of a small cord I had a mascalonge and a good one, fast to my small line, leaping, shaking, darting, diving, struggling desperately and like a hero to get loose. "Ha! twas fine. He fought well, splendidly, took short splurges and long ones, while I kept the line taught all the time, only giving just slack enough not to strain the line too much, not knowing how well the fish was hooked. It took twenty minutes to get it within twenty-five feet of the boat, where it stopped for a moment, being two feet under the water, and where Mr. R., tremulous with excitement, had a good view of it, and where I, satisfied before, was fully convinced of its being a really large fish. I gave it no rest; worked it to side of the boat and struck it with gaff, and, o' God! to rough and pitching of the boat, the gaff started taking it under the gills as I desired, but the side of its head and glanced off. It turned quickly, made a splurge or dive of thirty feet, and during the next ten minutes it plunged and fought most gamely, going backwards and forwards, right and left, up and down, leaping out of the water twice, diving three times under the boat and as often brought back until finally, and I should say thirty minutes from taking the hook, I brought it to the side of the boat, and gaffed and lifted it in. It made most vigorous leaps to get out, but I held on with the gaff until I passed the wire end of my strong fish rope through its chops, tied it to a rib in the boat and thus had it secure.

It particularly requested that it be kept at my end of the boat, and in fact its ponderous jaws, with their one and a half inch teeth, looked sharky. The three hooks were well fast near the junction of the jaws. It measured four feet

and one inch in length, and tipped the scales at thirty-three pounds, and was as handsome a specimen as I ever saw.

Mr. R. greatly excited, pleased and somewhat alarmed at the fine open countenance of my captive, was landed on his pier, and then trolling an hour longer, captured a four pounder, which looked like a club alongside his fellow captive. I had a healthy, fine looking one of two and a half miles against wind and water. I think you will agree with me that I had sport fit for a peasant or a king.

Eric, Penn., Oct. 20th.

A DAY ON BALSAM LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Sickness in my family running through the whole summer up to this autumn not only broke up my trip to New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming, but it has kept me from my usual summer haunts. Only three times in the long and to me dreary summer, have I dropped line in STRAM, while almost all the FOREST I have seen was on my own domain.

One trip to the Beaverkill was made bright by an invitation from a member of the famed Willowemoc Club to cast a line in Balsam Lake. Hoping to meet your gifted, but too seldom, correspondent, G. W. Van Sclen, the president of the club, I accepted, and had but one regret. I was a day too late to meet the genial Van, who stands in the van as a fisherman, game protector and gentlemanly leader of a noble coterie whose great delight is found in true and manly sport.

Over the roughest road that I ever traveled I drove my buck-board to the margin of the lonely lake, followed by an ox-cart with two boats for Captain King and myself. It was near noon before we were aloft, and as the lake-keeper said, not a very good day for trout. But there were trout there, millions of them, as one could see on every side in the crystal water, and after testing about half a book of flies to find what they wanted I settled on a new fly as yet unnamed. It was very like the Beaverkill fly that Jimmy Muddock used to tie. The moment I cast that a ten-inch trout about a half pound weight took it, and with very little play I had him in the floating creel alongside the boat. Captain King, well pleased, here was one great success, and successfully engaged about eighty rods away, as I could see by frequent rain-bow gleams as he drew the speckled beauties in.

An hour passed, and about forty of these gamy gentlemen were in the creel, when a shout from shore told us that lunch had arrived from the club-house. An appetite had been shaken up to voracity over that infernal road, and the way cold ham, broiled chicken and the concomitants vanished with happy frighted Dr. Tanner to death or at the least put him in a comatose fit.

Linch over we returned to the lake, and for an hour more plied the rod faithfully. The result was eighty-five trout, almost all the same size as No. 1, to my rod and about as many more to that of Capt. King, all we wanted, and we stopped weary of slaughter.

The lake, which is the extreme head of the Beaverkill, is a lovely gem of crystal set in a frame of evergreens, beeches, maples, birch and poplar, so far from the usual haunts of man that it is little fished, and has a stock that would last centuries with proper care. There is one great safeguard, the road in will never be travelled for pleasure. I have a team of thoroughbreds perfectly broken, and I never drove them over such a road before; the Lord willing never will again! Through swamps hub deep, over roots, fallen logs, rocks as large as a small house stuck up edgeways, lengthways, crossways and every other way, making turns so short that we had to lift the latter end of the wagon around to pass, and even unhook traces to get between huge forest trees. But we got there! And all day I wondered, "Will I ever get my team out again in safety?" I did, Providence and cure assisting.

The club has as fine a fishing preserve as there is in this State. Long may they live to enjoy it. And now lest G. W. V. S. gets into my hair about the road I will promise if duly elected to join the club next season and fish there, engaging if I can a balloon passage over that road. Yours, sadly but truly,

NED BUNTLINE.

Englis Nest, Oct. 16.

CANOEING IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

III.—TRIP TO BLACK LAKE.

THE first thing necessary is to provision up, which we do by invading the groceries and bakery. Woodrow thinks we ought to have bread enough certain; the loaves are pretty big, but over a dozen and a half. Petie thinks if we have plenty of potatoes and onions we ought to be satisfied; so we order a good family supply of potatoes and onions; while Captain thinks in with a remark that hog and molasses are absolutely necessary, with a due allowance of which are added, while I fill in by procuring everything else I can see or think that will add to the comforts of our larder. Our menu at this point must be as complete as circumstances will permit. We finally conclude that we have amply allowed for each one's fancy and direct that all the provisions be sent to the hotel at O'Leary's, Monday morning, after which we make arrangements for our wagons to take the fleet twenty-two miles to our destination, a point about midway on the lake, on the eastern shore.

Captain's boat is the first to be loaded, in which we find ample room for the majority of our "stupendous collection;" and after everything is in order the menagerie moves, led by the elephants brought from South America's sunny clime at the great expense of two ships, under the care and guidance of the genial Mr. Littlefield, of Cheboygan, who handles the reins, while the Woodrow, Captain and myself are the humble but jubilant representatives of the elephantine family. Following in our wake comes the balance of the procession.

Leaving Cheboygan we have a good road southeast to Duncan City, a distance of about two miles, when we go through the property of Mr. Thompson Smith, the owner of the immense saw mill at this point, being the second largest mill in the State of Michigan, then take advantage of a plank road built by Mr. Smith for six miles through the woods for the purpose of landing logs in winter a few years ago when the light snows made it impractical for such purposes. After leaving this road we have a very good Michigan road the balance of the distance. In many places on this drive the underbrush and young trees had grown so close to the wagon rut that a complete arch was formed but a short distance above our heads, and the branches were continually brushing against us. At one point we had about two miles of just such a road without a break. About fifteen miles out we pass between a couple of deep, dark looking little lakes, called Twin

Lakes. A ridge rises between them of not to exceed fifty yards in width, but quite high, and I learn from Captain that the level of the water on the one to our left as we are going is about twenty-five feet higher than the other. They are said to be full of pickerel, and quite large ones, but they tempt us not. Woodrow keeps in advance of the train considerable of the time on the lookout for a deer, while Petie, Captain and I hold close to the seat on our spring wagon. It pleases and gratifies me exceedingly much to relate that just here or hereabouts, Woodrow sees a deer looking right at him in the middle of the road, and, as he says, his first thought was, "Gosh! how thin!" and afterward concluded to fire, but ye deer heeded it not. When within about a mile of Black Lake the waters of the lake can be seen to the right, and in a short time we are brought up standing and a general tumbling out is effected without any special requests, and by super time the tent is up, a tip-top balsam bough bed made, and camp is considered in readiness.

This lake can be reached by a drive of about twelve miles, landing you from four to five miles from the lake at the head of the rapids in Black River, from which point a beautiful trip can be had to the lake; and when the river is free of logs a delightful run can be made down the rapids into Cheboygan River and then to Cheboygan. Unfortunately for us the river was full of logs clear up to the lake, compelling us to take an entirely different route from Cheboygan and a much longer wagon ride to deliver us at our destination. The lake is about three to four miles wide and ten miles long, very deep, with the exception of a quite wide stretch of shoal water extending entirely around it, in some places reaching out into the lake for half a mile. The shores are heavily lined with trees around the entire body of water, and at the south end, which is the head of the lake, quite a limestone ledge rises into prominence, while on the east side, where we are located, the land rises into quite a respectable series of hills. There are a number of fine large springs around this lake, the outlet of one being within a few feet of our tent.

At this time during the evening is put in by getting guns and fishing tackle in order and a crusade against a lot of small frogs, which are safely stored in our minnow basket. In the morning a fishing expedition is formed of all, with the exception of Woodrow, who "goes out to look for a deer." Paddling out to where the water deepens we explore for a short time, and upon discovering a few light, wavy weeds several feet under the surface, a halt is called, and Petie gets his frog to soak first, and before Captain and I have ours fairly in the water has something on his line, trying to pull the bait down and lure the one on shore, but failing in trifling with his attentions. Captain and I each have a similar complaint. Rip ran out of the water and down for the bottom—water quite deep outside of the weeds where we are fishing—and, after a tussle, we each have a bass safely landed. The next thing in order is a little blowing from each one, and then a comparison, which must be done immediately. Result: Petie, four pounds; Captain, four pounds two ounces; I, four pounds eight ounces. Out go our lines again, with a similar result in a few moments.

One of the best anglers of the lake, the next haul, a "single hander," is by Petie, who demands judgment, and as all hostilities must cease until settled, we hang his fish upon the scales, and five pounds even is called. Harmony being restored, we hustle the fish around for about an hour longer, when we call quits and go back to our camping ground and immediately make our showing. Petie comes in with largest bass, five pounds, smallest four pounds, and one pickerel seven and one-half pounds; Captain comes to the front with largest bass four and one-half pounds, smallest three pounds and three-quarters, and one pickerel four and one-half pounds; Woodrow comes to the front with largest four and one-half pounds, smallest four pounds. Laying them along in a row on the beach, we come to the unanimous conclusion that it is the finest lot of bass we ever saw. How many there were I regret to say I failed to note, but there were at least a dozen, with only one fish less than four pounds, and all, as the balance we catch in this lake prove to be, the small-mouthed black bass and very dark-colored. Not having the conscience to fish any longer, we present at any rate our fish, and they were so plentiful, we took opportunity of our fish, and ourselves by a little target practice, get dinner ready, when Woodrow turns up in time to come in for his proportion, immediately after which he "goes out to look for a deer," while Petie, Captain and I prepare for a tour of investigation to the head of the lake. Following the shore we come to the large limestone ledge so conspicuous from all parts of the lake. The shore here is composed of broken and water-washed pieces of limestone, and very large specimens of the star coral, with parts of the latter reaching at least in some places to two pounds each. A drizzling rain sets in, with prospects of a very unpleasant afternoon; we paddle back to our camping place, snug up things a little, and in a short time have going, in a right cheerful manner, the camper's delight—a roaring fire. By night Woodrow turns up, a little foot sore and weary, but very venison.

The next morning, visions of big fish now having taken possession of our earnest deer hunter, he decides to go with us. The wind is blowing quite strong, and we have considerably difficulty in finding the best location of our former achievements, where we find the fishing as good as the day previous, and we take many fine specimens. Petie this day leads, landing a five and one-half pound bass, the largest caught by our party. Two gentlemen from Tennessee, visiting this place after we left, brought back to Cheboygan two that weighed six pounds each. Returning to our camping ground a pen is built to keep our fish until we are ready to return to Cheboygan. We fish awhile again in the afternoon while Woodrow is again out "to look for a deer," and the fish seem to be just as anxious to climb up our lines and bite off the end of our rods as heretofore.

I must now wind up my line. As a summary I regret to say that our persistent would-be deer slayer fails to get in his deadly work, but he has had the satisfaction of knowing that he has served faithfully and well, if not successfully. What was remarkable as to our fishing at this point is the fact that but three bass were caught, weighing less than four pounds, while the average was about four and one-half pounds. How in this case, under such conditions, and in one day, under favorable circumstances, their powers of endurance alone could answer; we did not try. As for just the right place to go for black bass fishing (this excels all I have ever experienced), should any of my brother-anglers have found a superior place, I would, for curiosity's sake, like to hear of it. Understand, the small-mouthed black bass average to entire catch four and one-half pounds, not including the only pickerel caught, it weighing seven and one-half pounds.

At noon the next day the teams meet us by appointment, and we return to Cheboygan. Here our party breaks up,

having been together between two and three weeks. Woodrow leaves for Indian River, there to remain a couple of days, then to return home. Petie packs his grip-sack, and silently steals away on his return to the bosom of his family. Captain lives here, while I, having my family in this locality, expect to remain a month longer. We have had a jovial, jolly good time together. May it often be repeated, and I can only wish my brother-angler and sportsman as pleasant a cruise as the one just finished has been for us.

FRANK N. BEEBE.

THE QUERY—"ARE THEY OF ANY USE?"

WHY art thou cast down, O Fishing Editor? Why art thou discouraged? Thinkest thou it is possible for such sweetness, such rich emanations culled from the pens of gifted fishermen to drop, to droop, to die unscathed, to waste their fragrance on the desert air? As they have affixed thine own soul, and refreshed thee when weary and toil-worn by the way! so also these words have spurred many an angler and incited him to carefully examine his valuable lot of fishing tackle, and to prepare them for another season's work.

The angler is an enthusiast, and is often regardless of the expense he incurs so long as it conduces to his sport, and is happy in the possession of such fine tackle. The most pleasant moments in a fishing trip are those when the simple-minded country folk gather around us as we rig up the fine split bamboo trout rod we possess, and see them open their eyes, until one of them laughingly says, "What are you going to catch with that thing, Mister?" But my string of trout is generally a convincer that the thing is an elegant trout rod.

As the FOREST AND STREAM comes in on Saturdays my first thoughts are for the yachting columns. These are hastily glanced through to see what discussion is going on. Whether cutter, centreboard or sharpie, simply because I am a water dog and always loved it. Then the "Sea and River Fishing" comes next for these reasons: First, because a competent angler is at the head of it, and what he writes or sanctions is excellent and worth reading. Second, it is the best part of the paper, at least is the opinion of one angler.

Now, for one incident of a recent fishing trip. We were angling in a rapid forest stream, very shallow, but cold as ice, indeed a dashing stream, hence we were bait fishing at the time. Just below a corduroy bridge we struck a quiet piece of water—a sand wash—over it hung a dense growth of cedar trees. In this wash lay a very handsome trout, rising at everything that floated down stream. We wanted him; we creel we empty. Quite a number of our hooks we put on a new fly and made the cast. He rose, but would not take it. We changed to a Grizzly King, then to a Professor with the same results, rising each time. We had some Yellow Mays in our book. To put one on was the work of a moment. Then casting carefully up stream about two feet the instant that fly struck water he dashed for it, a slight turn of the wrist and we securely hooked him and brought him in. This makes enthusiasts of fishermen and lovers of FOREST AND STREAM.

NORMAN.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD FOGY.

NUMBER TWO.

IN looking over the old log-book of a small craft that I had built I find the following: 1863, August 24, caught a five-pound sheephead on a very fine live and small hook, baited with a small piece of dying fish. This, I believe, is the only instance of a sheephead being caught with fish for bait. 1863, August 5, caught a flounder that measured two feet four inches in length and weighed eight pounds. This is the largest one that I ever saw. 1865, July 27, caught a shark which measured nine feet in length. In its jaws, embedded in the flesh, were seventeen stings and pieces of stings of the sting ray. Sharks are very fond of sting rays, and often used parts of them for bait for the sharks. I have frequently used stings and pieces of stings of the sting ray about the jaws of sharks, and I noticed particularly that there were no signs of inflammation in the flesh. Now, the ray sting is terribly poisonous to human flesh.

The largest sheephead that I ever saw weighed fifteen pounds, but one was caught in Great Egg Harbor Bay that weighed sixteen and one-quarter pounds. The largest weak fish that I ever saw was caught in a seine at the sand spit, near Beesley's Point, New Jersey, and I saw it weighed, and it turned the scale at fifteen and three-quarter pounds. But the largest bass I ever saw was caught on a hook, with his hook and line, that weighed twenty-three pounds. This is the largest one that I ever heard of. I have caught a great many fish, and shot many game birds, duck and geese, between Long Beach and Herford Inlet, New Jersey, but I believe that the shooting has got to be poor, and it was poor when I frequented there to what the old residents told me that it had been in their recollection.

C. R. M.

Johnstontown, Va., Oct. 17, 1881.

ANGLING LITERATURE.

NO land can compare with England in the variety and richness of its angling literature. It contains works which, like Isaac Walton's, are read by people who have not the slightest interest in fishing, but which are part of the general literature of the nation, and which faithfully reflect the manners of the age in which they were written. So extensive is this field that there are several books which are devoted to the history of this literature. Mr. Lambert has just published one, a limited number of which have been sent to Messrs. Scribner & Co., of New York.

The book is a 16mo. of 87 pages, with index, and, as the author states, is intended to present a clear view of the most prominent English angling literature. Some spaces devoted to descriptions of fishing by Greek and Latin authors, because the works of the two great Greek people of the past are so common to all countries. A short account of a few books on other subjects interesting to fishermen, as well as a notice of some biographical catalogues of books on fish and fishing, are also given.

We learn that there have been six catalogues of books on fishing which deserve notice. The first, called "A Catalogue of Books on Angling," was prepared by Sir Henry Ellis in 1812, and a reprint, without acknowledgment, is to be found in Daniel's "Rural Sports," 1813. Next came Pickering's

"Angling Literature" [England]; and [descriptions of fishing by] "The Anglers;" with a notice of some books on other piscatorial subjects. Next came Daniel's "Rural Sports," which included the pleasure of Angling, which he would usually call it "the most popular sport."—Walton's "Life of Walton," London; Saugan Low, Marston, Seville & Rivington, [Crown Buildings, Fleet street, 1881.]

"Bibliotheca Piscatoria," 1855. Then Belluene's list in the American edition of "The Complete Angler," 1847. After this came "A Bibliographical Catalogue of Books on Angling," by Russell Smith, 1844. Then the greatest and best, by Thomas Westwood, 1861. This was followed by the "Bibliotheca Ichthyologica" of D. Mulder Bosgoed, in 1874. Mr. Westwood, by the way, is revising his great work, and we expect to see it before long.

Mr. Lambert has given an interesting little book, although far from attempting to give even the titles of all the works on angling. It gives some quaint extracts from old books and some poetical extracts.

AMPHIBIOUS FISHES.

MEDIA, Delaware Co., Pa., Oct. 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In addition to the list of fishes which I lately sent to you, which live in both fresh and salt water, I will add the long-nose gar, *Lepisosteus osseus*. This fish is very abundant in the fresh water streams on the west coast of Florida. When beached in the shoal water of the Gulf of Mexico I saw many gar fish, which I feel confident were of this species. They did not seem to entertain any fear of the porpoises which were seen to swim near them. Alligators, however, are not so fastidious as the porpoises, as I once saw one of the former which had a large fish in its stomach. This species of gar is very retentive of life. I once made a drawing of one of them, which had been out of water eighteen hours, and even then it snapped its jaws several times. The smell from them is very disagreeable and sickening. There are also two other species of gar fish in Florida, the short-nose gar, *I. platystomus*, and the spoonbill, or alligator gar, *Lithophilus spatula*, though these species are more rare.

PROPOSED ABRIGATION OF THE FISHERY TREATY.

A MEETING was recently held in Gloucester, Mass., for the purpose of conferring with the Hon. Eben F. Stone, Member of Congress from that State, upon the fishery interests. The meeting was composed of fishermen, owners of fishing vessels and business men. Mr. Fitz J. Babson, Collector of the Port, presided, and among those present were: A. H. Clark and Capt. Stephen J. Martin, of the U. S. Fish Commission; Col. E. H. Haskell, J. O. Proctor, Esq., B. H. Corliss, Esq., Col. David W. Low, Capt. Chas. Dagie, Henry Coas, Collector House, of Newburyport; Messrs. W. A. Wilcox, of the Boston Fish Bureau, and others interested.

Mr. Babson stated that the object of the meeting was to give Mr. Stone an opportunity of learning the views of the people who are mainly interested in fishing, and to devise means to abrogate the treaty with Great Britain, which so far from a benefit is an injury to the fishery industry. He referred to the treatment the fishermen had received from those of the Provinces, and proved by statistics that the American fisheries for cod and halibut are pursued on the ocean banks, entirely outside of any national jurisdiction. For the nine months of the present year, there had been caught on these banks, 19,088,300 pounds of codfish, and 2,972,900 pounds of halibut, 99,998 barrels of mackerel had been caught by our fleet, and with the exception of 43 barrels caught in the Bay of St. Lawrence, had all been taken in violation of the treaty, proving that the fishery is and has been worthless to the American fishermen on the British coast and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

This, he claimed, was also true of the herring, squid, capelin or other bait fisheries, as these fish cannot be taken by American fishermen, and are consequently bought by them like any other commercial commodity, the same as if no treaty existed. The monstrous valuation by the Halifax Commission of the British inshore fisheries, together with an equal amount remitted as duties by the United States to British fishermen, is a record of almost criminal blundering, which no nation can afford to perpetuate. He concluded by offering the following memorial, which was received with favor, as expressing the sentiment of the meeting.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled: This memorial respectfully represents that by act 33 of the treaty of Washington, the articles of said treaty relating to the fisheries, shall remain in force ten years from the date at which they may come in operation, and that, after the expiration of ten years after the date of the said treaty, the parties shall have given notice of its desire to terminate the same. Now, therefore, we, the fishermen of the United States, knowing and believing that the results of the said treaty have not only been detrimental to the interests of the United States, but unjust and monstrous in the valuation by the Halifax Commission of the British shore fisheries, and which the experience of the past ten years has shown to be valueless to American fishermen, do hereby pray your honorable body to cause notice to be given, at the earliest practical moment, of the desire of the United States to terminate the operation of the fishery articles of said treaty, and all other treaty provisions relating to the fisheries on the shores of Canada and Newfoundland, for the following reasons, to the end that the British and American fishermen may each in their own waters enjoy the right to take fish unmolested, and equal commercial rights in the waters of either country.

Colonel Stone then responded. He was pleased to meet such a large representation of the business men of the city, including, as he said, some of the men who were masters of the fishing vessels. He had no idea of the immense collateral industries in connection with the Gloucester fisheries, which he had witnessed in his drives around the city, and in the calls he had made in company with Collector Babson during the day. It was almost a revelation, as his idea of the fisheries was that of the old-fashioned methods, where there had been no attempt at canning, or skinning and boning, which was carried on so successfully in Gloucester, and formed such important industries. The abrogation of the Washington Treaty and again putting on a duty on foreign fish, did not seem so easy to him as it did to Captain Babson, as there were other interests in the country opposed to this. We must meet a serious opposition from those who wish to get fish as cheaply as they can. He thought the question could be put in the shape of Protection to American Industry, and it could not be denied with any kind of grace. If protection be right in principle, it would be grossly unjust to neglect Gloucester. There is a similar fish industry in the States, which they are putting on an interference with, and by the operation of these interests, we may gain Western votes with which to carry our point. He hoped also that the

manufacturing interests extending so rapidly in the South, where heretofore they had no foothold, will be long and necessary to ask protection. If he found difficulties, he also found encouragement, and should, if he had opportunity, do everything in his power for the renewal of the old duties.

Mr. B. H. Corliss reviewed the fishing business, its struggle, its decline in other places, the great sacrifices of life and property in its prosecution and the enterprise and courage exhibited by our people in carrying it on against so many obstacles. He spoke of the concessions which had been made to Great Britain, the neglect of our Government to send an armed vessel into provincial waters to protect the fishermen and look after their rights when unjustly assailed. In his opinion, we had now arrived at that point when we want the treaty abrogated, as the privileges we had from it were not worth a dollar.

Mr. W. A. Wilcox assured the meeting of his sympathy and heartily indorsed the remarks which had been made. These were his own personal views. He had visited the various fishing ports and the industry was well deserving of protection. Boston did not agree with these views; but he considered anything different a foolish and imprudent policy.

Mr. A. H. Clark had visited all the fishing ports in the United States, obtaining statistics in the interest of the Fish Commission. There was a vast amount of information which would prove astonishing to the people. The statistics of Gloucester clearly proved the great disadvantages under which she has labored with this treaty in operation. Prof. Baird was of the opinion that it should be abrogated at the expiration of the time.

Other remarks were made by Col. David W. Low, John J. Pew, Esq., who were in sympathy with the meeting and indorsed the remarks made.

A committee of five, comprising Fitz J. Babson, B. H. Corliss, David W. Low, John J. Pew and James G. Barr, were chosen to prepare a memorial, to be circulated for signatures in the various fishing towns and be presented to Congress.

That the fishery treaty should be abrogated there can be no doubt for both the American and Canadian fishermen demand it. To place the question fairly we give the Canadian view, as expressed in the *Toronto Globe*, of the 14th. It says: "The award of the Halifax Fishery Arbitrators was that the United States should pay Canada and Newfoundland \$5,500,000 for the right to fish in British North American waters for twelve years. The Washington treaty provided that the clauses giving fishery rights to the Americans and to the Canadians the right of sending fish and fish products into the States free of duty, should have force for ten full years, after the end of which period either party could, by giving six months' notice, refuse to extend the agreement, bringing it to a conclusion. Four months have elapsed since the Canadian Government could have caused the Washington Government to be notified, yet no action has been taken. The matter should at once be attended to. At the rating of the Halifax Commission, the value of the concessions received by the States exceeded the value of the concessions made by them by the sum of \$458,333 each year. Consequently, Canada has lost over \$152,000 by the four month's delay of the Ottawa authorities. But the would be a very low estimate of the actual loss. The Halifax award was very unjust in favor of the States, and a revaluation would, of course, give Canada increased compensation, even if the privileges claimed and exercised by the American fishermen were not in excess of those which the arbitrators reckoned on. But the fact is that the Washington Government in the Fortuue Bay affair put an interpretation on the treaty that gives the American fishermen privileges for which the award was not intended to pay Canada. That interpretation was more or less distinctly recognized as such by the Gladstone Government, consequently revaluation would give the Dominion a largely increased annual rental for the fisheries.

Though justice requires the earliest possible exclusion of the American fishermen from the enjoyments of rights for which their Government has not paid, there would be in this country some good-natured reluctance to take action if the Gloucester fishermen had not presumed to "bluff" the Dominion. Fondly imagining that they will be allowed to poach in British waters, they have been instructed by the notorious Boston request of the Washington Government to give the required two years' notice. They hope to take fish where they please, and at the same time to exclude Canadian fish from the States by prohibitory duties. Not a moment should be lost in taking them at their word.

It may be doubted whether Canada should again agree to let the Americans enjoy admission to the fisheries for a sum to be fixed by arbitration. Perhaps the best course would be to rigidly keep the grounds for our own people like our neighbors agree to pay a fair money price named by the Canadian Government, or to let the American Government pay a satisfactory price to this country. Were that course taken the re-imposition of American duties on Canadian fish or fish products would not injure Canadian fishermen in the least, while they would be freed from competition, and thus enabled to extend their operations very greatly. But whatever course may ultimately be followed it is absurd that the Americans should be allowed to go on catching fish for which they have not paid. It is not now possible to prevent them exercising that privilege for another month. In 1883, the treaty could be immediately given that they will be allowed to take advantage of Canada no longer.

MAN-EATING SHARKS.—The *Pennscola*, Fla., *Gazette* of Oct. 18 tells how Anthony McDonald, a sailor, belonging to the English ship "Forest Rights," was drowned on Sunday, while bathing near the Central Wharf. The mate of a vessel lying near went to his rescue as soon as it was known that he was in peril, but before reaching the spot the unfortunate youth had sunk out of sight. The body was dragged for, but not recovered until the next morning, when it was found to be horribly mutilated by sharks. Deceased was aged 18, aged 18, a native of Liverpool, and this was his first voyage. He seems to have been a good and virtuous young man, and the body was left moored to a ship lying at the wharf, awaiting the arrival of a coroner, who decided upon his arrival that an inquest was unnecessary. We are told that yesterday an immense shark—estimated to be more than fifteen feet in length—arose to the surface, and seizing the body instantly carried it under the wharf. Parties standing near took hold of the rope, and after a tug with the monster deprived him of his prey. This subsequent attack of the monster is conclusively proof that the unfortunate young man had been eaten alive in the jaws of a shark. His hand and one arm and one leg were gone, while a large gash was visible in his left side. This is the second death of the kind that has come to our knowledge within the year. The other was that

of a mate of a small vessel who was knocked overboard between here and Mobile a few months ago, and who was seized by one of these large fish, and carried below in the presence of his shipmates.

BAIT HOOKS WITH GUT LOOP.—Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 17. I have always had more or less trouble by the snarling and entangling of my snelled hooks used in bait fishing for bass. Last spring I conceived an idea that, so far as I am concerned, after a thorough trial, has proved a success, and has been adopted by several of our local anglers that have seen the change. The "conceived idea" is as follows: I had the veteran angler Charles F. Orvis, of Manchester, Vt., tie for me two dozen sprout hooks with simply a loop of gut on the end, also a few nine-inch snells with loop at each end. The hooks are carried in an old fly book that I have converted into numerous pockets that hold two hooks each. The snells are carried in a single pocketbook of proper length. The advantages of this plan I claim to be as follows: We are in the habit of breaking more hooks than snells, and in this event the snells are cast away, while in my plan a new hook is only to be mounted, the snell being saved. Second, the snells cost more than the hooks in the old plan, while a dozen of my style snells will outlast three or four times as many hooks, thus being a great deal cheaper. I inclose one of the hooks to convey my idea better. I think this plan original with WILLIS D. MAIER.

THOUT FROZEN IN A BLOCK OF ICE.—At the office of the Virginia City and Gold Hill Water Company, recently, was on exhibition a block of ice in which were frozen several trout. The ice was frozen by the company's ice machine on the Divide. The trout were almost as plainly visible as though they had been suspended in water. The trout in natural attitudes, and appeared to have congealed without knowing that anything unusual was happening to them. As all their spots and colors were distinctly visible, and they stood immovable with tails and fins expanded, they would have formed a splendid study for an artist. Indeed, we think that here is a hint that painters of such subjects should not neglect. Bets were made that they would thaw out "alive and kicking," and the block of ice was accordingly placed in a tank and allowed to melt, but at last accounts the trout were lying on the bottom apparently quite dead. Artificial freezing was evidently too quick and sharp for them.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise*.

ANGELING FOR ALIGATORS.—It is said that the unusual drought in Florida has had the effect of drying up Sibley Lake to such an extent as to leave only a few shallow spots here and there, and in these alligators sought refuge in large numbers, digging huge burrows into the ground. This has furnished great sport to the settlers in the neighborhood, who have gone in crowds to these spots, and fished with fine success for the enormous reptiles. The number of catching them has been to thrust long rods with hooks at the end into one of the cavernous burrows and stir up the occupants. One of the alligators would snap at the rod, a jerk would fasten the hook into the soft part of the lower jaw, and it would then be easy to draw the animal out and kill it with hatchets. It is not every year that such fishing can be enjoyed, even in Florida.

Fishculture.

THE MAYFISH OF GERMANY.

THIS member of the family *Clupea*, is a fish in size and general appearance like the shad of America. It does not, however, ascend the rivers in such great schools as does our own *Alosa sapidissima*, and attempts have been made to cultivate it. In a recent number of the *Fischer's Zeitung*, of Stettin, we find an article on it, of which we offer the following translation: "We have just received from Herr Max von Borne to a paper in Holland he says that for the past six years German fishiculturists have tried to cultivate the mayfish (*Malainch* or die "Alosa" *Clupea alosa*), but the operations have not been as successful as those in America. In America, in fact, the mayfish is abundant on the East Coast of America can be reared in the broad mouths of rivers and in the estuaries (at the head waters also, Editor FOREST AND STREAM.) In vain we seek such places in the Rhine between Coblenz and Heidelberg. Herr von Borne asks if the mayfish are caught in Holland, at the mouths of rivers, with eggs mature enough for transportation. He says also that in America the ripe fish are chiefly caught in the first half of the night, this being the time when they seek the odds for spawning. "We had the same here," says Mr. von Borne, of Tschindorf, who has had some experience in the culture of mayfish in the upper waters of the Rhine.

Will it be easier then to take the nearly ripe fish at the mouth of the river and preserve them until fully ripe than to try to take them at the river port of the Southern Wisconsin? They have when near spawning and the nearer to the spawning places they are taken the ripe they must be. Perhaps they may also try to manipulate the spawning fish on the Weser with more success. However, the man in Holland answers Mr. von Borne's question by saying that ripe mayfish were caught in Holland at the mouths of rivers in June and July. Certain it is that the artificial culture of mayfish has not yet been a success.

FISHCULTURAL NOTES.

PROF. S. A. FORBES and party, from the State Laboratory of Natural History of Illinois, have done much satisfactory work with dredge and beam-trawl in Lake Michigan and the smaller waters of Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin. They have obtained a large collection of the smaller life upon which the fishes feed and which has a direct bearing upon the existence of young fishes especially. They will soon complete their season's labor on Lake Michigan.

The Fishery Commission of the State of Michigan has outgrown the little hatchery at Pokagon and moved to Paria, Michigan Co., where it can conduct operations on a larger scale. At Paria there is a fine brook, running at low water 181 cubic inches, with a temperature of 58 deg. at 10 feet from the head of it, and only two degrees higher in the stream in the hottest days. Eighteen months ago Mr. Portman, the Superintendent, planted 1,000 brook trout fry in it, and since work has begun there he has taken 173 of them at the lower dam which were from eight to eleven inches in length. The new hatchery is 60 by 50 feet, and is nearly completed.

A shipment of live trout and sole for the U. S. Fishery Commission is expected on the Canada steamer *Parthia* about the time of our going to press. They are sent by Mr. C. L. Jackson, in charge of Mr. A. W. Armstrong, brother of Mr. Armstrong of the well-known trout ponds at Keswick. Our next issue will contain the result of the shipment.

We learn from Mr. James C. Rice, who has spent much time in the Adirondacks this past season, that Mr. A. R. Fuller has established a hatchery for trout and is stocking some lakes in Franklin Co.,

	R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals
Chester Hinds.....	93	47	92	46	185-90
F E N chois.....	58	45	94	47	192-40
F R K lsworth.....	85	46	93	47	178-90
A Matthews.....	78	43	91	49	190-80
Charles Miller.....	89	47	68	41	147-30
W S Wilder.....	70	45	71	43	141-80
G C Goodale.....	68	44	70	42	138-80
H C Knowlton.....	14	65	68	41	128-80

Dr. Al. Watts, Boston, Mass., has recently imported from Halifax, England, for Mr. W. H. Lee, the mastiff bitch Lioness. She is 18 months

F. H. L., Rock Hill.—Will you please tell me what I can do for my eleven-months old Llewellyn setter? He has been poor ever since he was four months old. Can't get him to eat anything but raw meat (he seems to prefer fish to anything else). I have treated him for worms but he does not improve. Gave him during the last five months oil and turpentine, ground glass, worm oil and copraes. He slobbers at the mouth a great deal and his mouth is very offensive. He seems to have plenty of life, but is very thin and poor. His nose is in good condition, cold and moist. I have given him (tonic) plus three times a day for thirty days and could see no improvement. AHS. We fear that the powerful medicine you have given has seriously impaired his stomach. We should advise a generous diet with plenty of exercise and not a particle of medicine. See answer to W. F. B. in last week's issue.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MOUNTAINS.

IN his address before the New Hampshire Game and Fish League at its last meeting, Rev. Henry Powers spoke as follows regarding the resources which the State possessed in her mountains:

New Hampshire, by nature and by position among the States of the Union, is most uniquely and most admirably fitted to become the summer sanitarium and the pleasure ground of the nation, for she holds within her borders, as they cannot be found elsewhere, all the essential elements and advantages that are required for the making of such a sanitarium. She has for it, if not for general agriculture, the right soil and climate and scenery; lofty mountains and forest-covered hills, and beautiful lakes and rivers and valleys, and clear running streams and brooks. She has all the institutions and appliances and products of the most advanced civilization and she is in the immediate neighborhood of, or in close connection with, by steamboat and railroad car, and telegraph and telephone, all the great centers of wealth and agriculture and population in the land. That such a sanitarium is needed by the people of our country is more and more apparent every year; that New Hampshire is marked out by a sort of natural fore-ordination to become such a sanitarium is fast growing to be the opinion of every section of the nation; that the people of New Hampshire are able to utilize their resources and their opportunities in this direction, and to an extent that they have scarcely dreamed of as yet, is the firm persuasion of the best, the wisest and the most enterprising of their number, and that the prosperity of our rugged little State will depend very largely in all the coming time upon all her people sharing in this persuasion with them is the strong conviction which possesses my own soul, and which I would now impart to your souls if it be not lodged there already.

The summer sanitarium of America. What is that? It is a place to which all sorts and kinds of men can go when they are sick or tired, or hungry for a fight of the fields and woods and mountains, or have a desire simply to change the customary surroundings and employments of their every-day existence in order that they may find that rest and comfort for the body, that peace and quiet for the spirit, and that new zest for all the things of life which shall henceforth have power to make them young and strong again. Such a place as this cannot be made by man alone; it must be shaped of God originally, and made grand and beautiful as well as useful to all His sentient creatures, through the mingling of all the prime elements of His visible creation.

But nature is at her best here in New Hampshire. All that the Great Architect of the universe could do most graciously to render our State attractive to the dwellers in every land He certainly has done. For scenes of simple beauty and variegated loveliness, alternating with the wildest sublimity, New Hampshire may well compare with the most celebrated resorts of Europe; hence we believe "the time is not very remote," says Prof. Sanborn, "when the tide of European travel, like "the course of empire," westward shall take its way, and the valleys and pinnacles of our familiar mountains will echo with strange tongues, and become populous with visitors from the old world." In my judgment, however, this time will never come until the people of New Hampshire shall have resolved to do their best for the development and the improvement of all these wondrous gifts. First, God must work, and then man, and the true sanitarium of America will be this bit of nature cultivated and transfigured until it shall form a fitting part of that nobler Eden of the coming time.

Do you inquire, then, how this transfiguration shall ever be brought about? The process is simple, and very practicable. Remembering that "the physical basis of life" must be the first thing thought of, build railroads and turnpikes around the lonely mountains, and hotels and boarding-houses in all the places where they are required; cover the denuded hills with forests; plant shade-trees in the villages and by the roadside, and lay out parks and pleasure grounds in all the cities and larger towns; fill the woods with game, the rivers and lakes and brooks with fish, and the fields and gardens with beautiful shrubs and flowers. Let the Government of the State assist in this great work of upbuilding, and the people of the State be urged to invest of their labor and their surplus earnings in private and public village and town improvements. Let the churches be repaired, the schools enlarged and multiplied, and all our people taught that their pecuniary as well as their other interests, are involved in these and such like changes, and the thing is done.

But, do you ask again, is it certain that New Hampshire can regain her lost prosperity in this way?—can increase her population and wealth, and improve the quality of her citizenship by efforts of this sort? Yes; for it has been done in the Republic of Switzerland, for example, in Europe. Switzerland, some years ago, found herself in much the same condition that New Hampshire was a generation since. She was losing wealth and losing population, and her ruin seemed inevitable at no very distant day. So the leaders of her different cantons came together in council and discussed the situation. The result was they resolved unanimously that the Government of Switzerland should be requested to enter into partnership with the Alps, and that it should henceforth try to make them the foundation of the national prosperity. The Republic of Switzerland listened to this request. The government built roads and bridges and laid out many improvements. The people put up guest-houses, adorned their villages, and made the whole country as agreeable to strangers as they possibly could, and to-day there is no part of Europe making more rapid advances than this little commonwealth among the mountains.

Will it pay, then, to develop in like fashion the natural resources of New Hampshire? Why, gentlemen, it is pay-

ing already, and in dollars and cents, as no other business among us is paying. During the first quarter of this century the number of visitors to the White Mountains averaged about twelve each year. In 1860, Starr King tells us that "not less than 5,000 persons make the ascent of Mount Washington every summer by the bridge paths." It was estimated at the Summit House last summer that about 12,000 persons visited Mount Washington during the season, some 10,000 of whom went up by the railroad, and this is the way the stream of travel, now running toward our State, is rapidly swelling from year to year. More than \$4,000,000, it is thought, were brought into New Hampshire by the people who came here last season, a very much larger sum than was ever realized before. If, then, it be remembered that the profits of this traffic remain for the most part with us, and that by it a home market is created for all our farm and garden products, we shall not be surprised to learn that the number of abandoned homesteads is beginning to be diminished, and that our farmers' sons and daughters are less inclined to emigrate than formerly. And then, besides all this, there are men of New Hampshire birth who have made their fortunes in other parts of the world, that are now returning in constantly increasing numbers to their childhood homes that they may live in them the remainder of their days, and these men are ready to spend their wealth most generously in beautifying and adorning these homes, around which their earliest affections are clustered. The change for the better, therefore, in all those parts of our State which have been reached and watered by this Nile of travel, is quite marked already, and there is no reason to suppose that its limits have been attained as yet. Doubtless this stream of travel will increase continually, and the benefits also which flow from it will increase as the years roll on.

But it is time to say a word or two concerning the part which the members of this league should take in this effort to make New Hampshire a summer sanitarium. It is not too much to affirm, perhaps, that if there were no game in our woods and no fish in our streams, then the visitors we are the most desirous of securing, because they would help us the most in this effort at upbuilding, would not be so ready to come into our State. The fact is, that hunting and fishing are peculiarly the sports of gentlemen, for the conditions of their pursuit are uniformly fresh air, fine scenery, the exercise of skill and energy in mind and body, and loving communion with the works of nature. "None are so able," says Col. Theo. Lyman, "to cope with great affairs, as those who on fitting occasion can take dog and gun and tramp all day long through the autumn covers, or wade a trout-brook of a June morning. Such are the English gentry who make laws in Parliament; such was Daniel Webster, and such would have been Horace Greeley, if he had not made the fatal mistake of "waiting forty years to go fishing." The special duty, then, of the members of this league is to do what they can to make these noble and delightful sports both universal and profitable in New Hampshire; to create a popular opinion, if possible, that shall be favorable to their pursuit; and also to secure the active and hearty co-operation with them of all our people in the endeavor to stock our fields and woods and lakes and rivers and brooks with the objects of the sportsman's delight.

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

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Skunk, Red Fox, Raccoon, &c. Bought for cash at highest prices. Send for circular with full particulars.

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For particulars, rules, score cards, etc., address the man-
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1891, p. 448.]
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Open only to members of the Association, and each entry to be handled by the owner. First prize, a piece of plate, \$100; second, silver cup, presented by Messrs. Caldwell & Co., Philadelphia, \$50. Entrance \$5, to be paid at time of nomination. A special prize of \$50, or a silver cup of equal value, at the option of the winner, is offered for the best red Irish setter competing in the trials. All entries close 9 o'clock A. M. Dec. 5, 1881.

J. PALMER O'NEIL, Pres't.

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Beagle Hounds bred for bench and field purposes. RALLY (Sam-Daily); stud fee, \$15.
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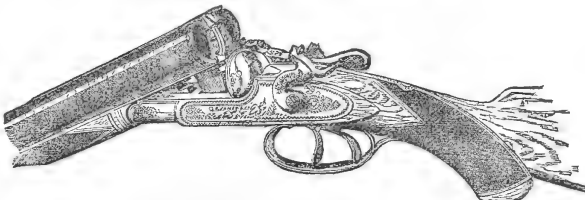


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Shipley's Looped and Plain Mist Color Leaders. Shipley's Improved Adjustable Floats. Reversed Wing, Trout, Bass and Salmon Flies in stock, and also tied to pattern. A full assortment of common and finest rods, Lines, Reels, etc.

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In ordering give calibre of gun. All orders and inquiries to be addressed

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STANDARD AND DRY.
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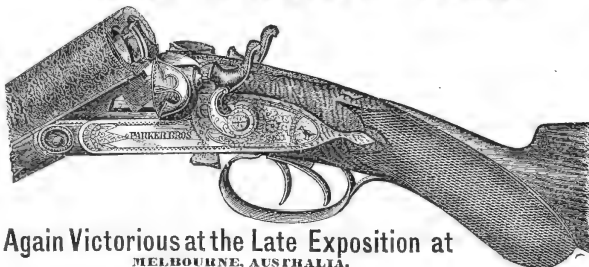
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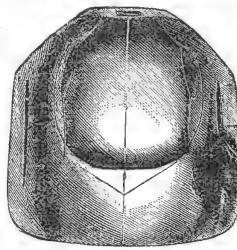
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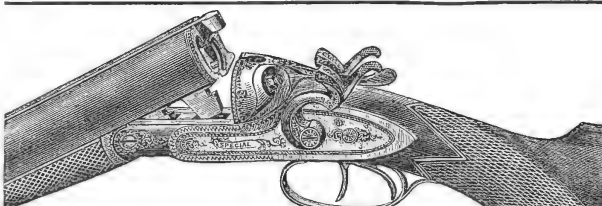
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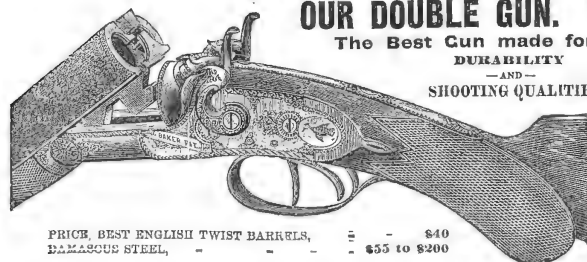
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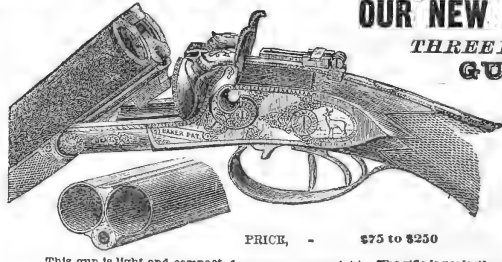


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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, November 3.

JOHN ALLEN BANKS.

IT is with deep sorrow that we here record the untimely death of a companion, who had for many years been associated with us in the work of this office. John Allen Banks, the eldest son of Thaddeus C. Banks, Business Manager of this journal, died at his residence in Brooklyn, last Saturday morning, October 29, aged thirty-one years. During his long connection with the FOREST AND STREAM, as its cashier, he made very many friends, who will here for the first time learn the sad tidings of his death.

Words are cold to express in any fitting manner our own grief at the loss of one who had become so endeared to us by the kindly intercourse of business and social life. His faithful discharge of duty, and his high character and strict integrity commanded the respect of all men with whom he came in contact; while his quiet, unassuming disposition, and gentle and courteous bearing won the esteem and love of those who knew him more intimately.

If the possession of such a character by those who are mourned can in any way temper the grief of bereaved friends, surely this comfort is left to those who are to-day sorrowing for the death of John Allen Banks.

The memory of our friend will hold a warm place in our hearts.

THE ONLY HONEST COURSE.

AMONG the letters, which we print to-day on the subject of State pigeon tournaments, is one from a member of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Its writer, who has taken an active part in recent conventions of the association, and whose views we invited because we believed them to be representative, says that he does not consider game protection "a matter of so much consequence that annual conventions are necessary to its success." He admits that nine-tenths of the members of the association attend the meetings for the trap-shooting; and he thinks that "the cause of game protection does not receive much assistance from the annual meetings."

That is frank, free, honest. It undoubtedly correctly represents the views of very many of the society members; and the writer puts his feelings in a manly, open way, in strong contrast with some of the letters we have published in the past from other members of the association, holding the same opinions, but lacking the courage to express them.

The letter signed E. R. may be taken as representing the true feeling of the great majority of the members of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. They attend the conventions for pigeon shooting only, and do not think the subject of game protection to be of such importance that they need bother their heads about it. The other letters on this subject show how those who really are engaged in game protective efforts regard such societies.

From the letter of E. R., and from other letters of like tenor, sent to us by other members of the association, but "not for publication," we are reluctantly compelled to believe that the cause of game protection will, in the future, have little or no attention from the society in question. This being the case, one thing is certainly in order. A society which is ostensibly organized for one thing, and does something else, should be honest enough to have its true purpose appear in its name. This much at least is due to those who are in fact doing the work it ignores. A civil service reform club, which should spend all its energies in wire-pulling for public offices for its members, would not only at once lose the confidence of the public, but would work incalculable injury to the cause of civil service reform. A game protective club, which does nothing but annually shoot thousands of pigeons, not only destroys public confidence in the sincerity of its pretensions, but works great harm to the cause of game protection in general. Simple justice to the great body of sportsmen throughout this country imperatively demands that pigeon shooting societies call themselves pigeon shooting societies; and that the title of game protective society be confined to game protective societies.

This is surely the only manly, honest and just thing.

PISTOL SHOOTING.

THE practice of pistol shooting has received a wonderful impulse of late, and now the works where the finer grade of these firearms are turned out are crowded with orders. Accurate shooting with a pistol may be indulged in almost anywhere. A range of 50 feet is readily gained and a sheet of ordinary iron boiler plate, or even a backing of planking forms an admirable bulkhead into which to fire and on which to nail up the target. These may be the cheap paper diagrams or the sport may be varied by using any small object for a point of aim, and we know of no better use for a "ten-spot" than to set it up as a target to pick out the spots in 10 consecutive shots. The sport may be indulged in by old and young and by either sex. Ladies are often the best hitters, and while they make poor holders, as a general rule, they excel in a knack of catching the sight and pulling the trigger at the same instant, and in this way a very nervous person will often do very fine scoring.

The pastime is a comparatively cheap one, for the .23 cal. cartridges are now made so accurate and are so uniform in action that they may be relied upon by the most fastidious marksman. There is no sport so well calculated to develop a number of excellent qualities. The least relapse into dissipation at once works its effect in irregular shooting, and the shooter in the best physical condition, other things being equal, must win. It is an excellent test of the eyesight and

accustoms one to a quick fixing of the attention on a distant object. There must be a perfect control of the muscles and that ready relation between the eye, hand and brain which will be found serviceable in a thousand ways.

Those who have once taken up pistol shooting, and gained a clear idea of how to do it, rarely abandon the pastime. They become enthusiasts, and the sport is to them a hobby. They love to look upon the handsome little weapon as the synonym of exactness. They learn to know that, when allowed to do it, the pistol will work with the accuracy of a mathematical instrument, and this begets a love for it. We have stories of old hunters swearing by their long-toms, and old duellists and those accustomed to the use of the smaller arm become equally confident of its powers and precision.

In speaking of pistol shooting we do not wish to be understood as regarding those pesky little fomenters of lock-jaw, cheap-made "revolvers." These little instruments of death and devilment are whacked out at a single blow under the trip-hammer, and their only speciality, in which they are unexcelled, is the amount of noise they will kick up. A pistol to shoot with accuracy must be made with special reference to that point, and the ordinary cheap revolver is made with the single idea of getting up the shoiwest looking device for the least money. They are not weapons of offense or defense in any way, but merely dangerous devices, a constant menace to every body in their vicinity, and if in any way they could be stamped out of existence it would be a great boon. Fine work, or in fact work of any kind worth the pursuit, cannot be done with these instruments, and they are never seen in the resorts of the pistol-shooting experts. In future articles we shall give instructions in pistol shooting, describe the weapons used, quote past doings in scores and records, and try to measure the extent of this very popular pastime.

THE ATALANTA.

THERE is considerable difference between a good boat and a very good boat. The former represents an average production, the latter an exceptional. The Atlanta is a good boat, but in our judgment nothing more. It would be most agreeable to receive a stranger with open arms, and exclamations of surprise and admiration, but a regard for reputation as a good judge of yachts compels us to place the Atlanta only in the class of good boats of which fair performance may be expected, and which would certainly astonish us with an exhibition of extraordinary speed. The Canadians have shown a most commendable spirit of enterprise in sending a sloop from Belleville to race boats of a particular type which have been brought to greater perfection in New York than anywhere else in the world. They have contended bravely with many difficulties in so doing, but facts must be looked squarely in the face. These are that the Atlanta is more or less a chance production, the first large sloop ever put in frame by Cuthbert, but the third of anything like her tonnage. She has been built, rigged and fitted hastily. She is still incomplete, has had no fair opportunity of obtaining best trim. Her sails are unstretched, gear all stiff and new, and the crew unacquainted with each other and the course they have to sail. On our side we have the pick of a large fleet, slowly brought near perfection by numerous opportunities for comparison, and the consequent modifications in successive attempts at modeling or alteration. Our sloops are in the best of condition, their crews have shaken down to their billets, skippers are well posted, sails comparatively flat, gear in good working order and the choice of representative boat not to be decided until the morning of the first race. Even assuming the model of Atlanta to be as perfect as the best we can produce, she has taken upon herself such heavy odds in other respects, that her opportunities for victory seem to be of a most doubtful kind. Atlanta is, however, to our mind not the equal in model of either Gracie or Mischief, and we must confess we deem our friends doomed to serious disappointment, for the chances of her taking the America Cup are practically hopeless, bar accident and fluke. If in spite of these predictions, the Canadian should prove able to "squander" our best, we will frankly acknowledge that we have more to learn about a yacht than hitherto believed, and we shall be chary in the future about an expression based, as this one of necessity is, upon a casual inspection of form and fittings.

IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN BIRDS.

U. S. S. SWATARA, Shanghai, May 23.

My Dear Captain:

An idea strikes me, by which, perhaps, we can render considerable service to the sportsmen at home and also add to our own resources for amusement when on shore duty.

Consul-General Denny, here at Shanghai, is very much interested in the importation into America of game birds, and has already, at his own expense, sent over nearly a hundred brace of the Asiatic pheasant, which have been turned adrift in Oregon (his own State) and California. He is very anxious to continue this good work on a larger scale, but lacks the means to do it properly.

I believe there are some twenty odd varieties of the pheasant in China and most of them can be readily procured here in Shanghai. Of course the prices vary, the cheapest being the common ring-necked variety, costing perhaps one dollar per pair. Another beautiful game bird is the so-called Chefoo partridge, red-legged and red-billed, with black and white stripes on the sides. I have killed the same thing, minus the stripes, in Asia Minor. There is also the sand grouse, several varieties of snipe and woodcock, such as we never see at home, and, perhaps, of less importance, large numbers of the waterfowl species. I think, though, the mandarin duck, which you doubtless remember, would be a valuable acquisition, if only for his beautiful plumage.

Mr. Denny says he can have birds shipped as far as San Francisco free of charge, at least he has succeeded in doing so to this time, the captains of trans-Pacific steamers being amiable and public-spirited; but I doubt if this will hold good for much future work. He also says a good-natured gentleman in San Francisco, connected with the U. S. Fish Commission, will undertake to have them forwarded East free of charge by the Pacific railways. There remains then to be paid for the birds themselves, their food and the cages for their long journey.

What I propose is, that the sporting community in general be informed of these facts through the *FOREST AND STREAM*, and some plan be devised by which Consul-General Denny's gratuitously-offered services may be utilized. I may assure you here that he is a thorough sportsman himself and is only actuated by a desire to increase our home production of sport.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* is probably read in every gun club in the country, and I believe a subscription started under its auspices for such a purpose would have a great success. Certainly all true sportsmen would respond, for we have very few varieties of game birds in America, comparatively speaking.

The Japanese game birds are also within Mr. Denny's reach, now that there is such constant intercourse with Nagasaki, and we might add to my list the green and copper pheasant, which, I believe, are only found there, and the so-styled giant woodcock. Of the latter I killed a specimen last fall near Tokio which weighed, unpressed, 12½ ounces. I have also on board a stuffed copper cock, which I killed near Kobe in February last, the two tail feathers of which measure thirty-six inches. I assure you that these birds, in killing, give one an emotion such as our little quail or ruffed grouse utterly fail to produce, and it is merely a matter of association to secure for all time sport such as the fraternity wot not of in America.

The argument that these birds will not stand our climate is absurd. They are found in Japan from the Straits of Laforouse to Kagoshima and in China from Tartary to Canton.

Very truly yours,

W. W. FOLGER.

The above letter, addressed to Capt. L. A. Beardslee, was by him handed to us for publication.

We in America have never taken any decided step toward the acclimation of animals foreign to our continent, although a few spasmodic efforts have been made in the right direction, and one or two societies have been organized. Most of the attempts that have been made have resulted in nothing permanent. In fact, have almost fallen stillborn, and this mainly because they have been the efforts merely of individuals. The attempt to naturalize here the quail of Europe has been one of the most important steps that has been taken, if we except the introduction of Pacific Coast fishes into the waters flowing into the Atlantic. Neither of these attempts have so far proved successful. The quail bred beyond question, but whether they found in America some enemy to which they were unaccustomed, and which proved too powerful for them, or failed to discover here some food which was essential to their well being, or were unable to withstand the climatic conditions so different from those of Europe—whatever the cause they do not seem to have flourished, and are heard from far less frequently than should be the case if they were doing well. As for the California salmon, of which so many millions have been introduced into our Eastern waters, they have so far as is now known wholly failed to reappear. They are hardy, can support a high degree of temperature, are easily reared up to the time when they are turned out, but still of all those placed in streams connecting with salt water not one has been captured.

This is not an encouraging prospect, but there is a brighter side to the picture. Thus the California and eastern quail transferred from the widely separated homes to Salt Lake City and its vicinity, both seem to have done well and to be increasing in numbers. The English sparrow, introduced here and protected, has multiplied beyond the wildest hopes of its strongest friends and, in fact, has become an unmitigated nuisance. But with this sole exception, of all the European species freed on this side of the water scarcely anything is known, if we except the few specimens that have been brought into the taxidermists for identification. Skylarks, starlings, blackbirds and finches have all disappeared. A number of Asiatic birds have from time to time been imported to California, and are said to have done well, but unfortunately we lack any very definite information with regard to them. That many species of the Chinese and Japanese pheasants and partridges would do well on the Pacific coast seems extremely probable. There is such a

variety of climate there, that a locality suited to the wants of each species could without difficulty be found. One that loves desert wastes can be turned out near the sea coast to wander over the brown plains and the sand dunes; a forest inhabiting bird can be taken to the lower slopes of the mountains where the manzanita, the chaparral and the pine timber grow; another, accustomed to the cold and snows of the North, can have its liberty given it high up on the Sierras, where the climate most nearly resembles that of its native home. The habits of each species that is imported must be investigated so that an intelligent discretion may be exercised in liberating the birds. If this is not done, the labor and money spent to forward the project will be wasted. A fact well worthy of consideration in connection with the subject of importing such birds as are above referred to, is the immunity which tree-inhabiting game has from many predacious animals. Those birds which habitually pass the night on the ground are exposed to a multitude of perils from which those which roost in trees are exempted. Other things being equal, therefore, it would seem desirable to procure species which are perchers.

As to the probable cost of importing and successfully acclimating the different species of Japanese game, but little can be said at present. It is essential, however, that the species on which it shall be thought best to experiment should be brought over in numbers sufficient to insure, with reasonable care, the survival of a number of individuals for at least a year, so that they may have time to breed and to rear their young. The importation of ten or twenty pairs would only serve to furnish a free lunch to the foxes, wildcats, hawks and owls of the districts where the birds were turned out, and it is scarcely worth while to spend money and time for that purpose. To make such importations as would be necessary to insure success, to give the birds proper care and food for a few weeks after their arrival, to protect them as far as may be necessary from the ravages of winged, quadrupedal and bipedal enemies will cost some money; probably not less than one or two thousand dollars. With such an amount in hand we believe that the enterprise might be undertaken with fair prospects of success. We should be glad to see the experiment tried and to assist, so far as in our power, to carry it out. Can any of our readers tell us more about the birds spoken of in Lieut. Folger's letter?

ENGLISH FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT

THE first contest of this kind ever held in England was advertised to come off on Oct. 22, weather permitting. It has been gotten up by Mr. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, in aid of the funds of the Anglers' Benevolent Association. The grounds are Mr. Warner's Welsh Harp Fishery, Hendon, on the Midland Railway. The charge for admission to the grounds will be sixpence. The judges are J. P. Wheelton, of *Bell's Life*, and Alfred Jardine. The *Fishing Gazette* of Oct. 15 says that the final arrangement of the competitions is not yet definitely settled, but the following may be considered a general outline of the programme:

A prize for the longest cast with a double-handed fly rod.
A prize for the longest cast with a single-handed fly rod.
A prize for the longest cast from the reel, in the Nottingham style.

A prize for the longest cast with the line coiled at the feet, in the Thames style.

A prize for the longest cast with the forked stick, as practiced by the Welsh Harp, Elstree, and other bank anglers.

A prize for the longest cast with unweighted line baited with paste or cheese.

Other competitions will doubtless be arranged.

The judges will consider style of delivery of the flies or bait, and accuracy, as well as distance, and for this purpose the following scale of 100 points will be adopted:

Distance across the wind.....	20
Distance with the wind.....	20
Style of delivery of flies and bait.....	20
Accuracy.....	20

Competitors will be allowed to use their own rods, reels and lines, and, as some allowance will have to be made for length of rod, the American scale per foot will probably be adopted. The entrance fee for competitors will be fixed according to the value of the prize to be cast for, but will not exceed half-a-crown (about sixty cents). Competitors will stand on a tarpaulin, a fixed time being allowed in which to make the casts.

A number of valuable prizes are offered, Mr. Marston, of the *Fishing Gazette*, and S. Alcock & Co., of Redditch, heading the list with valuable rods. We hope that this first contest will be such a success that it will be repeated, for on this side of the water we recognize it as one of the most beautiful arts and a school for the youthful angler, who can there see the experts from all parts of the country and compare their styles. We will keep our eye out for the reports of this meeting.

"GUIDES."—In going into the country for a day's sport with rod and gun, use common sense in employing a guide—if one is needed. Do not pick up the average grocery store loafer and station hanger-on. These gentry are often most eager to serve, but in nine cases out of ten, as "guides" they are frauds. Give them a wide berth.

RUST IN GUN BARRELS.—A number of communications on this subject are postponed until our next issue.

MATCH CONDITIONS.

EVERY week we are called upon to act as arbiter in disputes over matches. The same knots are again and again unraveled, and yet riflemen and trap-shooters, yachtsmen and dog-owners go on drawing up slovenly conditions and preparing the way for future entanglements. It would seem that all the possibilities of confusion have by this time been discovered and mapped out, and all the loopholes of misunderstanding detected, but such is not the fact. The American cup in yachting circles has been lost in a continual fog of interpretations, and the "Palma" among the shooting men has been enveloped in a smoky atmosphere of explanations and amendments. There is a loose use of language and a desire to sacrifice perspicuity and exactness for the sake of brevity. Donors of prizes say one thing and mean another, and with a prize dangling within reach a competitor is apt to make rash claims and insist on wry readings of the plainest language. Young clubs would do well to take the hints for their match conditions from the work of older organizations, or else fix upon some impartial Brutus to deal out decisions, if not justice, after the act.

One of the most perplexing things to the ordinary contestant is "class-shooting," as understood among those who participate in trap and target work. It seems somewhat of a paradox that a competitor who has done good work in a match should go prizeless, while another, who scored a lower record, secures a reward. Yet the loser in a "shoot-off" has a chance of winning, and if he misses that opportunity it surely does not give him any claim of precedence over another possible prize winner who took no part in the "tie-shooting."

FARMERS AND SPORTSMEN.—The interests of farmers and decent sportsmen are identical. It is for the benefit of both that lawless ruffians, armed with impudence and shot-guns, should be suppressed. Scores of shooters, who in the cities and towns where they live are law-abiding because of their fear of the police, go out every season, and between seasons, trespassing on the farmers' lands, breaking down his fences, peeping his live stock with shot, shooting his pigeons and poultry, and conducting themselves generally in a manner that ought to land them in the State prison. This pestiferous horde is yearly increasing. The respectable portion of society may well ask if there is any remedy for this evil, and what that remedy is?

WHAT QUAIL ARE WORTH.—The value of these birds in the markets is often very slight, being from ten to twenty-five cents; their value while alive to the farmer is much greater. It has been claimed by a practical farmer that every quail raised on his land, from the time it is hatched until the winter following, is worth at least one dollar. In other words he believes that the insects which the bird destroys in this time would, if not interfered with, destroy crops to the value of a dollar. We believe that this is an under estimate of the direct benefit derived from the birds, and, of course, if the progeny of the insects destroyed were taken into account, the value of the quail's services would be enhanced many fold. Let farmers protect the quail.

LIVE QUAIL FOR STOCKING PURPOSES.—We are informed by Messrs. Ryall and Ledbetter, of Shelbyville, Tenn., that they can supply live quail for \$3 per dozen. Mr. W. W. McDowell, of Memphis, Tenn., also writes that he can perhaps secure some birds. We have ordered a number of quail for the Walla Walla, Washington Territory, sportsmen, who will attempt to introduce Bob White to that country. We advise those desiring birds to speak quick. As will be learned from a correspondent's note elsewhere, quail may be lawfully trapped in some parts of Virginia.

ORTYX VIRGINIANUS IN IDAHO.—Several years ago the Virginia quail was introduced near Boise City, Idaho, and since that time the birds have multiplied so rapidly that the coveys now are as large and as numerous as are often seen in the East. The success of this effort has induced the sportsmen of this region to consider the project of introducing the pinnated grouse, and it is probable that if the birds can be obtained the experiment will be tried with fair prospects of success.

A MICHIGAN DEER HUNT.—Messrs. D. N. Fitzhugh, of Bay City; H. B. Koney, of East Saginaw, and other members of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, are now in the woods on a deer hunt. These affairs are always of the most thoroughly enjoyable character the participants aiming to make them social reunions. Our acknowledgments are due for a kind invitation to participate in the present camp hunt. The stern call of duty bids us stay in this noisy, crowded, smoke-begrimed, mud-paved, brick-walled, drizzle-drenched metropolis.

THE "CRUELTY" OF PIGEON SHOOTING.—We intended to be very explicit in our statement that, in voicing the sentiments of the great majority of sportsmen respecting the wholesale pigeon tournaments of State societies, we were not discussing the question of cruelty or non-cruelty of pigeon shooting in itself. The point at issue is whether societies calling themselves game protective have a right by their actions to injure the very cause they profess to serve.

BYE-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

SEVENTH PAPER.

WE left Victoria early one bright Friday morning for Nanaimo. Our passengers might have been termed a mixed lot, and the hum of conversation that rose from the decks was euphatically polyglot. English, Irish, Scotch, French and Americans gathered on the upper deck, and Siwashes and Chinamen, with a negro or two on the lower. Steaming by the island, yellow with ripened grass, and dotted with clumps of evergreens and patches of bare, gray rock, we startle from their feeding grounds many a flock of the pigeon guillemots, which with much noise and splashing take wing, or if they have delayed too long, and find the steamer too close upon them seek safety beneath the water's surface, whence they do not emerge until we are far beyond them. Here and there, as we move swiftly along, the placid waters are disturbed by the smooth, shining head of a seal, which gazes curiously at the advancing boat, and then vanishes to be seen no more.

Everywhere in the water we see floating the stalks of the giant kelp of the North Pacific, the *Nereocystis luteoana*. This curious plant grows everywhere along this coast, among the islands and in the inlets. Its roots are attached to any small stone or even to the sand at the bottom, and the length of the stalk may be thirty or forty feet. At its base the stem is very slender, often scarcely as thick as a quill, but it increases by a very gradual taper, until near its superior extremity it may be nearly as thick as a man's wrist. At the termination of the stem, or stalk, is a globular swelling which varies in size, but is sometimes as large as a billiard ball. From a point on this enlargement opposite its attachment to the stem, a dozen or twenty long, ribbon-like leaves are sent forth, each being from one to six inches wide, from four to six feet long and dotted or ruled along its edge for the whole length. The plant is brown in color throughout, and from the fact that it constantly responds to the motion of the water, has an uncanny, weird look, and almost seems alive. I could never see one of these round heads with its long *chevelure* of waving leaves without thinking of a drowned woman, floating face downward in the current, her long hair streaming out before her, and rising and falling with the waves. To another of our party the spherical swelling and the drifting leaves always suggested the octopus floating near the surface, with all his tentacles drifting ahead of him with the tide. The strength and toughness of this plant is something remarkable. I have seen a large canoe held at anchor by a single stalk of the kelp. It is necessary that the strain should be applied gradually, since a sudden pull is likely either to free the stone to which the roots are attached from its holding at the bottom, or to forcibly tear them from the object to which they are fastened. The Cape Flattery Indians select the most slender stems of the kelp, and make from them fishing lines on which they catch 200-pound halibut. Some of these lines are in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. This plant frequently grows in thick beds, and the stems moving constantly in the current become after a time inextricably twisted and tangled, so that it is sometimes very difficult to force a canoe through or over them. Not infrequently they become wound about the screw of a propeller, so that it becomes impossible for it to move. The beds of the kelp form resting places for many birds of different species, and it is not unusual to see gulls and sand-pipers standing on them. Further south, off the coast of Southern California, I have often seen the great blue heron, the snowy egret and other large birds resting, or walking about feeding on the beds of the kelp. There are two other species of seaweed which are valued by the natives of this coast, being utilized by them as food. Both grow between high and low water mark, and are bright green in color, but they differ markedly in the size of the leaf. One of these seaweeds is eaten while fresh, and the other is dried, pressed into bricks and used during the winter as an ingredient of soups and stews. On occasions of great feasts a few years back it was part of the duties of the young squaws to chew the dried seaweed until the particles were fine enough to be added to the different articles to constitute the dish, and which were already boiling in the pot. The same mode of preparation still prevails in the villages at a distance from the settlements. Near Victoria, however, the Siwashes have been educated up to the point of cutting up the dried vegetable with a pair of scissors, a tobacco cutter or a knife.

For hours we wound in and out among the islands, stopping occasionally at little settlements on the larger ones, and now and then slowing up to take on board a passenger, brought off from some little house which stood upon one of the green hillsides, half hidden among the trees. Some of these islands make excellent sheep ranges, and settlers who have gone into this business are said to have done very well at it. Deer, we were told, were abundant on almost all the larger island which are not too thickly settled. At Gabriola Island we stopped for a few moments to make a last effort to secure a steam launch which was owned by a settler there, but, owing to the fact that she had not been inspected within the year, it was impossible to make any arrangement with the owner, and we therefore returned to the steamer which waited for us in mid-channel. Reaching Nanaimo about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we hired a large canoe and two Indians, and made arrangements to start at once. Supplies were purchased; an hour or two devoted to an inspection of the coal mines, which supply fuel for the whole of British

Columbia, and sent, as well a considerable quantity to San Francisco and points on Puget Sound; the Indians were ordered to be on hand at daylight next morning, and then our preparations were completed.

For the benefit of those who may contemplate a similar trip, it may be worth while to give some idea of what our outfit consisted of; it being born in mind that our party numbered seven individuals, and was provisioned for a thirty days' cruise. Our arms were two rifles, two shot guns and four revolvers. Our kitchen utensils were one axe, with spare helve, one hatchet, a file, two butcher knives, three camp kettles, of different sizes so as to "nest," made of block tin with riveted handles, coffee-pot, tea pot, bake-oven, bread pan, broiler, plates, cups, knives, forks, spoons, a small breaker, or keg, in which to carry fresh water. All our mess kit except the breaker packed very conveniently in a box of moderate size, which was covered so as to be protected from the water. The cover was provided with leather hinges. For provisions we took bacon, flour (two sacks), coffee (ground in 1 lb. tins), sugar (in a box), baking powder in small tins, beans, canned tomatoes, peas, peaches and jellies, pepper and salt, bottle of vinegar, pickles, a box of hard bread and a sack of potatoes. A box similar to the one mentioned above held all our eatables that were liable to injury by water, and was always covered with a reed mat. Besides the articles mentioned we had a fly 12 feet square made of light drilling, some mosquito netting, 100 feet of rope, some fine copper wire, saddlers' silk awl and wax, a quantity of plug tobacco, candles and, of course, ammunition, flies, trolling spoons, lines, a rod, soap, matches, and the numerous small articles that so often prove useful in camp, yet do not take up much room. Each of the party was provided with a suit of oil skins, which are better than rubber because lighter, not so apt to tear, and permitting some little circulation of air.

By four o'clock the next morning we were astir, and an hour and a half later, the canoe stowed and all hands on board, we pushed off from Nanaimo and were soon gliding over the waters of Departure Bay. The morning was not especially propitious for a start. The wind blew from the south-east in gusts, and the sun rose in a loose bank of clouds which, as the day advanced, became more and more threatening. Soon it began to rain, but as the wind was fair or nearly so, we spread mats and rubber blankets over the guns and blankets, and hoisting sail, moved along at a very good rate of speed. The islands, so numerous further to the southward, had disappeared, and to windward of us the open waters of the Gulf stretched away for twenty or thirty miles, with nothing to break the force of the breeze. To the north-east Texada loomed up, showing its high peak above the fog, and as we advanced other smaller islands, Denman and Hornby, became visible. The wind, which up to noon continually increased, kicked up quite a sea, and we shipped considerable water, for the canoe was heavily loaded and sat rather low, but all propositions to reduce sail were negatived. About two o'clock the wind fell and soon after the sky cleared, and for the rest of the day we worked at the paddles under a broiling sun. The canoe, steered by Jimmy, the youngest of our Indians, followed pretty closely the sinuosities of the shore, and our progress was not as rapid as it would have been had we cut across the bays and inlets by which Vancouver Island is indented. The Siwashes like to keep close to land, partly, I presume, in order to avoid the force of the tides, and also to be near a harbor in case of the sudden coming up of a storm. Gales often arise on this piece of water without giving any warning, and a sea rises almost as soon as the wind begins to blow.

During the afternoon I noticed a great many surf and velvet ducks (*Pelecanus perspicillatus* and *Melanetta velutina*) and undoubtedly both these species breed in this neighborhood. The common seal was also extremely abundant here, and we saw many fishing along the shore. About six o'clock we reached the mouth of the Qualicum River and made camp, having traveled about thirty-five miles in a direct line from Nanaimo. This spot was evidently quite a favorite landing-place for the Siwashes, and some had been there within a few days, as their recent fires, lately cut tent poles and fresh tracks clearly showed. Some little distance back from the beach was an Indian house, in which were stored four canoes. After dinner the Sergeant and I, with Hamset, the owner of the canoe, paddled quietly up the river for a mile or two, and then, coming to a rifle which we could not pass, left the craft and went on through the timber. We saw no game whatever, and just before dark returned to camp. On the way down the Sergeant succeeded in killing a female merganser (*M. merganser*), a small flock of mallards were seen and half a dozen young hooded merganser (*Lophodytes cucullatus*). Six o'clock next morning saw the canoe push off, and emerge from the mouth of the Qualicum. The day was bright and pleasant, with light winds which were at times fair and at others contrary. We worked pretty steadily through the day, and made about thirty miles by 4 o'clock, when we camped at Comox Spit two or three miles from the town. There is good water here, and a wide mud flat inside the spit, from which at low water excellent clams and mussels can be gathered. Just before reaching camp we ran through one of the largest rafts of ducks that I have ever seen. There must have been tens of thousands of individuals in it and when they rose from the water the whistling of their wings and the pattering of their feet upon the water reminded me more of the sound of a

gale in the rigging of a ship as she goes about, than anything I could think of. Little auks (*Alle nigricans*) pigeon guillemots (*Uria columba*) and glaucous-winged gulls (*Larus glaucescens*)—were abundant. The little auks are almost invariably seen in pairs, and rarely attempt to escape the approaching boat by flying. As it draws near them, they call to each other with plaintive whistling notes, and swim about with a curious air of indecision as if they were really perplexed as to what they had better do. Suddenly, however, an idea strikes one of them and it turns away, there is a white flash on the water and the bird has disappeared, to be followed in a few seconds by its companion.

The following day we made the usual early start, camping at night in Oyster Bay at the mouth of a considerable river, which, however, is not down on the British Admiralty chart by which we were sailing. We named it Bird River. At the mouth of this stream the salmon were jumping in great numbers, most of them, however, being small ones not more than a foot in length. The Professor and I tried very faithfully to catch some but without success. Deer are plenty at this point, I concluded from the signs that I saw, but although I traveled through the timber for two or three hours I was unable to see any game or any tracks less than two or three days old. The Sergeant with his shot gun killed a few ducks. Just north of the mouth of the river are some extensive meadows, half a mile wide, which separate the forest from the beach. These meadows are intersected by tidewater sloughs, such as in Virginia would be called thoroughfares, there being a narrow break in the beach near the western end of the meadow. On these open places the deer feed, and I found there numerous beds only a few days old. In the timber it is almost impossible to do any still hunting, for the undergrowth is very thick, and noiseless progress is almost impossible. The next day we were obliged to cross a channel four or five miles wide in order to get under the lee of Valdes Island. Both wind and tide were against us and the pull was a hard one. There were long periods when it did not seem as if we made a foot of progress. This is about the point, as laid down in the charts, where the opposing tides, one flowing from the north and the other from the south, meet, and we crossed some tide rips, which were very violent. The water was broken up into short chopping seas, and whirlpools of considerable size and depth were encountered at short intervals. The Indians, however, understood the eccentricities of the current, and although the work was hard and slow we at last drew out of the current and turned north, following the shore.

About noon we stopped at a village of the Cape Mudge Indians where we purchased some dried salmon. Here, for the first time since I had been in the Province, I saw Indians clothed like Indians—that is, in a breech clout and blanket. Near the rancherie is an extensive burial place. The bodies of the dead are usually placed in small board houses, from eight to ten feet square, although those of the poor are sometimes deposited in an old canoe, which is then covered over with boards. In front or at the side of these houses stand a number of small poles, ten or twelve feet high, to indicate the number of *potlaches*, or great feasts, that the dead man has given to his friends, each pole standing for a *potlatch*. Stouter and longer poles bore small images of canoes carved out of thin boards, and these show how many canoes the deceased has given away during his life. Near many of the tombs stood large crosses from eight to ten feet high, covered with white cloth. The Indians of this coast are most of them supposed to be Christianized, although it is exceedingly doubtful if the teachings of the good missionaries exercise any very potent influence over the daily walk and conversation of the average Siwash. Before several of the more pretentious tombs were to be seen somewhat elaborately carved images, and near many of them were large canoes, placed there, of course, for the convenience of the departed, that he may travel with comfort over the placid waters of the Spirit land where the salmon and the loolichans abound, and where the deer are always standing on the rocks waiting to be shot. In front of several of the houses in the village stood poles from forty to sixty feet high and curiously carved. One new one, not yet erected, bore on its extremity a sort of dragon's head.

The custom of giving *potlaches* deserves a word or two of explanation. The highest ambition of these Indians is to accumulate property in order that they may give it away. Wealth, in fact, seems to be the standard of rank among them. The man who gives away most is the biggest *tyke*, or chief, and receives, as well, a material reward, for at subsequent *potlaches*, given by others, he receives a gift proportionate to the amount of his own *potlatch*. Therefore when an Indian has accumulated a lot of money, he is very likely to go off and buy a great quantity of crackers, tea, sugar, molasses, flour, calico and blankets, and then to invite all his friends, up and down the coast, to a *potlatch*. The feast consists of boiled deer meat and salmon, with the edibles already mentioned, and loolichan oil. Every guest has all the crackers he can eat; there is perhaps a small canoe full of molasses. To each one is given so many yards of calico; part of the blankets are distributed among the important visitors, and the remainder are scrambled for by the young bucks. The ceremonies may last for a week, and when they are over the Indians go their several ways leaving the giver of the feast a poor man. When, however, the next *potlatch* takes place he recovers a portion of his wealth, and after a few more he is better off than ever—until he gives another one. Sometimes canoes are given away at these feasts, at other times guns or ammunition, and the

greater the gift, the more due the giver when the recipients themselves give *potlatch*. The word *potlatch* signifies a gift, or to give; thus, *Potlatch* = it is a gift; *Nika potlatch nika* = I give it to you.

The shores of Valdes Island, at its southern end, slope gently up from the water and are grassy or dotted with groves of Douglas fir (*Pseudotsuga Douglasii*, Carrère). Soon after passing this village they become much more bold and rise sharply from the water in cliffs fifty or sixty feet in height. In the crevices and crevices of the rocks the pigeon guillemot were breeding in considerable numbers, and it was a pretty sight to behold them, darting in and out among the cliffs, sometimes clinging swallow-like with fluttering wings and wide spread tail to some little projection of the rock, or again flying without a pause into the little holes which seemed much too small to receive them. They were continually passing to and fro from the feeding grounds to their nests. Those returning to the water would fly horizontally into fifty or sixty yards from the shore, and would then drop vertically into the waves with a great splash and at once begin busily fishing again. Great numbers of Bonaparte gulls were seen on and over the water and a few Kittiwakes. Eagles and ravens were busy along the shore, so that the bird life here though not rich in species was extremely so in individuals.

Passing on we ran Seymour Narrows—a narrow channel through which the tide boils at from 8 to 10 knots an hour, making eddies, whirlpools and tides, through which it was hard to see how a small boat could live. Of course the tide was with us; had it been otherwise we should have been obliged to land and wait its turning. We went through without any trouble, and it was quite an exciting pull—the men all bare-headed and working with all their might at the paddles, each one pulling every pound that he was good for. It was essential, of course, that we should keep steady way on the canoe, for if she once got caught in one of the whirlpools and began to twist around the consequences might be alarming if not disastrous. An occasional "Mamook" from Hanset, the bowman, kept us up to our work, and we darted by the shore at what seemed to me railroad speed. On the other side of the Narrows we met opposing currents against which we pulled for I think half an hour without, so far as I could see, making the slightest progress, but at last we overcame them and camped about two miles beyond the Narrows in a little bight which we called Fatigue Bay. After dinner the Admiral and I climbed a thousand feet or so up on to the hillside and enjoyed the lovely view which lay before us up and down the channel. Berries were abundant here, and we saw some fresh bear trails. I noticed, among the trees, Audubon's and the black-throated green warbler and the Louisiana tanager. Stuffed grouse were heard drumming, and the next morning one was brought into camp by Hanset, and I predicted, as might have been expected, a typical *Bonasa umbellus sabinæ*. On our return to camp we found that the Sergeant and the Professor had been fishing and had secured some "rock cod," *Sebastes*, curious red or black fish with great staring eyes, which are only caught at great depths—100 fathoms, it is said—feeding on the bottom. When I brought to the surface by the hook their bladder expands and is forced up into the throat and mouth of the fish, which is then unable to sink, and if taken from the hook and thrown back into the water struggles about and can easily be recovered. Yo.

Camp on Jerich Inlet.

PAUL MORPHY, THE CHESS PLAYER.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Oct. 15.

THE series of plays, that have taken place in this city lately, between the experts of the local club and eminent players of other places, indicate a vast and increasing interest, as well as improvement in this classical and elegant game. Some of the performances will forever remain on record as specimens of singular skill and remarkable intelligence of modern day players. There have not been any of the phenomenal features that marked the play and characteristics of the old-time prodigies, like Morphy *et al.*, but skill, study and acuteness of intellect and the cultivation of memory are more used in making the combination of plays that are marvelous examples of that which we call, experts and chess-headed thinking, which stands forth as the most prominent features of present time chess playing. In this epoch of contrast to the former method, by which merely intuitive performers became noted for their performances, that the matter is worthy of record.

In this connection it is apropos to mention the condition and peculiarities of Paul Morphy, in whose name and career the world of chess players will always take a lively and intense interest. During the days of the tournament, Morphy occasionally passed under the gallery of the club or on the opposite side of the street, starting up toward the open window, the while talking rapidly to himself—some times in a quarrelsome way, and anon as if demonstrating some rare problem in his mind, but usually smiling and then walking rapidly away, shaking his head as if desirous of evading temptation.

His habits are comparatively methodical, and his presence has become daily one of the most familiar objects on Canal street. He is still in stature, has a large head, a notable face, with swarthy, bilious complexion, heavy jaws, soft, brown, restless eyes, that never look at anything more than a moment. His frail body is nervously supported by the thinnest, attenuated legs that you could find in an hour's travel, and as he wears the tightest of pants, their shape and ethereal proportions are painfully apparent, notwithstanding their almost invisible materialism. He walks in a slow and restless, in a snail-like way, that shows wonderful vitality and much muscular strength. A few years ago he dressed with exquisite taste and skill, wearing the nobility of coats and hats, the most fashionable trousers and boots, and always was inseparable from his little walking stick, that

was eternally kept in motion. Now he is comparatively shabby, often appears unshaven, and is rapidly taking on those impressive signs of age and quiescence of mental work, which makes a nonentity of a person. He continues his erratic perambulations daily on the streets, and seems constantly to be in a lost or clumsy problem, the details of which he never uttered to any one but himself. His whole mentality of a life are wrapped in the idea that he is the greatest lawyer on earth, and has in charge the most important legal case that ever demanded the finest talent of the age to solve. So he goes about defining to himself an imaginary court and jury, and the various problems and points of the case. His eccentricities have become familiar to every one that knows him, and hence his foibles are not noticed by them. But those who do know him, or those who do not, dare not say a word to him on the subject of chess. The mere proposition to him to play sets him wild with transports of anger. He, however, retains the most wonderful memory of great events and plays in the past, and, if referred to for opinion or authority, seems to take pride and pleasure in recounting the incidents and features of any famous game that he or others have played.

There is no doubt his mind is wrecked, and it is merely a matter of time to develop the utter annihilation of his intellect, yet we believe that it is an irrevocable, and that if he could, by any means, be brought to take interest in chess, and kept from becoming excited on the subject, only using it as a restorative means of relieving and resting his brain, he might be returned to a comparatively useful life in some sphere of activity among the world's busy workers in the hive of human industry. With his brain, running in all of its channels and cells, and dormant in its once best developed features, we cannot expect him to ever be anything else than a flighty, wrecked angel, hovering on the confines of death, and in that mysterious sphere of partial insanity, a condition which is neither life nor death.

Dr. I. E. NAGLE, Editor *Plaster's Journal*.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE ON BARNEGAT BAY.

YEARS ago—I was going to say in its infancy, but the FOREST AND STREAM never had any babyhood; one day it sprang into existence as a grand old newspaper. At any rate, in its early days I used to take interest in chess, and kept from becoming excited on the subject, only using it as a restorative means of relieving and resting his brain, he might be returned to a comparatively useful life in some sphere of activity among the world's busy workers in the hive of human industry. With his brain, running in all of its channels and cells, and dormant in its once best developed features, we cannot expect him to ever be anything else than a flighty, wrecked angel, hovering on the confines of death, and in that mysterious sphere of partial insanity, a condition which is neither life nor death.

By way of discussion, let me here state that I have felt greatly aggrieved to notice among recent sporting writers a disposition to cast obliquely upon the memory of "Frank Forester" and to refer to his shooting as "not to do justice" to his wonderful talents and to the electric effect which his writings have had in inspiring young men to seek recreation rather in the field and by the river and the brook-side than in the drawing-room or the club. And here let me say, as I have often before asserted, that as a classical scholar or as a cultured and accomplished gentleman, Henry William Herbert had few equals and no superiors; while as a sportsman or a sporting writer his reputation is too well established for any "knight of the quill" to attack him successfully or with impunity.

Many a venous, we started out to tell of the changes in Barnegat Bay made during the past few years, so here goes, and we promise that our garrulousness shall not again "shunt" us off the track.

In the good old days there were but four or five houses on Squam Beach from Point Pleasant to the Inlet, a distance of thirty miles—"Jaakey Herbert's," "John Maxon's" (subs. quently kept by his son-in-law, Bill Chadwick), "Orley's," "the Bandstand," and "Grant's," their occupants being chiefly upon the products of sea and gun or an occasional "wreck," supplied under the money left by sportsmen who came down in the spring, autumn and summer to shoot ducks, geese and snipe. Of education these people had none; the pause of the day they simply profaned with an attaching any significance to it; and as to the affairs of the outer world, they were as profoundly ignorant as if they were Apache Indians. Still they were many, honest and truthful, and full of courage and hospitality, as many a shipwrecked crew could testify.

The shooting in early days was simply superb—sixty miles of shoal water, with endless acres of feeding ground, harbored millions of geese, brant, ducks and snipe, and thirty fowl to a "point" was a gunner's fair average. The shooting in fall or spring; and the snipe shooting was un-unparalleled. Of course the number of sportsmen was small, for in those days it took as long to reach John Maxon's from New York as it would now take to go to Charleston, S. C. Three hours on a steamer to Key West, and a day and a half's drive of the railroad—the sand-hub deep in a Jersey wagon to Point Pleasant, and thence down the beach seven miles, with maybe a north-west whistling about your ears, or, still worse, a south-easterly gale eating out your very vitals. As years went on, however, the bay became more accessible by means of the Jersey S wharf, an old rail trap railway, which brought us from New York, via Sandy Hook to Manchester, and thence ten miles by stage to Tom's River, doing the whole thing in about six hours. From that time we had to sail seven miles to reach Barnegat, but in spite of this inconvenience, these journeys were always a source of great pleasure, and among my pleasant reminiscences. Sportsmen are always socially inclined; indeed, "b-homomnie" is a part and parcel of their stock in trade, and the "masonry" of their craft would render it impossible for two or three to be thrown together for any time without being mutually attracted; consequently, as we slowly crept over those dreary pine and white-oak, or beat about the stormy waters of the bay, we rapidly fraternized, and a word of sport in store shortened our journey. We generally so managed to reach our gunning house in the evening, so as to be ready for

the early morning shooting, and our welcome by gunners and sportsmen, women, children and dogs was as boisterous as it was hearty.

Again, as we write, we are, in imagination, in the little old bar-room, surrounded by friends of by-gone days, sitting round the old gaily story—a prize from a forgo ten wreck. There sit Burn and Hackett, and Stuart and Gov. G. H. Davis, and Correll and Post, and John Clark and Lillie, and Ro-sevelt and the rest, while in the outer circle are their gunners—Barley Stout, John Gaunt, P. to Supben, John Harbor and Jimmy Loveland, scarce discernible through the tobacco smoke; the fire-gale roaring within, and the heavy surf tumbling with deafening roar up the beach—the picture is as well defined as if painted on yonder wainscoting as they sit inspecting guns, clad like Norwegian pirates each and all armed with glowing pipe and flanked with smoking glass, while nestling at their feet, or lovingly wedged between their knees, are their faithful canine friends. Van Dyke or Ruens would have revealed in the lights and shades thrown upon the scene by the uncertain glare of the old binocular lamp or the fitful flame from the fire, as it roared up the great chimney.

Years pass by. Most of the old party have gone to the happy hunting ground, while the writer, stricken down, can only take down his old fowling piece, and while seeing that they are in condition, dream of the old days, while his honory household and orders have gone forth to a few years had made his nose into his hands, give a responsive groan, and then stretches himself on his mat before the fire in christian resignation.

New sportsmen succeed the old, and increased facilities bring more gunners and less sport, and now the desire once more to look upon the old ground grows too strong to be resisted. Although the "road is bent" it is not broken, and Rip Van Winkle sets forth to visit the scene of by-gone sport, nor was that Rip Van Winkle more astonished than was I when behind the wood-rail change that a few years had made. The Central Railroad, of New Jersey, carried me to Point Pleasant in less than two hours. There I found large and spacious hotels and at the head of the bay a large group of cottages intersected by streets and avenues. These houses are exceedingly picturesque, and situated on what was, when I last visited it, the most godforsaken sand barren I ever waded through. Between the bay and ocean is a sand spit, thirty miles long and not a thousand yards wide, except South Beach, the "Spit" is now traversed by the Pennsylvania Railroad down to a point ten miles south of Point Pleasant, and thence it crosses the bay and goes across country to Philadelphia, bringing it within less than two hours of two great cities.

The engineer of the road courteously invited me to ride with him on an open car, and pointed out the marvellous changes present and contemplated. Next the "Bayhead Co." the Directors of the Jersey Central, have purchased a tract of several miles, including Jaakey Herbert's well-known holiday and orders have gone forth to build it up. Next we walk by "Bill Chadwick's," so close, indeed, that we could have shaken hands almost with the "guide wife," as she stood over the kitchen-fire, and all along the sea front we see spreading a succession of pretty cottages. Now we come to "Lavalette," a settlement of seaside cottages and of inexpensive hotels, and thence to "Orley's," conspicuous for its growth of trees and for its "Dry-laid" on which millions of fowl feed, recently also purchased for development, and thence to "Orley's" and "Orley's," the architect of Atlantic City's fame, and they now seek here new worlds (of sand) to conquer. Next we see an army of men with teams and scoops levelling a tract recently acquired by the Pennsylvania Railroad, as a site for excursion houses, etc., for, strange to say, this is the nearest ocean beach to Philadelphia by many miles, and hence comes Seaside Park, where the railway crosses the bay and lakes, the mainland to Philadelphia.

On inquiring the cause of the unparalleled activity we were informed that as a seaside resort, it is looked upon as an equal to that of the ocean along its front, and a great bay from three to five miles wide in the rear, consequently every breeze must be as a breeze, no sweltering west winds such as Long Beach is cursed with, and being midway between the two great cities it is expected they will both avail of it.

But although on land all is changed, we find the great bay just as we left it, the shoal waters precluding the possibility of its ever being navigated by anything larger than a sailboat, it is just as deserted and just as full of game, clouds of geese and ducks rise and descend as the sun almost from the sky. Responsive to our whistle as we whist by "Orley's," and from mid-air and shoal, we hear the shrill whistle of the big "yellow-bellies," and we sigh to think that, as far as we go they may quack, hawk and whistle to all eternity.

Asking old Jimmy Loveland what effect all these changes, railways and improvements are going to have on the shooting, the old fellow pipes out, "Why, Capen, be that you? Why I'd a knowed you among a thousand! I'll take apple, Capen, I'll us a sock to that. Do you mind that last time we sat on New-eat, me and you and Bill Hoffman? when we shot down fourteen canvas backs with two guns, and as many more on the second round; and how Bill Hoffman, he lay that a snorin' and never woke up till after it was all over? Well now, Capen, abut the shootin', my opinion is that these here don't won't make no difference—the toll will set a little further off shore, perhaps, but if it come on to blow from the south and west they'll still fly close enough, and with sixty miles of feeding ground the Pennsylvania Railroad ain't got engines enough to frighten them away, in our opinion. No, I won't take no more 'apple, Capen, I've got to steer the Blatchford up the bay, and it is everlasting a blowin' from the norwest!"

SEXEX.

CENTRAL INDIANA GAME NOTES—Cloverdale, Ind., Oct. 20.

—Our outlook for game was perhaps never better. It was thought by many that the unusual severity of last year had almost exterminated the quail, but happily such is not the case.

Being favored by outstanding grain during the winter and a remarkably long and dry summer, we have now at the commencement of the open season plenty of full-fledged and strong flying birds, which promise to give right royal sport to lovers of dog and gun. Indeed, I believe quail to be more plentiful than for years past, and hope to be able ere long to give you accounts of how the fields were fought and won. Squirrels are very numerous, a easy source of sport with the gunner, but such success has not been found and brought to bag. But such shooting does not interest the "bird-bait" "crop" gives promise of an unusually fine one, and will furnish an untold amount of fun for the irresistible small boy with his nondescript dog and single-barreled muzzle-loader.—LA BELLE.

FLORIDA GAME RESORTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The time is rapidly approaching when sportsmen, invalids and tourists will flee from "hizzards" and seek the genial climate of Florida.

During the past summer the facilities for reaching Florida have been improved. In the past, travelers leaving Savannah were forced to travel via Live Oak, and from Lake City to Jacksonville over one of the roughest roads in the United States. With the enterprise so characteristic of the S. F. & W. Railway, that company has constructed a new line of road from Way Cross to Jacksonville. It is laid with heavy steel rails, and the road bed bridges and trestles are in excellent condition. The company have placed the road from Way Cross to Savannah in superior running order. The cars and engines are new, and the former are supplied with air brakes, patent buffers and couplers, and are luxuriously furnished and supplied with every convenience and comfort. Time, at present, between this city and Savannah, seven hours and a half, but as soon as winter travel commences the running time will be reduced to six hours from Savannah and ten from Charleston; time from New York to Jacksonville, about forty hours. The other day the passenger agent informed me that they would exert themselves to accommodate sportsmen, and would transport and care for sporting dogs from Charleston and Savannah for one-fourth of passage rate. Time from this city and the St. Marys River to Way Cross road has been constructed through a sparsely settled section, and quail are very plentiful. Sportsmen can depart from this city after breakfast, and by leaving the train from fifteen to forty miles from this point they can enjoy a day's shooting and reach this city by the evening train in time for supper. I have no official authority for stating that special rates will be made for such trips, but feel assured that satisfactory arrangements will be made to accommodate sportsmen.

The Trans-Atlantic Railroad Company have constructed a direct road from Florida to this city, and the trip from city to city only occupies one hour and a half over an excellent road. It crosses Nassau River near Nassau Sound. On this river, sound and tributary streams excellent duck shooting will be found. Heretofore the region through which the road passes was inaccessible and in the neighborhood of the Nassau River deer and turkeys visit in great numbers. A number of my friends who reside near or have fished in the streams emptying in the sound have assured me that sea trout are in great quantities in spring, January and February, and the fly-fisher can indulge in capturing these spotted beauties. Sportsmen can leave this city at 8:20 A. M., enjoy a day's shooting or fishing, and return at 8 P. M.

The Florida Southern Railway have completed a road leading from Palatka to Gainesville, and as a consequence have opened up a region studded with beautiful lakes. From the best information I can obtain I am warranted in stating that these lakes are stocked with bass and pickerel, and during the winter months they are visited by countless numbers of ducks.

Several years since, in one of my letters, I referred to a sportsman's paradise existing in the Kissimmee and Okechobee region. In a late issue of the FOREST AND STREAM I notice that a party of sportsmen had acted on my suggestion and descended the Kissimmee to Okechobee, down the Calochehatchee to the Gulf and along the coast and through the islands to Key West. Hitherto but few persons have ventured beyond Enterprise on the St. John's River, and to nearly all the country beyond has been a sealed book, but the gates of this extensive region are about to be unlocked. The South Florida Railway will have a line of road completed from Sandfort to Lake Tohopekaliga by the middle of November. A town has been laid out on the shore of the lake and named Kissimmee. At this point a hotel is in course of construction, and will be ready to receive guests by Dec. 15. At the southern end of Lake Kissimmee is an island named Brimha; on this another hotel will be erected and opened on Jan. 1 for the special accommodation of sportsmen. This region is a splendidly fertile paradise for sportsmen, and the adjoining country teems with deer, bears, wild turkey and ducks, with a few wolves and an occasional panther by way of variety. Of course the waters abound with fish, while the inevitable alligator is as yet too unoppressed to know how to dodge a rifle ball.

Two steamboats are in course of construction and will be completed by the time the hotels are opened, and will ply on the river between Tohopekaliga and Okechobee.

The Kissimmee River and its lakes and tributary streams are stocked with bass, and during the winter months, ducks frequent it in great numbers. I referred to Lake Istokpoga eighteen miles north of Lake Okechobee. It is ten miles long and seven miles wide. The country around the lake is uninhabited and has not been visited by sportsmen. A few weeks since I interviewed one of the pioneers of this section, J. Lummerlin, Esq., who has visited this locality on a number of occasions in search of cattle. He assured me that the region abounds with deer, bears, turkeys and an occasional panther. Owing the presence of vast quantities of prickly pears (*Opuntia virginica*) the Indians let this section "severely alone," and as a consequence, game is plentiful and easily approached. The thorns of the prickly pear cripple horses by piercing the fetlock joints, and cow-hunters avoid this region. If parties visit the section referred to, they should be provided with leather leggings or boots. Sportsmen could transport a boat to Sandfort, by rail to Lake Tohopekaliga, and there secure a tow behind a steamer to Kissimmee River. Owing to the fact that the Kissimmee River is bordered by marshes a sail can be utilized. From the Kissimmee River the boat could be rowed up the Istokpoga Creek to the lake. We predict for early visitors to this lake superior fishing and excellent deer and turkey shooting.

My friend Col. H. was engaged by the Surveyor-General to survey some un-surveyed lands to the east of the Kissimmee and north of Okechobee; and I requested him to keep a daily record of game noticed. I may remark that the noise produced by a wagon will startle deer and cause them to disappear before they are noticed, and when surveys are running their lines they have but little opportunity to look for game. But I will give you the figures furnished by Col. H.

"Left Titusville on Indian River on March 2, 1891 for Fort Capron. 2d and 3d March saw no deer; 4th, saw no deer up to noon; afternoon saw 7 deer. Distance 50 miles south of Titusville; 5th, in travelling distance of 20 miles saw 50 deer; 6th, saw 30 deer; 7th, saw 18 deer and arrived at Fort Capron; 9th, 10 miles west of Fort Capron, saw 4 deer. Encamped on 10 mile ridge. At 10 P. M. saw 10 deer. John Billy, sent him a mail can be utilized. From the Kissimmee River the boat could be rowed up the Istokpoga Creek to the lake. We predict for early visitors to this lake superior fishing and excellent deer and turkey shooting.

4 deer near camp; 13th, saw 5 deer; 14th saw 4 deer; 15, h, saw 1 deer and 2 turkeys; 16th, saw 10 deer; 17th, moved camp to Ten Mile Creek. Caught a number of large black bass. A party of six Indians in one week at this point killed over 100 deer, and caught over 1,000 lbs. of bass. One Indian with quail (spears) caught in 2 hours 140 black bass; and killed nine deer same day; 20th, saw 4 deer, 1 turkey, 1 wolf; 23d, saw 6 deer, 6 turkeys; 23d, saw 9 deer; 24th, saw 5 deer; 25th, saw 4 deer; 26th, saw 6 deer; 27th, saw 4 deer; 28, h, saw 3 deer; 29th, saw 3 deer, killed two with rifle; 30th, saw 8 deer and 4 turkeys (near Okechobee); 31st, saw 12 deer.

April 1st, 3 deer; 2d, 9 deer; 3d, 7 deer and 3 turkeys; 4th, 3 deer; 5th, 18 deer; 6th, 17 deer; 7, h, 9 deer and 3 turkeys; 8th, 19 deer and 1 turkey; 9th, 6 deer and 1 turkey; 10th, 1 deer; 11-h, 1 deer; 12th, 4 deer and 3 turkeys; 13th, 6 deer and 1 turkey; 14th, 4 deer; 15th, 1 turkey; 16th, 1 deer and 1 turkey. On the 10th, I shot a large quantity of black bass in Taylor's Creek. Hooked two alligators; hooks and lines too small to land them. April 18th, 4 deer; 19th, 5 deer and 1 turkey; May 2d, 3 deer; 3d, 15 deer.

No further record kept of game. During the time the party were out they traveled over 600 miles, and saw but one rattlesnake, and this was a small ground rattler with two rattles. To illustrate the quantity of deer in the section adjoining the lower Kissimmee and Okechobee I need but state that the Indians kill them for their hides, and with the proceeds supply themselves with comfortable clothing and the necessities of life. As an evidence of how easily deer are approached, the Indians use a cheap rifle with a bore of .90. The rifles I saw in use by them would set at wholesale about seven dollars, and were of inferior quality.

If sportsmen are provided with a light and transportable boat they can ascend Fish Eating Creek from Lake Okechobee to New Fort Centre. At this point the old Indian road leading to Fort Thompson can be noticed, and if this is followed for ten miles some settlers will be found from whom a team can be obtained to transport a boat and baggage to Fort Thompson on the Calochehatchee River. By descending this stream Punta Rasa will be reached. At this point the wanderers can take passage on one of Miller and Henderson's steamers to Cedar Keys or work the coast to the north in their boats.

AL. FRASCO.

Jacksville, Fla., Oct. 17.

"ROUGHING IT IN RUBBER."

YANKTON, Dakota, Oct. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Capt. Paul Boyton, of world-wide fame, reached this city Friday morning about 10 o'clock, and took a steam canoe, all the way from Glenview on the Yellowstone River some two thousand miles above this place. He left here at 1 o'clock this P. M., a large concourse of people being assembled on the river bank to see him off. He took the water like a duck, paddled out a short distance with "Baby Mine," a little tin boat about thirty inches long, towing after him, threw himself into an upright position in the water, took from "Baby Mine" a large detonating rocket, fired it with the cigar he was smoking as a road bye, and was off, cheered by the loud hurrahs of the people.

The Captain had many narrow escapes from death during his voyage down the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers from whirlpools, snags, holes, waves and last but not least from the rifles of hunters, trappers, ranch men and Indians.

On one instance an Indian came down upon the bank and covered him with his rifle. The Captain rapidly hailed "Baby Mine" between himself and the redskin, shouted and blew his trumpet, but the fellow never dropped his gun until the Captain whirled upright into the water, where he floated yell he scampered off as though the devil was after him. Another time a trapper drew a bow upon him, but upon the Captain's hallooing to him, "tumbled to the racket" and wished him "bon voyage." He had to be continually upon the watch for fear some fellow would puncture his suit if not his body with a bullet, but happily he escaped all dangers and reached here as before stated, Friday thoroughly tired, in the midst of a rain storm. He has about one thousand miles suit to navigate before he reaches St. Louis his home port. We most heartily wish him success, for he made many friends while here but his gentlemanly manners and deportment, and we shall look anxiously for his projected book, "Roughing it in Rubber," in which he will detail his many trips in his suit down the many rivers of the world, in all voyaging some twenty thousand miles.

Capt. Boyton is accompanied by Mr. James Creelman, of the New York Herald. Mr. Creelman has one of the canvas boats made by Ogood & Co., of Battle Creek, Mich., I believe, which has rowed from Bismarck to this place. I am not interested in said trip, but in the interests of sportsmen generally, I can say that a boat that can stand the treacherous currents and snags of the Missouri River must be just what the fraternity of duck hunters have long wished for, a light, strong, safe portable boat.

It is easy enough to speak of the enterprise of the Herald, but what shall I say of the pluck of Mr. Creelman in making such a voyage; "he's got 5 p.m." as our frontiersmen say, and plenty of it, for he can't swim. I. E. WEST.

GAME IS THE PROPERTY OF THE STATE—Baltimore, Oct. 20.—Editor Forest and Stream: A friend and myself have recently had a dispute as to the legal right of one to kill birds on his own land, even though the law forbid. Thus, the law of this State is to the effect that it is unlawful to shoot, kill or have in your possession a partridge or partridges between December 25 and November 1. Now, my friend says that this is done to protect a man's birds from outsiders, and that at any time the man wished he would be at liberty to kill (on his own place) as many birds as he chose. I would be obliged to you if you would not only give me your own opinion on the subject, but also, if possible, refer me to some recorded case, either in this country or in England, which is applicable to the subject. My own opinion is that there are *ferre naturae*, and the Legislature has a right to forbid him or any one else to kill within certain months.—M.

[The common law relating to game, both in England and America, is based upon the principle that the wild game is the property of the State, and not of the individuals upon whose land it may be. The simple existence of the law is sufficient evidence for you to cite. If the partridges belong to the individual landowner, then the State has no right to say when they shall or shall not be killed.]

Natural History.

NEW ENGLAND BIRD LIFE.

THE present work is one which will prove very useful to collectors and students of ornithology, and will be convenient as a reference book to all who are interested in birds. Notwithstanding the fact that the birds of New England have been more carefully studied than those of any other section of our country, no satisfactory hand-book has, up to the present time, been published. This, of course, has not been due to any lack of men well qualified to compile such a volume, for indeed there are many by whom this work might have been undertaken with every prospect of having it done in such a way that it would be a real help to the student.

The different "lists" which have from time to time appeared have, many of them, been most valuable contributions to our knowledge of the birds of New England, and have reflected credit on their compilers. Some of them, indeed, have been most in their kind, but they were only what they professed to be, that is lists, and as such could never occupy the place of a complete history such as was needed. Samuel's Birds of New England is utterly without value as an aid to study, but in New England Bird Life we have a work which bears the stamp of Dr. Coues' authority, and which is brought up to date.

The preface of the work in hand states very clearly its purpose, and we cannot do better than quote from it as follows: "It is the object of the present volume to go carefully over the whole ground, and to present in concise and convenient form an epitome of the bird life of New England. The claims of each species to be considered a member of the New England Fauna are critically examined, and not one is admitted upon insufficient evidence of its occurrence within this area; the design being to give a thoroughly reliable list of the birds, with an account of the leading facts in the life-history of each species. The plan of the work includes full descriptions of the birds themselves, enabling the reader to identify any specimen he may have in hand; the local distribution, migration and relative abundance of every species; together with as much general information respecting their habits as can conveniently be brought within the compass of a hand-book of New England Ornithology." It cannot be said that any portion of the plan here laid down has been neglected. The descriptions are so simple and clear that even beginners can comprehend them, while the lists of references to previous records give the work a value even the most advanced student desires. A very valuable feature of the work is its Introduction, which includes General Definitions (of a bird and its parts), Preparation of Specimens for Study, The Subject of Faunal Areas and the Literature of New England Ornithology.

The volume before us is Part I., and carries us through *Oscinis*. Part II., to complete the work, is promised "as soon as practicable," which remark, we must say, has not a very encouraging sound.

The basis of the work is the manuscript of Mr. W. A. Stearns, and Dr. Coues appears only as its editor; but the volume bears on almost every page the impress of the editor's hand, and indeed Dr. Coues expressly states that he has freely altered, emended and rewritten, and that he holds himself responsible for the accuracy of the work and for the views expressed in it. Mr. Stearns is, we believe, a careful observer and an enthusiastic student of ornithology, and whatever he has accumulated in his years of collecting in Massachusetts is to be found in these pages.

On the whole, it may be said that the work is conceived and carried out in a very clear and happy style, and is as far as it goes, eminently satisfactory. Of course it is open to criticism in some respects, and one of the most noticeable of these is, under the circumstances, the bareness with which the late Dr. Brewer is attacked. It should be remembered, however, that the paragraphs to which exception might be taken were probably written before the death of the gentleman against whom they were directed. New England Ornithology, as Dr. Coues states, will probably desire to accept some of the statements, with regard to the breeding of certain species, which are given in the work, but on the whole we may accept it as a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject, and offer to the author and editor thanks for a useful book.

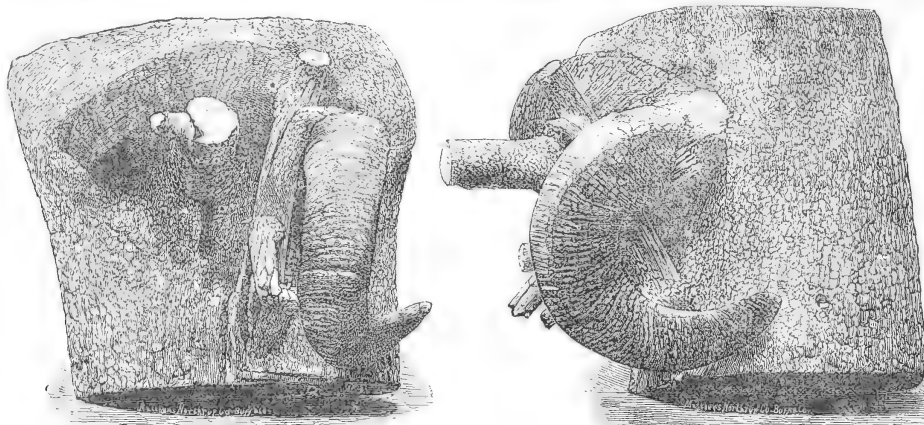
THE TAME MASSACHUSETTS PARTRIDGE.

OAKHAM, Mass., Oct. 26.

IT was about one year ago that an article appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM about a tame partridge. The place where the bird was obtained was not stated, but the partridge which are I called here. The story last year appeared to be well vouched for, and many were convinced that the partridge could be tamed.

The bird has reappeared in the same locality this year, and it has become tamer than last. It proves to be a male bird it has been watched parts of three open seasons between August and January.

It was in December, 1879, that it was first noticed. At that time it was noticed about the mill company, but no familiarity. Later on Mr. Parker, of Parker Mills, in a measure secured its confidence, and could call it to him. It would light on his shoulder and eat from his hand. If he made an effort to handle it it would promptly fly away. Things went on in this way, the bird becoming more and more intimate, until he was the pet of the summer boarders at the Springs. Among them was a deaf mute who attracted the bird by clapping two pieces of bread together. The intimacy increased between them until one day the mute succeeded in catching him, and plucked out some of its feathers probably as a souvenir of the pet. This undue familiarity the partridge resented, and it was feared at one time that he would desert the locality, but it returned after a month's absence. After a while it again became intimate with the in the neighborhood of the Springs. It was seen frequently during last winter. When spring returned it mated and assisted in the raising of a good-sized brood. They were watched with interest and the wild and children deserted the home during the close season. The head of the flock, however, remained, and still responds to calls even of strangers in the locality. Sometimes it will fly into the carriage of a visitor when it is called. The bird is healthy and full-fed differing from others only in its domestic habits.



SKULL OF BIG-HORN IMBEDDED IN TRUNK OF PINE TREE.

Through the courtesy of Mr. J. W. Morse, Gen'l Passenger Agent of the Union Pacific R. R., we are enabled to present to our readers a very remarkable natural curiosity. This is the skull of a mountain ram imbedded in the trunk of a large pine tree. A reference to the cut will show very clearly the manner in which the skull was bound within the still growing wood. How the bone came to be so placed that it would be inclosed in the tree trunk is and must ever be a matter of conjecture. We can only guess about that, but as the matter stands it seems natural to conclude that the sheep's skull was hung upon the horizontal branch when the tree was a very small one, and that it is simply the natural increase in the size of the trunk which has buried the nose and face so completely. On the other hand the condition of the bone is so perfect, that it scarcely seems possible that it could have been exposed to the weather for so long a time as would be necessary for this to have taken place.

THE SONG OF THE MOCKING BIRD.

PALESTINE, TEXAS, Oct. 12, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note the discussion which has been going on in your columns some time, as to whether the mocking bird is a mere imitator of the songs of other birds, catching his notes from them by repeated hearings, or whether the notes spring up spontaneously in his throat without education from other birds. This bird has been my very intimate friend from the cradle up to the present time. I have never lived in a country where he was not decidedly numerous, and he is more numerous in Texas than any country I have yet seen. Our whole State is vocal with him, except those portions which are not yet inhabited by man. He don't like to live too far away from man. Whether this is because he likes to show off his musical talent before men, or because he believes they will keep the hawks away from him, I am not able to tell, but it certainly is a fact. I believe he is controlled by both reasons—the fear of hawks and the natural desire of all gifted creatures to show off their gifts before an appreciative public. Let him perceive in his free, wild stroll, that he has an audience of good-looking ladies and gentlemen, and he will almost burst himself with melody. He will plant himself before them in the most conspicuous place he can find, so that they can all see that it is he that is singing, and he will just let loose. In the ecstasy of song he can't hold himself still a moment. He will jump up and down, keep time with his feet, and when he gets a grand burst upon him, will rise up and soar around till the burst is over. In the way of song he is tremendous, indeed, and no one is better acquainted with that fact than he is himself.

As to the point in dispute, I agree with both sides, but more particularly with the side that believes he is an imitator. Nature has stuffed him so full of the musical genius that I believe he would sing anyhow—couldn't help singing something; but with all my extended knowledge of this bird I never heard one of them sing a song or make a note which he had not previously heard, or at least had excellent chances to hear. I have sometimes listened to them half the night singing within a few feet of my window, with that particular point in view, and heard from them no note which I had not frequently heard from other birds in the same locality or district. In order to sing a song they must first hear it and learn it, and in this respect they do not differ from the Adeline Patti or any of the prime donne. If Adeline Patti had never heard any one else sing I question much if she would ever have sung at all. I would not say the same of the mocking bird. As I said above, I believe he would sing something anyhow, but his repertoire will be rather confoundingly slim—like that of all other birds in the world except himself.

Here is a hint by which we can settle this matter, I think. In North Carolina where I was born and "raised" one of the most common notes of the mocking-bird is the plaintive or wailing note of the cat-bird. Now, the cat-bird, according to my observation, does not exist in Texas at all, and I have never heard the mocking-bird on Texas soil repeat the note of the cat-bird. Did any one ever hear the mocking-bird sing the notes of any bird which was not a native on the same soil with himself? I don't believe any one ever did. What say ye who are interested in bird notes?

As to the imitating faculty of the mocking-bird or his genius to learn songs by hearing them I never heard one who had learned to imitate the sound made by filing a saw, or to crow like a cock, or to cackle like a hen, as "Foy," of Detroit, has, but I was very well acquainted with one in Houston, Texas, who had learned to sing to perfection the little piece of music called "Scandal." He had heard it from the boys on the street; it seemed to take his ear, and he could sing it with a naivete that was refreshing. No one could sing or whistle "Scandal" half so well as he. I also knew another that could sing several notes of old familiar songs, which he had often heard, but I never knew one that could

take an operatic air and sing it through. There never has been a mocking-bird that could sing the *mi serere* of Trovatore or the drinking song of Traviata, and there never will be. There never will be one that can sing "Sweet Home," or the "Last Rose of Summer." N. A. T.

VERMIN ON QUAIL.—In the early part of the summer I discovered the nest of a quail, and never having seen the wee Bob White before leaving the nest I paid frequent visits to it in the hope of finding them hatching. But one day upon paying my visit I found nothing but a nest full of shells, and the nest covered with vermin such as are frequently found upon domestic fowls. Have never seen any on old birds that have been shot. Is the occurrence frequent?

Covertale, Ind., Oct. 20.

LA BELLE.

[Almost all birds are infested with external parasites of one kind or another, and there is no reason to suppose that the quail is exempt from the common lot. The insects are usually to be found, after the bird is dead and cold, upon the feathers of the head and neck, and are usually most abundant close about the bill. Every one who has ever collected birds for preservation has probably had his attention called to the presence of these parasites, of which there are a number of different kinds. The insects as long as they are upon the body of a living bird do not apparently move about very much, as all events they do not show themselves often. But when their protector is dead they crawl to the ends of the feathers in order to be ready to escape to another living creature at the first opportunity. In the case noticed above those seen on the eggshells were probably individuals which had been hidden in the material of the nest, and when the mother bird left it they began to move about in their efforts to find warmth and shelter.]

COPPERHEADS IN NEW ENGLAND.—Hollister, Mass., Oct. 22, 1881.—Editor Forest and Stream:

I have a fine specimen now in my possession of a little copperhead, eight inches long, that I captured the 8th of September last, while gunning in the woods in Sherborn, an adjoining town situated twenty miles southwest from Boston. I started an old snake with a dozen or more little ones and struck the one I now have with my ramrod, stunning it so that I picked it up and put it in a bottle, and now have it alive in a glass-covered case. A friend of mine, who lives near a rocky woodland in this town, told me recently that he has killed two copperheads this summer, about two feet long; and my father relates that they were quite common here twenty years ago, and that at that time he had quite a lively fight one day with two with a pitchfork, while making hay, they holding their ground well and making him work lively to kill them. We consider the copperhead allied to the rattlesnake and its bite poisonous; but I am not certain, and would like to know if a snake as small as mine can bite or is poisonous, and if I can keep it over the winter without food, or if it will eat anything except mice or toads alive? Hoping to hear from you through your interesting and valuable paper, I remain, respectfully yours, W. N. POSE.

[The copperhead is undoubtedly venomous, but we doubt if a snake as small as yours would be able to inflict any injury. It will probably live through the winter without food, but if you can induce it to eat its chances of living will be improved. It will not be likely to eat anything but live food.]

PITYAM, CONN., Oct. 23, 1881.—Editor Forest and Stream: Yesterday, as I was walking up town with Mr. G. Leonard, Esq., I saw a good-sized snake lying under the hedge in front of Mrs. Leaven's residence. I secured a good stick and drove him out. I was surprised to see it was a vicious copperhead. He flatted his head and struck at me, but I soon killed him. I was surprised to see a copperhead so far North, but he was a real one and no mistake, fully two and a half feet long. Woodcock seem very large and in fine condition. Mr. Willie shot one the other day that tipped the beam at nine ounces. Rabbits are very plenty. Hoping to see you follow here who shoots quail out of season, and too lazy to work, is in the woods about all the time, and has killed up nearly all the quail, and done it out of season, which can be proved.—G. F. W.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.—Chicago, October 26.—Editor Forest and Stream: A singular incident occurred in our boiler room a few mornings since. The fires had been started up and the boilers, and as the wood was burning down coal was put in making a bright clear fire. Just at this time a rat sprang out from behind the steam pump down into the fire-room and ran under the first boiler. We were standing against the room door and scared him—the bright light from the fire frightened him more; he came rushing out and turned under the next boiler. We jumped into the room, swung to the ash-pit doors and made him a prisoner. Catching up a broom we were ready for an attack, for we expected him to try to get out of

the ventilators. We saw him rushing around in the ash-pit for a moment and then lost sight of him. Stopping down we saw him prone on the ashes just giving his last kicks. Even then we thought he was playing "possum," but on reaching him out with the hoe we found him as dead as a nail. There was no evidence of a scorch or burn upon him, not a hair was singed, but he was really dead. We believed died from fright. There was nothing under the grates to injure and the fires were not hot enough to affect it, hence cannot assign any other cause. We never believed it possible to seriously scare a rat before, for we have shot many of them when a boy.—NORMAN.

"YANKER" AT THE SMITHSONIAN.—Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., Oct. 27, 1881.—Editor Forest and Stream: The tortoise with "Yanker, 1862" cut on its plastron was received at the Institution on the 15th of October. The tortoise is at present in the care of our artist, Mr. Shindler, who has made a pet of it and reports that its condition is most flourishing.—Yours, very truly, Geo. S. Hous.

Game Bag and Gun.

** For table of game seasons see issue of October 16.

THE NORTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just arrived in the city after a journey, with horse and carriage, through Long Island, from Greenport to Astoria, and desire to furnish your readers with the information which I gained concerning the game prospects in the region through which I passed.

Ducks are coming into Gardiner's and Peconic Bays in great numbers, and many are already reported in the vicinity of Gardiner's Island, and also further up the bay around Robbins' Island. Black ducks, coots and "old squaws" are about the only kinds found here. Plover have been shot on Gardiner's Island in fair numbers, but no extraordinary bags have been made so far as I have heard. Bay-bird shooting at and near Good Ground, on the south side, has been good, and the prospects for ducking are better than at the same time last year. Occasional flocks of yellow-legs or ring-necks make an appearance on the shores of Orient Bay or Pipe's Cove.

As regards quail, the prospects for the Eastern field trials are very promising. The number of birds now on Robbins' Island is estimated at fifteen hundred, but nevertheless still more are being turned out by the club. Robbins' Island, of 468 acres, was sold under foreclosure sale recently, and was purchased by the newly organized Robbins' Island Club. This will not interfere with the coming field trials in the least degree, as the two clubs are acting in perfect harmony in all that pertains to this year's trials.

A moderate number of quail can be found around Greenport, with increasing quantities as we proceed further westward, to Southold, Peconic and so on. Near Mattituck both quail and ruffed grouse are found, and at the quiet little hamlet of Wading River the eager sportsman is gratified to hear reports of woodcock, in addition to the two last named varieties of game.

As we approach Port Jefferson, we find that the quail have been reduced in numbers, by the severity of last winter, to a greater extent than in the more sheltered portion of the island, but ruffed grouse shooting is better than usual. At Mattituck, the Mattituck House is a good hotel. Wading River has no hotel, and is six miles from Manor, the nearest railway station. Raynor's Hotel is the house to stop at in Port Jefferson, as the proprietor is a thorough sportsman and a constant reader of the FOREST AND STREAM. At Smithtown, the Riverside Hotel of B. B. Newton, is a much-needed resort for sportsmen. Here quail are few in number, but woodcock are found, a large flight of them being expected soon. Mr. Newton also has a large boarding and training kennel, among the numerous inmates of which are Dr. Aten's Glen and Ned (winners of the brace stakes at Robbins' Island, 1879), Sepoy, formerly the property of A. H. Moore, and many other prominent field performers. The scenery in this part of the island is very beautiful at this season of the year.

As we proceed to Centrepont, the prospect for quail grows better, but ruffed grouse are less known. At this place is located the boarding, breeding and training kennel of Anders L. Tius, one of the cleanest, best disciplined and most favorably situated kennels on the island. Among the dogs here are all those belonging to Mr. Henry W. Livingston, including his Ray, Rose and Barocet (latter now in handling for the field trials), his pointer, setter and collie puppies, besides others. West of here the game decrease

as we approach the city. The prospect for rabbits is good all over the island. Almost any of the towns along the north shore will furnish good duck shooting, notably Port Jefferson, heard very little of violations of game laws, and pot-hunting is chiefly done by one-day excursionists from New York and Brooklyn, shooting on the west end of the island.

ALKALI.

THE DECREASE OF GAME BIRDS.

FERRISBURGH, VT., Oct. 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am particularly gratified to see pigeon slaughter at the traps being set in its proper light, and I am glad to have a better knowledge of the "Verde Monte" asking a question about the ruffed grouse that has long puzzled me. I had long ago, why they were becoming so scarce, but no notice was taken of my query. As "Verde Monte" says, the hawk, owl, fox and skunk theory will not do, for all these were plentier twenty years ago than now, and so were grouse. Four years ago grouse were plentier here than they had been for years, and so continued up to the breeding season of the next year, but between June and September they disappeared, and have continued scarce ever since, and this year are scarcer than ever.

Certainly this scapegoat of a fly or tick could not have made away with them so quickly, and I know that there is no snaring here, unless the snarers have an invisible method of carrying on that practice. I am a stay-at-home body and know but little of game around about except in my own neighborhood further than what I hear. When I hear, as I often do, of grouse being plenty in the mountain towns, I try to think the scarcity here is due to a partial migration, though I can see no reason for it, as there is food enough and cover enough here for no end of grouse. Is this tick the same lively winged scall which is found on the great horned owl?

I am glad that L. I. F., of New Brunswick, is so honest as not to claim almost every grouse he shoots at on the wing. I'd like to tag around with one of these three-out-of-five men just for a day in our covers and see how they do it. It would be a trick worth seeing, though one might not learn to compass it.

AWATSOOSE.

Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While making a tour through some of the Southern States last winter, I stopped at a small place in Georgia where quail were very abundant, also many gunners from the North "not worthy of the name of sportsmen." These individuals hunted every day for no other purpose but to see who could bring to bag the most birds. They destroyed quail by the hundreds, and certain parties among them were so penurious that they would not allow any of the birds to be served at the hotel, but threw away all they could not themselves eat—a most outrageous piece of business. So much incensed were the people in the neighborhood at such wanton destruction and waste of game that most of the places were posted with notices prohibiting shooting; and a law was framed allowing only twenty-five birds to be shot with one gun. Also while in Florida I found that ducks had been and were being jacked on the St. Johns River. I also know that geese and ducks are treated likewise on the Great South Bay, L. I., by the oystermen and employees of the Life Saving Stations. In my opinion the desired notoriety for big bags is one cause for the decrease in upland game; and jack shooting adds very materially in the decrease of wild fowl.—S. P. G.

[We have heard from this practice by the employees of the Life Saving Stations. Will some one having the facts please give them to us?]

Sportsmen about Greenwich, Conn., aver that the increase of foxes in that vicinity has had a marked effect on the game. Upon Mr. A. H. Lewis' farm, south of Naugatuck, there were hatched two large broods of partridges early in the season. Not one of the chicks or parent birds have been shot or trapped, yet they fall not one of either remains. One in the place, a large number of foxes, and the presence of these animals is doubtless the cause of the disappearance of the birds.

ADIRONDACKS DEER AND TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Mussie's" article in your issue of October 20th inst. on "Deer Slaughter in the Adirondacks" claims attention. Let us now begin and stir the matter up, and once more call the attention of our Legislators to what seems to me a herculean undertaking, preserving the trout and deer in the Adirondacks. Our laws regarding this subject are well enough if only enforced.

The present laws on the state book are, I think, due in a very great measure to the late Dr. Ely and to Dr. Komeyn, gentlemen of large experience in the Adirondacks and the oldest visitors there. In regard to the law to preserve trout no change is virtually necessary, but as to deer-hunting it gives too large a liberty, and if not curtailed in that liberty we may as well at once bid farewell to deer in the North Woods.

During August last one gentleman in one day killed five deer on Hitching's Pond.

Let me suggest a remedy for this destruction—namely, under a very heavy penalty stop deer-hunting for only two months, say September and October; stop bounding with dogs under a heavier penalty at all times; stop transportation under a still heavier penalty; and, if necessary, check crust-hunting by imprisonment and a heavy penalty also.

We need Game Commissioners through the Adirondacks every fortnight from June to November, and when it is fully understood that violators of the game law will be watched and arrested, then, and not until then, will the laws be respected and game preserved. We want no red tape in this matter, no fear and favor shown, but laws that will be enforced. Let hotel-keepers understand this in the woods, let sportsmen understand this, let guides understand this, and our game will be preserved if we can only have Game Commissioners who will attend to their duty by paying them well for it. The arrest of the guide at Lake Placid last winter for taking speckled trout was decidedly beneficial. Let the same enthusiasm be exhibited again in behalf of trout, and of venison also, at all times during the close season, and we can have no farther cause for complaint.

Why, venison was on the table at nearly every hotel during the last of June and during July. Where were our Game Commissioners to watch and arrest if this found? I pause for a reply. Guess it may be answered, "Too much red tape and indifference, and no pay for the attempt." S. S. N.

ADIRONDACKS, Oct. 26, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The past week has been very favorable for the deer hunters. I have figured up the number killed during the past week, ending Oct. 29, in this immediate vicinity, along the Beaver River and adjacent ponds, and find it to be forty-three deer. The country spoken of does not comprise one-tenth of the Adirondack hunting grounds, which are equally infested with hunters. If they have been as successful as hunters here, which we have no reason to doubt, this will make four hundred and thirty deer killed in one week.

One thing is noticeable, that, of all the deer that have been killed in the Beaver River region, at least two-thirds have been does.

This is partially accounted for by the fact, that for two or three weeks before the commencement of the rutting season the bucks move about but very little, and are hid away in the most inaccessible thickets, and in mountainous regions of the Adirondacks, in thick undergrowth of evergreens near the summit of the mountains, and are mostly avoided by those that put out the bounds. It is safe to predict that the remaining open season for hunting deer will be more disastrous from the fact that the later in the season the more readily deer take to the water. When the ground is frozen, deer will run but a few minutes before the hound before taking to water.

Messrs.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

THE TIME COME FOR A CHANGE.

Following are letters from representative sportsmen in many different parts of the country. Their tenor shows that in our strictures upon the pigeon shooting tournaments by game protective societies we have but voiced the sentiments of the community. We commend these expressions of opinion to the consideration of all concerned. These letters show that public opinion is very strongly against a continuance of these great pigeon shooting gatherings.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct., 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to see you take the initiative against this inordinate turning of the sportsmen's associations of this country into machines for the slaughtering of pigeons at the trap. I hope every sporting paper and other papers will with one voice decry this fatal practice. Unless a reform is effected in short order our State associations will lose all power for good, and become barren of fruit in the purposes for which they have been organized. This reform should begin with the New York State Association, the mother of all the other associations in this country. This slaughter of thousands of pigeons that have been netted and cooped up for weeks or perhaps months, and then put into a trap, and thrown out to men to shoot at, is unsportsmanlike. The question of cruelty does not enter into the matter. It is no more cruel to shoot a chicken or a bullock than to kill them any other way, or to shoot one or one hundred.

The tendency of pigeon shooting is to deprive the moral sensibilities of the sportsman, and weaken the influences and usefulness of our game protective associations. They are beginning to be looked upon as mercenary institutions through this species of gambling—for it comes little short of that in its present prodigious form.

As originally instituted its purposes were to stimulate a laudable emulation among sportsmen in the use of the shotgun in wing shooting. But it has outgrown those objects, and has become debased and held in disrespect by a large majority of honorable, high-minded sportsmen to say nothing of that public sentiment that is beginning to show signs of disapprobation of the practice and distrust of the usefulness of our protective associations.

It is time for a change of programme, and the sooner it is effected the better it will be for the objects and purposes for which game protective associations were instituted, and for which only they should be continued.

B. E. B. KENNEDY.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your request for my opinion on the subject of giving up pigeon shooting at meetings of the sportsmen's State convention somewhat tickles the vanity of the present writer, who would not venture to offer his opinion in the question unsettled, and is far from supposing that his view one way or the other of its consequence.

From the expressions I have heard at recent conventions I am led to think that the country has seen a greater number of pigeons shot at a tournament than will ever again be shot at a State convention. This probable result may be due to various facts, and not solely to that sentiment against killing pigeons which is the active motive that urges some men to oppose pigeon shooting over traps. The difference in cruelty between shooting a bird thrown from a trap or one flushed in a marsh or woods has never been made so clearly manifest to me as to carry conviction that one was tolerable and the other without excuse and deserving condemnation. I can see without effort that there is a great difference in the surrounding and pleasure derived by the shooter in the respective acts, and that the field sportsman has very much of an advantage over the trap man, but the killing is the same, and a person who, from humane motives, opposes trap-shooting acts inconsistently in my view if he shoots at anything more sensitive than a glass ball.

The increased price consequent on greater scarcity cannot fail to diminish the number of pigeons that will hereafter be shot at meetings of sportsmen.

But I don't think that annual conventions, such as the New York State Association has held for years, can be successfully conducted unless something more exciting than discussion of game laws shall be held forth as inducements for delegates to attend. A few of the clubs might defray the expenses of delegates to a convention which would talk of game protection only, but I think nine-tenths of those who are met at ordinary State conventions would be absent if there were no trap-shooting.

As I look at game preservation is not a matter of so much consequence that annual conventions are necessary to its success. State law based on the law of nature regarding breeding seasons must be the ultimate law on the subject, and I scarcely think it necessary to call a State convention to tell a Legislature that game birds should not be shot when hatching or fish when "ripe." The natural history student ought to be the best counselor in such a case, and if he required the support or backing of the sportsmen—the latter

could give it without calling into play the cumbersome machinery of a State convention.

From these views you may guess that your correspondent does not think the cause of game protection receives much much assistance from the annual meetings. I certainly do not regard them as of material benefit toward that object, and I do not think many who attend the annual meetings differ with the view here expressed. I confess that my motive in attending the several conventions I have been at was solely for pleasure in which the hope of winning something of greater or less value had an influence. I appreciate the fact that the chances are against any one receiving a title of his expense in prizes, but the excitement of the contest is worth something, and if one does not carry off a prize that he can look at with satisfaction and transmit to posterity as tangible proof of his "nerve" and skill at least he can recall incidents of the meeting with pleasure, and recount how many of the good shots of the State he "shot out" before he fell back. The glory of the strife cannot be valued in money, but it is none the less real, and I think has more to do in keeping the State Association together than of its ostensible object, "the preservation of fish and game."

In this free expression of opinion I may be doing an injustice to many of my fellow sportsmen, but if I do I ask their pardon. I do not in this instance "assume a virtue" which I have not, and if any member of the jolly crowd I have met at State shoots were there for the purpose of preserving game I have wronged those honorable men, and shall do repentance meet when informed of my error.

The State convention at Niagara Falls in 1883 might try the experiment of shooting at some lifeless thing in place of pigeons, and thus get rid of the charge of cruelty, but if competition with the gun is given up altogether it will astound me if the interest in sportsmen's State conventions does not greatly abate.

E. R.

STO. MORE, Ill., Oct. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have long wished that pigeon shooting might be dispensed with at such meetings. The entire interest often centres on the pigeon match, and the real objects of the association are lost sight of. How often do we see thousands at the shooting grounds from day to day, while scarcely a corporal's guard is at the business meeting in the evening. I have scarce known this to fail. As a class the men who are attracted to such meetings for pigeon shooting are not the class of men who desire game protection, but are often there for illegitimate gains, and in that respect savor very much of the pot-hunter, whose motto is, "anything for money;" and while such men are very anxious that their neighbors shall respect game laws do not respect them only while in danger of being caught.

My ideas are that if game protection ever succeeds it will do so through the earnest endeavors of true sportsmen who are enjoying for its pleasures, and we must not look for much help from those who follow it for its gains in dollars and cents, the same class who patronize sportsmen's associations for the pigeon match.

J. L. PRATT.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am most decidedly in favor of a change in programme at the annual convention of our State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. The principal business of such gatherings should be to devise the best means to protect our game, and to take measures to have simple and reasonable laws enacted for that purpose. As far as my experience goes it has been only a side issue, and so much to one side that it barely came into the range of vision.

Personally I never sat at a pigeon from a trap, not from any sentimentality on the ground of cruelty, but because of the expense attending it, being only moderately endowed with this world's goods; but I must confess to a feeling of disgust, while viewing day after day the wholesale slaughter of the poor half-dead pigeons at the last tournament, and, for the life of me, could see neither sport nor the exercise of particular skill in it. A great amount of time and treasure have been expended to make the annual gatherings pleasurable for the boys; that is well, but we ought not to lose sight of the objects sought after by the pioneers of the society, and a speedy return to first principles is most desirable.

All that can be done by a small body of sportsmen, to which I have the honor to belong, to aid you in your laudable undertaking I think I can pledge will be done.

WALTON.

NEW YORK, October, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow a subscriber to your paper from its initial number to say that, in his opinion, it has never published any articles more sensible than the recent ones in denunciation of the annual pigeon butchery, which has grown to be apparently the principal concern of the "New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game," if that be the title of the association. It is no wonder that Mr. Holberton considers this designation a palpable misnomer. The glaring perversion of late years of the purposes of the organization is simply monstrous, and it is a fall to see how the Powers and Sycams can do otherwise than "cry aloud and spare not." Your columns of five years ago gave room to my modest protest against a departure, which no one then imagined could culminate, in a short period, in such a reprehensible spectacle as that afforded by the Sportsmen's Association of the Empire State at Coney Island last June. It seemed to me a heartless slaughter, nowise in the interests of true sportsmanship, and rallied to the support of Henry Bergh, in his efforts to suppress pigeon trap-shooting altogether, scores of men who needed that sort of exhibition to open their eyes.

H. H. THOMPSON.

SEDAHIA, Mo., October, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I do not think that I can do any better than simply endorse your very excellent and timely article upon this subject in your issue of 13th inst.

I wish only to emphasize, so far as I am concerned, my disapprobation of any such procedure being classed as unsportsmanlike business or pastime.

Aside from such gatherings ever tending to the object and purpose claimed for them they absolutely militate against the preservation of either game or fish, and render the whole import of constitutions and by-laws nugatory, and our pretensions before the public a mere farce.

I object to these tournaments on the ground that they do not do, or even attempt to do, what the object of their creation implies.

.I object, in the second place, because every thing connected with them, so far as I am informed, is contrary to and detrimental to the interest of any true sportsman in the land.

I object to them in the third place because the tendency is both morally and physically evil.

I like true sport. I am wedded to the woods and plains. My best inspirations come when wooed from the primeval forest, with nothing but the stillness of nature above me and the grand old architecture of heaven above me. I look upon any man who would slaughter any of God's creatures for the mere pleasure of destruction as an enemy of mine and a blot upon the face of creation.

Ally! yes, Mr. Editor, I like true sport. That pleasant and necessary relaxation from toil and worry and care that will enable us to think better, do better, live better. Speak again, you have touched the right chord. Next time speak a little louder so that all may hear.

OCCIDENT.

DANVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial in issue of October 13, relative to pigeon shooting tournaments of State game protective associations, was something for which I have been waiting for years. In times past it has been my privilege through your columns to endeavor to agitate in a feeble way this subject, only to be bitterly opposed and frowned down by your correspondents; but now the thing has changed, and with **FOREST AND STREAM** for us who can be against us?

It is decidedly laughable to look over the minutes of the association with the para-oxal name and try to extract therefrom anything of good to "the craft." So far the whole might, mind and strength of the gentlemen assembled have been concentrated on the daily shambles and the possibilities of winning a chamber set or baby carriage. It is to be hoped that your efforts may, by exciting the interest of sportsmen, bring about that result for which we so earnestly long—viz., a State association for the protection of fish and game, whose acts shall tally with its name, and whose deliberations shall tend toward perfecting our faulty game laws, and after perfecting them, enforcing them! The time has gone by when wholesale pigeon shooting from the trap is looked upon by gentlemen sportsmen as a pestine worthy their attention, aside from the element of cruelty pervading it. There is something debasing, something suggestive of butchery and carnage that makes one feel that he is among an unfeeling band, notwithstanding the fact that some of the best fellows in the world step up to the score.

The "spoils system" that has crept into our State Association has perforce made it a great source of revenue to the club that was successful in getting "the meet," all the surplus above expenses amounting to thousands of dollars, not going toward forwarding the cause of game protection in our State, but into the private treasury of the lucky club under whose auspices the meeting was held.

Who have been the delegates generally to our State Association? Those who were renowned for their interest in the matter of game protection, or for their skill as the trap? I'll not engage to tell, but time has proven beyond doubt that game protective interests and pigeon slaughtering do not go hand in hand and those most interested in the former will not attend to it under the present state of affairs. If the knights of the eight-bore must meet and shoot at pigeons let there be a yearly field day when all who wish can take their fill of their chosen sport. But let the "New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game" get together decently and in order, feeling the weight of responsibility resting upon them, let them deliberate calmly and dispassionately upon the momentous questions of restoring, restocking and protecting our depleted covers and streams, undisturbed by the booming of the breech-loader and the cheerful cry of "Last bird!" If need be a day at glass balls may be profitably included in after the questions in convention have been solved.

So shall our good men and true be brought to the front; the game interests of the State be advanced; the pigeons be saved from annihilation, and what is better than all, the honor of the "New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game" be fully vindicated. H. W. D. L.

WHITEWATER, Wis., Oct. 26, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has been called to your editorial regarding "Pigeon Shooting Tournaments." It is no question whatever in my judgment that the time has come for a radical change of programme on this subject. Your editorial states the facts so fairly and so plainly that any "wayfaring man" cannot err therein. Associations, like individuals, must practice what they preach. If they go forth with a note the cause. This practice of wholesale slaughtering these helpless live pigeons is positively cruel from first to last, and it disgraces the pretext, "Game Protective Association."

Hoping that through your efforts these harmless birds may have a proper hearing, and that every club will soon come to their rescue, I am yours for protection de facto.

GEORGE W. ESTERLY, President Black Hawk Club.

HOUSTON, Texas, Oct. 22, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your October number of the 13th inst. you invite expressions of views on state tournaments and their effects. I think if clubs throughout the States would pay more attention in furthering the objects of their association when they meet, they could do a vast deal of good and then there would not be so much complaint about scarcity of game. But as it is now, the all absorbing theme is when to have our next shoot, and they do not think of the bad influence it brings to bear on the association. By means of it, it is looked upon as gambling projects and, as a general thing, they are no more or less. They encourage one to put up money and win or try to. Then they open up the field to pool sellers who take advantage and sell pools, and there are plenty to buy. Then another bad feature is that money is freely bet on the grounds the day the shoot comes off, and too often among those who have entered in the shoot. These tournaments are, as a general thing, individual money-making projects under the guise of association tournaments, and so long as they continue thus there will be a lack of support from a great many influential gentlemen, some of whom belong to the clubs and others who would belong if they were conducted in a different way. There are men who will drop from the roll because they are opposed to gambling in any way and they do not like to belong to anything that will countenance it, and when they go the club will decrease or stand still instead of increasing, until they barely have enough members to meet their expenses. If the men or clubs who get up these tournaments would only use their time and energy with one half

this vim to have laws passed and enforced to protect the game they then could feel proud of trying at least to further the objects of the association. But the must be the last thing they think of. I and many others would be glad to see less show and more deeds in that direction, and when clubs go to work in that channel they will see more interest taken, and by some whom they little thought take any interest in such things, and then, and not till then, will their membership swell, their treasury fill and themselves be in a prosperous condition. What is wanted to be seen is more work and less show. WANDERER.

[Our correspondent is partly in error. Betting and pooling are prohibited at the N. Y. Association meetings, and at the meetings of some of the other State associations.]

PROVIDENCE, R. I., October 20.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to see that you are making an effort to stop the shooting of wild pigeons at the meetings of the so-called societies for the protection of game and fish.

These birds, as every one knows, are trapped at their nesting grounds, boxed up and shipped over a thousand miles, at a large percentage of loss, leaving the young to starve in the nests. And all for what? That a party of shooting sharps and hunt mungers may be allowed to disgust all decent people with the name of sportsman and game-protecting association.

I believe the meeting the past summer, near New York, was a financial failure. It was a grand success as far as destruction of the birds they are agreed to protect.

I don't believe your labor will be difficult in this matter. I have no doubt those who were connected with this disgrace are heartily ashamed of it, and will sin no more. Let us use lame birds in limited numbers, if we must have trap shooting, and but few will find fault. N. D.

NEW JERSEY GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE SOCIETY,
Plainfield, N. J., Oct. 31.*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Your editorial remarks, in issues of **FOREST AND STREAM** of October 13 and 20, regarding pigeon shooting tournaments of State Game Protective Societies, agree with my opinion of the matter. From what I have seen of such tournaments they are to be condemned as a cruel slaughter of sick birds and exhibitions of poor marksmanship. The money expended in providing "trophies" for such exhibitions would be much more profitably and wisely applied in stocking the State with proper game birds, and in protecting them from the raids of the pot hunter. I hope the time is not far distant when all such tournaments will be discontinued.—W. L. POINCE, Secretary N. J. G. & F. P. S.

WHAT DOES IT ALL AMOUNT TO?

Editor Forest and Stream:

With all due respect for your superior wisdom and especially for your greater knowledge of the subject, I wish to suggest that a great deal of time and money is being wasted in the agitation of this question of game protection. I say wasted advisedly, for what is being accomplished by all that is spoken and written on this subject, and how much better is game protected now than it was ten years ago? Perhaps you can inform if I am mistaken; it seems to me that each year the birds are becoming fewer in number, or at all events more difficult to find and secure. Your readers ask for explanations of the scarcity of game in different localities, without receiving any response. Where birds were once abundant they are no longer so.

Let me tell you frankly how I feel on this matter. I should be very glad if our game could be protected and so increased that one could have the opportunity of killing fifteen or twenty birds in a day near his own house. I believe that I would be willing to pledge myself never to shoot in one day more than the number above mentioned. Should I be able to keep my pledge? Of course, at present I think that I should, but suppose that I were coming home in the afternoon with my full number of birds, and my dog were to stop on a heap of quail would I remember to hold my hand and let them go? I hope so, but I am not sure. I think that I should be more likely to shoot into them "just this once," promising that on another occasion I would stop short of my limit by as many birds as I killed now. The same would be true of many if not most men that shoot. They would be unable to stop until the opportunity for killing was past.

You cannot expect to accomplish any thing in game protection until you have made human nature something different from what it is. The cause of the scarcity of game is over-shooting, and until men learn to practice self-control in this, as in other matters the birds will become more and more scarce. Of course long before this time shall have come our game will be practically exterminated. The men who will stop when they have a certain number of birds are very few; the men who, if they have an opportunity, will refuse to shoot at a deer or decline to take a trout, out of season, are very few; but the men who will write columns about the folly and wastefulness of killing more than one needs are many, and as for those who would rob and hold up and scorn any one who may violate the game laws, their name is legion. Ranting about protection and pot hunters will never save our birds, but it is so much easier to rant than it is to make a little effort to put down law breakers and to control one's own desire to make a large bag that the ranters and writers are in an overwhelming majority. I suppose that there may be a few people who are willing to contribute time and money toward the enforcement of our laws, and who do so, but certainly one does not see very many of such individuals. Probably after they have done what they can to further the cause and to strengthen the hands of the officers of the law, they have neither time nor inclination to spill ink on the subject.

I can write on this matter without passion, for it is really one which affects me personally very little. I belong to one or two shooting clubs, which own property, efficiently protected, where I shall always be able, so long as I retain my membership, to kill all the birds I want. If I wish to kill large game, I know where to go and get it. I therefore really do not care particularly, except on general principles, whether good or bad game laws are passed, or whether the laws that are enacted are enforced or not. I trust that I am a sufficiently good citizen to desire to see the laws obeyed, just as in a general way I would like to see all men honest, general purity in politics, civil service reform honestly carried out, or the accomplishment of any movement that it is believed would benefit the race. But as far as my own shooting is concerned the thing does not touch me at all, and I can therefore view with a reasonable degree

of equanimity the killing of deer and birds out of season, and can admire the audacity of those marksmen who not only violate the law by selling game and fish during closed time, but even have the delightful impudence to advertise for trapped birds. After such an autumn as we have had such Arctic coolness is indeed welcome.

As I have said, however, the matter does not directly interest me, but it does seem a pity that birds should be so scarce along the Atlantic coast that most people cannot find enough to make it worth while to go out shooting.

Among a body of men which includes so many individuals of education and position as the shooting and fishing class, there must be no small number of brilliant intellects. We may assume that some of these acute minds have given considerable thought to the subject which so nearly concerns them, but if they have done so, it has apparently been without any result—certainly without appreciably increasing the number of our birds or rendering the obtaining of a day's shooting in any of our more thickly settled districts any easier than it used to be.

The innate selfishness of the human mind lies at the root of the matter, and until you can make sportsmen feel the respect for the abstract rights of others, which they will have others feel for theirs, your labor is in vain. Not until the millennial day will the golden rule be practiced.

It is now eight years since you began preaching game protection, and I am bound to acknowledge that you have done it in a strong and honest fashion, which, while I do not agree with you, has compelled my admiration. You have, as I happen to know, converted some men who were accustomed to shoot out of season, and have probably engendered in the rising generation a laudable desire to see laws enforced and birds protected; but, after all, will you be kind enough to tell me what adequate results are there—material results I mean—to show for all that you have said and done? Do not point, I beg, to the numerous game protective associations which have sprung up all over the land. I do not for a moment admit that they as a class can be spoken of with pride, for most of them have degenerated into mere pigeon shooting clubs and exert no influence in favor of the cause which you desire to forward. And you show me that that any real service to game protection has been done by all that you have said in the years that have passed. SKEPTIC.

[Yes, we can show a great deal. Our skeptical friend will be partially enlightened in our next issue.]

IS HE A LUNATIC?

SARATOGA, N. Y., Oct. 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Will you grant a corner in your valuable columns to the "Universal Deer Protectee Association," of which I am President? The object of this association is the strict enforcement of the game laws relating to deer. We mean to see that the deer laws in every State are carried out to the very letter. We confidently expect to revolutionize the public sentiment on this point, and to make our society a terror to the violators of the deer laws.

With this object in view, which I am sure you and your readers will heartily endorse, we propose to hold an annual buffalo bull shooting tournament. Arrangements have been made to secure as many buffalo bulls as possible on the western range, and to ship them East in cattle cars in the spring. If the required number of bulls (say a thousand) cannot be procured, or if the percentage of loss in transportation seriously diminishes the supply, we shall have on hand a reserve of Texas steers to fill out the programme. The ferocious brutes will be securely penned and driven, one at a time, into the ring, where each contestant will have sixteen shots at it with a repeating rifle. Should the beasts be too much worn out by their long journey to stand up to be shot at a number of slings, such as are used in blacksmiths' shops for oxen, will be ready to take the place of the bulls. Further detailed conditions of the shoot will be sent to you in due season. The date of the convention will depend wholly upon the buffalo range, and we shall esteem it a favor if your Western correspondents will keep us informed of the movements of that game.

Everything promises well for the inaugural buffalo bull tournament of the "Universal Deer Protective Association," and it is confidently believed by the society that we can then be able to slaughter enough buffalo and Texas steers to convince the public that we are in earnest in our determination to enforce the deer laws. A. D. IRONDAQUE.

DEER IN VERMONT.

WE are indebted to our Vermont correspondent for the following statement of the present Vermont deer law: A party of gentlemen in this county purchased and turned out in the mountains, some three years ago, about twenty deer, with the purpose of trying whether the forests could be restocked. So far as we know they are breeding and thriving. It is not known that they have been in any way molested, and it is known that they have bred and increased in numbers. It would be very unfortunate (for the culprit) if any one mislaid as to seasons, should kill one of our deer.—VERMONT.

By an act of 1876 deer were protected until Sept. 1, 1880, at all times. By an act of 1878 this law was amended by extending the close time until "the last day of November, 1880." The penalty for killing or having in possession a wild deer or part thereof is \$50. This I find by examination of the State laws in the town clerk's office.—AWANOSSE.

We are also indebted to Fred. E. Smith, Esq., of the Washington County Association.

COOKING SEA DUCKS.—Hullifax, N. S., Oct. 23.—May I ask "Wad," in **FOREST AND STREAM** for 20th inst., why cooks and sea ducks are not eaten "way down East?" I have shot coot and sea ducks, and eaten them, too, and beg to make a few suggestions regarding them preparatory to their being cooked. When I go after ducks I put a sharp little ax and a block of wood in the boat and beat the birds as soon as they get home. I know where to go and get it. I therefore really do not care particularly, except on general principles, whether good or bad game laws are passed, or whether the laws that are enacted are enforced or not. I trust that I am a sufficiently good citizen to desire to see the laws obeyed, just as in a general way I would like to see all men honest, general purity in politics, civil service reform honestly carried out, or the accomplishment of any movement that it is believed would benefit the race. But as far as my own shooting is concerned the thing does not touch me at all, and I can therefore view with a reasonable degree

STAGE POWDER.—In a battle scene of the play of "Michael Strogoff" in a New York theatre last week, one of the supernumeraries was wounded in the leg by three wads from a musket. In a Bowery theatre an acrobatic Texas steers to over two chairs and a table, and while the air shoots off a gun. A great deal of gunpowder is burnt on theatre stages.

POT METAL GUNS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I write to see if something could not be done to prevent the selling of those miserable and dangerous weapons known as "pot metal" guns. These guns are not only dangerous, on account of their liability to burst at the first shot, but what is still more alarming is that they are for sale by nearly every gunsmith in Brooklyn, where they can be bought for a dollar or two.

Last week a young lad named Johnson, living in my vicinity, bought one of these guns for a dollar, and went out shooting. At the first discharge of the gun the barrel burst just in front of the trigger-guard, where the lad placed his hand to steady the piece, blowing off his thumb and first three fingers, and so shockingly mutilating his hand that it was necessary to amputate it.

Accidents like these are continually happening all over the length and breadth of this great land, but still these guns are offered for sale.

It is my opinion that dealers should be held as much responsible in keeping and selling these dangerous weapons as a druggist would be in knowingly and wilfully mixing a poison in a medical recipe.

HARRY HUNTER.

FARMERS AND SPORTSMEN.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The other day, while out shooting—no, not shooting, but looking in vain for woodcock to shoot—I met a farmer who, at first, was inclined to order me off in very short order, but who thawed out after a while, unburended his mind to me and poured out his wrongs in very much the following words. Said he: "We don't mind you fellows shooting so much, if you didn't do any harm; but some drive up, take down the fences or open gates and leave them so, letting the cattle out, and if we say anything, abuse and cuss us up hill and down. Why, while my corn was standing last summer, three fellows drove up, opened their bars and drove right into the corn, and when I ordered them out, called me a blank blank blank blank blank. Then," continued he, "the rabbit-hunters come up here long before the law is up, kill everything, quail and all, and tear down our fences, and raise the devil every way."

I tried to explain to him that sportsmen did not do such things, and that it was just that class of peaching loafers that caused all the trouble, not only killing off the game out of season, but causing continued ill-feeling among the farmers toward every one with a dog or gun. The true sportsman does not act like a hog when out, tearing down and destroying other people's property. They do more to increase and protect game than any other class. The farmers should combine with them to put down those who disregard the game laws and the rights of the landowners. I believe that a combination between farmers and sportsmen, such as you have advised, will be the only way in which we can restore the shooting; that, with the prevention of spring and summer shooting, may give us sport again.

W. HOLBERTON.

WILD TURKEY CALLS.

THE sport of wild turkey hunting is enjoyed by no set of men more than by the hunters in and around Columbus, Mississippi. The success attending their annual camp turkey hunt attests their skill in this branch of sport, and the callers used by them as a general thing differ but little. The caller used by most of us is made as follows: Take a piece of dog wood or maple, say six inches long by one and a half inches in diameter, and with a small-sized bit bore a hole through it lengthwise, then with a tapering or hollow bit ream it out to the size of an inch and a quarter taper to the size of a small bit. At the other end insert a piece made either of wood, horn or cane, according to fancy, for a mouth-piece. The tone of the caller depends largely on the size of the mouth-piece, and great care should be bestowed on this part of the caller. When the turkey note is perfected to suit the individual, the shape and finish can be arranged. A caller adapted to one hunter cannot be used by another, unless he is an adept in the business. Some hunters yelp by placing the caller in the centre of their mouth, while others yelp from the side. There are some who do not make from the side of the mouth, hence the importance of learning to yelp from the centre of the mouth.

In hunting, different notes will have to be made according to the game which you are in pursuit of. For instance, if a flock of turkeys were flushed, and it were necessary to kill the old hen, you would yelp like a young turkey, if a young one was desired, you would imitate the hen. And in pursuit of the gander and most noble of all birds, the gobble, you would not yelp like either of them, but you would bring to your aid patience, "turkey sense," and all the cunning possible to capture him. If "Ke-ek!" will read an article written by Dr. Rawlings Young, of Corinth, Miss., on hunting the gobble, he will get an insight of the troubles which beset even the best of our hunters.

LOWNDERS.

DAKOTA GAME.

YANKTON, Dakota, Oct. 26th.

WE are just in the time of our best water-fowl shooting. Geese and ducks until you cannot rest. I was riding out with some ladies a few days since, with my gun along to keep off the wolves and buffaloes, which many Eastern people suppose endanger life in this vicinity and when within one hundred yards of the city limits I saw a flock of geese coming toward us. I sprang out, while the carriage drove on, and shot one from the road. Within a half mile further on, I saw a flock of the "snowy geese" (the other was a Canada goose) in a field. I crept up and, when within about one hundred yards, some one fired into the flock and killed five. As they rose, they came within about 80 yards, so that I killed one with a wire cartridge. Thus I got two fine young geese within a half hour. Large numbers of geese and mallard ducks are not only in the water, but on the prairie chickens were never more plentiful than this fall, and I am told that the quail are thicker than ever. This is my information from gentlemen who know whereof they speak. I am surprised, for I fully expected that the flooded bottoms of the spring had about finished the few that the cold and snow of last winter had left alive. I never saw a country where so many covies of quails could be found in a day as

we can along the bottoms of the Missouri River. These bottoms are covered near the river with dense growths of cottonwood, willow and brush, in which quail find a splendid cover.

A large elk, weighing 475 lbs. dressed, was shot about six weeks since within 20 miles of this city, right in the midst of a thickly settled farming country, and shot too by a Russian, with a shot-gun. I had a steak of him—strong as bull beef. But what could have brought this fellow away down here?

I. E. WEST.

SPRINGFIELD WOODCOCK SHOOTING.—After I left Springfield, Mass., I learned from the sportsmen of that city that the woodcock—I refer to the flight birds—made their appearance the very day following my departure. The ground Dr. Williams, Mr. Harrington and your correspondent worked out and tarry in. Yet, as I wrote you we bagged but few. The day after I left the same ground was hunted, and many new woodcock were found and killed by Mr. Harrington. Oh, that I had waited! I am now almost a pointer man. Talk about the short-baited dog being unfit to work in a rough and rugged country, or that he is knocked up by briary thickets. Well, it may all be so, but the pointers of Springfield do not come under that class; and then they are so pronounced in their points. No "inching in," but firm as a boulder when the scent is satisfactory.—Homo.

QUAIL DESTROYING CROPS.—San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 21.—Editor Forest and Stream: A curious state of affairs is revealed by extracts from a letter recently received by Mr. J. P. Spomer, Secretary of the State Sportsmen's Association, from Mr. G. F. Merriam, of Apex, San Diego county, this State. The writer says: "The game law, as it now stands on the statute, is one which cannot be obeyed in this end of the State without involving nearly a total destruction of crops. The quails abound here in vast loads, as many probably as 5,000 at a time being seen together. They begin on our wheat and other grain as soon as it shoots up, and keep at it until it is put in the sacks. Very few of us pass a year without paying a tax to them of from five to twenty acres. They also destroy our garden vegetables. I have ten acres of Muscat grapes, which they took about all. We must trap or poison them, for shooting is of no avail. The law against shooting must remain a dead letter here. My next neighbor lost twenty-one acres of grape-vines by them. They ate every leaf and nearly all the vines more than a few weeks ago. Another has had to stand guard over his vineyard every night for four months, shooting every little while to scare them. Last year they utterly destroyed four acres of grape-vines for me. Now, what is to be done? We live so far away that none of our sportsmen will come here to clear out these nuisances. As it is now, we are obliged to use poison to get rid of the quail, which might as well be caught and sent fresh to market, to be eaten by men instead of buzzards and vermin. As we will now stand it works great injustice upon every farmer in this end of the State, and ought to be changed. Is your association willing to make a change, and, if so, what?" It is probable that the subject will come up for consideration at the next meeting of the society.

GOLDEN GATE.

LOADING FOR DEER.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have killed many deer with a muzzle-loading rifle, and I have found that by loading with two bullets, prepared as shown in the cut, I could kill the game much quicker than in any other way. With these balls I never had a deer run over thirty yards, and have dropped several in their tracks. I put a powder charge in the barrel, then I take a bullet with the neck trimmed flat, and, placing it in the muzzle, neck up, trim patch close; jar the gun to settle the powder and put the ball down on to the powder. Next I put in a ball neck down. If the balls are trimmed right they will not spread over two inches in fifty yards. A 10-lbs., 50-cal. gun, loaded with one hundred grains of powder and two balls would be very destructive under seventy-five yards. It is surprising how a deer will go to grass with two balls shot through him, say one inch and a half apart.—JOHN A. GAYLORD.

SULLIVAN COUNTY GAME.—Eldred, Oct. 31.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 29, that another gentleman has been sold by coming to Eldred. Now, I have no recollection of any man coming to my place by that name, but some have come who had had luck. A party hunted deer last week here, and did not even get a shot, but I started several deer every day, and the last forenoon started four, and within twenty minutes' walk of my place. The fact is that they are so thick here that Dan Hallock caught one by the tail and killed it, and Dr. John Butler, of 102 East Twenty-second street, New York city, was an eye-witness to the affair. I will guarantee to start a deer any time next month (November) in less than two hours out from my house, or else I will pay all the expenses of any party coming here and staying one week. As for small game, William Hammond, of Thirtieth street, N. Y., came here and another gentleman from New Jersey, and in the first two days bagged a half bushel of ducks, partridges, quail, woodcock and yellow-neck snipe. Saturday Mr. Hammond went home. He had one pair of black ducks, several other ducks, four yellow eg snipe, four partridges and a lot of squirrels; all shot in two days. The man who can't find partridges, woodcock and duck here either is not much of a hunter or he gets the wrong kind of a guide. Partridges are not as plentiful as they were five years ago, but a man who can travel ten or twelve miles per day can get ten or twelve birds. Deer are very plenty, more plentiful than for the last five years. I do not know this from one or two weeks' hunting, but from thirty years' experience in Pike and Sullivan counties. I have given gentlemen forty shots at partridges in one day, and only a few years ago. I believe I could raise forty birds to-morrow. Gentlemen who come to Eldred through my advertising should call and see me. Not all have luck. My dogs are not trained to catch birds.—J. M. BRADLEY.

SENSIBLE PROVIDENCE SPORTSMEN.—Providence, R. I., Oct. 26.—Editor Forest and Stream: Much has been said about the preservation of the quail in the columns of your journal. Sound advice has ever been given by correspondents, but I fear in the main it has not been followed. I must illustrate, however, what was done by a few sportsmen of this city and the success that resulted from their efforts. Last winter, we all know, was a very fatal one to quail, and you remember those interested in field sports were solicited

to have a care in feeding the half starved birds until the ground became bare and they were able to extricate their own livelihood. Here in Providence, R. I., a few gentlemen—I say few, as but two or three are interested in the matter—furnished the editors of one of the daily papers that had a large county circulation one of the articles on the preservation of game that appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, and from this article another was penned and published in the daily journal. In it farmers were asked to take a part in saving what birds remained alive, and money was sent to several to purchase feed. Thus many became interested, and the consequence is that quite a respectable showing of coveys are reported this autumn, and the return this sport-malke few not have is a special invitation from the farmers to enjoy good quail shooting. This is an illustration of what may be done all over the Middle and Eastern States during a winter of snows and sleet. The expense will be but trifling. Let us all try it next time.—Homo.

ANOTHER OLD POWDER HORN.—Editor Forest and Stream: Your last issue contains a paragraph relating to a powder horn made by Daniel Boone, which recalls to my mind an anecdote of somewhat similar import. I have a connection with one in Mayville, Ky., a few years ago, whose great grandfather, M. J. Bowman, was a contemporary of Boone's, and who was an Indian fighter and bear hunter in the pioneer days of Kentucky. This descendant of Major Bowman possessed an ancient powder horn, which had been owned and used by his ancestor, and had been handed down as an heirloom. During the late war it was "lost, strayed or stolen," but was fortunately recovered a few years after the close of the war. This gentleman was at that time editing a newspaper in Mayville, and as the powder horn had become notorious among his acquaintances he announced its recovery in a local paragraph, stating further that if any were curious to see it, they might do so by calling at his sanctum. He had at that time two very precocious boys, one five and the other seven years of age. The elder one was in the habit of casting his eye over the local paragraphs of the paper, and had no need that one about his "great grandfather's powder horn." While playing about in the office, the younger boy found in some cranny a large jaw tooth, which he picked up and showed to his father, who asked him what it was. The elder boy looked at it gravely, and jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward his father, who sat at his desk, replied, "I guess it's his great grandfather's tooth."—MARSHNER.

WOODVILLE DUCK SHOOTING.—Mottville, N. Y., Oct. 28.—The two communications in your columns regarding "Game at Eldred, N. Y.," reminds me of my experience at another hunting ground—Woodville, N. Y.—last year. I heard great stories of duck and snipe shooting on the marshes at that place, and went down last November. Stayed five days, got seven ducks, ten snipe and one partridge—about what I expected for one day's hunting. But the weather was too fine for ducks and it was too late for snipe, and my seeming failure was readily excused. Last April I watched for good duck weather, and, as it was near the first of May, dare not wait any longer, so I loaded my ammunition train and started again for Woodville. Stayed four days; result, five ducks; weather was too nice," they said. No wind to drive the ducks off the big lake. Snipe began to arrive the day I went home. Well, my faith in Woodville as a good shooting ground was not entirely gone, and the weather signs being favorable, I went there on the 12th of the present month. Everything was lovely and the ducks flew low, and by Saturday, the 15th, I had shot thirty-four ducks, mostly red-heads, about forty snipe and plover and one partridge, and it was not first-class duck weather, either. Set out the Eldred hunters take courage and cry again. My experience at the snipe and ducks was like a colored preacher's white burden, "very ornstein." I have this much to say for Woodville—even if you get no game you will have a good time stopping at "Woods," a good, home-like place, free from drunkenness and confusion (usually found at such places), a good table, kind and obliging people about you. Boats are provided with decoys and fishing tackle, and "George" or "Uncle Steve" to show you around. It is your own fault if you don't have a good time. NOVICE.

TRAPPING QUAIL IN VIRGINIA.—In your issue of October 13 "Frank" wants to know where to come to in Virginia to get quail. In your issue of October 20 "W. O. W." responds by saying: "It is against law to trap quail in this State at any time." I am sorry to say that "W. O. W." is mistaken. It is unlawful to trap wild turkeys at any time; but under the law as it now stands, contained in the acts of the General Assembly of April 2, 1879, and March 9, 1880, "partridge or quail" may be trapped by means of traps or traps of any kind between the fifteenth of October and the first of January of each year; except that in the fifty counties enumerated in the act of March 9, 1880, the open season extends from the first of November to the first of February of each year. So that "Frank" may get quail anywhere in Virginia from the first of November to the first of January. M.

BLACK HAWK CLUB.—Whitewater, Wis.—At the annual meeting of the Black Hawk Club, of Lake Koshkonong, Wisconsin, October 21, 1881, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: George W. Esterly, President, Whitewater, Wis.; George W. Peck, Vice President, Milwaukee, Wis.; W. S. Dalliba, Secretary, Chicago, Ill.; J. A. Partridge, Treasurer, Whitewater, Wis. This association is now in fine running order, having a club house and other buildings for the comfort and pleasure of its members, located on Black Hawk Island, where can be back wood in large numbers, owing to the fact that wild celery grows all over this lake luxuriantly, the lake being four miles wide and about nine miles long.

SHINNECOCK BAY—Good Ground, L. I., October 31.—There are several large bodies of duck in the Bay, but so far have not afforded the usual shooting, owing to the unusually warm weather. Birds feed nights during warm and calm weather. We look for splendid shooting immediately after the weather becomes cooler. The three day law is repealed and we can now shoot every day. Some geese have come into the bay, but we do not look for a flight until after November 8, when we shall have both brant and geese. We have had bay snipe up to this time fairly plenty, and at times in October very plenty. WILLIAM N. LANE.

HOW IT MAY BE DONE.—New York City, Oct. 11.—Editor Forest and Stream: The retreating tit, 5 Pine street is selling quails, they are termed "high holders" on the bill of fare. If I mistake not, these birds come under the heading

of "woodpeckers," and are protected by the game laws. Cannot the ball be started rolling in some way against these restaurants? The majority of them in this city are continually infringing upon the game laws, and openly at that.—*WILFRED SPOON.*

[The New York city society will be glad to have you give them any information about violation of the game laws. They employ detectives, and have regular counsel retained for the prosecution of such cases. Communicate with them.]

WESTMINSTER, Oct. 23.—The great squirrel hunt, an annual event in this town, has come off and gone. The hunters were thirteen on a side. The collection which they brought in was a fine one. The game was of various descriptions all counting in the grand total. H. B. Howe's side counted 5,600, while E. B. Lynde's side, his opponent, was 4,600. Upon the return to the village the losing side paid for the oyster supper at Puffers' Hotel. The event was a pleasant one to all, squirrels, perhaps, excepted.

LIVE GROUSE WANTED.—A number of pinnated grouse are wanted for shipment to Idaho Territory, where they are to be turned out. Can any of our readers inform us where fifty or a hundred of the birds can be obtained and what their probable cost would be?

NEW JERSEY GAME.—New Hampden, Hunterdon Co., N. J., Nov. 1. Quail in abundance—at least seventy per cent. of the usual quantity. Rabbits scarce. Wild ducks none. Pheasants and grouse very scarce.—*G. C. A.*

THE LOWELL BENCH SHOW.—As will be seen by a letter, published elsewhere, the managers of the Lowell bench show have enlarged their premium list, and will offer prizes to all recognized breeds. We are pleased to announce this, and trust that the enterprise shown by their action will meet its reward in a large entry and satisfactory numbers of visitors.

THE REASON WHY.—A respected correspondent is informed that the reason why we "do not reply to the low slurs on the *FOREST AND STREAM* made by certain journals" is that we have something better to do. We cannot stop our express train to silence the snarling of curs which run out to bark at us as we pass.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

FRESH WATER.

Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. jadis*. Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*. Striped Bass, *Morone chrysops*. White Bass, *Morone americana*. Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*. Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike), *Silurus americanus*. Smallmouth Bass, *Micropterus dolomieu*. Chain Pickerel, *Urophycis elongatus*. Chain Pickerel, *Urophycis elongatus*. Chain Pickerel, *Urophycis elongatus*. Chain Pickerel, *Urophycis elongatus*.

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis striata*. Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Morone chrysops*. White Perch, *Morone americana*. Bluefish or Taylor, *Morone saxatilis*. Scup or Porgie, *Stenotomus argenteus*.

There are, however, many grades of fishers who, from using the hook, come under a strict definition of the term "angler," whom many of us would not care to fish within sight or hearing distance of, notably the minor fellow who has a pistol, or gun, with which he shoots at every bird that passes his hand, and who, when he shoots at him; or the obviously proper fellow whose impatience at a tangle in his line, or a snag that his hook has fouled, of the musquitos, or in fact any of the minor annoyances of fishing, leads vent in a continued string of blaspheming which disturbs the current of your thoughts, and the enjoyment of silence. Almost anything is preferable to a noisy, whooping man in the woods to one who enjoys the ripple of the stream, the sighing of the winds through the trees, and the voices of nature, both animate and inanimate.—*FRED MATHER.*

TROLLING ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

OF the many kinds of field, forest and water sports in which one can participate in the Lake Superior Region, there are none which afford more enjoyment and interest than trolling for lake trout in the waters of the "big lake." During the months of September and October this fish comes in in immense schools to the islands and rocks adjacent to the main land. Here they remain several weeks, at least while the equinoctial lasts; and here they may be caught in large numbers. While they are not generally captured with trolls by fishermen for exportation and trade, as nets are a saving of time and labor and are used principally for that purpose, still many resort to the line and spoon for sport and secure enough for family use during the approaching months of winter.

The writer had the pleasure not long since of accompanying a party of old sportsmen to the islands off Grand Marais and Agate Harbor, six miles in distance from the village of Eagle Harbor. Leaving the last-named place at a seasonable hour in the morning we were in due time at Silver Islet, and putting on shore everything we had brought with us in the shape of eatables and drinkables, pushed off, and, with appropriate ceremonies, inaugurated the business of the day. The Silver Islet, above named must not be mistaken for Silver Islet on the north shore of Lake Superior, which contains the famous silver mine, as the former lies near the south shore of the lake off Keweenaw peninsula. The nomenclature of the early navigators and explorers of this lake and country was evidently very limited, as the same name is often given to several different objects. There is quite a number of Silver Islets, Grand Marais, Montclair rivers, Agate harbors and Carp rivers, and unless one has lived in this region or studied carefully its geography, he is apt to be confused in ascertaining the exact locality of a place or thing.

We were provided with two boats, in each of which were two of our party and a man who rowed. Our line was run out to the length of seventy-five or eighty feet, with two

strong hooks on each line and a spoon which would twirl with ease. Everything was propitious. A brisk breeze whipped the surface into short, broken breakers. With a light sea, the fishermen tell us, the best results are obtained in trolling, and my own experience coincides with their judgment. The main cause of apprehension and solicitude, however, was the sudden change in the direction of the wind, which not infrequently takes place, and which, if sailors are not particularly vigilant, are apt to drift them from shore and to the not over-merciful and tender guardianship of this capricious lake. No misfortune of this kind, I am happy to say, afflicted us, and only an indisposition or reluctance on the part of the fish to take the deceptive lure could prevent us from being successful in our efforts. The day was somewhat cloudy, which was also favorable conditionally, and the air, although neither "eager" nor "nipping," was bracing and sufficient to keep us cool. The temperature of the blood during the animating exercise of catching and drawing in the trout.

Our course lay among and around the islets and rocks, which raised their craggy heads above the water-line, and also in the neighborhood of the many reefs and shoals which abounded. We were not many rods from the east end of Silver Islet when I felt a jerk on my line and, owing to the indifferent manner in which I held it in my hand, it was nearly switched from me. Uncertain for a moment whether the mischief had been done by a fish or my hook had struck a rock I waited an instant, when all doubt was dispelled by two short, quick jerks upon the line. Immediately I arose from my seat and drew the trout rapidly toward me. As soon as he realized that he was captured he struggled vigorously for his liberty. At times he would dive fathoms deep apparently; again he would slacken the line and then with almost lightning rapidity, dart at right angles to the direction in which I was endeavoring to lead him. Once or twice he became apparently disinterested and permitted himself to be drawn along without resistance, his head visible above the water, and his large red mouth distended to its utmost capacity, but as I drew him near the boat he determined again to strike for freedom, and darted and struggled with all the energy and spirit he possessed. His plucky exertions of physical strength, however, were futile, and he soon lay secure in the bottom of the boat.

Though the experience was repeated time and time again, and at noon when we entered the cove of the island to lunch, counted as my catch twenty-five trout. The others had had equally as good luck and it would have been amusing for one to observe how elated we were, and to hear us, as we sat eating, reciting the many and culminating incidents of the morning.

In rowing among the islets and over the reefs, we could not but mark the extreme transparency of the water, where ever the waves were not rippled by the breezy objects at a great depth were plainly visible. A bright tin cup which was inadvertently dropped, could be seen as much, was judged, as twelve fathoms from the surface. When the lake is at a dead calm, which sometimes occurs, a boat appears suspended almost in mid-air. Not only is it very clear, but owing to its frigid coldness and purity, it affords the finest drinking water in the world. Away from the influence of the shore and about ten or twelve feet from the surface, the temperature is only seven or eight degrees above the freezing point in the month of August. The great length of the winters and the formation of immense fields of ice refrigerate to such a degree the bottom water, that the short season of warm weather in summer is insufficient to raise the temperature enough to admit of comfortable bathing.

We fished an hour or two in the afternoon and then rowed to Eagle Harbor. On our way we veered from our course slightly to pass under "the arch." This rock is isolated a half mile or so from any other object, and is something of a natural curiosity. It is ten feet or more in height with a passage-way of five or six feet so that a row-boat can easily go through it. It is quite a resort for gulls and as we approached they began to land on the rocks, and as we neared their reservations by vigorously flapping their wings and screaming hideously.

Although we had taken during the day, with trolls only, about one hundred and fifty trout, some of them would weigh as much as twenty pounds, while none would go less than four pounds. They averaged about ten pounds each. A catch, therefore, of 1,500 pounds of *Salmo amethystus*, by a party of four in the space of four hours cannot be considered altogether a bad day's work. The fish, when properly dressed and cooked, make delicious eating, and the residents along the shore often sell a barrel of the same for use during the long and dreary winter. Boiled salt lake trout is not by any means unpalatable as many a Lake Superiorite can testify.

Pontiac, Mich.

A MODEL WHALE-BOAT.

ONE of the most interesting and valuable exhibits recently added to the fisheries collection of the National Museum is a full-sized American whale boat, complete in all its details, embracing all the numerous articles of outfit which are known to the whalers as boat gear and all the instruments and catches used in the business, as well as a bomb gun, from which the explosive lance is discharged. This boat, with its entire outfit, is the gift of Messrs. J. H. Birtlett & Sons, of New Bedford, Mass. The boat, as it now lies in the museum building, is fully equipped and ready to "go on to a whale." A whaleman that could not kill a fish with such an outfit had better join the "deck walloper." The boat is of that style technically known as a twenty-eight foot boat, and from the markings, "L. B.," on the iron and other articles of boat-gear, it has evidently seen active service as a harbor boat in the whaling vessel, while the instruments themselves show every indication of having been used in killing whales. This boat, as is usual in this type, is sharp at both ends, the most remarkable feature being the acuteness of the angle of the stern, which is narrower than the head, in order that the boat may be "sterned" when the whale has been struck, to avoid the lashing of the ponderous flukes of the infuriated or frightened animal. The most prominent instruments are the harpoons or irons, which are employed solely to fasten the line to the whale when the hand lances are to be used. The first and second irons are "strapp'd" and in their proper positions in the boat-crotch. Notwithstanding the pot has sunk,

Like the lightning flame
View our harpoons of steel,

these instruments are not made of steel, but of the toughest and most pliable of soft iron, and can be bent into the most fantastic shapes without breaking. The hand lances are to be found resting in the lance hooks, ready to be rasped by

the officer of the boat when he "works upon" a whale. The bomb gun, enveloped in its canvas covering on the starboard side, having inaugurated a more genteel and sportsmanlike method of killing whales, is ready to send a whizzing bomb lance on its aerial flight to a vital spot in the whale. The whale lines or tow lines are coiled in their respective tubs, which are known as the large and small tubs, the former being round and the latter of the improved style, oval; the compass, with which a lost boat may find its bearings, ships under the cuddy; the head and stern knives for cutting a full line are in their sheaths; the drag, or drug, to retard the motions of a wounded adult whale through the water, or it may be attached to a baby-whale, in which case the dam, with maternal instinct for the safety of her young, remaining by its side, vainly trying to assist in its escape, may be killed; it is breaker, holding five gallons of fresh water, and the lantern-kegs, slung along the cuddy, containing candles, matches, a lantern, hard bread, pipes and tobacco for the crew; the piggins for bailing the boat; the bucket for wetting a hot line; the hatchet for cutting iron poles from a deceased whale, and the waif for locating its whereabouts. The mast, sails, paddles, oars and steering oar brace occupy their appropriate places, while the rudder is triced up as is customary when a whale has been struck, to prevent the fouling of the line. The log-herd, around which the line swiftly glides, the checks through which the line runs, smoking, out in the wake of the running or sounding whale, the clumsy cleat, against which the harpooner braces himself when striking a whale, and the lion's tongue, so called by the Nantucket whalers, which braces the loggy head and stern sheets, are to be found only in a whaleboat.

A CRUISE ON INDIAN RIVER.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You printed last week my letter giving glimpses at the fishing and shooting in Minnesota. Below is a diary, received by me since from a nephew, who describes his recent trip down Indian River from Theresa, Jefferson County, N. Y., in a boat which he made himself. The account interests me very much, as showing that our youngsters, with sporting inclinations, need not go out of the State to find delightful routes for pleasant excursions, where plenty of game is to be had for the seeking. Indian River rises in the northernmost corner of Lewis County, and flows northeast into Black Lake, which outlets at Ogdensburg into the Oswegatchie River, an affluent of the St. Lawrence. It has a fall of about seventy-five feet at Theresa, and a sluggish current thence eighteen miles to Rople Rapids. It was in the stream I made my debut years ago in quest of *bona nobilitas*, fly named, for a nobler fish than the maskanonge, in both game and table qualities, is not to be found in our inland waters. The first one that struck the rude spoon (of my own making) at the end of my 100 foot stern trolling line, elicited the "Hold on, Ben, I'm hitched!" which my comrade, Dr. James Davison, pelted me with for many a year afterward. Imagine my surprise to see the captive, when halfway to the boat, pop straight out of the water about two-thirds his length, stand on his tail and shake his head with great violence to get rid of the hook. This is a fact, although, for a fish story, not up to the mark of Mr. Benham's statement in your columns that "it is not unusual for this monarch of the streams, when trying to free himself from a hook, to leap ten or fifteen feet above the water and shake his head like a mad bull."

The boys may be proud of their catch of seven maskanonge. A. H. THOMPSON.

DIARY OF A TRIP DOWN INDIAN RIVER AND THROUGH BLACK LAKE.

W. A. Fisher and myself started for a trip down Indian River Friday, September 9. We left Theresa at 7 A. M., with a slight breeze, enabling us to sail down to False Outlet. Thence we rode to Rople Rapids, reaching them at 2:30 P. M. Had some trouble in running the rapids on account of low water, but passed over all right and made ready for our first carry—a trouble but a little head wind. At live made the first carry at Rople, and went on into Black Lake at 6:30. Until we were done with boats and brading we shall never forget the sport we had that day. We made Tea Island our camping ground, and soon had a tent pitched, a good fire burning and supper cooking. You can imagine our appetites and enjoyment of a night's rest on the boughs after such a day's work. We took three maskanonge and one bass on our way down.

Saturday, 10th.—Went out to hunt ruffed grouse after breakfast. A stray hungry dog came to us, and provided a good help in hunting. Got back to camp at three P. M. with three grouse, and had a royal supper of fish and fowl. While we sat in the open air after the meal a flock of ducks settled down in a bay across from our camp. We took them and got two.

Sunday, 11th.—Had an early breakfast, broke camp and started for the foot of the lake with a slight wind. Passed Edwardsville, a small place with two hotels and one store, at noon, and reached our destination, twenty-eight miles from Tea Island, at 4:30, killing three bass and three wood-ducks on the way. Pitched tent, and got supper before dark.

Tuesday, 13th.—Started at 9 for Henkelton, on the Oswegatchie River, five miles from camp, where we got a supply of provisions. We rowed back in an hour and a half, taking in out of the wet one pike.

Wednesday, 14th.—Went out hunting, and although it was a very hot day and the ground new to both we returned to camp at 5:30 P. M. with thirteen gray squirrels and one grouse.

Thursday, 15th.—Hunted most of the day, bringing in at 6 P. M. only four grouse.

Friday, 16th.—Went to Ogdensburg, seven miles from camp, on the St. Lawrence River. It is forty miles below Alexandria Bay, which is only twelve miles from Theresa, our point of departure. We rowed to Eel Weir Rapids, and walked the rest of the way. We could easily have carried around the rapids, rowed to Ogdensburg, sailed up the St. Lawrence to the bay and back, or have been taken to Theresa. But we preferred to return through the lake and rivers.

Saturday, 17th.—Made a trip to Henkelton, catching two pike and three pickerel.

Sunday, 18th.—Broke camp and started up the lake with a strong north wind which fell at noon, and we rested until 4 P. M., when a south wind sprang up enabling us to tack up to Tea Island.

Tuesday, 20th.—Started out early for a call on another camping party, and on our return found two men from Theresa waiting for us as the dog would not let them land on the island—good dog that.

Wednesday, 21st.—Devoted the day to fishing and hunting, and bagged three bass, six pickerel, five squirrels and three grouse.

Thursday, 22d.—A severe thunder storm and high wind kept us in camp all day. The rain was needed as fires were raging all around us.

Friday, 23d.—Made an excursion to Pleasant Lake, three miles from Red Lake, into which outlet flows. Shot six ducks and two squirrels. It rained in the afternoon.

Saturday, 24th.—Still raining, but we packed, and started up Indian River, reaching Macalonge Lake before night, and camped there; bagging on the way four squirrels, eight ducks, ten pickerel and four muskanoes.

Sunday, 25th.—Rowed up the river to Red Lake, where we staid all night.

Monday, 26th.—Made an early start for home, breakfasted at Point Henry, and reached Theresa at 11:30 A. M., killing four muskanoes on the way. The whole trip of eighteen days cost us \$3.75 each. Our score was seven muskanoes, nineteen pickerel, three pike, seven bass, eleven ruffed grouse, nineteen ducks and twenty-six squirrels—ninety-two head in all.

C. A. WALDRAT.

Theresa, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1881.

ROWING IN A CIRCLE.

AN EPISODE OF THE BIG TIMBER.

WE had gathered around the stove in the old boat house after a few hours of fishing, and under the influence of a well-brewed rum punch, were discussing the events of the day.

"Never taste this punch," said Ford, "without being reminded of a curious experience which happened to a friend of mine on this very stream, not many months since. If you'd like to hear the story, I'll tell it to you."

"We all, of course, assented."

"It was in October, about the middle of the month, and a first-rate day for bass. I started up the creek in my big boat, with Jack Thaw and Charlie Titus, Ned and Herb Titus having gone on ahead in the little skiff. Well, we fished awhile about the old wharf just up above Easttown, and not far from the Buck pond, where I've taken many a fine pike and yellow perch, as late as the last week in November. We did pretty well at the wharf, Charlie Titus hooking a couple of black bass of fair size, and the rest of us a sprinkling of yellow perch. It was getting toward noon, however, and the tide was running out like a mill race, and coming pretty well on toward the flood. Jack Thaw proposed that we should go up above the old canal boat that drifted against the bank last spring, you recollect, and take some lunch before we started to fish on the turn of the tide. Of course, none of us were very loath to do that, for we knew that Jack had with him some bottles of punch mixture, brewed by himself, and that it was sure to be forthcoming as soon as lunch was spread. We pulled on up-stream pretty lively and made for an old pier-head just above the stranded boat, which was nice and grassy on top, with a half-dozen maples growing about thirty feet back from the water, just as shady and cosy a place for dinner as you'll find anywhere.

"We hardly got to the shore before we were hailed by a boat coming from the opposite direction, containing one man whom we did not recognize at first, as his back was toward us, and he was bending down, pulling in our direction with all his might and main. As he neared us, we saw that it was Rod Lamont. He pulled alongside and got out and joined us. I thought he looked a little flushed when he landed, and he began to talk pretty freely, but I attributed this at the moment to the fact that we had not met for some time, as he'd passed several months in Europe since we'd last fished together.

"We had a capital spread. I opened some bottles of that Egg Harbor claret, the Martha and the other kind, and Jack Thaw mixed a punch that beat anything of the kind I ever saw him get up. Besides this, we had lots of bread and butter, boxes of sardines, shrimp and I don't know what all. Rod took several glasses of wine and closed in pretty lively on the punch, so that, by the time we'd got through and were ready to resume fishing, he didn't seem to care whether he fished or not. I laughed a good deal to see how he picked up the punch bowl and carried it over to his boat, putting it down on the bottom rig in front of where he sat to row. Of course by that time the punch wasn't nearly so strong as it had been, because the ice in it had melted considerably and toned it down; but still there was plenty of strength left in it. I thought he looked a little flushed when he landed, even if I hadn't taken anything beforehand.

"Well, we started off, Rod in his boat and the rest of us as we had been in the morning. Pretty soon we found a place to pull in a little from the current, and threw in our lines where the water backed in from the creek and out of the reach of the strong tide. Our boat fished on in this way for about an hour, moving from side to side of the creek as the fish got to biting slow, and we supposed that Rod had pulled alongside the other boat and that they all were fishing together. But as we rounded a point we saw Herb and Ned Titus in their skiff and Rod about a hundred yards off by himself. He wasn't fishing, that was certain, for we could see him rowing to and fro along a distance of about fifteen feet, apparently trying to get into an old narrow channel that connected this part of the creek with that farther toward the mouth and made a short cut down stream. If you noticed this morning, when you get about a mile or so above here the main stream makes a wide bend of at least a mile, and comes round to within a few rods of the foot of where the bend commences. Just across this strip runs the channel that I spoke of, and it's generally pretty full of water, especially on a rising tide. As I say, we were wondering what Rod was doing, rowing up and down, now pushing his boat into the channel and then backing out again. Every now and then, however, I noticed that he'd stop rowing, and we could see his hand go up to his mouth, so that we were pretty well satisfied that he was getting outside of the advance of the punch. We were interested in fishing, and didn't pay particular attention to his antics, until finally we saw him rowing right through the channel, and supposed that he'd concluded to go on to the boat-house and wait for us there. Where we were we could only see for about half the distance through, as after that his boat was hidden by the reeds.

"We fished on for about half an hour after he left, and then put up tackle and started for home, Ned and Herb going ahead and we following slowly. After we rowed through the channel against a strong tide, and came into the main stream without seeing anything of Rod. We talked on pretty

slowly, as the current was unusually swift and the boats not very light.

"We were a little surprised not to have overtaken Rod on the way down, and this was somewhat increased when we passed the place where he'd hired his boat to find no indication that he had been there since morning. We then, of course, took it for granted that he'd gone on to the boat-house, and pushed ahead. When we got there Dickson told us that he'd seen nothing of either Rod or the boat, and added that very likely Rod was off his balance, as he had taken a pretty stiff glass of grog at the boat-house before starting to join us up-stream. Here was a quandary, and for some time we couldn't make up our minds what course to pursue. Inquiry at the tavern across the creek satisfied us that Rod must be still somewhere up-stream, and the only theory to account for his non-appearance was suggested by Charlie Titus, who expressed the belief that he had pulled through the channel, and when he got beyond it and into the main stream, that he'd forgotten to keep on against the tide, and had allowed his boat to drift with the current, which was then, of course, running in exactly the opposite direction from where he wanted to go. As it was about a mile around the bend to the point where he had first entered the channel, he must have got clear round and pretty close behind us, though out of sight, just as we rowed into the channel on our way home.

"By this time it was pretty dark and showed signs of a storm. Jack Thaw began to get uneasy, and had visions of Rod's life lying on the bottom of the creek, and kept fancying all the time that he saw his balance as he had taken and coming toward us on the falling tide. We talked the thing over for about an hour, I suppose, and finally Jack and I got out my big boat, and fastening a lantern on the bow, we gave Dickson the oars and all three of us started up-stream. The way Jack Thaw peered around in the dim light, looking as if he expected any minute to see Rod's face staring up at him from the water, made me feel pretty uncomfortable, I can tell you; and whenever a bass would jump out of the water he'd give a start that would almost upset us.

"It must have been about eight o'clock by the time we got to where the short cut entered the creek, where, if Charlie Titus was right, Rod must have made his first mistake and turned the wrong way. We'd looked under every projecting mass of roots, and poked the oars through every bunch of reeds and alders along both banks, and had seen no indications of Rod or the boat. We were getting pretty tired, and the wind about this time commenced to blow, while dark clouds were scudding overhead, and the waters hissed and splashed noisily against the bank.

"Suddenly Jack Thaw called to Dickson to stop rowing, that he thought he heard a voice. I'm a little dull of hearing, and whatever sound of the kind there was didn't reach me. But Jack insisted that we'd better pull in-shore, for there was evidently some one there needing assistance. Before doing so, however, he sung out, 'Who are you, and what's the matter?' A faint voice, which none of us recognized, came back, 'I'm a stranger here, and I've decided us, and we made for the bank, which here rose some six feet above the water, and a corresponding height above the adjacent land. It was, in reality, a sort of levee to protect the fields from the tide. As our boat grated against the shore, Dickson took the lantern, jumped out and clambered up the bank. We could see him poking the lantern about in front of him, and presently he put it on the ground and, holding his sides with both hands, his body shook and quivered as if he was in a spasm.

"What's the matter, Dick? I shouted, 'Why don't you go down into the meadow and see what the poor devil wants?' 'Oh Lord, oh Lord!' he hallooed back; 'it's Rod. Come here and look at him!'

"'Rod?' I said, 'it can't be; why, where's his boat?' 'I don't know,' he answered, 'but he's here, that's certain.' And with that he picked up the lantern and slid down the bank on the opposite side.

"For a few moments we could hear the murmur of voices, mingled with laughter from Dickson, which he seemed endeavoring to repress; then a struggle and the splashing sound of mud and water, and finally two figures emerged from the meadow and appeared on top of the bank. By the light of the lantern we of course at once distinguished Dickson, but without the latter's previous announcement we would never have recognized in the torn and mud-covered object at his side the courtly and elegant Lamont. His face and hair were begrimed with ditch water and slime, his coat hung about him in tatters, and long strips of dirty cloth were all that remained of his shirt. He was sitting on the ground, leaning toward the bank, with the aid of Dickson's arm, he clung rather than sat down upon the stern seat, and for some time maintained an obstinate silence, refusing to tell where he had been, or how he had reached the place we had found him. Finally, as we were about returning, he said that he had better not leave until we had got his boat, that he was responsible for it, but he guessed, though, it was a good way off. I asked him whether he'd tied it up anywhere, and he said that he'd hitched the rope around one of the ribs of the old canal boat, near where we'd lunched in the morning, and he supposed it must be there yet. I then asked him how far off he thought the place was. He said he guessed about six miles, because he'd been asleep in the boat, and when he waked up it was after midnight, and he'd been walking across the fields for two or three hours since. Of course we knew that it was only about eight o'clock then, but we said nothing, and pulled for the boat.

"As I mentioned, the boat was only a short row from where we were, and we reached the place in a little over ten minutes. Rod was greatly astonished that we got there so soon, and insisted that it was the wrong place, and that we'd mistaken the boat. Jack Thaw, however, speedily convinced him to the contrary by reaching for and bringing out the punch bowl, which he held up before Rod, significantly remarking: 'Why, it's perfectly dry!' To this, however, Rod made no response, and we thereupon fastened his boat to the stern of mine and started to row back to the boat-house, the light from the lantern in the bow shining brightly over the water.

"We had reached the place where the narrow channel I have

spoken of met, the main stream, and were just crossing the point of intersection when Rod called to Dickson, 'You had the oars, to stop.' 'Now, look here, boys,' he said, 'this is a little too thin. You can't play this on me any longer. I came out of this channel into the creek by your instructions four times, and struck it foul every time. Don't you see that you've got to go through it from this side or we'll never get out? You gave me the wrong direction this afternoon and kept me fooling round here for the last six or seven hours. Now I want to go home, and the way to go is right through that cut—just the opposite way from what you made me take before.'

"We tried to make him see that such a course as he indicated would be merely reversing the circle that he had been rowing in all the evening, and would bring us out always at the same place from which we had started. He couldn't or wouldn't see it, and began to get a little ugly. Fortunately Dickson had his pocket flask with him, and he passed it across to Rod, with the remark that if he took a look through that telescope he'd maybe see things in a different light. As you may imagine, this had the desired effect, and hardly a minute had elapsed before Rod was sound asleep in the bottom of the boat. We pulled back as fast as possible, and reached Easttown in time to take the 10:30 train. We roused Rod at the boat-house, put some clothes on him and got him into the cars, where his somnolence continued until we reached home. Ever since that night, however, he has insisted that the only way we ever got back was by following his advice at the channel, and persists in asserting that if we'd gone on as we were when he stopped us, we'd be rowing the circle yet."

"Ford," said Vermillion, as the former ceased, "do you say that story is true?"

"I do, and can prove the same by the testimony of living witnesses. And what's more, the thing got out around Easttown and the neighborhood, so that Lamont never comes down here but what half a dozen fellows hail him with a 'Hello, Rod, how about that circular row on the Big Timber?'"

BASS IN THE POTOMAC RAPIDS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Two friends and myself took a day among the bass in the rapids above Chain Bridge, on the Potomac, this week. The day was not good, being cool and variable, with gusty winds from the northwest. We found the water warm and the fish in the rapids and shoals. They took the minnow well but would not rise to the fly, and I have never been able to get them to do so late in the season. I used an eight-foot rod made of red cedar and iron wood, cedar butt and middle joint and tip of iron wood. I have used this rod for about six years. I made it myself, and this season cut down the middle piece and tip to the size of a very fine trout fly rod, and it casts a fly remarkably well. I used a patent enameled oil silk tapered line, a single gut leader and single steel Sproat hook, casting the minnow just as if it were a fly; no float and no sinker.

Every man to his liking. I prefer this rig to all others, and also this method of casting the minnow to all others. I find the largest bass with great facility, and I find that they take the minnow or crayfish as though I tended to them, it seems to me, better than any other way. My rig is as light and as easily landed as a buggy whip, and answers perfectly well for bait or fly. I have often cast minnows there for bass, and caught and landed heavy fish with a very delicate ash and lancewood trout fly-rod. I have no doubt, however, of the superiority of iron wood to all other wood in strength and durability, and capacity to spring back to its places after playing a heavy fish. This opinion is backed by very large experience of rods and fishing. I landed two small striped bass; the other gentlemen did not get any of them. Our party obtained a handsome string of beautiful fish, and returned to the duties of life wiser, happier, and better men than if we had refrained ourselves from that most enjoyable and enjoyed day on the rapids. We had our guns along, and one of the gentlemen stopped a mallard from a passing bunch, which put itself on shore and crept among the rocks to be seen, of course, no more.

Bere I stop to let me say what I know about putting a crayfish on a hook. I pass the hook through the posterior thoracic ring on the back bringing out the point on the under side. I find a recently shed crayfish the most killing bait I have ever tried for bass when in rocky rapids, especially for large fish. If the crayfish has had his new crush on long enough to become once more dark and leathery in appearance it is by no means so taking.

The best minnow by long odds is a small esthion, which will live over half a day on a hook. The fish do not mind the smell of the bait the least bit. From June to December there is excellent fly-fishing in the Potomac rapids from Chain Bridge up to Great Falls. But few striped bass are now caught above Little Falls. We found the bass very gamey, and my two striped bass wonderfully so for their weight.

M. G. E.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERY TROUBLES.

WHEN the Toronto *Globe*, in its spite, spoke of the "notorious Baiton," it undoubtedly meant Mr. Fitz J. Babson, Collector of the Port of Gloucester, Mass., and supposed that its article would effectually smother that gentleman, both by the epithet and the misspelling of his name. On the contrary, Mr. Babson's still further, and is called in the figures which will prevent another such treaty as that of Washington being agreed to by the United States. The facts are these: The British Provinces feel sore because, for five and a half million dollars paid by the United States, they had to allow the American fishermen to fish in their waters. The Americans are dissatisfied because their government has paid for privileges which they do not get, and which are worth nothing to them if they could get them. The result of the Halifax conference was that, for \$5,500,000, the American fishermen were to have the privilege of fishing in the waters of British North America for twelve years, and that the Canadians should have the right to send fish to the United States free of duty, either government having the privilege of terminating the agreement by giving two years' notice. When the fishermen from the "States" went into the bays for bait they were met by local laws and armed resistance, and the "three mile limit" was defined by lines running from headland to headland, instead of following the coast line.

Both parties to the agreement are dissatisfied, and no

The Kennel,

Second Annual Field Trials

OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA
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Open to Setter and Pointer Puppies whelped on or after January 1, 1880: first prize, silver set, \$100; second, double barrel breech-loading shot-gun, \$75; third, cash \$45. 15 forfeit, \$5 additional for starters.

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Open only to members of the Association, and each entry to be handled by the owner. First prize, a piece of plate, \$100; second, silver cup, presented by Messrs. Caldwell & Co., Philadelphia, \$50. Entrance \$5, to be paid at time of nomination.
A special prize of \$50, or a silver cup of equal value, at the option of the winner, is offered for the best red Irish setter competing in the trials.
All entries close 9 o'clock A. M. Dec. 5, 1881.
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POINTERS, young dogs partially broken; just right to put on game; of Rush, Snapsheet and Sensation strains; very handsome and promising. Also one brace of puppies. Address EDMUND ORGILL, 106 Dean street, Brooklyn. Oct 15, '81

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on the tinted paper, will be sent post-paid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec 30, '81

PURE FIELD TRIAL SETTERS FOR SALE.
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Puppies by above also by Irac, first and special, New York, 1881, for sale. Price from \$10 upward.
HORNELL SPANIEL CLUB, Hornellsville, N. Y. Nov 3, '81

SMALL BLACK COCKERS and black field spaniels for sale.—One pair dog and bitch, small breed cockers, four months old, pure black, gro. grain and black. Charlie, one small flat-coated liver dog, 4½ months old. Three solid black, three solid liver field spaniels, out of Rhea II, by Imp. Benedict. One black cocker dog, 7 months old, out of Imp. Queen by Imp. Baron. All this stock will be sent out on approval. Express charges must be guaranteed. Full pedigrees to all. Address BURN HOLLIS, Hornellsville, N. Y. Nov 3, '81

A TWO-YEAR OLD COCKER DOG FOR SALE. Broken on grouse and retrieves from land or water; small and very handsome; color, a rich dark liver throughout; fine house dog and fond of children; will be sold on approval. BURN HOLLIS, Hornellsville, N. Y. Nov 3, '81

FOR SALE, Gordon setter bitch Nettle, out of Tilley's Whip (Gypsy-Stoddard's Dick), by his Duke of Locust Valley (Grace-Imported Grouse), 18 months old, having one cross of Elcho and a woodcock and mated grouse; well broken, and good for no fault; price very low; pedigree furnished. Address C. F. WATERHOUSE, Merriam, Mass. Nov 3, '81

REAL SCOTCH STAGHOUNDS—The Reverend Grenville Hodson, Bridgewater, England, has several valuable deerhounds from his famous bitch Heather and other winners for disposal. Advertisers this noble breed should communicate with the above, if they are desirous of obtaining deerhounds, old or young, from the recognized leading English kennel. Oct 14, '81

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Any gentleman in want of a single dog or a brace of well-broken and well-bred setters will find the article by addressing I. W. Box 450, New York city. These are not worthless curs said to be broken, but are perfect in the field, and a fair price is therefore asked. Nov 3, '81

\$12 will buy a pure red Irish bitch, 6 months old, having one cross of Elcho and two of Plunket. Address E. J. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn. Nov 3, '81

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FOR SALE, two pure bred Gordon setter puppies, dog and bitch, whelped May 26, 1881. Address A. WEEKS, Locust Valley, L. I. Nov 3, '81

S. T. BERNARD PUPS FOR SALE.—For pedigrees and other particulars, address, with stamp, P. O. Box 94, Lancaster, Mass. Nov 3, '81

FOR SALE CHEAT.—A very large, handsome, all black Newfoundland. Excellent watch dog. N. T. P., P. O. Box 336, New Brunswick, N. J. Nov 3, '81

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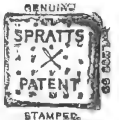
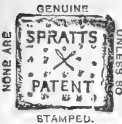
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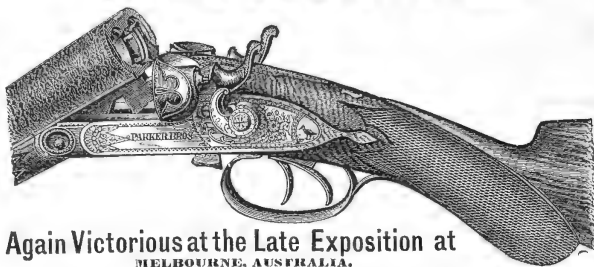
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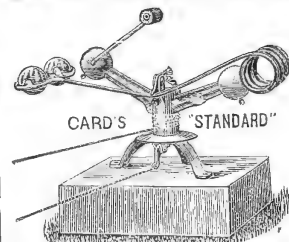
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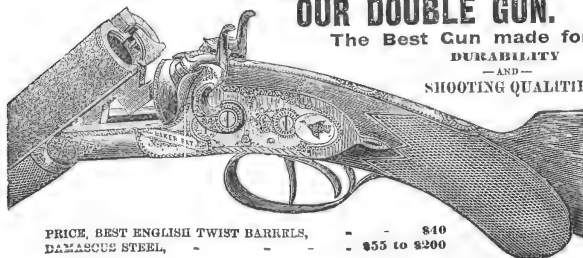
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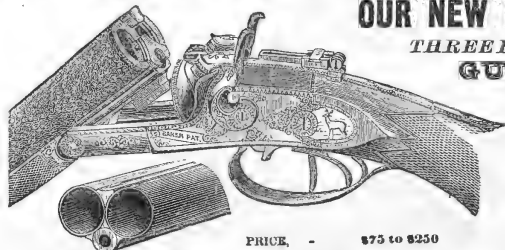


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ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors must be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, November 10.

Specimen copies of the Forest and Stream will be sent free to any address upon application.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.—A number of communications on this subject are deferred to next week.

FLORIDA ARGONAUTS.—The story of the Florida expedition told elsewhere is one of the most interesting of the Florida papers published in this journal.

DOG TRAINING.—We begin to-day the publication of an important series of articles from the pen of our Kennel Editor. Mr. Hammond calls his system dog training versus dog breaking. It is aptly so styled, being a decided departure from the beaten path trodden by other writers in their treatment of this subject. His own methods, as here described, differ from the practice of the average dog-breaker. The author's practical success in following the methods he advocates is at once a source of pride to him and a sufficient proof of the merit of his system. The series of papers will extend through ten chapters. We invite for them the special attention of amateurs and veterans.

THE SHOOTING.

THE reports which we have received from various sources would seem to indicate that the season which has just opened will be a very favorable one for fowl shooting. It is perhaps too soon to pronounce upon this point, for, owing to the warmth of the weather up to this time, the birds have not made their appearance in as great numbers as usual, but we understand that on the Potomac, the Chesapeake and at Currutuck the grass and celery is more abundant than it has been for years. In the years when there is plenty of food there are usually great numbers of fowl, and all the accounts which we have so far, up and down the coast, unite in stating that the feed has never been better than it is at present.

We hear that along the Connecticut shore the coots were plenty during October, and that the old squaws and broad-bills are on in some numbers. In Great South Bay, L. I., the shooting has been fair—say forty birds to a gun from a battery during the mornings. These mostly redheads, broad-bills, coots and old squaws. At Havre de Grace, Md., the opening day showed fair bags, although the weather was bad, being very still and misty. From 3,000 to 3,500 ducks appear to have been bagged. We need some sharp weather to start the fowl along before any really large bags can be hoped for. "Homo's" letter in another column gives a good general idea of what is being done on the Maryland shore.

From Virginia and North Carolina we have as yet no satisfactory reports. Sprig-tails, black ducks, teal, and a few widgeons have been on there for two or three weeks, but the great body of the fowl have as yet failed to put in an appearance. We have made arrangements to have early advices of their advent to these grounds, and shall give prompt notice of the fact to our readers. We published, several weeks ago, a hint as to the best means of reaching the grounds in North Carolina, and it may be well to repeat it here. Those who intend to visit Currutuck can take the 8:40 p. m. train at New York, as per advertisement of the Associated Southern Railways in another column, reaching Norfolk at 9 o'clock a. m. They should leave the train at Snowden, which place is reached at 10:50, and proceed thence by private conveyance to Currutuck Court House, where they can take the steamer Cygnet for Van Slyke's and other landings. If for any reason the steamer should be detained, they can continue overland to the shore. The charge for conveying passengers from Snowden to Van Slyke's will, we understand, be \$2 each. The agent at Snowden will furnish all necessary information. There is no hotel at Currutuck Court House, but a good dinner can be obtained at Captain Walker's. We understand that by taking the all-rail route, via Richmond and Petersburg, one can leave New York about 9:30 o'clock p. m. and reach Snowden at 6:55 p. m. the next day.

It seems likely that the exodus of duck shooters to points in North Carolina will be greater this year than ever before. Besides the members of the various clubs, such as the Kittyhawk, the Currutuck, the Palmer Island, and others, many will go who are not club members. There is a constantly increasing appreciation of the sporting advantages of these grounds, and now that they are brought within about twenty-four hours of New York, we may expect to see them more frequently visited than ever.

The large clubs on the Sound, no matter how much they are grumbled at by men who are not members, accomplish one very important thing which benefits all who shoot. They protect a great extent of feeding ground, on which comparatively little shooting is done. The fowl before long learn to know that they have a refuge on these grounds—a place where they will not be persecuted—and so they become more tame, and are not driven wholly away, as is often the case when they are constantly harassed at every point. If we take the Kittyhawk Club as an example, we can see how much good it will do in this way. It has, we are told, about 250 miles of water front, but there are only twenty-eight members, and even if we suppose them to shoot the whole season through, they could use but a very small portion of their ground, and on the remainder the fowl will be undisturbed.

Of the brush shooting we have, we regret to say, reports not quite so favorable.

In Connecticut and Rhode Island quail are said to be fairly plenty, and in Massachusetts much more so than usual, owing no doubt to the wise and liberal policy of the Springfield Rod and Gun Club which turned out this spring about 300 birds. These have spread up and down the river for thirty miles and have bred and done well. Quail have also been rather abundant on Long Island, but except on preserves, they have been pretty well killed off. In New Jersey, our correspondents report them scarce; in Pennsylvania they are more plenty. In the Southern and Western States they are reported as numerous. Ruffed grouse are scarce everywhere, if we may judge from the reports received from all sections. Woodcock are fairly plenty, and have only been on a short time. The best shooting will probably be within the next two weeks. We hear from Connecticut and Massachusetts that there was a good flight last week. Now is the time to go. One real cold snap will send almost all the birds along South, and advantage should be taken of the present good weather by all who can get a day or two off. The recent rains have made the work of dogs and men easier than it has been, and we shall expect within a couple of weeks to hear of some fair bags.

THE MAINE GAME WARDENS.

THE correspondence relative to the Maine game wardens is developing some facts which it is well for the public to know. In another column we publish a letter upon this subject; it comes from a highly respectable source; and unless the statement made therein can be disproved, the proof is conclusive that there is something very decidedly rotten in the present condition of affairs.

It appears to be pretty clearly established that some of the Maine game wardens are guilty of a gross dereliction of duty, which cannot be excused by attempts to shift the blame from residents to visitors and back again. It is clearly the duty of the wardens to apprehend and bring to justice all offenders alike, whether they live in Maine or have come from other States. But our correspondent affirms that some of the game officers are so covered with their own sins against the game laws that they dare not prosecute others from fear of being exposed themselves; or else they are deterred from their plain duty by the desire to shield their guilty relatives and friends.

This is just the state of affairs to be expected where the game wardens are appointed from the districts in which they are to serve, and from among the ranks of the guides.

The only way to secure a set of wardens who will not shrink from a fearless discharge of their duty is to put in men who are not hampered by their own misdeeds, nor by their relations to neighbors; and such men must have been, previous to their appointment, non-residents of the district in which they are to serve. A salary of eight dollars a month manifestly will not pay such men. An adequate State appropriation should be made for the purpose. The revenue accruing from "visiting sportsmen" is sufficient to warrant a proper provision for fostering it, by duly protecting the game attractions which support it. Protection of game is here not a matter of sentiment, but of business.

The rule applies to other States and counties which derive a revenue from the sporting public. The sooner we look at this thing in a common-sense light, the sooner will we have efficient systems of game protection.

DEPARTING from our usual custom this week, we reproduce from one of the magazines a sketch of life in the woods. "A Week in a Dog-out" is from the pen of a frequent and valued contributor to our columns, and is reprinted by us through the courtesy of both author and publishers. The interest of the sketch as printed in *Harper's* is much enhanced by the capital illustrations for which that magazine is famous. By the way, we venture to say that few readers of our illustrated monthlies appreciate the expense to which their publishers are put in providing such work as they supply month after month. The average cost of the *Harper's Magazine* illustrations alone for a single number is said to be \$5,000. Such a scale of expenditure and corresponding excellence could hardly have been dreamed of by the projectors of that magazine when they printed the first numbers. The magazine is now in its sixty-fourth volume.

THE ATLANTA RIFLE TOURNAMENT.

By the cord from the Secretary of the National Rifle Association it will be seen that it is possible for us to hold an attractive rifle meeting at the Gate City of the South during the coming month. The intention is a good one, and as the managers of the most successful display, now in progress in Atlanta, have made it a general one, and are working to make it an exposition of the South in all its material relations, the conduct of a rifle match is in entire accord with their plan. They have invited the Directors of the National Rifle Association to become the managers of this feature of the general display and that trust has been accepted. If this National Rifle Association were indeed national, there would be no trouble at all in this trusteeship, but it is really a local organization of use only in being well and widely known and being thoroughly able to manage a rifle meeting in all its multifarious details.

A wise step has been taken, though very tardily, in making a canvass of the riflemen of the country, in order that some previous estimate can be made as to the probability of success. What is wanting now is a full statement from the Fair managers as to what they can do and what they can offer in the way of prizes. We want also to hear from the riflemen of the South. Will they be represented at the proposed rifle meeting, and in what style of shooting do they care to meet the invited guests and competitors from other parts of the Union. On there and many other points it would be well if the Exposition Commissioners would speak promptly and fully. The prizes should not be "in kind." A prize of this sort is more than likely to become a white elephant in the hands of the winner. We do not take it that there is any idea of pecuniary advantage on the part of those who would undertake the journey from a Northern city to participate in the proposed tournament, but it is discouraging to know that the prizes are to be a collection of miscellaneous goods, which, though valuable intrinsically, are valueless to the riflemen securing them. Trophies would form excellent rewards. They would be at once artistic vouchers of the superior skill shown and mementoes of a pleasant visit. If the managers will make such an announcement without delay, we have no doubt that not only military teams will visit Atlanta, but private club teams as well, with a good following of marksmen to participate in the individual matches.

The importance of the meeting if held will be very great. There is need of just such a good exhibition of marksmanship as the visit of a few teams from New York regiments, and Eastern rifle clubs will afford to let the Southern gentlemen know how little they understand of target practice. We hear of a few good rifles going into the South. There are plenty of weapons such as they are after the "Saxon" type scattered about among the negroes. Many of the old settlers swear by old fire irons, and actually shoot from machines which ought long since have been laid away in the cases of a museum. There are a few good rifle clubs in the South. New Orleans is doing good work in military as in "any rifle" shooting. Mobile, too, has a live organization, but how rarely do we hear of any scores from Kentucky, the old-time home of the rifleman, and the remainder of the country does not give a sign of any rifle interest. A carefully-drawn match of the riflemen of the South vs. the riflemen of the North would send this neglect to foster a healthful interest in rifle-shooting home to many men of the Southern States. The military interests, too, would be stirred and improved. Every State in the Union should have a well-regulated militia establishment, and until that is brought about and rifle practice given a proper place in the tactics of this body of citizen soldiers, we are living on in neglect of an important element in our national safety. A well-attended meeting at Atlanta would afford the text for every Southern newspaper on this topic. Many of our Northern States are neglectful enough, but others are attentive and afford commendable examples in this respect. What they can do would be shown before the butts at this winter gathering, and the contrast, we take it, would be so strong and the inefficiency of the representatives of the careless States so apparent, that for very shame something would be done, and good, thereby, grow out of the enterprise.

The time for preparation is short, but much can be done in a brief period with our present means of communication, and if a prompt and full statement comes at once from the exposition managers, we doubt not that before the winter holidays a memorable meeting on the old Georgia soil will have been recorded.

FARMERS AND SPORTSMEN.—A Massachusetts farmers' society took up this subject last week. A report of what was said is given elsewhere. We welcome all such public discussions of the matter. It is of vital interest to both parties. The more it is talked about the better. The farmer has rights which the sportsman must be made to respect. The sportsman has rights which the farmer must be made to respect. There are hogzish farmers; and there are lawless gunners; the former can be conciliated by fair treatment; the latter can be suppressed by rigorous measures.

CLUB CONSTITUTIONS.—We are in frequent receipt of requests for constitutions and by-laws suitable for newly organized game protective clubs. Societies are invited to send us printed copies of such forms that we may furnish them to new clubs.

CRUISING IN FLORIDA WATERS.—Mr. N. H. Bishop, the well known author, is soon to undertake some extensive cruising on the Florida Gulf coast, and we hope to be able to report much definite and reliable news concerning that interesting and comparatively unknown portion of the Flowery Land. Mr. Bishop's letters describing his "Voyage in a Paper Canoe" down the Atlantic coast, which appeared in this journal originally, were so well received by the public and added so much that was novel and interesting to our stock of knowledge of Southern sea-board life, that his intended observations will be eagerly read by the rapidly-growing numbers proposing to make their home in Florida.

LAST WEEK we printed a communication in which the writer wanted to know what had been practically accomplished by all the talk about game protection. We had thought to devote some space in the present issue to showing him, and other carpers like him, that much has been done. But our columns are so filled with other timely matter, that we must leave him for the present to indulge in his sneers. Meanwhile, the world moves.

TOLEDO FISHING AND HUNTING CLUB.—We have received the constitution and by-laws of the Toledo, O., Fishing and Hunting Club, in whose roll of members we recognize many expert handlers of rod and reel. The membership of the society should make it influential.

The Sportsman Tourist.

FROM OKEECHOBEE TO THE GULF.

THE FLORIDA EXPEDITION OF 1891.

FOR camp life in winter Florida is unsurpassed in our country, so far as health and comfort are concerned. In the early winter rainy weather sometimes prevails in the northerly portions of the State, but after the middle of January the climate of the peninsula is delightful. Who would not, then, if he could, leave the snow, slush and mud of our Middle States for a sky more blue and a sun more warm, "where the flowers ever blossom and the beams ever shine." There it rarely rains, and when rains do come they are but thunder showers. The sun is warm—but not too warm; the air is pure from the ocean on either side. Here the invalid may rest; his racking cough is stilled, sweet and unbroken sleep comes to him once more, and, if he goes there in time, the fell destroyer, consumption, is robbed of his victim. I have a firm faith in the healing virtues of the climate, for experience has been my teacher.

In the winter of 1878 the writer descended the Kissimmee River from its source to the great and once mysterious Lake Okeechobee. The old "Post and Stream," the boat that carried the explorers sent out by this paper some years before to explore the river and lake, was then rotting at a wharf in Lake Topokakliga. On this trip the idea—not a new one—was conceived of an expedition down the Kissimmee, through the Lake, and thence to the Gulf via the Caloosahatchee River. This was my good fortune to accomplish the past winter as one of a party of five who met at the Duval in Jacksonville last January. Our supplies were laid in at this place, and after a visit to Al. Presco, who kindly gave us some valuable information concerning our route, we took the steamer for the Upper St. Johns. Arrived at Sanford, on Lake Monroe, the South Florida Railroad (narrow gauge) carried us and our effects to Orlando, where a team was in waiting to convey us to Lake Topokakliga, eighteen miles distant. We lingered among the beautiful orange groves and lakes about Orlando for two or three days, and reached the lake on the 15th of January. Our guide had preceded us and we found our boat in readiness. She was twenty feet long and seven and a half feet beam, decked over with seven feet forward. Built of Florida rich pine, she was, of course, heavy, a poor model and an indifferent sailer, but staunch and strong. Many a hard thump we gave her, and she carried us where no boat had ever floated, excepting, of course, the canoe of Mr. Lo, the Seminole. On the 16th we sailed down the lake, which is a beautiful sheet of water, some fifteen miles in length and three to five in width. A number of settlements are on its shores, and game in its vicinity is scarce. The entrance to the river from the lake is narrow, the water is swift and the channel is crooked as fate. Five or six miles brought us to Lake Cypress, through which we passed in the night, reaching Fort Gardner Island, on the shores of Lake Kissimmee, after midnight. Here we spent several days hunting with poor success, as the island is much frequented. Lake Kissimmee is a lovely sheet of water, about twenty miles long and five to ten broad. After leaving the island we camped on the eastern shore of the lake, where we found our first turkeys.

Here begins the Kissimmee Prairie, which extends to Okeechobee. In some places it is miles in width, in others the pine timber comes closer to the river, which winds about in a vast marsh, from two to ten miles wide, occasionally touching the bluffs, if such the low banks may be called. On this prairie and in the adjacent pine timber deer were plentiful and venison steaks were soon frying in the pan. Procuring a team and wagon from the one settler near the lake, we camped ten miles east, where the water flows both to the St. Johns and the Kissimmee. Our boat was left on the shore, where we found her safe on our return.

We saw more deer in this neighborhood than at any other point on our route. I had here my first experience in rifle hunting, in the most primitive style. Our guide took a rich pine stump, four to five inches in diameter and seven to eight feet long, and, splitting the larger end, inserted in the cracks splinters of flat pine. Lighting this end at the fire, and placing a good pad on his shoulder, he would carry it for miles through the woods, the blaze behind his back and a hunter or two carrying gun and hat at his heels. In this way after several hours I killed my first deer, firing at two silver-scaled creatures that looked the size of a dime. At this point we experienced the difficulty of hunting in the flat woods, as we could hardly go half a mile from camp and find our way back without a guide. There are no landmarks, and to inexperienced eyes all portions of the forest seems alike. Our next camp was on Bama Island, in the southern end of Lake Kissimmee. Wild turkeys were abundant here and we secured a number; they were in good condition and fine eating.

Leaving our pleasant camp on the island, we once more headed down the swift and tortuous stream, camping at night on the shores, and hunting morning and evening with varying success—most of the game being turkeys, ducks and snipe. At Fort Bassinger, forty miles from Okeechobee, is the last and almost the only settlement on the river. Here, on the 10th of February, we had green corn for dinner from the garden of Mr. John Pearce, who lives on the site of the old station. In this neighborhood we spent several days waiting for favorable winds, which came at last; and on the evening of the 12th we reached the great lake, too late to find a camp on shore, so what sleep we got was on a pine board, and a hard one, too.

The next day we sailed along the northern shore of the lake, our objective being the mouth of Fish Eating Creek, as often sought for but never entered by a boat from the lake since the Seminole War. Our camp that night was a narrow sandy beach, over which the wind breaks when the winds blow from the South. The next morning, the 14th of February, we were off bright and early, and by eight o'clock sighted Al. Presco's mark for the mouth of the creek—a dead cypress tree standing in the lake about a half mile north of the creek. The latter was found without difficulty, and to our joy, perfectly open and all obstructions removed. The water is now, but deep and full of very fine bass. In a short time we had fifty pounds of fish in the boat, some of the bass weighing ten pounds each.

It was our original plan to attempt to pass from the lake to the Caloosahatchee, leaving the former at a point nearly east of the head of the river; but we abandoned this on learning the terrors of the saw grass. We then thought of ascending Fish Eating Creek to New Fort Centre, there to hire a team to convey our boat across the prairie to Fort Thompson. On the Kissimmee, however, we met with an old cattle header who was familiar with the shores of the great marsh on the west side of the lake. He thought it practicable to convey a boat from Fish Eating Creek through the comparatively open water that lay between the prairie and the vast field of saw-grass that stretched away for miles to the shore of the lake. This course we determined to adopt, and when our boat had ascended the creek to a point within sight of the prairie we left the open water and took to the marsh.

Here our trials began, which for nearly three days taxed our utmost endurance. One of our party was a middle aged gentleman, a dentist from Ohio; two others were young and robust Yankees from Massachusetts, full of the spirit of adventure, hardy and cheerful, nothing daunted by any fatigues or hardships. May I always have such companions for the wilderness. The other two were West Virginia farmers, one of whom lives to regret having called himself a "fool"—when in that marsh—"For coming to such a country." Well, he felt as proud of the achievement as any of us when we finally sailed away from the Caloosahatchee into the Gulf; and so did our doctor, who had been in favor of turning back from Fort Bassinger, when told by Mr. Pearce of that place that he had spent six days and nights in going two miles through the saw-grass between Lake Okeechobee and Lake Kickapoochee. We had a guide who was man-of-all-work, a good hunter and sailor—also drunkard and ruffian when within reach of liquor. There was also a "cullid gemmen" for cook, who was generally in mortal terror of wolves and tigers and his name was "Charley." This individual was in common with his race, a great love for "possum." One night a great rattling among the dry leaves was heard near where some venison hung; a rush was made for the intruder and a fat "possum" was captured. Charley roasted him in most appropriate style, but he alone partook of the dish, and, notwithstanding his alleged love for it, I saw the next day a Mexican buzzard dining off the larger half of the roasted "possum." After that no more were cooked, though we had to tramp through the marsh, and our fresh meat.

Well, we were in the marsh; it was morning, and our spirits were high; but at night, when a dejected and worn-out crowd gathered around the camp stove—which was set up in the boat for want of dry land—it seemed to be the opinion of some that we would never get out of that "marsh," as our cook called it. A night's sleep, however, refreshed all hands, though the bed was again of pine boards; and we resumed our march, as I may now call it, for the water was so choked with vegetation that we were compelled most of the time to wade, pushing the boat or pulling her by poles. Fortunately our Yankees had brought an Osgood folding canvas boat, 15 feet long. In her we placed a large part of the baggage and our dentist (incapacitated by his office life and some surplus flesh for hard work), who looked something like Neptune, as with his long beard he sat enthroned in the little Osgood, amid a chaos of cracker boxes, venison hams and blankets—only in place of the trident he carried a notebook and pencil. This lightened our larger craft materially. All hands were tired, and in the night, though our day's travel was estimated at twelve miles, we could see but one ray of hope: that was the timber line in front, supposed to border the Caloosahatchee. Dim and blue it looked, but it was the rainbow of promise to a forlorn and weary company.

To the east, as we advanced, was the marsh, stretching its dense growth of saw-grass to the lake shore, and beyond the great Lake itself. To the west, as far as the eye could reach, lay the Indian Prairie, dotted here and there with palmetto hammocks. Above the horizon, rising slowly on the horizon, as we neared it, was the line of timber.

This night we again slept in our boat. All hands dreaded the morrow, for we feared that after all of our labor and toil we should find the way closed; but as usual, when we had eaten and slept, our spirits returned, and we all went to work the next morning with a will, wading and pushing the boat. After two or three hours' work we began to notice that the spears of grass in the water seemed to lean in one direction, which indicated a current; and shortly afterward it could be plainly seen. About ten o'clock we struck a little open space of clear water, no wider than a cow trail at first, but deep and running swiftly. With joy we hailed it. Our labors were over. Though we did not then know it, we were at the very head of the Caloosahatchee, where the water first forms a running stream as it leaves Lake Kickapoochee, a good sized lake separated from Okeechobee by from two to six miles of dense saw grass. This lake is deeper than Okeechobee, and receives a part of the overflow from it.

We no longer trod on the mud, the water and most of the worst scenery had now been behind. Immense flocks of bright plumaged birds were on either side. The clear water was alive with the finest bass, which we landed until weary of the sport. Alligators were plenty and large, receiving a due share of attention from the rifles. In places the current was swift, and the river divided into many channels. Sometimes we seemed to be in a labyrinth out of which there was no escape. Tall reeds formed a wall on either side. Again, the river widened into beautiful lakes.

A fair wind bore us swiftly on, and at night we camped at

Fort Thompson, on the old military trail. We estimated the distance from Okeechobee to this point at twenty miles. At Fort Thompson we had our first and last sight of the rosate froomblit, bagging eight of these beautiful birds. All sorts of water fowls, ducks and snipe were plentiful, and our hunters for plumsaid in an ample supply.

The river was so high that there was no evidence of the rapids which at low water obstruct the channel here, and which prevented "Al Fresco" from ascending further with his boat in 1871. On leaving this point we dismasted our vessel, as the overhanging live oaks obstructed the river for many miles; the banks were now well defined and high, covered with a dense growth of palmetto and live oak.

We reached Port Myers on Sunday, Feb. 20, where we saw cocoa trees in full bearing. We were most hospitably received by their owner, Major Evans, to whom we had a letter of introduction. At Port Myers (eighteen miles from the mouth of the river) we laid in a fresh supply of provisions, filled our water keg, and betook ourselves to salt water, reaching Punta Rossa on the 21st. We spent several days around the harbor and among the beautiful islands, fishing, hunting and enjoying the fine oysters, and all of us, I think, remember these days as the most delightful of our trip. For more than a month it had not rained on us; we had warm and genial sunshine every day. What a contrast to the snows and blizzards holding sway in the north!

At Punta Rassa, after selling our boat, we took the steamer for Key West. We spent a day in Key West, where we saw at the custom house two large living manatees, and then we turned our faces once more to the northward, and on March 1 landed at Cedar Keys. At Jacksonville we parted, some going directly north, others staying to see something of the civilized part of Florida.

One thing let me say to sportsmen going to Florida: Carry your ammunition and fishing tackle with you from the north. Do not depend on buying these things at Jacksonville, as we did. You will be charged three prices for them; and if all the dealers are like the one into whose clutches we fell, you will be swindled. We bought several kegs of powder of him, and he agreed that if we returned any kegs unopened, in good condition, he would take them back. I had one such, but our merchant did not know me now, and denied the whole thing. If the keg had been at home, a thousand miles away, all right; but it was an awkward thing to carry about. The dealer led to me, and if any sportsman wants his name I will give it to him.

The South Florida Railway is now completed to Lake Topokalia, so the trip to the head waters of the Kissimmee can be made by steamer and by rail. To go from Okeechobee to the Caloosahatchee by water should only be attempted during high water; at other times it cannot be done. The trip may be made a very enjoyable one, although it is not without its hardships. The recollections of our expedition will always be among the most pleasant of memories with me.

Okeechobee is a lovely shallow lake, with little life about it. There are said to be very few fish in it, and its waters are hardly fit to drink. There are but few spots on its borders where the navigator can land, and only one over which the water does not wash at times. Observation Island, in the southern end of the lake, is quite a resort for many birds that are valued for their plumage. Black ducks, blue and green winged teal, with many varieties of snipe, are found both on the Kissimmee and the Caloosahatchee. We had no success with the fly in fishing for bass; nearly all we caught with the trolling spoon or spinner. These fish were very fine, equal to any I have ever seen at the north for the table, and greatly exceed in size any ever taken there.

No venomous snakes were seen by our party except the water moccasin. Our treatment by the people that we met along our route was hospitable and kind in the extreme. May I live to see them again. C.

THE SEVEN PONDS.

BY ANOTHER MAN WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

IN a late issue of the FOREST AND STREAM I noticed an article by J. W. T. under the heading, "Tim Pond and Seven Ponds." Now, if Mr. T. does not write for proprietors who should be true to convey the idea that it is such a long, hard trip from Rangeley to Seven Ponds that only a few hardy sportsmen, with brawny guides, have ever penetrated there, will he be inclined to imagine that the comfortable canoes and boats came from, that he must have seen if he looked around the different ponds any? It is true that our "Seven Ponds" travel has increased much in the last two or three years, but for the past ten years the Seven Ponds have been as familiar to the sportsman visiting Rangeley Lake region and to Rangeley Lake guides as Tim Pond has been to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM for the past year. Mr. T. mentions that a Boston lady has had courage to make the attempt this year. He don't say whether she succeeded or not. A lady from the vicinity of Boston made the trip from this way five years ago and spent some time at the Ponds, and came back all right. And I don't think she heard a bear scream while she was there.

I will tell you how to get to Seven Ponds via Rangeley. I don't ask you to believe me, but just take the map of Maine and compare the distances. Leaving Boston on the 8:30 train from the Boston and Maine or the Eastern Depot, you change at Portland to the Maine Central, and at Farmington to the Sandy River Narrow Gauge, arriving at Phillips at 7 A. M. An omnibus takes you to the village of Rangeley, where you spend the night. Leaving Phillips next morning at 7 A. M. on a good stage coach, a twenty miles ride over a good road, where the scenery is fine, brings you to Rangeley in time for dinner. After dinner, your baggage being changed from the stage to a strong wagon, you start for Kennebec Lake, ten miles distant. The first three miles is over a good road; after that, if you have not procured a horse and saddle at Rangeley, you must walk. The time usually taken for walking it by sportsmen is two and a half or not a half hour. This brings you to the Kennebec Retreat House at the head of Kennebec Lake. Here you find good accommodations, and as good a table as is set before the sportsman anywhere in the Rangeley region. Ed. Grant, Cornal and Phinias Richardson are the owners. Phinias proprietor in a manner, that is satisfactory to all, while Grant and Cornal guide. Better guides and better fellows do not exist, and the stranger may rest assured that whatever they tell him about fish and game is the truth, whether the mollusks are in the water or not.

To reach the Seven Ponds from the Forest Retreat House you take a boat and row down the lake, which is five miles, to a little way below the outlet, where you find a stream coming in on the right. Going up this stream for a mile and a half you come to Little Kennebec. Across this, one-half mile and up the inlet two miles further, you reach the

trail that leads to Seven Ponds. It is a good, hard-trodden path, and is eight or nine miles to the ponds. Guides, very often go from the Ponds down to the boat landing and take a pack of eighty or ninety pounds and return the same day. Sportsmen who remain in the summer have walked from the Ponds down to the boat landing, taking their boats to the Forest Retreat House, and then walked to Rangeley the same day. There is a semi-weekly mail from Rangeley to the Forest Retreat House, and Houton's team makes the trip daily, over in the morning and back in the afternoon.

I have given you a little idea of this "long, hard trail" from Rangeley to the Seven Ponds; and, dear invalid, if you have not strength enough to walk these carries, don't, for the sake of the loved ones that you leave behind, imagine that you have strength enough to go another way where you have to ride on a buckboard. Reading about a buckboard ride and taking that ride on a new road through our rough mountainous country are two different things; and when, with a good spring, the buckboard comes down and strikes a stump directly under you, and you imagine that your backbone is sticking a good six inches above the top of your head, then you will realize the difference.

The Seven Ponds country is a great place for fish and game, whatever way you get there. Not many miles to the west of the Ponds, on the first day of last December, I brought down three caribou on three consecutive shots; and two days later I saw my friend, John Danforth, of Parmachenee Lake, bring down two more near the same place. As soon as the snow gets deep enough for still-hunting John and I will be among them again.

I was once guiding a gentleman at Seven Ponds in the month of August. The flyhook was lost, but we happened to have two good sized bait hooks left; the ravellings from an old flannel shirt made the body of one fly, and the feathers of an unlucky dipper duck, wound with black linen thread finished it. The other fly had the same kind of a body, but the rest of it was a mixture of dipper and black duck, crow, owl and anything that came handy that had feathers on it. The first fly we christened the Dipper, the last one the Seven Pond Killer—and it was a killer. They both took well, but the Killer was the best. With these we caught all the trout we wanted, and they had some wear to them.

What I started to say in a few words I have spun out into quite a letter, and I trust it will be excused by your readers, as it is from the forced pen of a woodsman, who is not a scholar. It is written at Camp Bemis, on the southern shore of the Mooselookmeguntic Lake, where a northwester gets about an eight-mile sweep; and it is showing us what it can do this time. It has been one continual roar for two days and nights. The wharf and rocks for twenty feet from the water along the shore are one sheet of ice. The steamboat is anchored around in the cove, and the sides of that are also covered with ice; and if it were not for keeping up a fire in her to prevent the boiler and pipes from freezing up and bursting, I should have been in bed long ago and you would not have been bothered with this yarn. It is true, o'clock; I'll go out and fire her up once more and then turn in. I wish that the lumbermen and their supplies were safely landed in their logging camps, the steamboat housed and I myself at the Seven Ponds this minute. Good night.

CAPT. F. C. BARKER.

Camp Bemis, Rangeley Lakes, Oct. 26.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENTS.—I.

BEING EXTRACTS FROM AN EDITOR'S PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your letter was received several days ago, but I have been too busy to reply to it before. *Imprints*—I am not a tramp, as you've had reason to suspect, but a respectable white citizen, as I mean to prove if I have time to call on you before I leave for Washington, which will probably be my future home.

To clear a little of the mist from your mind—caused by my sending you contributions from nearly every part of the earth—I'll treat you to a bit of autobiography. I was born in Bucks county, Pa., (where the chickens come from) about 110 years ago, with a gun in my mouth instead of a silver spoon (which was a blunder on my part), which I have used "between meals" from the first week after I was born to the present time. The first game shot on the wing was a crow, and from that proud time I have increased and multiplied till I grew into a No. 1 shot. In fact, my slaughtering ability was great enough to entitle me to a place in the State game protective association; but I killed birds to protect them from hawks and other sportsmen.

For some years past I have shed but little feathered blood, and I would like to shoot a duck to revive old memories, but alas! whenever one is seen he is immediately "protected" by some club or game association.

By the way, is it the D. or some other fellow, that instigated members of legislatures to take all the sporting privileges from the mass of the people and give them to a few rich men? Is that a touch of democracy or aristocracy? (P. S.—The above is not autobiography.)

I am by profession a —, and in that capacity have traveled over all creation except the Garden of Eden and the North Pole (both doubtful places).

CHAPTER II.

What is of more interest to "Forest and Streamers"—I have had the reputation (over twenty years ago) of being one of the best snipe hunters in the country, and many a time and oft have they tried to inveigle me into a match with the great shots of the country; but my servant was not of that stripe.

I once made a score of 18 out of 20 double birds, from a trap; and when I went to — I found my fame had preceded me, and I was as once hand and glove with the hunting club. One of the members asked me if I had ever shot English snipe. I told him I had killed as many as eight or ten in a day on the Bordentown meadows, at which they "micked" right away.

They then arranged for me to go with them up the country about sixty miles, to their great sniping ground, and from the fact that their best shot was along, I suspected that their object was to show me that I was not much of a shot; so I determined to do as they all did at that time—kill as many as I could and go in for the laurels, at the risk of being called "snipe hog" by posterity. At the end of our day's shooting I had 130, and their best shot had about eighty; so the matter of skill was settled. That was the only time I ever shot English snipe in a snipe cover. Toward the close of the day they got so frightened at the constant cannonade that one of them flew to the bit of woods and thick underbrush near the marsh, and from that time nearly every bird that was not killed followed him, till a great number had stowed themselves away there for safety, when I went for

them." The gunners all said it was folly, but I knew better. One man from Louisville said he could kill them there if I could, but he soon gave it up, and I had them all to myself; and I never had more satisfactory sport, for, at that time, the more difficult the shooting the better I liked it.

That ground is all owned by a club now, but I've had my share of it. The above is private nonsense to try your patience. I hope I'll have time to call at the "Wood and Water" office before I leave. In the meantime I am not a tramp, but your very respectable and obedient servant, A.

THE COMING OF WINTER.

THE whirling dead leaves, blown unnumbered times around, lie leaped, or loosely scattered over the ground; The Crowing Crows now fly from field to field of stalked corn And Owls sound out their sweetest notes from eve till morn. Look you! swiftly to the north the wild Loon wings its way, While on the Eastern Shore, Plover and Gull glide down the bay; Tall marsh weeds are waving their heads in the breeze; Growling "Striped Wood Peens" vigorously tap the trees. Again to the northward look, and its you gaze? See the honking Wild Geese wheel their tortuous ways. Chill is the air, biting the stranger's nose with its freeze, While Bears in their cavernous couches snore on at ease. But the Raccoon, where Oh where, is he? Surely he does not stay all winter up a tree! Woodchucks, Porcupines and Rabbits, too, there are Who snooze and gape, and lick smooth their hair. Little Osk-a-awh silently the tracks of deer pursue, Muttering as he spits the big foot marks of "Piper's shoes. Now the feathery snowflakes in countless millions fly, As "Junkum" at his sleighbard sits, eating doganets and mince pies.

Elkbirds, deersteak, roast coon and turkey bones, And on drinking so much cider that he fairly groans.

Danville, N. Y.

ROCK-DAVIDSON.

"E. Bunkum Piper, a noted hunter in Poags-hole Canyon, near Danville, N. Y."

[From Harper's Magazine for November.]

A WEEK IN A DUG-OUT.

BY W. W. THOMAS, JR.

"A DIEU, Moreaud," said I, and we pushed out upon the lake in our dug-out. "Au revoir, monsieur, et bonne chance," replied Moreaud from the shore; then lighting his pipe, he turned on his heel, and disappeared in the forest.

We were in the backwoods of Canada. We had left the last house of the pioneer habitant on the farther bank of the river, and were now fairly under way on our voyage of a hundred miles, through a forest as yet unmarred by man. Our route lay along the great natural thoroughfares of all wooded countries—the streams and lakes—and our vehicle was a dug-out.

But why a dug-out?

Well, I take it that we fellows of offices, professions and books go camping out for much the same reason that I Anticus

crushed the earth, and that the closer we get to our common mother, the stronger do we become. Our savants have not yet decided, I believe, in what frail bark man first trusted himself upon the waves; but surely, next to the log *au naturel*, the dug-out log must have been the earliest means of transportation upon the water.

So, in selecting a boat for our trip, I had severely discarded the canoe and the bateau as too intricate, complex and civilized, and joyfully accepted the dug-out as nearest the bosom of nature. And now I floated away in my hollow log with all the zest of an old cave-dweller with his paddle and flat-headed javelin.

Our dug-out, or pirogue, as the habitants call it, once stood a noble piece of the forest. It was a single pine log, twenty-six and a half feet long and two feet four inches wide, rudely hollowed out, and the ends roughly hewed into bow and stern, somewhat after the model of a bark canoe.

The crew numbered three, my two guides and myself. The guides were brothers, James and George Dall. George, the light and festive bachelor, paddled in the bow; James, the staid, weightier father of a family, wielded his mighty paddle in the stern. I sat amidships on a buffalo-robe, with fishing-rods and a light walking-stick on either side. Our plunder was stowed close behind me, and made a most acceptable backing.

Thus we sailed across Beaver Lake—a forest-girl pool dotted with lily-pads, and so shoal that we touched bottom with our paddles at every stroke. We gait the outlet, and glide into the dead water of Beaver Brook. Trunks of fallen trees reach out toward us from either swampy shore, their withered branches covered with long moss. Then the banks grow closer and higher, the current increases, and the stream changes into a rippling brook. The guides change their paddles for setting-poles. Faster runs the brook and shoaler grows the water, till at last, with a grating jar—a sound I soon learn to hate—the dug-out grounds solidly on a pebbly bar in mid-stream.

The guides jump overboard, and haul and shove the pirogue ahead. This is hard work. I light on two hundred pounds by taking to the water myself, and abandon my luxurious seat on the buffalo-robe for a chilling wade in Beaver Brook.

We toil on, floating our wooden canoe through the deep pools, lifting and shoving her over the shoal bars. But worse than this is in store for us. Round a turn in the brook we come upon a mass of fallen cedars lying squarely across the stream. It would take too long to how a way through them, so, by putting out the last pound of muscle possessed by the entire crew, we lift, shove, pull and drag the pirogue over the jam.

Our afternoon was spent in dragging across bars and hauling over windfalls, with now and then the breathing-spell of a deep pool, over which we thankfully floated. This route would hog and destroy any other kind of boat. My respect for the dug-out was continually increasing.

While shoving over a fallen cedar a foot above the water, the pirogue sticks in the middle. As we draw breath for a fresh shove, Jim observes, gently: "A fine place for a camp on the fire tree up there to your right, sir. Plenty of good wood for the fire tree, sir." I look at my watch; it is half-past six. "Maybe we mightn't find so good a chance for a camp further down stream, sir."

I take the hint. Pirogue hangs where she stuck. We unpack tent and needed stores, and pitch our camp on the pretty bluff.

Our tent was in form like a shed—a roof and two sides, but entirely open in front. I was seven feet wide, seven deep, and seven high in front, sloping down to the ground behind. Made of the lightest duck, it weighed but a few pounds, and when not in use was rolled up and shoved into a bag twenty-four by ten inches. It was pitched on two upright poles, and stretched tight as a drum, and held in position by side and front guys or ropes.

This was our "house in the bush." Jim cut wood for the fire; George, spruce boughs for our bed. Tent is pitched, fragrant bed laid, fire crackling, and supper cooking before darkness comes on. We eat by the light of the flames, the forest gloom lightened by the bright circle around.

The guides chat with each other in French, and with me in the same tongue as long as I understand them, only changing to English when the expression of my face shows that they have got beyond my depth in French.

My companions furnish a good illustration of the vigor and tenacity of the French language, and its power to hold its own and increase even when brought into contact with the English. Jim and George dare all of pure English stock. Their parents were the children of British soldiers and their British wives, members of a military colony settled by England in this wilderness. The colony received many privileges, and its original members drew rations from the English Government as long as they lived.

But the Acadian French, settled around this colony of Britons. The two languages came into competition, and to-day the French is victorious, while the English has almost disappeared. My guides, the grandsons of British soldiers, although speaking English, prefer French, and always use it when talking to each other; while the children of J. mes, who married an Acadian, neither speak nor understand a word of our language, but use French exclusively.

Some fresh logs are thrown upon our birchen andirons; the great soggy black-log glows away, and the flames crackle and leap up on high, and the fragrant boughs of the spruce, two feet to three feet in diameter, are thrown into the open tent, and fall asleep, watching the sparks course upward past the tall dark tree-tops, and lose themselves amid the stars of heaven.

The song of a bird awoke us. It was still dark; a dismal fog filled the forest. No sign of day was given to the eye, but the wild bird's song told us surely the day has dawned.

It was a plaintive little twittering—a lone voice of the lonely wood—that ushered in this August day. How different from the full chorus of a thousand songsters that heralds the dawn of a day in spring!

Soon dull gray light began to filter down through the dark gray fog. Then the song ceased. Dawn had come to our dimmer eyes.

The cheerful fire had turned into a feathery mass of white ashes, where one live coal glowed like a fiery eye. Over this George builds a cozy-house of chips, and is soon rewarded with a blaze. I take a plunge into the stream, and before I am fairly dressed, George calls to breakfast—buckwheat cakes smoking hot, fried salt pork, and a steaming cup of coffee. We sit on logs, or stump, or box, and with tin plate in lap, make a royal meal.

"Will you have some maple syrup on your cakes, sir?" "Of course I will; but where did you get this luxury?" "O, we reduce it, sir, with water from our block of maple-ugar."

Delicious syrup it was, too; and the buckwheats were no fancy, fragile, hotel affairs. Each cake was just the lightness of the frying-pan, and half an inch thick; light and palatable they were, though, and in the woods, I am sure no one could cherish any animosity toward them on account of their size.

We struck camp, packed our traps, pushed the pirogue over the fallen tree, where it had hung all night, and poled down stream. It was but twenty minutes past seven. The river broke in rifts over-wood, and the warm blue sky looked through. The brook grew deeper; our dog-out still grained in the bars, but we pushed her over without jumping into the water, and poled on in dry shoes and thankful. Soon a large brook put us on our right, and with its added volume we rode smoothly along.

Now the current becomes sluggish, the water dark and deep. We enter an alder swamp, through which the stream winds and twists like "the sinuous Songo." The alder bushes protrude into the water from either bank, their long stems interlock, and their branches form a plaited leafy barrier across our pathway, the brook, which runs under the twigs, and vanishes as completely as if it flowed into the bottom of the earth. Paddle and pole are useless; we lie flat on our backs, catch hold of the net-work of branches overhead, and pull the pirogue through the jungle that chokes the rivulet. We grope our way slowly. The boughs grate, rub and scratch over the canoe and ourselves, their leaves all dripping with the morning mist. It was the blindest sail I ever took. Better a "duncheon of fog" on the open sea.

So we crawl on for a mile, threading the labyrinth of an alder swamp, then with a cheer shoot out into a rippling river thrice the size of our brook. The broad current lapses between its pebbly beaches, a stately forest rises from either bank, wooded mountains tower above the vista of the stream, and overhead smiles the clear blue sky, into which the last rags of vestiges of the fog are dissolving.

We stand erect in the canoe, stretch our necks and arms, devoutly thank you for a clear sky and an open stream. Then we run the pirogue ashore on a gravelly bar, cast overboard a cargo of leaves, twigs and broken alder branches, bail out, dry ourselves in the sun, and shove off down the Gateno River, dull ulcers past and fair sailing ahead.

The water was clear as crystal, yet of a tawny color, like a muddy river. It rippled like yellow over pebbly bars, swirled dark, deep and brown round the broad crescent of a curving pool, then rippled on again. Our canoe slid along on its glassy current through a primeval forest. The regular splash of the setting-poles into the water and their sharp grate against the gravel bottom were the only sounds that broke the restful calm. Soon Jim chants a quaint French song, and the pulses swing in time to the tune. We glide through a wide interval, covered with rich tall grass and dotted with stately elms, which rise like Corinthian columns from the plain.

Now our river strikes a spur of the mountain, is deflected to the north, ripples over a stretch of forest, then opens out into a swampy level, overgrown with tall rank reeds and grasses, through which the passing breeze waves like a running fire.

Jim ceases singing. The guides noiselessly stow the poles away and take to the paddles.

"Are you ready, sir?" asks Jim.

"Ready for what?"

"Here might be a moose along here, sir, or a caribou, perhaps." Out springs my gun. "They comes down to

places like this in the summer, and wades out into the water up to their necks, and browses round on the grass and lilies and the like of that, sir; and if you paddle along quick like this, maybe you'll get on to 'em, but if they hears yer pole strike the bottom, never a one'll you sit whatever—they'll be off before ever you comes in sight. But we'll soon come to a handy chance for 'em now, sir, in a boggy to yer right."

"And what's a boggy?"

"That's an Injun name, sir; but maybe you've heard it called *boggy*, or perhaps *poke-boggy*. They's all Injun names for a place where the dead water backs up out of a river, and makes a kind of shall, r'nded Jim, dropping his voice to a whisper. "We're right on to it."

The pirogue drifted slowly past the mouth of a shallow lagoon, covered with lily-pads, fringed with reeds, and skirted by the forest. We intently watched every object as it slid into view by the narrow mouth of the lagoon. Every instant I expected to see a branching pair of antlers rise with a splash as a moose bounded from water into cover. But the lagoon was passed without sight or sound.

It is merely a coincidence that the sheet of water the Indians call *boggy* we name *lagoon*, from the Italian *laguna*?

As there are no moose, Jim and George take their poles again, and our long hollow log is propelled steadily through the still water of the broadening, currentless river.

Now, looking a point, we come suddenly upon a bittern perched in a tree, perched at the edge of the water, back and neck raised in a perpendicular, and stiff as a skewer. He looked so oddly, standing bolt-upright, with his beak pointing to the zenith, that, although we passed within three feet, we made no effort to catch him. I soon regretted that we had not added him to our supplies for the pot, so we backed the canoe to rectify our error.

"It's a young 'un," quoth Jim; "he can't fly; that's why he was a-prayin' with his bill up. This pole is the boy for him. I jest you look here and see me take him in."

But even as he spoke the bittern swung out of the bush and flew up stream. I at once shot him on the wing. Jim had turned his back on the bittern in disgust the instant he flew, and looking at me as I raised my gun and fired, exclaimed, "Mon Dieu, monsieur, what kind of a gun is that as goes off before you take aim? Was it an accident, sir, or did you fire at anything?"

"Look ahead," I answered.

Jim turned around, and now saw the bittern lying dead on the grassy bank.

He picked him up with a mystified expression, and looking at me, asked, "Did you kill him, sir?"

"Yes."

"When you fired then?"

"Of course."

"And the bird a-flyin' through the air all the time! Well, sir, I never saw that thing done before, and you're the greatest hunter for a gentleman that ever came to these parts."

Imagine, my sporting friend, who you can cut down a dozen woodcock in cover without missing a shot, how remote those lakes must be where shooting on the wing was never heard of, and bringing down one lubberly bittern in the open is sufficient to establish one's reputation as a great hunter!

We soon saw a flock of bell-shaped swimming on the river. As we drew near, they scampered away over the glassy surface at great speed, using their wings as paddles, and splashing the water into spray. Each one left a double wake behind him, and all together they looked like a fleet of miniature boats, the swimmers racing down river, all seen on, safety-valve tilted down, and paddles whirling around in smug haste.

They will not go far. It is "out of sight out of mind" with a sheldrake. So we paddle cautiously down stream close to the bushy left bank, sure of finding our game wherever their fears left them. Reaching a bend in the stream we lie down level with the gunwale. The long duck swings round the point as idly as a drifting log. The are the sheldrakes swimming in mid-river. They eye our log suspiciously; they doubt, they fear, they draw together for our camper. This was the sportsman's opportunity for a raking shot. I stop three of them dead with a shot from the right barrel, and drop a fourth with the left as the flock ducks away out of danger.

As we pick up our game, Jim remarks, "The gun is better than the rest to-day, sir."

True enough. For though I had cast my most tempting flies over many a goodly pool as we glided down stream, not a trout had risen to my lure.

As we push on the river-banks grow lower, the woods more open, glimmerings from a distance shoot between the tree trunks, little vistas penetrate the forest, till at last, rounding a turn, the broad expanse of Great Eagle Lake bursts upon our view—a broad sheet of silver water nine miles long, lying in the lap of wooded mountains, basking beneath a summer's sun.

Looking at my watch I find it is but twenty minutes past ten, only three hours since we pushed off from our camp, yet we had run many miles of brook and river, and experienced enough of pleasure and adventure to fill an ordinary week.

But one thing we had not seen on the whole route, a single good camp ground—a fact to which Jim repeatedly called my attention, and which he well knew showed the wisdom of his last night's choice. We pulled ashore on the bank of this lake, stretched our limbs, took a lunch, bailed out, and soon were en route again. Selecting an attractive cast of large flies, I trotted them far astern to entice, if might be, the monarch of the lake.

It was a breathless summer day as we paddled down the Great Eagle. The lake lay like a mirror among the virgin hills. We could see nine miles over its glassy surface, to where a notch in the wooded hill crest betrayed the outlet. Mountains clad and plumed with forest primeval rolled up in giant undulations on every hand. No civilized habitation had ever desecrated this solitude. It had ever been free from the sound of the hammer as the Temple of Solomon. All around us, stretching away, a league or league, was a vast unbroken wilderness. In its heart, nestled the lake, bounded by the eternal hills, filled with the hush and heat of a summer noon.

George and Jim, bow and stern, kept their paddles dipping in perfect time; the regular whist of the keel blades through the water lulme broke the noontide calm, and seemed at last the monotonous lullaby of the lazy day. I was getting drowsy; my head dooped ago inst the pack behind. Jim rolled up the end of the buffalo-skin for a pillow, and I dozed to sleep.

"What's the black on the beach yonder?" It was George's voice that spoke. I was wide-awake in a twinkling, and glancing in the direction of his raised paddle, saw

a black speck over a mile away on the narrow strip of beach between woods and water.

Can it be?—yes, it moves—a bear! Glorious! The black dot passes down to the edge of the lake, pauses, moves along the shore, runs out upon a low sand-pit, and appears a silhouette against the bright water beyond. "See the cub with her tall?" whispers Jim. But the cub stands motionless—a tuft of tall grass, while the bear vanishes over the cape.

The guides dip their paddles deep and strong; the pirogue glides swiftly, noiselessly over the mirror of water. Not a word is said. I proceed to get ready. My only fire-arm was a 74-pound 12-gauge double-barreled shot-gun—a light, handy piece for snipe and woodcock. I had brought it with me hoping to make an agreeable diversion in the fish and pork diet of camp life, in case we should fall in with duck or partridge.

As I was loading cartridges with Nos. 6 and 8 shot at home a few days before, I thought, What if I should see a moose, or bear, or caribou?—so I loaded eight shells with nine buckshot each. The shot were as large as pistol bullets, three of them exactly chambered in a No. 12 shell. I carefully placed them in three layers of three shot each, with a thin wad between each layer.

I drew my gun out of its case, slipped in a couple of the buck-shot cartridges, and put four more in my pocket.

We were now close to the higher side of the cape. George lies down on his front, his hands silently to the stern; pirogue moves ahead inch by inch toward the point of the cape; I sit with gun full cock across my knees, my neck craned out, scanning every object on the further shore as it comes into view over the low sand-pit. Slowly we draw on round the cape; the whole further shore lies before us, but no bear. All was as silent as the sunshine.

As we sit speechless the chattering of a squirrel sounds from the forest. Instantly the guides nod to each other, and dip their paddles. Noiselessly the pirogue touches the beach. George picks up his axe and steps ashore; I follow with my bird gun. The squirrel still chatters angrily from the depths of the wood; George breaths not a whisper, but his face is wreathed in the pleasantest and most fantastic grimaces, and he points continually toward the chattering with his axe.

A few stealthy steps, and we gain the edge of the woods. We peer in—nothing bear-like to be seen. Cautiously we press the branches aside, and silently creep on.

Now the pirogue takes into the deep gloom of the woods I recollect I am in my shirt sleeves, and consider for a moment the probable resistance a thin woollen hunting shirt would offer to the claws of a bear.

The forest we had entered was a dense growth of cedars, mixed with spruce and pine. The treestood close together, with low branches, and were plentifully interspersed with windfalls, lying breast-high on rotten branches, and forming an admirable natural abatis against our advancing column of two armed with an axe and shot-gun.

George moves on like a shadow straight for the squirrel that still chatters and scolds and swears from the depths of the cedar jungle. I veer to the right. We worm ourselves between the thick trunks, and under the tickler branches.

A low "Sh!" catches my ear. I turn toward George. "Here he is!" is written all over his face. He points directly ahead, then shakes his axe, and points and points again.

I look, stretch up and look, crouch down and look, but see nothing save the tree trunks.

George grows impatient. He thinks I do not understand him.

"Le voici! Here he is!" he hisses. But Bruin hears as well as I. "Non le voici! There he goes!"

I hear a whine and a grunt that remind me of a menagerie, and through the thick cedar trunks and the dead branches of a fallen pine catch a fitting glimpse of shambling blackness.

I fire a snap shot, as I would at a woodcock daring through the adter tops. The smoke hangs under the thick branches, and shuts out all before me.

"He's down! Nous l'avons!" yells George. The report of the gun has broken the spell of the forest silence, and George changes from a serpent to a tiger.

"No," he cries; "he's off again. Fire!"

I fire my left barrel through the smoke with "eye of faith," and crumpling in a couple of fresh cart dges, George and I rush on, if any mode of progress through a tangled cedar swamp can be called a rush. We kick and wrest off the dry dead branches, scramble over the fallen pile; we kick the bear? Nowhere a sign of him. Nothing but forest and shadow.

George keeps on; I do my best to follow. He glides along like a cat, in one hand an uplitted axe, descending now and then to sever an opposing bough. He gets over the ground two feet to my one.

"Le voici, qui s'en va! There he goes again! Venez! Come on!" cries George; and I perform the speediest coming on of which I am capable. Slow enough it is, though. Every few steps the tangled branches of a fallen cedar must be thrust through, but I press and scramble and tumble and crawl till George is reached. He stands on a prostrate tree, axe upraised, head bent forward and to one side—an admirable statue of alertness.

"Ecoutez! Listen!" he whispers.

A moment's stillness. Then a crackling, loud and near, up the hill-side. George jumps through the thicket, and springs up the slope like a flash.

Follow him? I could as easily flit up to heaven without wings. So I scramble on through the level swamp. It is dark blood will tell me I have sweated this weight well. The burden of my two hundred pounds h-ndicapped me in this swamp race with a bear. Every tickler I crawled through, every windfall I scrambled over, told on me, till at last I was forced to halt. With perspiration burning from every pore, and breath only caught in gasps, I leaned against a tree and imagined the feelings of the losing horse in a race. My heart beat loudly as the drumming of a partridge, the whole forest seemed to reverberate with its quick thud, thud, thud, and the blood leaped to head and temples till my brain was in a whirl.

While the trees were dancing before my reeling sight, I thought, "What an unlucky wight am I! After twenty years of small game shooting, to at last actually meet a bear in his haunts in the forest, get within thirty yards of him, on the point of gratifying one of the pet ambitions of my life, and then to bang away a couple of shots like a fool with the buck axe, while my noble quarry coolly makes off, and I am left empty-handed!"

Worse than that the brute runs away so slowly that George sees him again and again—keeps up with him, in fact. Alas, my "too, too solid flesh!" Were I a light, nimble fellow like George, I might have shot a bear—yes, a half-dozen times over. And then my gun. What a fool, to

bring a little snip-gun into the woods in quest of the king of the forest, the beast before which all others cower, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and then to fire away at this lordly game as I would pull trigger on a woodcock! One bird missed, up I'ds another. But where shall I find another bear, when I have been all my life getting up with this first one? Then, if I had only shot him, what yams I would spin to my sporty friends—

"Le voici encore! Here he is again!" bellowed George's voice, loud and clear, through the forest, and cut short my reverie.

My heart stilled and my brain steeled in an instant. Again I sprang forward. "I may get him yet; I may retrieve my fortunes," thought I, as I dragged, crawled and pushed myself ahead through the underbrush.

George's voice, now crashing along, and shouts from the mountain-side, "He's makin' down by the lake. Right ahead o' yer. Look out for him."

I scramble on, impelled by one single strong desire—to get one good fair shot at that bear.

I keep on and on. Not a word from George. At my right, through the leaves I catch bright glimpses of the lake sleeping in the sunlight. I slacken my pace. All is silent as a sanctuary. "Well, the bear is off, and George with him. I'll keep on slowly, cool off, and perhaps get my second shot, when I read about, whatever that may be." So thinking, I sling myself up on a fallen cedar that lay breast-high across my route, swing my legs over, sit and rest for a moment, then leisurely drop down on the other side.

"Kou-rr-r-r!" And from under a cedar only seven paces away a mass of blackness springs for me, sudden and swift.

I have not time to take a step. Had time allowed, there is no opportunity. The fallen cedar is at my back; I am pinned between its branches. But no thought of retreat or dodging enters my mind. There is time but for one single impulse, and that is—shoot. My gun is in my right hand, both barrels full cock. Instantly I pluck it to my shoulder, yet in this instant the whole forest scene, with the on-dashing black brute in the centre, is accurately and indelibly photographed on my sight. I see the bear leaping on all fours, hind quarters high, fore-shoulders low, head down and askew, snout turned to right, lip curled up like a snarling dog, teeth chattering, and black eyes gleaming with a devilish light. On comes the monster with his vibrating, grunting gait, *Kou-rr-r-r-r-r*. As the gun swings up to my face, a glance along the barrels, and see the snapping teeth of the leaping brute within four feet of my gun's muzzle. I fire. The bear falls forward with a heavy thud at my feet.

I lower my gun and, with finger on the left trigger, press the muzzle against the monster's head. He moves not. Every fibre of my being thrills with a wild, intense delight.

"Dead!" I yell, with savage glee.

And from up the mountain-side comes George's answering shout. "Bravo, mon frere!"

And now comes George himself, crashing and bounding down the steep, and swinging his axe aloft. He jumps over our fallen foe, embraces me, dances about like a true Frenchman, shouting, "Bravo, mon frere! bravo, mon frere! Vous avez vaincu notre ennemi. Sacre! You old black devil, you! Here—here you are, mort. Aha!" and grasping me with both hands, words fail us, and we give voice to the wild joy of victory in one long "Hullo!" that wakes the slumbering echoes of the summer lake. The veneer of a thousand years of civilization dropped from us like a garment, and the original savage, the fighting animal, the truman within, laughed with a zest that civilization knows not of.

Jim hears our shout from down the lake, catches its meaning, gleefully hoots in reply, and paddles swiftly to us in the pig canoe.

"Here he is, Jim," quoth I. "Voici l'ours."

Jim peers over the shaggy brute, looks up, takes off his hat, and bowing toward me, says, with the air of a diplomat offering a sentiment at a royal banquet. "C'est bien bon, monsieur, beaucoup de pouvoir a votre bras, et meme plus a votre fusil."

Taking Bruin by the paws, we slid her down the bank.

"She'll weigh about four hundred," said Jim, reflectively, as we lifted her into the pirogue. "But then they're dreadful lean in summer. Late in the fall, now, she'd go another hundred, sure."

Jim picked up his axe out of the pirogue, stepped ashore, and heaved a smooth blaze on the trunk of a large cedar that leaned forth at us over the lake.

"We're in no hurry now, sir," said he. "And 'tisn't every day as a gentleman kills a bear. So I thought that maybe you might like to write something about it here. And if ever you comes this way agin, you'll know just where you shot her. And if you never happen on the lake any more, well, other gentlemen and guides and trappers will be along, and I'd like to have them know what we done here this day. So maybe you'll put our names down with yours on the tree, sir."

With a smile at Jim's naive request, I wrote with lead-pencil on the smooth tablet of cedar this inscription:

BEAR POINT.

SHOT A BEAR AUGUST 31, 1929.

W. W. Thomas, Jr.,
George Dall,
James Dall.

I read it to Jim. He was delighted. Poor fellow, he had never learned to read.

We paddled to a shaded bit of pebbly beach, the bow of the dug-out almost submerged by the added load. Here the guides led Bruin across two logs and, whetting their hunting-knives, commenced to strip off her black jacket.

The skin was stripped off at last, with claws, head, jaws and teeth carefully left on. Then we salted it thoroughly on the inside, rolled it up, bound it tightly together with wider withes and stowed it in the bows of the dug-out. The head, with ears still erect, looked backward and faced us. From the carcass we cut steaks enough for the trip, and were soon on our course once more, paddling down the lovely lake.

"I'll excuse me, sir," said Jim, "if I call to yer mind that I was a-sayin' this mornin' how the gun is better than the rod to-day. Then we had only birds; now look at la Seigneuresse grinning at you from the bows," and Jim relapsed into silence in the happy consciousness that he had predicted the whole adventure.

The shadows lengthen, and the lake grows dark along the western shore. The rounded wooded hills present a peculiar softness of outline and surface. The forest which covered them seemed soft and yielding as tufted moss. One could imagine a giant hand squeezing these forest-clad mountains

as easily as a sponge. This tufted softness is a marked characteristic of our Northern woods. It is most noticeable in ridges of maple interspersed with beech and birch.

I troll a case of flies. Soon I am greeted with a rise, and reel in a half-pound trout. I take another, weighing a pound and three-quarters, and as we paddle past the mouth of a running brook I hook a beauty that gives fine play, and brings down the sea to the lake and the quarter-pounds.

We reach the foot of the Great Eagle before daylight and camp on a grassy plateau. Lying in our tent we could look out upon the whole expanse of the lake and hear the water rippling away through the outlet close beside us.

After a hearty trout supper the guides soon fell asleep. The stars looked down at themselves in the lake, the camp-fire shot its sparks upward, and I lapsed into a dreamland where bears of gigantic size and most grotesque shapes were jumping at me from behind every bush.

At about dawn Friday I was out with Jim in the pirogue, casting the fly near by were a clear mountain bear (two or three gray stones into the lake. White wisps of mist flitted like ghosts over the water and vanished up the mountain side. The trout rose briskly, and I caught two dozen before George called to breakfast.

In the forenoon Jim and I paddled up the western shore on a voyage of discovery. We found a large brook, but its outlet was too shoal for trout. We caught but one. Returning to our trout hole of the morning, I took two beauties at the first cast, one three-quarters of a pound, the other a pound and a quarter. At the same time I hooked and landed three pretty half-pounders. Soon after a pound trout and two chubs, one a pound, the other two pounds and a half, fasten at once to my three flies, and sadly buckle and twist my little ten-ounce rod before I can sweep them into the landing-net, Jim holding out of the other end of the pirogue to receive them.

The inquisitive musquito and the investigating black-fly began to trouble us for the first time on the trip.

"Would you like a musquito, sir?" quoth Jim.

"Yes," we'll light one while we get to camp."

"But I'll show you a boat smudge, sir," Jim continued, shooting the pirogue ashore with one shove of his pole.

He pulls four long strips of bark from the nearest cedar. The strips are about four inches wide and three feet long. Jim lays them one upon the other, binds them carefully together with three slender withes, strikes a match, lights one end of the slender bark bundle, swings it a dozen times through the air, then places it at my side in the stern. The lighted end projects a few inches over the water; there is no flame; the bark slowly smolders; thin wreaths of fragrant smoke rise as from a censer; the flies depart and musquitos sing disconsolate beyond the charmed cloud of incense floating from the cedar.

"They smoke best when the bark is green," said Jim, removing his pipe, "and one like that will last you all day."

The trout rose briskly, sometimes leaping into air to meet the descending fly. The fishing was excellent, but I could not get absorbed in it. The bear was springing at me through it all, and even when I was casting the fly most gingerly I was shooting the bear over my shoulder. At every lull in the trouting Jim would commence, "Well, that was a natter squeak for you, sir," or I would start in with, "How big a bear did you ever see, Jim?"

The mist of morning had not all vanished; a few laggards hung tangled in the tree-tops two-thirds way up the mountain-side; others came to their rescue. The mists thickened; they fell like a pall down the mountain and hid it from view. This was a natural barometer, and a falling one. A fog spread over the lake, obscured the sky, and before noon the pattering rain drove us to camp, not, however, till thirty ruddy trout lay gleaming in the bottom of the dug-out.

We brace up the guys of the tent and lie down within, tent and fire keeping us warm and dry through a pouring rain.

While discussing the broiled breast of a bittern at dinner, I bear a sudden rustling behind me, and discover two pretty spruce partridges tied by the legs to a tent stake.

"I saw 'em on a tree," explained George, "while you was off fishin', and snared 'em."

"But how did you snare them?"

"With this," he replied, taking up an alder pole eight feet long, at the end of which dangled a slip-noose of twine. "They always sticks out their necks to look at you; so you can slip the noose over their heads and take 'em in very handily."

We are indeed in the backwoods; even the game

—are so unacquainted with man,

They tremble in shaking to him.

Our lander now presented a goodly variety. There were bear steaks, bittern, duck, partridge, trout and chub. Verily, one with rod and gun need not starve in the Canada woods.

At sunset the rain held up a bit, and I took a dozen more trout, bringing my basket for the day up to sixty-six, weighing forty pounds. Sixty-four of them I captured from one spot in the lake—at the mouth of the mountain brook. The guides carefully salt all the fish not needed for immediate use.

The clouds thicken with the darkness, and we fall asleep to the music of the rain pattering on the tent just above our noses.

Day dawned cold and gray. The rain had ceased, but great masses of cloud hung black over the lake, and rested low upon the mountains. I skillfully cast the fly, but no trout rises to the glittering lure. A great suspense fills the air. Suddenly far up the lake a line of foam leaps across the water from shore to shore. Then comes a roar like a raging gale. But there is neither wind or wave. A deluge has burst over the lake, lashing the water into spray, and with black edge of cloud above, and white edge of foam below, the rain column advances. A bolt of lightning darts through the gloom. The crash lets loose the gale, and we scud back to the landing before a howling thunder-storm.

For four hours the rain fell in torrents. Lightning struck the tall trees all around us; the thunder crashed overhead, echoed from the mountains and reverberated along the distant shores.

We three humans, huddled together in the tent, occupied but a very insignificant position in this grand commotion of nature. But we heartily congratulated ourselves on our tent, for it stood up bravely against the storm, and, save in one little spot, where the corner of a box had passed wood and warp out of line, it never leaked a drop.

The storm drifts away to the east. The thunder dies to distant mutterings; the wind drops; the rain ceases. A strange silence pervades the air. A paddle dropped in the pirogue sounds like the report of a canon.

We emerge from the tent, stand erect and stretch ourselves.

A bird twitters from the thicket. That means fair weather. We strike tent, bid adieu to the Lake of the Bear, paddle into the swift, glassy current of the outlet, and rapidly glide down stream under a lowering sky.

A spotted sandpiper skims over the water ahead, lights on a rock in mid-river, teeters, tilts and bobs his little little body, runs across the rock, tilts again, then flits away with quickly vibrating wings.

The current is swift, and we shoot gayly along. Now and then on a rocky bar, the pirogue jars against the bottom. Soon we come to a mile of foaming rapids. George kneels in the bow, his projected paddle in the stream, cutting the water with its thin red blade like the out-reaching submerged prow of a marine ram. Jim stands in the stern ready with his setting-pole. George's eyes are intent upon the river, boiling over smoken rocks, which lie in wait, like foaming teeth, to devour us. Safely be pilots us onward, his broad paddle moving through the water with the slow, quiet motion of a trout's tail as he lazily swims the current. Suddenly George gives a broad cut stroke, like the flip of a trout's tail when he darts away up stream. In the twinkling of an eye, Jim follows up this motion with the setting pole. The canoe sheers aside like a frightened horse, and slides by a submerged rock, only to plunge on toward another, and is saved again by another sheer. It was quick work, bow and stern, to safely snoot the rapids.

At a turn in the river we come upon a solid jam of old cedar and log, extending from shore to shore. This obstacle we cannot get over, or under, or through.

Here we make the only carry on the trip. Landing on the left bank, we transport our baggage through the woods a short distance to where the Gateno flows free again, shove across our dug-out, launch her, reload cargo, and are en route once more in less than half an hour.

The brooks that tumbled into the river were swollen and muddy with the recent rains. The Gateno itself was increasing in volume, and none but the smallest and most foolish trout could hope to fly in the rising water.

Nine miles down stream another lake opens out before us. A golden-eye duck comes flying swiftly in from the open water. As she speeds past us I drop the trout rod, pick up my gun, shoot the duck, and salute the lake with the same discharge.

This sheet of water is three miles long, yet such is the plenty of lakes and paucity of names in this wilderness that the only appellation yet granted to this pretty lakelet is "No. 3."

A mile down the right shore rises Sugar-loaf Mountain. Fires have swept over it, and burned off both timber and soil. Its naked peak of rock, scarred and burned, lifts itself abruptly from the lake, and towers aloft like a gigantic horn.

Down the mountain side tumbles a brook. Near its mouth, when the lake is low and the weather hot, the big trout lie and drink in the cool flood from the hills. Now the brook is a tawny torrent, yellow as Father Tiber, and the trout are off in quest of clear water. At all events, they are not here.

On a low plateau, in a grove of giant cedars, we pitched our tent. Sugar-loaf rose behind us; the babble of its leaping brook ever sounded in our ears, mingling with the murmur of the lake along the pebbly shore. Toward evening the clouds part, and the setting sun throws a bridge of gold over the water. Darkness gathers. The moon shines bright over the western hills. I paddle out alone on the silvery lake. Sugar-loaf towers dark and threatening in the east. The smoke from our camp rises like a column into the air. Not a ripple stirs the water, not a sound jars the cedars. Sky, lake and mountain are asleep in the moonlight. I seemed poised in infinite silence. Then the wild wail of the loon quivers through the air—voice of the lonely lake. I turn the prow of my canoe, and paddle back to human companionship.

Sunday dawned bright and fair. Since trout had failed us, we breakfasted off bear steak, then leisurely started on a "Sabbath-day's journey." Leaving Lake No. 3, we paddled an ample mile up the current of a river, in whose tranquil flood the banks reproduced themselves, on across the round basin of No. 2, through a thoroughfare, and into Lake No. 1.

We cross No. 1, and drift down stream to the Forks, where the Gateno empties into the rapid Idaho. Here we camp d, and passed a quiet afternoon.

Camping out makes great changes in one's taste and appetite. In a house, I abominate salt pork. After this length of camp life, I crave it. Nothing else seems as good and satisfying; nothing else can supply its place. Roast duck, broiled partridge, bear steak and fried trout—all become a light, frivolous diet, like cake, puffs and tarts. Fried salt pork, and but slightly fried at that, is the only solid, substantial, filling food—the only thing that goes to the right place. I prefer it to all else, have even discarded butter, and placing a dripping cut of pork on an inch-thick slice of dark Canada bread, make a meal fit for a king.

One other change. At home, I am a slave to coffee, and so sure was I that I could not get along without it that I brought an ample supply for the trip. My guides drank tea at every meal—black, poor-looking tea, too. Once I took a dipper with them. This led to a second trial. My liking for it increased, and now I prefer tea to any other drink, in the woods.

Next morning we found our pirogue leaking. The guides turned her over on the beach, dried the bottom with flaring torches of birch bark, and carefully poured water ditch into every crack.

Our ship was repaired, and we dried again, and on we paddled down the broad and swift Idaho.

All modes of travel, from the carole to the steamship, I know of none more delightful than paddling down a river through our Northern American forest. The winding stream ever changes the scene before you. Now a mountain, then the blue sky, fills up the vista. Expectation is ever on the qui vive. Around the next bend you may come upon a moose, a duck may spring from the water, or a big red fish into the air. On you gliding like a green forest wall. Nature is ever best along the river-banks. Rivers are not only thoroughfares for men, but for light and air, and toward the sun and the breeze presses every green thing. On either side the woods come trooping to the river, *donna ferentes*. Here the forest offers its choicest gifts. Fallen trees lie their length out into the water. Pennants of moss wave from their withered branches. Bushes hang their bright leaves and flowers over the stream. Above, the choice-cherry and mountain ash display their red fruit; overtopping them rise the old forest giants throwing their thirties branches and brightest banners athwart the river.

You recline in the canoe, borne on the current, propelled by swift paddles, and without dust, or jar, or noise, slide through the bright heart of the "merrie greenwood."

Thus for two days we dropped down stream, coasted along

the shores of deep lakes, shot turbulent rapids, and paddled on over the deep pools below.

At noon of the seventh day we sailed out of the Idalto upon Grand Lake, the largest of the chain, twenty-seven miles long. Out of this lake flows the river from whose banks we had strided into the wilderness with our pirogue lashed upon Moreau's lumber-sled. We had "swung round the circle" of a hundred miles of forest, and were back again close to our starting point. On the hills across the lake were the "habitations of bread-eating men," the first we had seen for a week. Among them glistened the tinned steeple of the village church. The hamlet seemed a city to our forest eyes.

We paddled across the lake. The prow of the dug-out grazed on the beach for the first time. We made a plunge into the clear water, and wash the camp out of me. Then we each shouldered a pack, laid good-bye to our tough little ship of the forest and, striking into a woodland path, climb the steep slope of the lake basin.

As we emerge from the woods single file into a clearing, whom should we see moving in the stumpy field but Moreau the teamster? Since we left him a week ago on the borders of Beaver Pond we had not seen a human being. He swings his scythe with eyes bent on the ground and does not see us. Jim holds up the bear's head and gives a growl.

Moreau jumps, then laughs heartily. "Aha!" he exclaims; "voilà la bonne chance!"

Natural History.

MIGRATION OF SHORE BIRDS.

NAVY YARD, BOSTON, Mass., October 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I infer from Mr. Maygood's paper in your issue of October 20, that he thinks that the *Limicola* migrate as a body from their northern breeding grounds to South America, stopping only at intervening grounds for food and rest for a few days. That this is a mistake can be easily proven by passing a winter on the coast of Florida, and on the other Gulf States, the Coast Survey party to which I was attached, reached Charlotte Harbor west coast of Florida, in January, 1889, and remained there and on the coast until the latter part of May. Until the latter part of March great flocks of sand-pipers could be seen on every shoal and flat, and on the outer beach on the sand bars exposed at low tide or during the prevalence of an off-shore wind.

On the mud flats were large numbers of sickle-bills, willets, dough-birds, godwits, etc. On one flat, in a short time, I killed 54 sickle-bills, some dough-birds, and some of the sand-pipers. In the early part of April I killed one afternoon 115 dowitchers, and a few days afterward 123 dowitchers, 2 sickle-bills, 2 dough-birds, 1 calico-bird and 2 oyster-catchers. In May, at Tampa Bay, I saw a great many sand-pipers, found some eggs, and found a few blue-winged teal and little black-head ducks. I could not get near enough to the sand-pipers to identify them, but think they were either *pusillus* or *minutilla*. At Musquito Inlet, on the east coast of Florida, I shot a few willet and grey-backs, and saw large numbers in April. The Keys, or sand-pipers, in low Key West, especially the Marquesas, afford fine feeding grounds and are frequented by large flocks of *Limicola*, and a few roseate spoonbills in the winter months. I have been told by officers that the Texan, Mexican and Central American coasts are frequented by an abundance of these birds in winter time. It seems probable that large numbers of all of the *Limicola* stop on their southern flight and winter wherever they find, in warm latitudes, good feeding grounds, which are not haunted by man with the red-mouthed and destructive shotgun. The Windward Islands do not afford such good feeding grounds, and are more shot over than the vast plains and mud flats of South America. The physical conformation of Patagonia and the southern portion of South America is not such as to make it so favorable a ground either for feeding or breeding as the vast flats and swamps and level tracts of northern North America. That they do not breed during their southern sojourn is supported by analogy, and by the absence of "young of the year" when they come back to us in the spring. Some varieties of the *Limicola* breed in the United States quite freely, and their young did so, more or less, before the large game was killed off and man turned his attention to them for food and sport.

I am of the opinion that the small yellow-legs (*Totanus streptopus*) and the jack-snipe (*Tringa maculata*) breed along the Mississippi in Louisiana; for in April, 1879, I killed a large bag of them and was told that they were "papa-botte," and were much fatter and more delicious eating in July. My informant thought they stayed all summer and bred in the neighborhood. The yellow-legs, at the time I shot them, were in small flocks, and their plumage was not so bright as the others around the edges of the pools in the newly sowed rice fields. The Louisiana French call several birds of different varieties "papa-botte," I think, for the description that one gave me could only apply to a plover.

I forgot to mention that I have only killed of the plover the common kill-deer, finding a great number of them in a flat, boggy piece of ground with a hundred or more Wilson's snipe. I know, however, of plover being killed at Key West and on the mainland during the winter. M. H. SMITHS.

[The term "papa-botte" is usually, we believe, applied to the Bartramian sand-piper (*Bartramia longicauda*).]

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think Mr. Maygood's article on the question of snipe and plover migration carries it about as far as possible. I found them in great numbers on the southern coast of the Caribbean Sea every late in winter, and it is probable that they scatter over a vast territory both north and south of that to winter, but what northern winter they are going further I can't imagine. Why should they cross the equator? My belief is that the birds seen in Patagonia go to that cold region to breed, and when the propagating business is over, migrate toward the equator as our birds do, but never cross it, as the temperature is hot enough for them long before they reach it.

They have good snipe shooting at Pernambuco and other places along the South American coast, but if those birds wanted to get into cooler quarters they would not be likely to come thousands of miles north when they could find the same by going a few hundred miles south. I must believe that they fly each way from the equator until they have proof to the contrary, which it will be very difficult to get.

As to the course of our birds in migrating I know but little, but from that little I infer a great deal.

Coming from St. Louis to Chicago, several years ago, in April, I was as much astonished as a man could be by walking through a pigeon roost. Every acre of prairie land between the two cities was literally swarming with plover and curlew. As far as I could see the ground was speckled with millions upon millions of them; and this must have been the case all over the prairie, for there is no reason why they should have collected along the railroad. I have seen a continuous flight of pigeons in Ohio for weeks, but I never had such a conception of limitless numbers as that flight of plover gave me. They all seemed to be resting quietly except those that were flushed by the train.

On another occasion, at Providence, R. I., during a furious northeaster, about the 1st of September—the night being so dark that nothing could be seen—the air seemed to be alive with plover and snipe. I remained a long time outside listening to their plaintive calls, but howling it was kept up I cannot say. They seemed to be flying very low, and, judging from their incessant clatter, they must have been as "multitudinous" as they were on the prairie.

I doubt whether their ranks are being decimated to the extent that many suppose, but they are disturbed so much on the feeding grounds along their route that I think most of them take advantage of a northeaster when they can, and pass by us in one night, only stopping at wild, unfrequented marshes along the coast, where they are not molested. A friend and myself killed over ninety yellowlegs on the coast of Maryland summer before last, in one day, and we could have doubled that number; but they will give that place, also, the "cold shoulder" very soon. DIDYMUS.

FOOD OF THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

IN the November number of the *California*, Mr. B. B. Redding has a very interesting article on the "California Indians and Their Food," an extract from which we published a few weeks since. His description of the manner in which the Indians prepare their acorn meal will, no doubt, be new to many of our readers, and we reprint it here:

"The second night after we left Long Bar, we camped on the banks of a small brook, in a valley on the mountains near Chowchilla. In the morning we found that we were near an Indian camp. Curious to learn their habits, we watched the women preparing the morning meal. To the bank of the brook they brought, in conical, water-tight baskets, about two pecks of dried acorns. These baskets, as I subsequently learned, are made from a triangular grass, that grows in the water near the banks of mountain streams, and are frequently ornamented in dark brown patterns, with the outer bark taken from the stems of a fern, *Adiantum*, found in great abundance at high elevations in our mountains. The acorns were evidently of the growth of a previous year, as they were thoroughly dry. I have since found that, when readily obtained, the California Indians preferred the acorns from *Q. chrysolepis* and *Q. lobata*, perhaps because large, and yielding a greater supply of food than most of the other oaks.

"One of the women, seating herself on a ledge of rock, commenced shelling the acorns; which she did with great rapidity. An acorn was held with the point upward by the thumb and first finger of the left hand. A slight blow with a small bowlder, in the center, readily drove the kernel from the shell. The kernels were then thrown into a basket, when sufficient had been collected, they were carried to a pot-hole in the ledge, which probably had originally been made by the action of the water in whirling a bowlder. Here they were powdered into fine meal, or flour, with one of the stone pestles, which are so frequently turned up by the plow in all parts of California. Upon arriving at the ledge, which was near our camping-place, the first thing the women did was to build a brick fire, in which they placed small bowlders gathered from the brook. When sufficient acorn-meal had been powdered for their breakfast, a conical hole was made in the dry sand on the shore of the brook, into which the acorn-meal was poured. It was first thoroughly saturated with cold water from the brook, then one of the baskets was filled with water and set in a depression in the ground, the hot rocks were raked out of the fire and thrown into the basket until the water boiled. This boiling water was carefully poured over the meal in the sand, until all parts of the meal were saturated. I concluded that the cold and seething water acted the double purpose of cooking the food and leaching out the bitter tannin.

"When sufficiently cooked, it was eaten without being removed from the sand; all squatted on the ground and helped themselves, by stirring with the first two fingers, until a mouthful was collected, when it was transferred. A few years afterward, iron pots and kettles became so plentiful that this system of cooking was abandoned.

"Many of the tribes near the southern coast used pots made of soapstone. The quarry from which this was obtained is found on one of the islands in the Santa Barbara channel. Mr. Paul Schumacher, of the Smithsonian, has given a description of this quarry, and of the mode in which these pots were patiently quarried out with stone knives and scrapers. At some remote period, there must have been quite a trade or system of exchange between the coast and interior tribes; for I have found broken pots made from this soapstone in graves as far north as the islands in the southern part of Tulare Lake. Some of these pots were made so large that they would contain three or four gallons of water. Their shape was that of an ordinary iron pot. A broken fragment of one that I found at Atwell's Island, in Tulare Lake, showed that it had been quarried so that the mouth flared out, thus enabling it to hold a cover.

"One of these pots, uninjured and capable of holding about two gallons, was recently taken from a mound near the town of Tulare."

A few years since it was our fortune to spend a few months in Southern California not far from Santa Barbara, and being fully aware of the ethnological value of the stone implements and articles of which the Indians marked the ancient burial places of the aborigines, we devoted some time and money to searching for them.

The collection which we then made was, though not a large one, very typical. It consisted of a number of mortars of basalt and sandstone, pestles, *ollas* or sandstone and soapstone, the only cooking pot with handles that we have ever heard of, pipes and cups of serpentine, fish hooks of abalone shell, small pestles and mortars for mixing paint, flint knives and arrowheads, beads of various shapes and sizes, and a number of bones of the former owners of these utensils.

The search for these articles was most interesting, and as we sunk our prospect holes in one place and another on the site of the ancient villages our feelings were akin to those of the gold miner who has struck the color, and only has to go

a little deeper to reach the pay dirt. Had more time been at our command we would have returned with a collection of which we should have been really proud.

BRAVE.

A FORMER teacher of mine, then and now president of a celebrated institute of learning, sought most earnestly to convince me, during recitation in mental philosophy, when the subject was under consideration, that animals have no faculty at all similar to memory or reason in the human species.

Once when there had been considerable discussion in the class, I attempted to relate an occurrence tending to show that my horse did have a memory, but the good Doctor exclaimed with more than his usual positiveness: "I tell you, sir, an animal never remembers." He then explained, not to my satisfaction, however, that the reason why a horse would take the road over which it had once traveled in preference to a strange one, or manifest fear at a place where it had previously been frightened, etc., was "animal instinct awakened by the law of association."

Another time when I related an incident which showed something wonderfully like reason on the part of a dog, the Doctor broadly intimated that if a puppy did reason it was because nature had made a mistake in the number of his legs.

I do not propose in this article to argue the question of memory or reason in animals, only by the relation of a few facts which have come under my personal observation, and which may prove interesting to those who, like myself, have a special fondness for the canine race.

When I was fourteen years old, and living near the sea coast, in Maine, I became the happy owner of a dog. He was a genial, winsome fellow, a mongrel in breed, black, with shades of buff over his eyes and on his breast, and weighing, when he reached his full stature, about forty pounds, and congenious even to rashness. In consequence of this last characteristic I named him Brave.

When Brave was a year old I went to live in a wild, mountainous country town in New Hampshire, and of course my dog went with me. Goats, foxes, hedgehogs, porcupines and other creatures were plenty, and I was soon to learn that a wild animal would make sad havoc in the sheep pen or poultry yard. Brave and I soon developed a perfect passion for hunting, and many days and nights we spent in the grand old woods.

I have said that hedgehogs were plenty, and as Brave would unhesitatingly pounce upon any creature he came across in the woods (there were two exceptions after a while), I was not surprised when one evening he came to me with his mouth and head bristling with hedgehog quills. Some of them penetrated his head nearly half an inch, and it required all my strength, with a pair of pinces, to remove them. Could you have seen how still he held himself during the operation, and how careful to place himself in the most advantageous position, and witnessed his demonstrations of thankfulness when at last he was free from their sting, you would have thought his "instinct" something wonderful.

That he remembered this experience, and, in consequence, exhibited something wonderfully like reason, the following incident will show.

Some weeks after the quill experience, Brave and I started out for a hunt. We had gone perhaps half a mile into the woods, when, away to my right, I heard him give voice. Running a hundred rods or so, guided by his bark, I saw him chasing an unusually large hedgehog. I halted when I saw what he was after, and waited for developments.

Brave made no direct attack upon the beast, but contented himself with keeping about six feet in the rear and giving vent to occasional yelps which seemed to express both hatred and disgust.

The hog was making, with its lumbering gait, for a large hemlock tree, and reaching it, commenced to claw his way upward.

Brave waited until the hog was some four feet from the ground, and then, making a spring, seized him by one hind-leg (a hedgehog's legs to the knee are devoid of quills) and yanked him to the ground, but so dexterously that not a quill touched him. Three times I witnessed this operation, and then, showing myself, bade the dog let the creature alone, and allowed it to climb high up the tree, brought it down with my gun.

For two years we waged a war of extermination upon these pests of the corn-field, but Brave's wonderful instinct (?) preserved him from quill torture.

That Brave understood more than the ordinary dog talk I am prepared to assert and prove.

While living in New Hampshire I had a brother residing four miles away, and when I wished to communicate with him, I would write a letter, call Brave and attach the letter to his neck, and tell him to go to Jacob's. Off he would go at railroad speed, and, reaching the house, bark for admission or bound in through an open door or window, manage in some way to call attention to his trust, go to the pantry and by the wag of his tail ask for payment in rations, and, upon receiving an answer to the letter, come directly back to me. Resting at my feet after such a trip his eyes would indicate more intelligence than I have seen in many human faces.

Obedient to my command he would go to any part of the farm, and to the creature he found trespassing upon forbidden ground.

I remember one incident which demonstrated that he had a remarkable understanding of the English language, or profited by the experience of a disagreeable odor. He came sneaking to me once, acting as though he had taken an emetic, and fairly loaded down with the perfume of the skunk.

I scolded him sharply for getting into such a fix, and told him, among other things, that if he couldn't kill skunks without getting his clothing scented in that way to let them alone. A few days after I was in the pasture with him, and saw him crawling along with all the stealthiness of a cat, his ears erect and his lips parted exposing his teeth; at the same moment I saw that the cause of this manœuvre was a skunk digging for mice, and totally unconscious of approaching danger. Brave drew himself cautiously along until within a few feet of the essence peddler, and then, giving a tremendous spring, seized his skunkship by the neck, and giving one snap and shake, dropped it and, springing quickly away, came bounding back to me with yelps of satisfaction, leaving the skunk on the spot.

He was never known to get scented up afterward. Woodchucks he considered his especial prey, and would even visit neighboring farms hunting for them. If he got one into a hole where, in consequence of rocks or roots, he could not dig it out, he would hide himself a short distance away and patiently wait for the creature to come out; and when it did

From these, and many other "straws," it seems to be apparent, and the words of the honorable Commissioner bear out the inference, that it is only "visiting sportsmen from other States" upon whom the wrath of the law is to be poured. Why do not the authorities put down the practice of hounding deer? Why are hounds to the number of twenty—even, as reported to me last week by a reliable hunter—allowed to roam at large, driving deer, in one locality or another, for hundreds of miles from Bangor? Why are the owners of such hounds, who keep their hounds near the hunting grounds, in charge of servants, almost the entire season, and use them to drive deer—why are they allowed to break the law so openly, while we, who bring our money into the State, are

pay it out in higher wages than those commonly received for the hardest winter forest work, are not only pounced upon but loaded with abuse in addition? What right have the Wardens to enforce one part of the game law and neglect another? What right have they to see only one class of persons and overlook their own townsmen? Indeed, it is the forest officers of other States who set a bad example to their farmers and their guides; it is the sons of their neighbors, their landowners and their judges who set us the example, and we are made the scapegoats. Is this the way to enforce the game laws?

LEONIS L. HUBBARD.

Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 1, 1881.

We publish in this connection an extract from a private letter, written to us by a Maine correspondent whose knowledge of the facts and whose motives in writing to us as he does cannot be questioned. He says: "The fact is, visiting sportsmen (?) kill scores upon scores by jacking every summer. In this way they destroy deer, caribou and some moose, and the powers that be wink at it; but let a poor devil of a native go out for meat for his family, and there is a fuss made over it. These men come in and tip a guide a big greenback to float them off to the game. What wonder, then, the guides go in for some on their own account? The trouble is, the leading men here are on the make; they wish to reap a harvest of shekels, and so allow it as all right for their patrons to break the law, and the game and fish must be for them alone. Serve all alike before the law."

GAME FOR PHILADELPHIA SPORTSMEN.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 2, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Canvas-back ducks are this year showing themselves in our river. Last week between thirty and forty were shot by a police officer of Philadelphia by padding on them. My informant had not learned precisely where the ducks had stopped, but thought somewhere near Bordentown or in the neighborhood of Duck Island, up the Delaware. This is very unusual, and it has been the cause of much comment in Philadelphia. More rail have been boated this season, so I am informed at Kriders', than for many years. The crop of seed was immense, which may in great measure account for it.

Quail, everybody who has been looking out for the "left overs" and their broods, tells me are scarce in Maryland and Delaware this autumn. The scores of last winter did destroy numbers, notwithstanding reports of some to the contrary. While some shooting may be expected in the Maryland and Delaware sections that were protected from snow by the thick growth of cedars, it is sure it would be best to let the birds alone this year, even if we are to have an open winter.

From Leligh Valley, Pa., I receive advice this a. m. that ruffed grouse are likewise decimated in numbers, owing to last winter's severity—in fact, I have met but one gentleman since my return to Philadelphia who reports game of all kinds plentiful. The one question just now asked me was, Moorefield, West Va., where he had been deer hunting with rifle, and says he came across numbers of "pheasants," woodcock and quail. But he was forty miles from a railroad station, in a section where there were no shot guns nor bird dogs.

I do not wish to be considered a chronic growler, but we are fast coming to the time when our guns will have to be hung on the hook unless steps are taken to protect game of all kinds. The first to be made is to abolish all spring shooting—this will favor the migratory birds; the next should be attention paid to the quail which remain with us all winter.

The flight of woodcock has not come on with us. On my reaching Philadelphia, having observed it had made its appearance in New England, I took special pains to inquire from reliable sources, and am able to write you that long-bills must have tarried on their way and the pleasant weather has favored this tarrying. They may be expected—what there are left of them—the very next cold snap.

Joe Kriders has returned from his ornithological trip to the far West with a varied collection of birds, but I am sorry to say he is much broken in health.

Mr. Franklin Jones, ex-vice-president of the Philadelphia Sportsmen's Club, has just presented to the Philadelphia Library two more complete volumes of the FOREST AND STREAM. The library now has every publication of your journal from its first issue.

HOMO.

JOTTINGS OF A CHICKEN SHOOT.

I'VE been on a chicken shoot. Now I suppose all chicken shoots very nearly resemble each other. Two days and two nights on the cars to get to the grounds in Western Iowa. Five or six days' shooting. The same trip home again, tedious in the heat and dust of September first, and almost unbearable but for the comforts of the dining cars, palace cars and sleeping coaches.

There were four of us in the party, who, together with our seven dogs, made quite a "mob." In our party there were dogs and dogs. I mention the dogs first as the best behaved, temperate and quietest of nights of the assemblage. First there was "Duke." Duke is a red Irish setter, very fast, wide ranger, an excellent nose and altogether a first-class dog, although some birds were flushed at his side and speed with him, and others omitted in the wide sweep of his quartering—scarcely ever trailing—hunting for the body scent only. Quite different was Bazil. Poor Bazil!—killed at the hand of a miserable assassin immediately upon his return home. Bazil was not so fast, but a wide ranger at times; his forte seemed to be trailing. From Bazil we learned where birds had been; and the gun had always time to keep up with him while roosting out and locating the birds. He retrieved at the command, but preferred to simply point dead. He would repeatedly point a winged bird in the grass, causing much delay than the dog which rushed in at once. "Star" was another Irishman, very fast and wild—never on chickens before, and did not seem to get hold of them right; but among so many dog breaking is almost out of the question. "Grouse," the black giant, was willful and headstrong, working well at times and again breaking all the rules of dog etiquette and his owner's patience. Next came "John" the wild, John the unruly. Whistle nor whip, nor briar nor brake, nor hill nor stream could stop his wild chase. The steady old pointer, slow but sure, and a perfect backer, his age and flesh were against him. Last is the pointer "Sport"—borrowed—and, his owner said, "staunch as Hades." He was staunch on gophers. Gophers seemed to be his special game. He ran with a kind of hop, as if he feared every mo-

ment to step on or be bitten by a gopher. His neck was arched and his nose pointed earthward at an angle of forty-five degrees, so also his stern. His eyes hung out of his head, actually starting from their sockets, in anticipation of the all absorbing gopher. Undoubtedly a good dog and staunch, but, although he flushed many chickens, I doubt if he ever warded off or saw or heard one of them. My sides shake and the salt sea-breeze stands in my eyes as I think of the picture that dog cut. We dubbed him "The Bloodhound," and I fear the name will adhere to him.

Of the boys there were four of us, and although the shooting was not extra, we killed all we wanted, fifteen to thirty a day per gun; and gave away birds at all the farm-houses. We had any amount of fun. I doubt if there was ever more side-shaking by so small a party in so short a time. We lay awake nights to laugh, which only ended when White commenced his cornet solo. It was very s(ono)rorous. Then we all tried to sleep. White was the heavy man of the party—a good fellow to hold the seats from blowing out of the wagon—his constitution being in good running order, it was singular that he rode so much, while the slim-fims of the party followed the heterogeneous pack of dogs before mentioned. Rob was the leader of the party, had been over the grounds several seasons, biggest talker, head laughstuan and a crack shot. Charley was the young blood of the party, no doubt he regretted the lack of young ladies on the prairies, but he fought nobly, and allowed no sentiment to stand between him and the cackling old chick—it cackled its last cack to the crack of Charley's gun.

Cham was the "old man" of the party; nor blisters on his heels nor blisters on his toes could confine him to the wagon; he bobbed and shot and kept up with the boys.

There were seven dogs, and there were, also, seven guns; and I doubt if a better shooting lot are often carralled together. A new Westley Richards' hammerless, and, probably, the best Nichols & Lefever in America, did fine execution in the hands of Rob, who took his time. A new Green, of Rochester, and old Greener in the hands of White were death dealers. Charley's English piece—don't remember the maker—and Cham's pair of Parker's made up the lot. Seventy to seventy-six paces were stepped off several times to the dead prairie chick.

May we meet again with dogs better broken.

ME-HIT-AHLE.

THE MISSISSQUI BAY MARSHES.

MONTREAL, November 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since the open season began the writer and his chums have shot over a large portion of the St. Lawrence and Mississqui Bay marshes. We can report fair bags of duck and snipe, but very few woodcock—in fact it is becoming quite a rarity now to get woodcock in the few years ago we shot the dozens. Of the duck tribe, the black ducks have been the most plentiful, though in some localities the green-winged teal have come in large numbers. Sea ducks and geese have not yet appeared in their usual quantities, which means a late open season.

Contrary to expectation the waters in our rivers and lakes are still very low. Early in the season the muskrat houses were built both numerous and large, which was a sign of early rains and high water, but as all signs fail in a dry season, we can excuse the "rats" the mistake that they made.

In a few days we will turn our attention to ruffed grouse shooting, and will then soon be able to report as to their plentifulness or scarcity.

The "Malden Gun Club" have leased a portion of the Mississqui marshes in Swanton and Highgate, Vt., but will, methinks, have difficulty in protecting their grounds until the members of the club themselves learn to respect the game laws of the State. A friend of mine caught some members of the club setting "mink traps" for black ducks, and this outside of the limits of their grounds—both poaching and pot-hunting—but perhaps those pot-hunters were not active members of the club, only honorary members. Vermont has game laws, and if its constables would do their duty, those fellows would be taught to obey the laws of the State.

STANSTEAD.

RUST SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

PATASKALA, Ohio, Oct. 31.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in the last few numbers of FOREST AND STREAM that the care of gun barrels has received considerable attention, and various are the opinions advanced—some advocating no care, others expressing strong faith in cleanliness. I have heard old hunters here say they put their guns away just as they found them, and did not clean it out or oil it—in fact gave no attention till they wanted it again—and they invariably say it is as bright as a dollar.

It requires only a moment's reflection to see the absurdity of such statements. Any one who has observed the residuum left in gun barrels knows that it quickly absorbs moisture. A gun may stand in the house during warm, dry days, but the first damp, wet day that comes it will not be found so. Simply insert the finger in the muzzle; on withdrawal, it will be found moist, if not wet. When moisture is brought in contact with iron or steel, oxide of iron, or rust, is formed. What would the farmer say, if one were to tell him that the best way to keep his plow in good condition is to leave it in the fence corner, where he finished his work, or to take it to the barn, with the dirt and mud on it, as he turned the last foot of furrow? He would laugh at you for such advice. He takes his implements to his barn, and cleans them, and either paints or varnishes them. When they are wanted, they are ready and as bright as when laid away.

Only a little common sense and judgment is required to keep a gun as nice and bright inside for twenty years as the day it came from the factory, laying aside the chemical action of some kinds of powder, if such there be. I have used guns six years, and they are as bright as when they left the factory. I never allow a gun to stand over night without cleaning and oiling, be it ever so tired. Even if I only take a gun out to shoot a single shot this same rule is invariably observed. During the close season, if my gun is not used, I take it from the case once a week and wipe off the old grease and oil it again. I use a good cleaning machine oil. I feel satisfied that if the above rule is strictly observed, and the barrels are of good material, nothing but most satisfactory results will be obtained. I have no further use for the wire-scrub brush; the horse-hair brush I find sufficient to remove all dirt and lead, and it does no injury to the barrels.

A. O. A.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., Oct. 28.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have been much interested in the discussion of late about rust in gun barrels and the way to prevent it; and I have no doubt any one of the various methods are good and will answer the purpose if properly applied. Is it not due in most cases a want of "elbow-grease" and thorough cleaning, which is the root of the whole trouble? Now, my own method is this: I make it a rule to clean my gun as soon after I am done shooting as possible, first using kerosene to remove the dirt, then the wire brush to take out any particles of lead or dirt which may adhere to barrels, wiping out dry of lead or dirt which I then take a square of flannel dipped in hot pure mutton fat, the flannel of sufficient size to fit over the trigger (I always keep a supply of these squares on hand), and with it remove every speck of dirt, wiping dry and oiling lightly with Rangoon oil. I place the gun near the stove all night after cleaning and oiling it outside and the action. I have never used water, no matter how dirty the gun may be. I occasionally use jeweler's rouge, and have found it of excellent service in keeping barrels bright and smooth, far better than emery. When I lay the gun up I give it a good coating of mutton fat and have never found a speck of rust in the spring. I may add that when duck shooting I apply a light coat of boiled oil over the outside of gun. It forms a skin when dry, will effectively prevent rust, no matter how wet the gun may get, and is easily removed. I never begrudge an hour or two in cleaning my gun, and in consequence have never been troubled with rust.—TEX BOXE No. 2.

Cornig, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: Allow me to suggest to those interested in the subject of "rust spots in gun barrels" and how to prevent them, that certain grades of powder is the cause, and the manufacturer thereof could explain if he would. So change your powder; and never be so shiftless or lazy as to let your gun stand over night without a thorough cleaning with a dry cloth. Rub dry with flannel, and never put any water, hot or cold, into a gun barrel, and use no lard nor sperm oil, nor any oil that requires water in its manufacture, as it will certainly leave a red rust if you give it time. Use a good quality of muslin, which is equally good for lined cutlery and surgical instruments; and you can put your fine guns in the cellar if you wish without any risk of rust appearing.—J. H. W.

WHERE TO SHOOT RAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over some numbers of your paper to-day I observed that you give some prominence to rail shooting by furnishing the scores made during September upon certain grounds in Pennsylvania and Virginia. I have often wondered why those who like this form of amusement have not had their attention called to the two rivers of Cumberland County, New Jersey, the Cohamsey and Maurice. Near Bridgeton, on the former, there is an excellent meadow (the only one on its twenty-mile course overflowed by the tide) of about two hundred acres. A great many rail have been killed there the present year. The highest bag was, I believe, 180, the average bag being from 75 to 100. The shooting world in every season be called very good upon this meadow, notwithstanding its neighborhood to a town of 10,000 inhabitants, but for the superior attractions of the Maurice River, which, I suppose, furnishes the best rail shooting in the world.

At Mauricetown the "gunner" who likes slaughter may have his fill. The village is a pleasant one, inhabited by an intelligent and cordial people, having a spacious and well-kept hotel, presided over by a landlord who is one of the most unobtrusive of men as well as one of the most obliging. He has the rare faculty of justly anticipating his guests' wishes, and at the same time without making any fuss or asking any but a very moderate compensation. The village is situated between two meadows; the upper contains about 250 acres and the lower about 800. Two hundred yards from the wharf takes the shooter to either meadow.

There are good accommodations also at Port Elizabeth, at the upper end of the upper meadow.

During the past season the best individual scores ranged in the neighborhood of 200 to the tide. The highest was made Sept. 30, by George Bowen, of Mauricetown, who bagged 413 in a tide of about five hours.

I am satisfied from what I saw the day I was there that I could have bagged 500 birds, if I had had the ammunition.

Any of your readers who fancy this most laborious amusement would do well to make a note of this, and next year write to William Royal, Mauricetown, or Henry D. Pannin, Port Elizabeth, Cumberland County, New Jersey, who are the hotel keepers above referred to.

NOTES FROM MISSOURI.

JACKSON, Mo., Oct. 31, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On last Saturday our sporting men had a target shooting match, with shotguns, at a target one foot in diameter, with circles thereon, numbering from one to six—the centre or smallest circle being six, and thus back to the one, the outer circle. A shot in No 6 secured six birds in the score, and in each of the other circles. The shoot was at forty yards range, off-hand. Our hardware merchant, S. D. Williams, had gratuitously donated a silver cup as the prize, for which there were twenty contestants, each man having two shots. The score of the six best was as follows:

Daniel Milde, 214; J. P. Wilson, 231; D. H. Filidreth, 420; J. H. Jenkins, 205; S. W. Brown, 242; F. A. Ohrrueller (m), 196.

Both muzzle and breech-loaders were used, and the breech-loaders made the best score, although some expressed the belief that they would be "left." In the score I designate the muzzle-loader by an (m) in parenthesis. There were twelve who used breech-loaders, and eight who used muzzle-loaders. The average for breech-loaders was 913, and for muzzle, 70 1-16.

The hunting season is now open here for all kinds of game. Quail hunting is indulged in, but the birds are not very numerous. We noticed a goodly number of robins in one place last week. Squirrels were plentiful a few weeks ago, but are scarce now. Our boys are getting ready for the ducking season, and some of them are off for the lakes below here this week, and others will soon follow. We had good snipe and plover hunting here early last spring, and hope for the same again. For deer and turkey we go to the swamp, fifteen or twenty miles south of here, and although our first two trips this fall were not very successful, we had a jolly good time. Game will be more plentiful there later, though squirrels are always numerous.

C. R. H.

SPORTSMEN AND FARMERS.

WORCESTER, MASS., NOV. 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the annual meeting of the Worcester Central County Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, held in this city to-day, the afternoon was given up to the discussion of the following:

Whereas, the sportsmen of this State have caused a law to be enacted that makes the shooting of game by farmers on their own lands at certain seasons of the year a criminal offence, and

Whereas, the presentative sportsmen in this vicinity have offered a reward for the detection of offenders, therefore, the following resolves keepers of game to which they have not a particle of claim, and

Whereas, the object in view is additional sport to the shooting fraternity, and not the good of society in general, therefore,

Resolved, That the agricultural community should resent this interference with the natural rights of the sportsmen, and should take action, especially the enforcement of the trespass act, cause its interests to be respected and maintained.

Mr. O. B. Wyman, of Shrewsbury, considered the matter was in the hands of the farmers; a majority of them were in favor of protecting game in its season. There are sportsmen who are gentlemen—some are not; all are too apt to forget the interests of the farmer; they are careful to have the law all on their side. The speaker was in favor of a fine of \$20 for every bird shot on forbidden land. The sportsmen frequently do much damage to farmers and pay but little attention to trespass signs.

Mr. S. P. Perry, of Auburn, cited the law, and pointed out that they made no discrimination between farmers and sportsmen, always being on the side of the sportsman, and show evidence of selfishness on their part. The game, he claimed, belonged naturally to the owner of the land where found, and sportsmen can only obtain it by violating the trespass act. The farmer's redress, after posting or giving verbal notice, is a civil and criminal suit. The remedy is for the farmers to enforce the trespass act, thus giving the sportsman a taste of their own style.

Mr. Charles T. Fister, of Holden, did not agree with the wholesale arraignment of the sportsmen. He claimed that the farmer had too much protection. The rights of the sportsman were the natural rights of the public, which had actually been done by men who call themselves sportsmen, and that is permitted. The by-laws of the club have provided for the punishment of any one using improper or insulting language to a farmer. His own relations with the farmers had been pleasant, and he hoped that no feeling of antagonism would be raised between the sportsmen and the farmer.

Mr. E. S. Knowles, President of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, first referred to the membership of the club which he represented; they could be with credit placed side by side with those of any other of equal number. He could not see why the Grange should take up arms against them. The interests of the two are identical. The game was protected for a proper use by the farmer's boys and gentlemen sportsmen. The only legal positive to ensure is the partition, and that is permitted. The by-laws of the club have provided for the punishment of any one using improper or insulting language to a farmer. His own relations with the farmers had been pleasant, and he hoped that no feeling of antagonism would be raised between the sportsmen and the farmer.

Mr. S. A. Newton, of Auburn, was glad the subject had been brought to the notice of the Grange. While he had always found the members of the club to be gentlemen, they would see why the farmers feel aggrieved if they knew of the actual damage done by men who call themselves sportsmen. Forest fires are red with careless shooting; herds of cattle are let out by the tearing down of walls for a rabbit or woodchuck. What the farmers complain of is the mischief-making parties who wander from place to place.

Many others joined in the discussion. J. H. Chickinny, of Grafton, thought the wild game belonged to the people; E. W. Wheeler, of this city, believed it was the property of the man who fed it; Mr. J. M. Alar, of Auburn, said the time would come when the farmer would be protected even if they had a land league to do it; Elmy Moore, of Worcester, did not think the trespass law was of any practical value; D. B. Hubbard, Esq., a Grafton lawyer, claimed the game belonged to the farmer on whose land it was found, because no one else had a right to it—when it goes off of the land the claim ceases. If game is to be taken to sustain human life let it be done in the same spirit as the beef or other animal is slaughtered, and not as sport; J. H. Gleason, of Holden, believed the trespass law as it now stands would be entirely useless—it had been entirely criticised. Mr. James Draper, the Master of the Grange, in summing up, said he hoped a united movement would yet be organized, in consequence of the discussion, which would result in the framing of laws beneficial to both the farmer and the gentleman sportsman. E.

The Middletown Conn., Association has made a successful attempt to secure better game presentations by enlisting in the work the co-operation of farmers and land owners. The system works well because it recognizes and provides for the mutual interest of farmer and sportsman.

For a certain merely nominal payment, the owners of the land agree to confine the privilege of shooting over it and fishing in its streams to the members of the Association, of which they are themselves by the terms of the agreement honorary members, having the same shooting and fishing rights as the rest. Each individual belonging to the Association is furnished with a ticket, which serves as a permit to enter the lands under its control; if others trespass, they are intercepted and driven off. The advantages accruing from its expenditure of funds are thus secured to the Association. The game and fish replenished by them are protected from the pothunter and net fisherman.

The Middletown plan appears well in theory, and we are assured that it works well in practice. It preserves the game, and involves no clashing of interest between sportsman and farmer. We printed in our issue of May 26, 1881, the form of government of the club, and commend it as a model to be adopted elsewhere. The society is incorporated and can bring suit through its attorney, without involving any individual member in the thankless task of prosecuting offenders.

The President of the society, D. J. W. Alsop, writes us under date of November 3:

In Forest and Stream of November 3 I notice an article headed "Farmers and Sportsmen." To meet just such cases, at the request of farmers living near our large cities, the accompanying law was passed at the last session of our Legislature. The complaint was that they were overrun by "quoners," who would not leave their land when ordered; and by the time a constable and writs were procured the offenders were off to parts unknown. By this act, as you see, each landowner is made a special constable on his property, and the law is made more effective. I had a number of copies of the law printed and distributed among the farmers of this section. The law reads as follows:

"Chapter one hundred and sixteen of the public acts, approved March 22, 1877, is hereby amended by adding thereto the following section, to be known as section eight of said act:

"Section 8. Any person found with a bird, dog or gun upon lands where birds mentioned in section one of this act are known to exist, shall be deemed *prima facie* to be there for the purpose of pursuing said birds with intent to kill, and the owner of said lands, may arrest such person, without a warrant, if he refuses to leave the same at once, and forthwith carry him before a justice of the peace, who, upon a written complaint of such owner, shall proceed to try said person in all respects as if he had been complained against by a grand juror or other proper informing officer."

HAYVE DE GRACE DUCK SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Duck shooting on Hayve de Grace Flats opened Nov. 1, according to law. There were many one, with no wind, and consequently few fowl were on the wing. The first ducks that make their appearance at these shooting grounds in the autumn are the blue wing teal, the next the widgeon or baldpate, and the sprigtail or gray duck, then comes the bald-head, the red-head, and last of all the canvas back. By the first of November the several varieties have reached the feeding grounds, where shooting is allowed every other day of the week until March 1 following.

Sink-box shooting is followed by quite a number of sportsmen at Hayve de Grace, who have outlets in the way of common to afford sink boxes, which carry them and their decoys to the ground and furnish snug sleeping quarters at night after work is over. "The Reckless," the largest and best fitted sporting craft at Hayve de Grace, owned by a private party, is the property of Messrs. C. Osbourne and John Dumatt Polheimus, of your city. She carries one double and one single sink box and five hundred decoys. The "Carrie," a property of a prominent stockbroker of Philadelphia, is admirably fitted up, and also carries a double and single bait-boat. The owner of the Reckless opened Nov. 1 at Hayve de Grace, with a score of 250 ducks. Those from the Carrie, we hear, about 200. On the "Jno. Russell," we understand, Judge Gildersleeve and other knights of the trigger from New York city were sailed to the lower end of the flats and secured nearly 200.

From Philadelphia, the owner of the "Lillie," had capital sport, but we failed to learn the score. Among the other craft that campaigned against the ducks the opening day, were the Widgeon, owned by Messrs. Jos. Earl and Flint, of New York; the "Micon," a steam yacht, owned by Col. Stickney, and a second propeller; the "Mischief," belonging to Hon. Disston, Esq., of Philadelphia. The "Mischief's" boxes were anchored near the mouth of North East River, and their guns making much noise, we suppose a good score was counted up—we failed to get the number.

Mr. J. G. Watmough, of Philadelphia, whose steam yacht, it will be remembered, burst her boiler while at Baltimore last season, is now building, and has nearly completed, a fine shooting and cruising yacht, but this year will hardly see it on the grounds.

It is a great wonder that the continual every other day shooting at Hayve de Grace does not decimate the ducks. We learn, notwithstanding the terrible harassing they are subjected to, that this year fowl have made their appearance in good numbers. Other than the pleasure craft mentioned, there are on those waters over one hundred professional sink boxes, and perhaps twenty-five or thirty professionals who follow peddling on crabs for a living.

Notwithstanding that the opening day, Nov. 1, was as unfavorable as could be had for shooting, the following professional scores were made (I do not include those of private parties), from which a faint idea can be gained of the immense slaughter that is made when everything is propitious: Wash. Barnes, 340; W. H. Dobson, 250; Perry Barnes, 108; Thos. Kirby, 209; R. T. Clayton, 107. We learn the wild celery crop is profuse this season.

Hoxo.

WILDFOWL NOTES.

SHELTER ISLAND, L. I., Oct. 29.

THE wildfowl are beginning to collect on these waters in considerable numbers, such as coot (chiefly), broadbills, salsedrales and loon. A friend of mine here, Captain C., killed eighty of the former fowl in the battery this week. The fowl now are assembled in numbers, principally in the lower Gardiner's Bay, but will soon be working their way westward into Noyac, Great and Little Peconic bays. I think the shooting-club at Robins' Island will have good sport with them till the southwest point of their island, as the fowl fly past the point. I hear the shooting is very good now in Shinnecock Bay. The geese are just beginning their flight, and several flocks passed over here yesterday. So come on with your breech-loaders and plenty of No. 3 shot, which is my favorite number.

I think the fowlers are beginning to learn that numbers 2 and 4 are good numbers for fowl-shooting. The English fowlers on their coast used No. 4 some years since when I followed fowl-shooting for several months yearly. The old gunners would use only No. 1 or BB shot, thinking anything smaller would be useless; but they have changed that opinion now. In shooting at Currituck a few years since, I called at one of the country stores there for a bag of No. 3 shot, but they had no such large number, saying that No. 6 was the right sort, and that I found to be the case on trial.

In your last number you speak of Mr. Cadwell, of Currituck. He was an old experienced gunner with whom I boarded for several months, and often joined him in his fowling expeditions. He was then so disabled with rheumatism that we had to lift him in and out of the boat. He was a good man and brother sportsman, now gone to the better land beyond the river.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

ROOSEVELT'S "GAME BIRDS."—No. 11 Commonwealth avenue, Boston, Mass.—Editor Forest and Stream: Every attempt I have made to obtain R. B. Roosevelt's "Game Birds of America" has been completely foiled. I have tried at numerous book stores, both modern and antique, and also at five or six publishing houses, with success. I have become stubborn now, and am determined to get R. B. W. A. M. [Mr. Roosevelt informs us that the edition of the book is exhausted. Possibly you may hear of a copy through this notice.]

FOOD OF SQUIRRELS.

HOOSIER HALL, RUSH CO., IND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A special dispatch to the Cincinnati Commercial from Bedford, Ind., October 30, reports: "For several days past the woods in this vicinity have been full of squirrels—more numerous, in fact, than for a quarter of a century back. They seem to be migrating from the southwest to the northeast, no doubt in search of a section of the country where they may abound. As there is scarcely any mast in this part of the State, the little animals depend upon the corn fields for subsistence. Farmers say that they even eat black walnuts, something never known before."

The writer of this item seems to be profoundly ignorant of the habits and tastes of squirrels, or else the squirrels themselves which are overrunning that section of country, are very unlike their bushy-tailed relatives abounding in these parts, which prefer the nut of the walnut tree to almost any other nut.

Last winter, while the snow was lying upon the earth a foot deep, I noticed where the squirrels had traveled down through the frozen mass in search of the toothsome nut, and their explorations were rarely in vain.

Squirrels are more abundant this fall in this part of the State, than for many years, and when shot in the vicinity of walnut timber, their ebony-stained lips and paws tell only too truly the kind of forage they have been subsisting upon.

Mast of all kinds is very abundant, and the birds and nut-cracking animals will fare well this winter.

The forests are resonant with the racket of the woodpeckers scolding and chattering with each other, as they busily gather and store away, in safe retreat for the winter use, the sweet and nutritious beech-nut.

The long continued cold, deep snows, and practical hawks during the past winter almost exterminated the quail. While few pairs were left over raised fine broods this season, but there will be no quail-shooting in this vicinity this fall.

U. BREKE.

[So the woodpeckers lay up a winter store?]

GAME IN DUTCHESS COUNTY.

FISHKILL LANDING, NOV. 4, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As it seems to be in order to discuss the decrease of game birds, I would say that the Dutchess County law this year, prohibiting the shooting for market, has done a vast amount of good in this section—not that there has been any notable increase in the birds, but there has not been any falling off since last season. The poachers do not take the trouble of trapping a lot of birds, as under the present law they have no right to sell them. Last fall our markets were full of grouse and quail; this season there are none, and the game is still in the fields and forests of this vicinity. I am well aware that there are fewer birds now than there were five or six years ago, but it is my belief (although I may be wrong) that the main cause of the decrease has been the poaching. There are more quail about here than last year, and full as many grouse and woodcock. By this I do not mean to convey the idea that they are plenty, for they are not, but I do not hesitate to say that if all our game laws were strictly obeyed, both in regard to trapping and killing out of season, we would soon have an increase in all our game birds. The hawks and owls also destroy a large quantity of young birds, and sportsmen, while out in the fields, should shoot all such marauders as come within reach; it would save enough game to make it worth the while. I very seldom go out for a day's shooting about here that I do not get a shot at a hawk of some sort. The night hawk is an inoffensive bird, and is protected by law. But whatever the cause may be for the decrease of game, I would like to see a law in this State that would prohibit the shooting of any game bird before October 1.—G. F. A.

NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU SHOOTING.—Halifax, N. S., Nov. 3. Editor Forest and Stream:—Being a frequent reader of your interesting journal I have taken the liberty of sending you the enclosed, clipped from one of our evening papers, thinking perhaps that some of your readers in the United States might like to know how a Captain in the Royal Navy feels about being accused of unsportsmanlike behavior. I subjoin his letter to the Evening Chronicle of this city.—D.

"H. M. S. Druid, Halifax, 30th October, 1881.—To the Editor of the Citizen and Evening Chronicle: Sir—I have observed with astonishment that according to several local papers, Sir Rose Price has been accused of slaughtering thirty caribou in Newfoundland lately. This statement is copied from a Newfoundland paper, and is such a gross exaggeration, I shall be obliged to you to contradict it. If Sir R. Price and I had really been guilty of such butchery, we should be the last persons to boast of it, but, as a matter of fact, we did nothing of the sort. Sir R. Price killed four deer, and I three, all good stags, and I do not think that too much, after working hard for it as we did. I have hunted in Newfoundland and three years in succession, and always contented myself with three, or at most four stags. On each or all of these occasions, I could have killed birds by the dozen, but I can honestly say that I never shot a hind in Newfoundland. I wish all sportsmen could say as much. As an old deer-stalker, I have naturally been much annoyed at seeing my name in connection with wholesale slaughter, and I know that Sir Rose Price would be equally so. In justice, therefore, to us, I beg you to do me the favor to contradict the obnoxious article, and to convey to the author of it that he has been lying under a mistake. For my part I would sooner be accused of forgery or manslaughter than of unsportsmanlike behavior. I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant, W. R. KENNEDY, Captain R. N."

TENNESSEE GAME NOTES.—Nashville, November 3.—Within the past week a number of large bags of quail have been made about here. Felix Mitchell brought in forty-three, and killed yesterday at the Fish Station. In Humphrey's County birds are reported in quantities, and turkeys and deer quite plenty. Up in the mountains of East Tennessee bear are said to be in large numbers. Quite a number of snipe and woodcock have been shot about here recently, though they are too scarce to be seen in market. John Buckholz leaves to-morrow for a day with quail. Steinbauer goes along, and if they fail to find birds, (the latter is a notorious rabbit and possum hunter,) they will certainly come home with a bag of quail. From every section quails are represented as being abundant. William Hobbs caught and killed a raccoon the other night which he says weighed thirty-five pounds (a pretty good 'coon story).—J. D. H.

A FERRIS Muzzle.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I received a letter some time ago from a gentleman in Augusta, Ga., saying you had referred him to me as to the proper muzzle for a ferret. I have had a long and varied experience in breeding and handling ferrets, and have tried various devices for muzzling them; but I must admit I have never seen anything in the way of a wire or screen muzzle that I found either useful or ornamental. The head of the ordinary ferret is too delicate altogether to be hampered with anything of this kind. There may be exceptions to this rule, but if so I should be glad to meet with them. The only muzzle that I have used successfully can be made and used with no expense and with very little trouble, and I will hereafter append the *motto operantis*; and as it costs nothing, should it meet the eye of any who differ with my views, they have simply to discard them and adopt another: Take a piece of coarse waxed-end, about two feet long. Pass it through the mouth directly back of the fangs. Pass it down under the lower jaw, and tie with a close knot. Now carry it back up through the mouth and across; then up over the upper jaw in form of figure 8, and tie firmly. Carry the two ends up the forehead back of the ears and tie again. Next, carry the ends down the two sides of the neck and tie again firmly. The muzzle is now complete. There is no cumbersome weight to carry, nor any pain; and when the animal is let loose, if he has been kept properly, he will go to work with a vim. When the hunt is over remove the muzzle with a knife. I have often seen the lips caught together with needle and silk, but I don't believe in resorting to cruelty in the animal without it is very necessary.

Hamletville, N. Y.

BURR HOLLS.

CONNECTICUT NOTES.—Southington, Conn., October 31.—I have noticed in two or three last issues of *Forest and Stream* the scores of mall shooters. Now, to my idea, it is difficult to tell whether the scores were good or not, as the number of shots were not given. I had the pleasure of one day's shooting this year, the first I ever had. In forty-seven shots I captured forty rail. I think that is the correct way to give returns, then we can tell whether the shooting is good or not. Game is scarce in this part of Connecticut; this, I think, owing to being killed off rather close last year. The local sportsmen report quail and grouse scarce.—W. D. C.

CHICAGO NOTES.—Chicago, November 5.—We had quite a flurry of snow here Thursday, November 3, and the weather has continued cold ever since. The duck-shooting is A 1 at present. I bagged forty-two ducks Friday on the Kankakee River. Jerome Marble's shooting-car passed through Chicago last week on the way home. They left numerous buffalo, elk, antelope, etc., in the hands of Mr. R. A. Tuttle, the Chicago taxidermist, to be tanned and mounted.—TEX BONE.

A SOUTHERN RESORT.—The mountain country of Western North Carolina is annually attracting an increasing throng of health and pleasure-seekers. The scenery is of a character to well repay the tourist, and the climate is most beneficial for bronchial and pulmonary complaints. Asheville is in the central part of this region, two days' journey from New York. Sportsmen will find good accommodations in the Eagle Hotel, whose proprietor, Mr. L. L. Hassell, is among the popular hosts of the South.

A PENNSYLVANIA RESORT.—I have had splendid shooting during eight days in October, plenty of quail partridges, a great many ducks, some woodcock, a great many snipe; rabbits and squirrels are plenty. Besides, pheasants are commencing to arrive in very large flocks. I stopped at Mr. E. D. Huffman's hotel, where I had every comfort and, besides, his company every day shooting. Mr. H. is an excellent shot. Any gentleman going there will require a steady dog, such as I had myself. I never traveled over finer hunting ground. If I was inclined to go ten miles from Mr. Huffman's house he would show me a great many deer. I prefer small game shooting. Mr. Huffman's hotel is at Marshall's Creek, Monroe county, Penn. If dropping him a line he will meet any one at the depot.—JOSEPH A. MALONE.

OHIO QUAIL.—Waukeon, O., Nov. 5.—The quail season opened here the 2d, with all the boys in the field, but generally the bags were small. While the quail are plenty, they seem to be hard to find. The reason is, that they are not on their usual feed grounds, the cornfields, but remain in the woods where seed is plenty. I worked over a forty-acre field, with as good a setter—my own—as can be found in North-Western Ohio, and did not raise a feather, while I know that three coveys of quail rendezvous in the neighborhood. There are plenty of quail this year there, but just now it will take a search warrant and several dogs to find any shooting, unless one luckily blunders on them.—W. H. H.

SHOOTING AT PORT JEFFERSON.—Jersey City, November 7.—I have just returned from a week's shooting at Port Jefferson, Long Island, and wish to inform my fellow-sportsmen that if they want good duck and rabbit-shooting, that place cannot be beaten. There are some quail but not many. Raynor's Port Jefferson Hotel is the place to stop. He is very moderate in his charges, and has permission from most all the farmers to hunt over their grounds.—H. P.

SNARK-BOX FOR DUCKS.—Canton, N. Y., Oct. 31.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: "Sivard" wishes plans of a snark-box provided that would enable him to approach ducks in open water. A year ago I built a snark-box for Judge Longworth, of Cincinnati, and have been told by him and his friends that they had killed many ducks from it under sail where they could approach them in no other way. The snark-box is the best for duck-shooting in open water.—J. H. RUSKINS.

ILLINOIS DECKING.—Fulton, Ill.—High water here has brought the ducks by thousands. Gunners here from all quarters. The old Mississippi has been on a boom this fall, nineteen feet above low-water mark. Our fine snipe grounds have, for the last six weeks, been navigable for the largest steamers.—D. N. W.

STONEHAM, MASS., CLUB.—Boston, Nov. 3.—The sportsmen of Stoneham, Mass., have organized a club of twenty members. President, H. Lane; Vice-president, J. D. Pearce; Treasurer, J. W. Morse; Secretary, B. R. Houghton. The principal object is to prevent the violation of the game laws.

HOWLAND, Pa., Oct. 29.—We have done hunting in this section—two killed yesterday. We have the best location for a club here. There are five lakes in a circle of two to three miles, well stocked with fish. We are 112 miles from New York, via N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

FRESH WATER.

Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides*
and *M. palus*
Muskellunge, *Esox nubilus*
Pike, *Esox reticulatus*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*
Pike-perch (Walleye), *Stizostedion americanum*, S.
gibberum, etc.

Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*
Striped Bass, *Morone chrysops*
White Bass, *Morone chrysops*
Rock Bass, *Ambloplites* (Two species)
Walleye, *Choromyx glaucus*
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus*
Crappie, *Pomoxys annularis*
Chub, *Semotilus atropurpureus*

Tramping all day through bush and briar, fighting flies and musquitoes and branches that tangle the line, and snags that break the hook, and returning home late and hungry, with wet feet and a string of speckled trout or a willow twig—this is pure happiness, the like of which a boy will never have again.—C. DUDLEY WARNER.

FISHES OF VERMONT IN 1891.

WE publish with satisfaction the following letter written by an eminent and veteran diplomat now in the public service abroad.

I now wish to make available, if possible, some of my early observations on facts of interest. The Vermont rivers, White River and Water Quechee, are nearly parallel in their general courses, which are about ten miles distant from each other. I had, in my boyhood, a good fish-hook acquaintance with the piscatory population of both, the species being most numerous in White River, whose bed lies some hundreds of feet lower than that of the Water Quechee, and is consequently less liable to severe frost. The Connecticut River season in prime time entered the months of both rivers, but the ascent was checked at Hartford on the Water Quechee by a natural dam of from seventy to eighty feet of nearly perpendicular height. Only a single salmon was ever taken above this dam. One, however, weighing six pounds was caught above this fall about the close of the last century.

Although this happened before my birth, this rare and important event was a frequent subject of conversation afterward among the elder brethren of the angler, of whom I, like other tripartite boys, was a reverent follower. Before this "fish story" was corroborated, as the Germans say, another marvel was announced which threw Jonah's whale into the shade. One of the genus boy, about 1810, was seen marching into town dragging, by a fish line, an eel weighing six or seven pounds which he had caught in the Water Quechee, at a point where it flowed through my father's grounds; and I, of course, as one of the heirs of the lord of the manor, am responsible for the truth of the story, and besides, so one historical fact may be considered as firmly established. So much for Quechee River.

In the "comet-year" of 1811 I was sent to school at Royalton, on White River, and I proceeded at once to investigate the truth of the boys' report that Royalton was in a different ichthyological province from that of Woodstock. The very first day I caught several specimens of a fish unknown in the Water Quechee, which the boys called "dais," and I also secured several fresh water carps, a bivalve equally unknown in my native waters. I was taken to a mill-pond in which, as I was credibly informed by a boy, eels were taken. This last surprising fact was accounted for by the ancient fishermen of the region, from the circumstance that the banks of White River were more generally cleared of woods than were those of the Water Quechee, it being a law of nature, as those hoary sages affirmed, that eels were never found in forest streams, but only in waters whose shores were cleared and brought under cultivation. How far are these observations in accordance with those of others, and do they suggest any food for thought to your inquiring mind? M.

FISHING ON THE NEVA.

HOW A TURTLE WENT TO ST. PETERSBURG.

YOUR extract from the London *Field*, on preserving live fish in Russia, reminds me that I made a note last year intending to bring that subject before your readers. In Cronstadt, which is the great naval and commercial port, having two distinct moles or artificial basins, one for the imperial navy, the other for merchant vessels whose draught of water prevents their crossing the bar which obstructs the channel to St. Petersburg, the fish are kept alive in decked punts, with large hatchways, which are removed when purchasers wish to see the fish. The punts being shallow every fish is plainly seen, and the man in attendance catches any you point out with a dip net. But the most curious part of the business is the mode of fishing on the Neva, which I believe is peculiar to Russia, at least I have met with nothing similar in all my wanderings, and I can only speak of one fishery which stood, if I remember rightly, about midway between Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. It was on the left-hand side (port, if you please) of the channel as you ascend the river, and consisted of a triangular-shaped weir.

The slides are formed of timber, solidly driven into the bed of the river, the ends being ten to fifteen feet above the stream. The logs are so close to each other that no fish of any size can pass between them. Planks are nailed on the top of the slides, thus forming a roadway to each extremity, so that the men can safely run along each side, for the purpose of driving any fish seen near the ends, where they run into a purse-net and are thus secured. They have long poles to frighten the fish. I can say nothing of the quantity of fish caught during one summer, as I never had an opportunity of visiting the fishery, having merely seen it from the steamer which passes quite close, going up and down, between Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. Had I described the Russian mode of fishing, I shall undoubtedly direct the attention of the reader to one equally novel, no doubt to him as it was to me. Not a scientific or truly sportsmanlike one I admit, but savoring vastly of pot hunting. The result—that's the point!

During a voyage from Nantes, in France, to Messina, in Sicily, where we loaded with oranges and lemons for St. Petersburg, the captain died on the return voyage, and his remains were consigned to the deep between Cape Palos and Cape de Gut on the coast of Spain. We were becalmed for a whole day after his death, and on Oct. 10, I spied a turtle at a short distance from the vessel, which I proposed to the chief mate we should make an attempt to capture. The boat was soon lowered, and we had the good fortune to secure this one, being the largest I have seen caught in this manner.

On turning the boat toward the vessel we spied two more, which were also captured, and finally we got alongside with one. One of the sailors having gone up aloft told us that he could see several on the other side. We therefore turned our attention to these, returning in a short time with five more. Several being yet in sight, and the crew anxious to capture them, the mate and I agreed that we had our share, and others taking our places finally returned with four, making fourteen in all, which, strange to say, was the number of the crew including the deceased captain. Having laid our prizes on their backs in and under the launch we considered that we had turtle for all hands for some days. I must explain the cause of the mistake: I had been always kept for on their backs when landed to prevent their getting up. So say the knowing ones. I have had but little experience in turtle catching or keeping, never having caught another, though I have seen many both in the Mediterranean, and outside from the Straits of Gibraltar to Cape St. Vincent. The next morning I thought I would try the weight of No. 1 and found it exceeded 85 pounds. A happy thought struck me, that it would be a nice present for our agent in St. Petersburg, the celebrated Steiglitz, the Russian Rothschild. I immediately called on our new captain, who objected at first, but finally gave his consent when I undertook to take sole charge of our new acquaintance. A water pumelon was cut in two, secured under the launch, filled with salt water and the captive transferred thereto. Every morning, blow high blow low, the turtle was placed on deck for a short time, his eyes carefully washed and fresh water put in his tub. This continued until we were nearing the entrance of the Cattegat, when I considered it prudent to fill all our empty water casks with salt water, as the water would become brackish as we progressed. After this the water was only changed every third day fearing it might run short if we had head winds. But we had a fine run from Gibraltar to Cronstadt, where I had the satisfaction of seeing the turtle arrive in good order, apparently as lively as the day he came on board.

The arrival of this wonderful product of the ocean caused quite a stir among the notables who flocked to see it. All begged to be allowed the honor of claiming the new comer, not one offering to buy it. The Russians being notorious for their begging, the roomy sailor who objected to Mr. Steiglitz, who settled the point. Gladly, then, on the second morning after our arrival in port did we man the jelly-boat and remove tub and turtle to the steamer, about 10 o'clock for St. Petersburg, but in charge of two officers of customs, who delivered it to Mr. Steiglitz. He caused it to be delivered to the Emperor Alexander, who, I presume, ordered his *chef de cuisine* to convert it into soup. This must have been in 1825 or 1826. I write from memory, some honest man having purloined my journal, which at the present time would be no more a tower of strength, containing many facts and anecdotes, lost beyond redemption. Half a century is a long time to look back to, but, thank God, my memory can yet retrace people and occurrences seventy years ago.

I must state for the information of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, who have not seen the London alderman's tit-bit in his native element, that in warm, sunny days, when the sea is like a mirror, the turtle comes to the surface floating like a buoy. They evidently come up to bask in the sun and fall asleep. Hence their being so easily caught. But a strange and remarkable fact connected with this aldermanic pet, and which I fully verified on the occasion above alluded to, is that each is accompanied by a small white-gray fish, which sailors call the pilot fish, and which the sea awakens the turtle when any danger approaches. The are about a foot long, and something like a young shark, but having a smaller head. How far this small fish is or is not the safeguard of the turtle I am not prepared to agree to or deny, but I certainly saw them under most, if not all, of the ten I assisted in capturing.

Strange that I have never before caused this sporting feat of mine to appear in print, and that it should have been reserved for the pages of *FOREST AND STREAM*. 'Tis strange! yea, passing strange! But I hope, if I am spared, to fill a few more of those pages with memories of the past.

Apropos of memory, it just occurs to me that some of the members of the General Assembly of Virginia may, should they chance to peruse this my reverie, appeal to my superior judgment and well-known experience to be the umpire in this long-contested point—Is the turtle fish game? Ye shades of Demosthenes, of Cicero! assist me! One long night spent in debating what? Is game fish, or fish game? The first is impossible. A deer or a partridge cannot be a fish, but a fish can be game. My turtle was game, or he would never have reached the palace of the Czar of all the Russias! No amount of oratory or special pleading can controvert that; consequently, all turtle must be game. That is my decision, gentlemen; let it be recorded on your statute books, and in order to make it publicly known and have it widely circulated throughout the State, let the Clerk of the General Assembly be instructed to order and pay for 1,000 copies of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Cash, mind you. No truck or trade. PHILIP VIBERT.

"GAME FISHES"—Louisville, Ky., Oct. 29.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: What is, strictly speaking, a "game" fish, and what are the principal fresh water game fish? Heretofore I have had in my mind as such only salmon, brook trout, bass and grayling; but I have recently perused the various books on angling, and noting the description of the many so-called game fish, I am put quite at sea, and would like to be set right.—C. W. M.

[This is a question which no man answer to suit themselves. Any fish which you catch for sport may be called "game." In fur and feather there are certain fixed rules, or rather an arbitrary standard has been agreed upon, such as birds which will lie to a dog, etc., or animals usually pursued for sport and meat. With the fishes there is no such standard, and the word "game fish" is subject to wide construction, which may vary upon it. Therefore it is an indefinite term, meaning fishes which take the hook and are captured for sport. In Mr. Hallock's "Gazetteer" he includes the suckers and other fresh-water fish, and we see no objection to including sharks in the term.]

The diary of a trip on the Indian River, N. Y., printed last week, should have been credited to our esteemed contributor, Mr. H. H. Thompson, and not to J. H. Thompson, as was printed. One of our correspondents also is claiming the spelling "muskanoong," which is not the usual form in the section of which he wrote. Printing "H-n-velton" for Hevelton, "Ropie" for Rossie, "head work" for hard work, etc., etc.; it is just to Mr. Thompson to explain, was not at all the fault of his manuscript.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. Nov. 1.

- J. A., Poughkeepsie.—Can you give me the full pedigree of Kenyon's Gordon setter, which was bred to St. Kilda in 1872? Ans.

The Kennel.

Second Annual Field Trials
OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA
STATE FIELD TRIALS
ASSOCIATION,
AT GRAND JUNCTION, TENNESSEE,
COMMENCING DECEMBER 10TH, 1881,
On the conclusion of the National Trials.
FOR SETTERS AND POINTERS—OPEN TO THE
WORLD.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

Open to all Setters and Pointers: first prize, one of Westley Richards & Co.'s highest quality double hammerless guns, to be built to the order of the winner, if desired, \$445; second, one of Parker Brothers' double guns, \$225; third, cash \$50. \$10 forfeit, \$10 additional for star ers.

DEBRY STAKE.

Open to Setter and Pointer Puppies whelped on or after January 1, 1880: first prize, silver set, \$100; second, double-barrel breech-loading shot-gun, \$75; third, cash \$25. \$5 forfeit, \$5 additional for starters.

MEMBERS' STAKE.

Open only to members of the Association, and each entry to be handled by the owner. First prize, a piece of plate, \$100; second, silver cup, presented by Messrs. Caldwell & Co., Philadelphia, \$50. Entrance \$5, to be paid at time of nomination.

A special prize of \$50, or a silver cup of equal value, at the option of the winner, is offered for the best red Irish setter competing in the trials.

All entries close 9 o'clock A. M. Dec. 6, 1881.
J. PALMER O'NEIL, Pres't.
L. R. STAYTON, Secretary,
67 Fourth Avenue Pittsburgh, Pa.
Address after Dec. 1, Grand Junction, Tenn.

FLEAS! FLEAS!

WORMS! WORMS!
Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs

A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.
THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper-box, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

Areca Nut for Worms in Dogs.

A CERTAIN REMEDY.
Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per box by mail.
Both the above are recommended by HOO AND FOREST AND STREAM.

Conroy & Bissett,

63 Fulton street, N. Y.
HENRY C. SQUIRES,
1 Cortlandt street, N. Y.
WRIGHT & DITSON,
650 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

RIVERSIDE

COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL,
Claremont, N. H., Box 33.

Champion Bragg and Champion Feather, Gracie (Simp ex-Tulio) stock for sale.
Pups ready for delivery. Sept 22, '81

Cameron Kennel.

Beagle Hounds bred for bench and field purposes.
RALLY (Sam-Deity); stud fee, \$25.
ROCKET (Jany-Rosy); stud fee, \$10.
COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Pa.

POINTERS, young dogs partially broken; just right to put on game; of Rust, Snapshot and Bonnet strains; very handsome and promising. Also one brace of puppies. Address EDMUND ORGILL, 1696 Dean street, Brooklyn. Oct 13, '81

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent post-paid for one each, or the five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec 30, '81

PURE FIELD TRIAL SETTERS FOR SALE.
Leah by Roybel out of Lily II, born 1878; very handsome, blue bellion; Kate and Clara, blue and lemon. Briton, 18 months old, by Koscoe out of Armida, sister to Yearsey's Countess. Just right for trainer. For full pedigree and particulars address F. A. HIFFENDECKER, 15 Shippen st., Lancaster, Pa. Oct. 27-81

IN STUD.—Imported Newfoundland dogs, Prince and Hero, 21 months old, col. r jet black; height, 23 in. For particulars address BLOODGOOD BROS., 346 North 4th Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Nov 3, '81

FOR RED IRISH SETTERS and Cocker Spaniels of the most fashionable blood address CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Ct. Sept 17, '81

FOR SALE, a number of well bred and well broken pointers and setters, also dogs boarded and broken, satisfaction guaranteed. Sept 24, '81
B. RICHMOND, Lakeville, Mass.

FOR SALE, two pure bred Gordon setter puppies, dog and bitch, whelped May 26, 1881. Address A. WEEKS, Locust Valley, L. I. Nov 27, '81

RICHARDSON and RANGLY LAKES ILLUSTRATED, a thorough and complete guide book to the Hangeley Lake Region, Kennebec, Caspette, Farmachene and Connecticut Lakes and the head waters of the Connecticut, Magalloway, Androscoggin and Dead rivers; illuminating covers, tinted paper, 229 pages, 64 illustrations. Price, post-paid by mail, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

ALLEN'S NICKEL-PLATED DUCK CALLER.

The most natural toned and easiest blowing Duck Caller in the world. Sent post paid to any address on receipt of one dollar.



ALLEN'S DECOY DUCK FRAME

Is simply a device for holding a dead duck in a natural position in the water on ice or land, as a decoy. Sent to any address C. O. D., or on receipt of price, \$4 per dozen. No. 1 for mallards, etc., No. 2 for widgeon, etc., No. 3 for teal. For sale by the trade everywhere, or by F. A. ALLEN, Monmouth, Ills.

The Kennel.

Lowell, Mass., Bench Show.

THE FIRST BENCH SHOW FOR DOGS
WILL BE HELD IN
JACKSON HALL, Dec. 14, 15 and 16.
Entries close Dec. 6. Apply to CHARLES A. ANDREWS, West Buxford, Mass. for catalogue, and entry blank. Nov 10, '81

Black Spaniels.

BOR III., Imported, black; First, Strabane, Portadown, Kilmurack, Belfast, and London, and Special, Bradford, Pa. Stud fee, \$15.
RESIDUE, Imported, black; first and special, New York, 1881, only time shown. \$30
Puppies by above also by Brag, first and special, New York, 1881, for sale. Price from \$10 upward.
HORNELL SPANIEL CLUB, Hornellsville, N. Y. Nov 21, '81

FOR SALE, Gordon setter bitch Nettle, out of F. Tilly's Whip (Gypsy-Stoddard's Duke), by his Duke of Locust Valley (Grace-imported Grouse), 13 months old; has been shot over since August on woodcock and ruffed grouse; well broken, and sold for no fault; price very low; pedigree furnished. Address C. F. WATERHOUSE, Merrimac, Mass. Nov 21, '81

FOR SALE, a very handsome dark red Irish setter dog, 14 mos. old, by Rory O'More ex Mr. W. H. Pierce's Gussie, winner of first prize at Pittsburg, Jan. 1st (exact and description in FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 24, 1881); is particularly handsome in color and all his points, and has an excellent disposition. Will make a grand dog for bench stud or field; has had distemper. For further particulars address J. B. ROEHMAN, 606 Cherry st. Philadelphia. Nov 21, '81

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—A finely bred, native setter bitch. She is fairly broken; whiter, with black markings, and was three years old last April. Address JOHN KIPPERE, Glen Cove, Queen's Co., N. Y. Nov 21, '81

FOR SALE, my black and tan Gordon setter bitch, 4 years old. Also one red Irish setter pup, 6 months old. These are both very fine dogs. Price very low. Address J. K. WILLIAMS, South Gate, N. Y. Nov 21, '81

FOR SALE.—Perrets at \$7 per pair. Single—Female, \$4; male, \$3. Any one sending 10 cts in stamps will learn how to make a sitting fawnzoo work to a charm. Send post office order. CHARLES H. VAN VECHTEN, Victor, Ontario Co., N. Y. Nov 10, '81

DOG AND GUN FOR SALE.—My Parker Gun, 16-bore, 6 1/2 lbs., new and little used, and my orange and white setter dog; will be sold cheap. The dog is from blue blood (Leicester-bred), ex-UI. He is a grand field dog; three years old last August. Inquire of REV. JOSEPH PULLMAN, W. Westey, Conn. Nov 10, '81

FOR SALE, one pointer bitch, liver and white; light weight; 3 years old. One red Irish setter dog, 3 years old, and English setter bitch, orange and white, one year and a half. All the above are all fine stock, thoroughly broken and good retrievers. I will show them on any kind of game; will be sold reasonable. CHAS. F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y. Nov 10, '81

BEAGLE PUPPIES, straight and bench-legged, for sale; or extra hunting strain; whelped Aug. 11, 1881. PUTTINGER DORSEY, New Market, Frederick Co., Maryland. Nov 10, '81

FOR SALE, two young English setter dogs from Macedonia's noted Hanger stock; 15 months old; black and white; natural hunters; good nose; obedient; will make valuable dogs. Address YALE BOX 4, Birmingham, N. Y. Nov 10, '81

FOR SALE.—A brace of "blue blood" setters, also a native setter and pointer. Good, reliable, well broken dogs. Address HOKAGE-SMITH, 33 Park Row, N. Y. Nov 10, '81

FOR SALE.—Lemon and white pointer dog Jack, by Sensation, out of Sedgwick's dog (Lup), 2 years old. Can be seen at New York Gun Club grounds, Bergen Point, N. J. Nov 10, '81

FOR SALE, a beautiful litter of pointer puppies, lemon and white in color, and evenly marked, out of Hess (Kling Philip ex Ada, she Sleaford and Pride) by Fowler (Sisal and Brunette). Both sire and dam are first-class field dogs. The puppies are 4 months old, well grown and healthy, and are pointing chickens about the yard now. Address A. R. BETHARD, Rock Hill, S. C. Sept 29, '81

ST. BERNARD PUPS FOR SALE.—For pedigrees and other particulars, address, with stamp, O. B. 24, Lancaster, Mass. Nov 3, '81

OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END
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ESTABLISHED 1836.

NEAT AND ELEGANT

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Plainest to the Most Elaborate Styles.

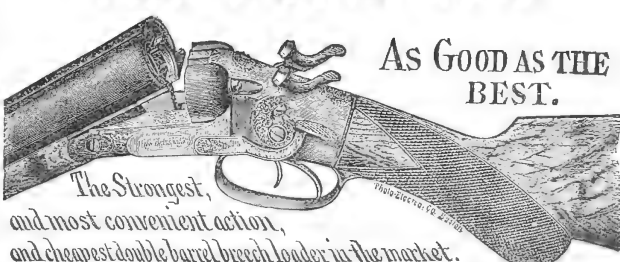
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If you want good work, at low figures, and save Agent's Commission come direct to

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THE DAVIS GUN.



The Strongest, and most convenient action, and cheapest double barrel breech loader in the market.

Five, with fine twist barrels, without checking or engraving, \$30.

Guns sent by express, C. O. D., and satisfaction guaranteed.

Send for Illustrated Price List and Terms to the manufacturers,

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THE NEW EUTEBROOK HAMMER GUN.

I have recently invented a new hammer gun, both in single and double, which is acknowledged to be the best article in the market. All sportsmen agree that the Eutebrook guns for finish, workmanship and shooting qualities are equal to any in the market.

REBORING A SPECIALTY.

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27 Dock Square, Boston, Mass.

The Kennel.

OUTLET COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS.—For Cocker of all ages and colors, dogs, bitches and puppies, address with stamp, ROBT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. July 21, '81

NEMASKETT KENNEL, N. H. VAUGHAN, proprietor, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs broken and handled, also a number of broken dogs for sale. Dogs and puppies sold on reasonable terms. P. O. Box 555. Sept 27, '81

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Any gentleman in want of a single dog or a brace of well-broken and well-bred setters will find the article by addressing I. W. Box 3486, New York city. These are not worthless curs said to be broken, but are perfect in the field, and a fair price is therefore asked. Nov 2, '81

\$12 will buy a pure dark red Irish bitch, 6 months old, having one cross of Elcho and two of Plunket. Address, E. J. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn. Nov 2, '81

The Kennel.

FOR SALE, setter pups out of Belle of Nashville (property of J. Louis Vauhallat, Esq.), by the world famous dog of the field, Champion Joe, Jr. A rare chance, only a few chances to offer, and sold under guarantee. Just right now for fall shooting. Punters and setters for sale. Address NASHVILLE KENNEL CLUB, Nashville, Tenn. Sept 22, '81

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Thoroughbred red Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion Rory O'More out of Nora O'More, August 1st and 2nd. Full pedigree. Address W. N. CALLEN-DEK, Albany, N. Y. Aug 11, '81

POINTERS. For very superior pointer pups, by Champion Sensation out of Livingston's Rose (2d New York, 1880, and dam of Barnard), or for stud services of Barnard, address, with stamp, HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, 123 W. 42d St., N. Y. City. Sept 22, '81

—See Kennel Advertisements next page.

The Kennel.

Dr Gordon Stables, R. N.
TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND.
Author of the
"PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," &c.
exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any
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"PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS."
Price 10 cents, post free. Given addresses of principal English breeders.

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PRINTING AND COMPILING,
CHEAPER THAN CAN BE DONE BY ANY OTHER
HOUSE IN AMERICA
which does first-class work and guarantees satisfaction.
Also,
YON CULIN PATENT SPIKE COLLAR AND BOOK.
By mail, for \$3.
E. & C. YON CULIN.
P. O. Box 22, Delaware City, Del.

FOR SALE. black Gordon setter dog Jet by Horace F. Smith's Hall; Hal by Belmont's Ruben, imported. Jet is a beauty, good and hand-on all over; a splendid retriever from land and water; will retrieve a match; has a good nose; staunch and very fast, and great endurance; no man has a better dog on quail; he is so true to be kept in house or with children. Price \$100. Llewellyn setter bitch from the best stock in the country. Broken on all game; fast, staunch, good nose and great endurance; retrieves from land and water; price \$75. Two full-blooded Gordon setters, color black and tan, 18 months old, the lookers and will make good ones; dog \$80, bitch \$75. Irish setter bitch, had one litter of pups, only \$15. Native lemon and white setter bitch; good on quail; price \$15. H. B. VONDERBILT, Lancaster, Pa.
Nov. 21

ADRIEN'S STOCK FOR SALE.—Mr. T. M. Adrién has gone south for the season and left in his hands for sale six black and white ticked puppies, whelped Oct. 8 by Mr. Bradford's Pete (Gout-Trim), out of Latta (champion Drake-Wolfe). Also two, same color, whelped March 3 by Mr. Green's Sam (Don-Neile) out of Sam II. (Trim-Beau), and a broken color. Address for particulars, JOHN E. CARPENTER, Falls Village, Attleboro, Mass.
Nov. 21

GORDON KENNEL, Locust Valley, Long Island.
We have on sale young dogs and bitches of the purest strains, combining the blood of Toledo Kennel Club, von Witten's, Grose, Mann's Duke, Goldsmith Kennel's Rupert, Stoddard's Duke, etc. Mr. Malcolm's Malcolin, Col. 100's Retire, Mr. Willard's Dream II. Were all bred at these kennels. Address GORDON KENNEL CLUB, Brevoort P. O., Brooklyn, New York.
Oct. 13

FOR SALE: English setter dog Dash; liver colored. Cost \$85 to import; price \$22. Also Field Spaniel Ned, out of imported Dash by Mallard dog, price \$100, at Baltimore and Philadelphia. Price \$20. Also setter pup Doctor; brown and white; weak in forelegs. Price \$35. Address FRANK L. CLARK, 43 Montgomery St., Jersey City, N. J.
Oct. 27

Sportsmen's Goods.



First-class sporting garments. Designs and price sent by post on receipt of letter of request, addressed to

GEO. C. HENNING,
One Price Clothier,
410 7th St., WASHINGTON CITY.
For Sale at A. SAKS & Co., 1013 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

EASTWARD HO! or, Adventures at Rangleys Lakes. A capital story of sport and adventure in the wilds of Maine. Interesting alike to old and young. Has received the highest commendation from the metropolitan press. Has homely bound & cloth, and contains 56 pages, 5 illustrations. Bound by mail, postpaid, or sent by express, \$1.50. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples with \$5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

Sportsman's Goods.



THE ORIGINAL
American Hammerless

GUNS WITH HAMMERS ON OUR GRIP
AND BOLT; AND DOUBLE GRIP ACTIONS.
SIZES FROM 4 TO 20.
Muzzle-Loaders Altered
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Pin-Fire Guns Altered to Central-Fire.
Stocks Bent to Any Crook.
GUNS BUILT TO SHOOT CLOSE.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

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TATHAM'S
Selected Standard
Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed
on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!
Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

No. of pellets to oz., 232 472 685 1056 Soft.
345 498 716 1180 Chilled.

TATHAM & BROS.,

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THE CLIMAX

PATENT GUN CLEANER

IS THE MOST PRACTICAL CLEANER AND
OILER FOR BREECH-LOADING ARMS
EVER INVENTED.

It operates on an entirely new principle, and it is astonishing how quick and well it will clean and oil a gun. Each Cleaner is packed in a neat box with full directions for use, and will be sent to any address, postage paid, on receipt of \$1.50.

Illustrated Circular sent free on application.

In ordering give calibre of gun. All orders and inquiries to be addressed

CLIMAX MFG CO.,

Fall River, Mass.

J. & W. TOLLEY,

PATENTERS OF THE "PERFECTION" HAMMERLESS GUN.

PATENTERS OF THE "GRIP-GRIP" ACTION.
Makers of high-class guns only to the individual orders of gentlemen who cannot content themselves with a gun taken down from the shelf of a gun-store.

Illustrated lists, photos and directions for measurement sent on application.

J. & W. TOLLEY,

Patentees and Manufacturers,
Pioneer Works, Birmingham, England.

VINCENT BISSIC,
Practical Gunsmith

9 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK.

New and Second-Hand Guns, Pistols, etc., constantly on hand. Repairing of every description done in the best manner and warranted. Guns bored to shoot close and hard. Pistol grips fitted to stocks. Pin fires altered to central fire. SHELLS LOADED TO ORDER.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE and the North Maine Wilderness. The only complete and comprehensive guide book to Northern Maine and the head waters of the Kennebec, Penobscot, St. John's and Aroostook rivers, and the numerous lakes and ponds connected with them. 256 pages, 30 illustrations and large map. Tinted paper, illuminated covers. Price, by mail, post-paid, 20 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

WILD RICE SEED \$2 per bushel, 3000 lbs. and no custom duties to pay. VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

\$6 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 3000 lbs. free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

Hotels and Boutes for Sportsmen

ASSOCIATED
SOUTHERN RAILWAYS,
Richmond & Danville Atlantic Coast Bay Line.
Line.

THE
Preferred Routes to Florida

Atlanta Cotton Exposition,
October 5 to December 31.
TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 1, 1881.

Richmond and Danville Line.

Train 50. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Philadelphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:55 p.m. Danville 7:53 p.m. Charlotte 7:53 p.m. Atlanta 7:53 p.m. There makes same connections as No. 48 below. Pullman cars Richmond to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Train 52. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Philadelphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:55 p.m. Danville 7:53 p.m. Charlotte 7:53 p.m. Atlanta 7:53 p.m. There makes same connections as No. 48 below. Pullman cars Richmond to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Train 12. Leaves New York 12:40 p.m. Philadelphia 1:45 p.m. Baltimore 1:40 p.m. Arrives Richmond 1:50 p.m. Lynchburg 2:25 p.m. Danville 2:25 p.m. Charlotte 2:25 p.m. Atlanta 2:25 p.m. There makes same connections as No. 48 below. Pullman cars Richmond to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Train 14. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:55 p.m. Lynchburg 7:55 p.m. Danville 7:55 p.m. Charlotte 7:55 p.m. Atlanta 7:55 p.m. There makes same connections as No. 48 below. Pullman cars Richmond to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Atlantic Coast Line.
Train 10. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 7:55 p.m. Charleston 7:55 p.m. Savannah 7:55 p.m. Jacksonville 7:55 p.m. There makes same connections as No. 48 below. Pullman cars Richmond to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans.

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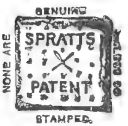
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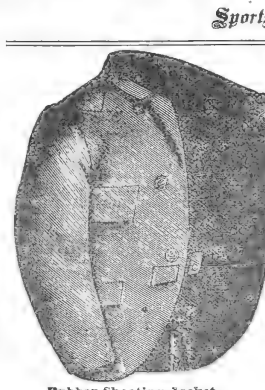
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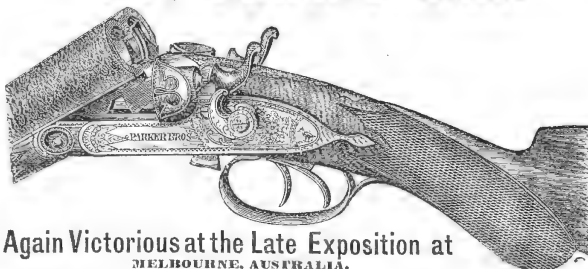
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FOREST AND STREAM

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, November 17.

THANKSGIVING.—Next week the FOREST AND STREAM will go to press on Tuesday, one day earlier than usual, in order that all our subscribers may receive their paper at the usual time. Advertisers and contributors will please bear this in mind.

CAPT. L. A. BEARDSLEE, whose letters in the FOREST AND STREAM have made him pleasantly known to many of our readers, sailed for Europe from this city yesterday in the steamer France. Capt. Beardslee will be abroad six months; he goes on a pleasure tour, and is accompanied by his wife. True to his instincts he has taken a fishing rod along, and we are promised an occasional line from his pen.

THE BROOKLYN GUN CLUB is one of the live organizations of Long Island. It has been engaged in posting a digest of the game laws in the stations and baggage cars of the Long Island Railroad, and proposes to follow this up by other measures to make these laws known and obeyed. The club is raising a fund for the liberation on the Island of a large number of live quail. The special committee having this in charge are Messrs. Atten, Walter, Post and Creed. In this practical endeavor to increase the game supply of Long Island, the Brooklyn Gun Club is setting an admirable example, which may well be followed.

THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

FROM the letter which will be found in another column, there would seem to be a prospect that the shooting season of 1882 will witness a match between the volunteers of Great Britain and the United States; at any rate the subject is fairly launched now, and it remains to be seen whether all the talk which has been had on the subject is mere talk, or whether there is a real intention to have a match. Such a contest if held would rouse the interest of the entire public on both sides of the Atlantic.

England is very proud of her volunteer force, and it is really a body of which any nation might be proud. For twenty years or more this great force has been growing, improving and solidifying, until to-day it is the finest body of its sort in the world. From the very start of the movement special stress has been placed upon the importance of rifle practice. It was impossible to have long stretches of camping duty, though there were such great annual concentrations of the force and field movements as are witnessed at the Easter displays, but every company has either its special range or range privileges, and the men pursue their class practice with remarkable assiduity. The force is not well armed, but out of the Snider, such as it is, they have secured all the results that seem possible. The arm to-day is an antiquated one, and the movement has been to so widen the conditions of practice in matches and competitions as to encourage the men by permitting the use of superior arms. The great gatherings at Wimbledon are sustained almost entirely by the effort of the British Volunteer force. The all-comers matches for the small-bore experts, and those competitions in which the regulars appear alone are insignificant beside the mass of individual, company, battalion etc., contests for members of the Volunteer body.

Against all this array of practice, experience and result, the American militiaman can only point to a few records running back less than ten years. We have a glorious record in small-bore work, but in military shooting we have very little to show. The State of New York instituted a system of rifle practice, which, if clumsy and exacting in many respects, was at least of value in enabling us to know where we might place the men in comparison with the soldiers of other countries, and just as we were getting something to show the effects of systematic training a sapient governor and a complaisant Adjutant-General conclude that the citizen soldier reaches his highest development when he serves as a tailor's model for the display of gold lace, and the system is broken up. In the other States endeavors, with various degrees of success, have been made. The majority of the States, however, have no systematic home guard at all. In others there is an organization on paper only, and the whole subject is in the worst possible state of confusion. It is to be hoped that the proposed match with the English Volunteers, or the discussions of it if the project should fall through, will direct public attention to this important subject of the cultivation of a great body of armed civilians, a check on internal dissension and a bulwark against invasion from abroad.

The mere fact, however, that we can show only a handful of men against the half million or more belonging to the Volunteer force of Great Britain ought not to discourage at all. We recall distinctly how, without arms, men, or the first requisite of a successful match except pluck, the roving challenge of the then triumphant Irish team was taken up in the fall of 1873 by the Amateur Rifle Club. We are not quite so bad off now. We know a thing or two about rifle shooting in general. We have much to learn yet about military shooting, and we think we can learn it in time to give the English Volunteers in July, 1883, a lively struggle. Pitting the English years of experience and indisposition to profit by them against the American determination and quick subordination of circumstances to a purpose, we should consider the match as outlined a very even one. There is such a wide chance for flukes in such a contest that it is difficult to foretell, even with all the antecedents in one's knowledge, but the probabilities would certainly be in favor of the American team if it be organized with anything like the system which ought to govern it.

A match of this sort would work benefit in a great variety

of ways. In the matter of arms it would provoke a discussion, which would find expression in many improvements. We take it that neither team would shoot with its official arm. The English Volunteers would surely consider themselves handicapped if compelled to use the Snider, and the American shots would hardly care to blaze away with the large calibre Remington, Peabody or Springfield rifles. We would be enabled to see the best work with the best military rifles of to-day, to note their excellencies as well as to have their imperfections made manifest. The match should be an exhaustive one, extending over all the ranges and made to be a test of the men and rifles as comprehensive as the limits of a range will permit. Too much care cannot be taken in the drawing up of the conditions. No steps have as yet been taken, and with a clean slate before them it remains to be shown how satisfactory a schedule of rules and restrictions the directors of the two National Associations may devise. They may assume from the start that there will be a liberal support from the general public to both teams. National pride will be aroused on both sides, and unless gross blundering shall forfeit popular countenance, the projectors of the match may rely upon it.

At any rate it does seem that international small bore shooting has involved itself in such a skein of confusion that there is little prospect of another civilian long range match in the near future. The foreign teams are pretty well satisfied that the Americans are invulnerable on that point, but a military match is as yet an untried venture. It is on one side an inviting new field of conquest for the American rifleman, and on the other a diversion where the British rifleman may wipe away the stigma of small-bore defeat under the eclat of a popular military victory. One of the members of the committee signing the letter published, put the situation very well in the following words, which he wrote on the subject:

National pride, patriotic feeling, and the rivalry which is seemingly inseparable from the rifle field would all be brought into active play in such a match; and to a greater degree similar notions would sway the popular mind, and draw about an International military match an enthusiasm beside which the excitement of the small-bore matches would appear tame. We here at Creedmoor—speaking now of Creedmoor as a representative American range—have had enough of military shooting to carry conviction that, pitted against an All-England team, in match work, we could hold our own, with a fair showing for first place. Our marksmen are armed with American weapons, and these have before now proven a little better than the best on more fields than one. The average match shooting on American ranges, all things considered, is equal to anything shown elsewhere. Even England, in her twenty years' experience in rifle meeting management, and her ranges innumerable, can show no better averages than those of a dozen State shooting fields. America, surely of all nations, has nothing to shrink from in the undertaking of an International military match.

WILD FOWL ON LONG ISLAND.

ONE of the most foolish and short-sighted pieces of legislative action that has recently come to our knowledge is that of the Supervisors of Suffolk county in this State. Some time ago these officers passed a law that ducks should only be shot on alternate days. This change was welcomed by every one who had given the subject any thought for, of course, its tendency was to keep the birds from being harassed from morning until night, to make them more plenty and gentle, and as a consequence to improve the shooting. The greed of some of the baymen, however, has made a change which cannot but work harm to all who derive either pleasure or profit from the fowl-shooting on the South Shore. A short time before the opening of the season the Supervisors got together, and abrogated the provision of the local law protecting the birds on three days of the week, so that at present shooting is permitted every day, and all day. The night before the opening day there were nineteen batteries in position in Shinnecock Bay, all of them on the feeding grounds. The birds not only are tormented all day, but are disturbed at night on the flats, where they go to feed, by the men who are gathering bait for their eel pots. They get no rest.

We have reason to believe that the recent change of the law was made at the request of certain baymen who depend for support on the gunners who go from New York and vicinity to shoot at various well-known resorts along the South

ENGLISH RACES AND AMERICAN TRIUMPHS.

RHIOICE for triumphs on the turf,
For victories o'er the ocean surf

Far as the waves are tost!
Our happy yachts have spread the sail,
Have dared the tumults of the gale,
The peltings of the snows and hail
To anchor by the British coast—
Our Sappho, Dauntless, and the brave,
Swift Fleetwing, on the stormy wave,
By Albion's cliffs and headlands bold,
Have shown their matchless speed, white far
Aloft, upon the topmast spar,
Stream'd out the starry fold!

Along those shores, one summer day,
How bright the white-wing'd fleet's display,
When England's yachtsmen dar'd the world
To meet them with the sails unfurled
In national sea race.
Ah! then, America, how grand
Thy triumph in that foreign land!
Taking the victor's place.

Now, a more brilliant course we claim,
Won in historic fields of fame;
Won on the English turf renowned;
When where French steeds by kings were crown'd;
At Epsom and Newmarket won
From the best steeds that ever run;
When where the Queen's cup was the prize;
Near tubbon, dear to English eyes;
Dear o'er all English ground!

For years on the British steed,
Of choicest blood, of rarest breed,
Nurtur'd by prince and peer,
At Ascot, Dubai's famous field,
Hau caus'd all foreign rivals yield—
Yield in the race-career.

And now from realms beyond the sea;
From thy vast plains, America!
From prairies broad, from pastures green,
The steeds of Lombard and Keene
Meet on the British field.
The English nobles as they lead
Forth from the stall the prancing steed,
Pier never prize to yield.

Ah! little dream they that at last
Their miracles, so matchless fast,
Shall yield the palm when Iroquois
Shall lead the van in racing war,
And glorious Foxall and Parole
Shall foremost reach the victor's goal,
And win the prize and wear the crown
Of grand, illustrious renown.

Look to your laurels! ye that sweep
With stately reach the ocean deep
Lest a new Nadge shall bear away
The Conqueror's Cup we hold to-day.

Greenport, Nov. 1. ISAAC McLELLAN.

IN A CHINESE HOUSE BOAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An inquiry in your issue of the 3d inst., asking for further information about the pheasant on the coast of Japan, brought vividly to my mind one of the pleasantest shooting trips I ever took in my life after the same birds spoken of.

I do not believe that I can now furnish you with the kind of information you would like to have about the birds, but I will tell you about my trip after them if you care about that.

I was attached to the U. S. Ship "Kearsarge" lying off Shanghai, China, in the month of January, 1876; and as the chances were that the Admiral would let us remain there for awhile, I persuaded three of my messmates to join me on an application to the Admiral for ten days' leave to go on our trip.

Our application was granted and early the next morning we had what is called in China a house boat alongside the ship, and began fitting her out. A house boat is very much like a slop yacht. Our boat had four bunks, and a galley in a cock-pit abaft the house. Our crew consisted of two servants, and six Coolies to work the boat.

Going after game in a house boat is the most luxurious sporting I know of. All of that part of China back of Shanghai is completely cut up with canals. So if you happen to have a fair wind, you sail; if not, the Coolies do the duties of mules, and tow you along.

Our trip was about one hundred and twenty-five miles up the country. Toward evening, having supplied ourselves with everything we thought we would need, we shoved off, followed by the best wishes of our messmates left behind, and proceeded up country.

In two days we were getting into the heart of the game country, and as this was our first experience after pheasants in China we were all on the qui vive.

Our expectations were gratified by seeing one pheasant on the canal bank. Immediately four guns were in line on the forecastle ready to give it to the next one. The first bird we had seen was a beautiful cock pheasant, and when he spread his wings and displayed his handsome plumage in the bright sunlight, you can easily imagine that our sportsman's ardor was at its height.

I will say just here that the pheasants about Shanghai and up the Yangtze River are, I believe, the same as those commonly raised in England. The male bird has a gorgeous, variegated plumage, with long, handsome tail feathers, and the female bird is of a dull ash color. The copper pheasant I have only seen in Japan. There is also in Japan what is called there a golden pheasant, but they are not common, and difficult to get. The Chefoo partridge I have shot, and I am under the impression that they are the same as the French partridge. One of our officers bagged a woodcock at Chefoo that weighed the scales at fourteen ounces.

We finally reached the ground which we wished to shoot over, and made fast alongside the canal bank and started out. We shot over a generally level country with occasional ridges and hummocks covered with thick bamboo. Between the ridges and the thick, tall grass, and along the edges of the bamboo is where the pheasant and hog-deer are found. Both the pheasant and hog-deer were in great abundance.

The Chinese never disturb them, so the birds are not at all wild. In fact, I have shot them in a Chinaman's back yard, and just outside the walls of a large city. Once I saw a pheasant flying over the houses in the city of Nankin. The hog-deer are about the size of a goat, and usually lie in the tall grass. We brought them to bag with No. 4 shot, the same as we used for pheasant.

Our daily bag was a goodly number of birds and deer, and all sportsmen can easily imagine one's emotions in knocking over a handsome cock pheasant. We saw a few hare, but quite a number of very small quail. I never met them in coveys, but only by single birds, and when they got up they looked very much like a chestnut burr. They flew straight away, and were easy to kill, and sweet and delicious to eat.

When we returned to our boat at night the coolies would track the boat a few miles further on. So when we started out in the morning we had entirely new ground to shoot over.

Of course we had many amusing incidents, and the usual jokes, which were always taken in good part by the amiable gentlemen of the party.

Thompson shot a deer one day and mortally wounded it. The deer fell into the canal and could not possibly get out of his own strength. Thompson was quietly surveying him, wondering how he could get him out without getting wet, when Sullivan, who happened to be near and heard the shot, came rushing up much excited. When he beheld the deer he commenced firing, and would probably have kept on firing to this day if Thompson hadn't brought him to his senses by calling out, "For Heaven's sake, stop firing, Sullivan, or you will fill him so full of shot that he will sink!" Sullivan suddenly realized that he was banging away at a dead deer and ceased firing. The joke was too good, and Jagersoll, who had a happy faculty of working up a good story, and telling it well too, released it with great glee to our messmates upon returning to the ship.

We found the natives very civil, as would every one who would be half-way decent to them. We had but one scare, which was brought about by one of the Chinese servants coming into the cabin just at dusk and telling us that a Chinaman had rapped three times on a coffin which was placed on the bank of the canal, and he thought that was a signal which meant that we would be attacked during the night. As the Irishman said, we thought we would guard against all precautions, and loaded up our arsenal, which consisted of each shot-gun, four Remington rifles, four navy revolvers, and besides four hunting knives, and turned in prepared for earnest work. When morning came, our arsenal had not been disturbed and we were all alive.

At the end of ten days we returned to our ship, and the flattering accounts we gave about our trip so excited our messmates that another party was at once organized and started off.

If one had the time and means I cannot imagine a more pleasurable trip than to go shooting up country from Shanghai to a house boat. During the season parties frequently return with the outside of the boat completely festooned with game—principally deer and pheasant—often numbering several hundred head of game.

Danbury, Conn.

F. W. DICKINS.

ANIMAL MYTHS OF THE IROQUOIS.

BY BERNINIA A. SMITH.

"YE whose hearts are fresh and simple
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good that has existed
That the feeble hands and helpless
Groping a ludy in the darkness
You, O Godly right hand in their darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened,"
—Listen to these simple stories:

The hieroglyphics and mummy pits of ancient Egypt, the animal mounds of our own country, the myths of all countries and particularly those of the aborigines of this continent, all point to the fact that between the human race in infancy and the animal there existed an understanding, a closer communion than in this age of civilization when man looks down with contempt on what he chooses, in his "right of might," to term the "lower animals or brute creation." To the untutored Indian mind, nature was the picture book from which he read such of her secrets as served his simple needs; and only the mysterious—that which he could not comprehend—overawed him; hence Thunder, Echo and the Wind were his divinities. The idea of a "Great Spirit" only came later with teachings.

From this close intimacy with wild animals, stories of transformations of men into beasts and beasts into men are numerous and interesting. In nearly all of these wherever the bear is introduced he figures as a pattern of benevolence, while many other animals, such as the porcupine, are always presented as noxious. One of these bear stories, as told me on the Cattaraugus Reservation, by a grandson of a corn-planter, runs as follows:

A party of hunters, encamped a long distance from home, discovered as they were preparing to return that a young boy of their company was missing. After searching vainly for several days they concluded he had been killed, and sadly departed without him. They were, however, no sooner gone than the lost child, in an almost famishing condition, was discovered by a very kind-hearted Bear, who reasoned thus: "If I attempt to relieve the child in my present form, he will surely be frightened to death. I will, therefore, transform myself into a woman and take the boy home with me to be nurtured as a playmate for my little cubs." The boy was accordingly rescued from starvation, and, living in the same hollow tree with the Bear family, fed with them upon nuts, corn and berries. But when fall came, and with it the return of the hunters, the good Bear explained her device to her protegee, saying: "My cubs must now take care of themselves, and you can rejoin your friends; but always feel kindly toward the Bear tribe," upon which she resumed her proper shape and disappeared in her woods. The boy never, even when grown, was known to kill a bear, until after his marriage, when his mother-in-law, who was very fond of tender cub meat, so often grumbled and scolded him that at last, ungratefully forgetting his benefactress, he killed a cub; but as he was carrying it home on his back he fell over a sharp stick and died immediately.

In many of these myths speaking animals play a large part and remind one of the German household stories. The origin of the Bear Clan was of this class.

On one occasion a boy was lost in the forest, when some compassionate animals came to his assistance. Among them were a Wolf, a Deer, a Porcupine and a Bear. The Wolf

offered to take the lad to his den and give him plenty of rabbits' flesh and other delicacies; but "No," said the Bear, "you are too greedy. If at any time you should be hungry you will eat up the boy. We cannot trust him with you." Then the Porcupine offered to share with the boy her cave; but the Bear replied: "Your quills would hurt the child and the roots you eat are too bitter and unwholesome." Then the Deer said, "I will take him on my back and carry him where he will find plenty of berries." "No," returned the Bear, "that will not do, you run too swiftly; the boy will be hit by the branches of the trees and will be killed. I will take him myself. I have a comfortable place for him, and he shall have plenty of fruits and honey." So as the Bear was the strongest, and, in his own opinion, the most sensible, the lad went with him. He lived with him until he had grown to be a large and strong youth. One day some hunters came, who set upon the Bear, and in spite of the youth's attempt to defend him, slew the poor animal. The young man then left the forest and returned to live among men. He became a noted warrior, and in memory of his early protector took the name of Bear, which he bequeathed to his descendants, who have ever since composed the Bear Clan.

The Turtle Clan originated in a simple, straightforward fashion. There were in early times many tortoises, of the kind familiarly known as mud-turtles, inhabiting a small lake or pool. During a very hot summer this pool became dry. The turtles thereupon set out on their travels, over the country to look for a new habitation. One of them, who was uncommonly puffy, suffered a great deal from this uncustomed exercise. After a time his shoulders became blistered under his shell from the effect of his exertions in walking, and he finally, by an extraordinary effort, threw off his shell altogether. The process of transformation and development thus commenced went on with a rapidity which would have delighted Mr. Darwin, for in a short time this fat and lazy creature became a man, who was the progenitor of the Turtle Clan.

Curious myths also exist regarding the transformations of favored animals and birds into the stars. A party of hunters were once in pursuit of a bear, when they were attacked by a monstrous stone giant, and all but three destroyed. The three, together with the bear, were carried by invisible spirits up into the sky, where the bear can still be seen pursued by the first hunter with his bow, the second with the kettle, and the third, who, farther behind, is uttering staccato cries in the throats of the arrows of the hunter, perched on the bear when it is dripping blood-tinges the autumn foliage. Then for a time he is invisible but afterward reappears.

In place of the time honored man, lantern and bush, celebrated by Shakespeare and Mother Goose, the Indian can discover in the moon an old woman weaving a forehead sash. Once a month she stirs the boiling kettle of hominy before her, during which time the cat, ever by her side, unravels her work, and so it will continue until the end of time. The Iroquois fables are also numerous, and it found lacking in the "moral" element of those of Aesop, they often excel the latter in path and ingenuity. The following was recounted to me on the "Six Nations Reserve," in Canada, by Ka-a-en-wah, one of the four surviving grand-children of Brant the Mohawk, and might be termed a modern Indian story. It accounts for the tailless condition of the Bear after this fashion: A cunning Fox saw a wagon load of fish and resorted to the following ruse to obtain some of the coveted delicacy. Feigning to be dead, he hid himself in the road by which the fishermen must pass, when, thinking the skin of the Fox worth preserving, tossed him over into his wagon and drove on. After throwing out several fish, the Fox slowly crawled out himself, and securing his fish, soon met a Wolf, who was soon informed of his good luck, and advised to try the same experiment. The fisherman had, in the meantime, discovered the trick, and the Wolf received a good thrashing instead of a fish dinner. The Fox next met a Bear, who was also anxious to procure some fish. "Well," replied the Fox, "down at the river you will find a hole in the ice; just put your tail down into it as I did, and you can draw out the fish as fast as you wish." The Bear followed the directions carefully, but the weather being so cold, instead of securing the fish, his tail was frozen off. Poor Bruin was very angry and proposed to fight a duel with the Fox, who chose as his seconds a Dog and Cat. The Bear chose a Hog and was awaiting the Fox at the appointed hour. As the latter was late in appearing, the Bear clambered into a tree to prospect, and reported that the Fox was approaching.

The two seconds, a Dog and a Cat, were greatly frightened, begged to be covered up with leaves. Having accomplished this, the Bear returned to his post in the tree. The Fox soon made his appearance, but instead of men, his companions proved to be a Dog and a lance Cat.

While awaiting in their turn, the Cat perceiving the slight motion of one of the uncovered ears of the Hog, sprang upon it, whereupon the squeals of the invisible Pig put the whole company to flight and the Bear never had the satisfaction of avenging the loss of his caudal appendage.

A GREEN MARAY.—Last week a large specimen of the green maray, *Gymnothorax*—sp., came to New York alive in a tank from Bermuda, but died the next day. These ferocious fishes are eel-like in general shape, but with a larger mouth and formidable teeth. The specimen which we saw was about five feet long and had a diameter of about six inches at the thickest portion of its body. There are a great number of species of *Muraena* in different parts of the world, and Prof. Goode, in Bulletin of the National Museum No. 5, Catalogue of the Fishes of the Bermudas, thus mentions the speckled maray, *Gymnothorax morio* (Cuvier), Good: "Occasional. The species occurs throughout the West Indies, at Bahia and Saint Helena. My specimen measures three feet, and has the vertical fin edged with white. These fishes are said to attain a length of five or six feet, and are considered excellent food by the lower classes. I am told, however, that serious cases of poisoning have been occasioned by their use. The speckled maray is not rare, but by no means as common as the green maray. I saw a single specimen of the latter, but as I could not obtain it for study I was unable to determine its specific relations. It resembles closely the 'maray' of Catesby (Nat. Hist. Carolina, Florida and Bermuda, 20, pl. x—*Muraena morio*, *morio*, and *viridis*) which I have reason to believe is not identical with his 'black maray,' as is generally supposed." The great specimen attracted much attention by its formidable appearance.

Specimen copies of the Forest and Stream will be sent free to any address upon application.

Natural History.

ARE GROUSE DESTROYED BY SQUIRRELS?

NEW YERSEA, N. Y., Nov 2, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed a number of inquiries in your paper as to what becomes of the ruffed grouse, and why they disappear from certain localities that are not much hunted. Having lived all my life in the edge of the Adirondack wilderness, and being a lover of grouse-hunting, I have studied the subject, and think I have found out what the trouble is.

I make the assertion that the common red squirrel or chickadee destroys more ruffed grouse and quail than all other causes put together, sportsmen, cats and birds of prey included.

Somebody asks, "Why there are some years in which there are fewer birds than in others?" It is true there are summers that bring us but few birds, but they always follow summers in which the red squirrel is most abundant. That impudent, omnipresent picture of mischief is omnivorous as we hatchling, he goes bird-hunting. All the boys in Christendom couldn't beat him at it. He is up the tree, has bitten the birds through the head, and dropped them on the ground before you can reach him. Stones and sticks and show's from below do not disturb him, and when, in a tearing rage, you shout for somebody to bring your shot-gun you get it just in time to hear a triumphant "Chir-r-r-r-r," from a tree rods away, where the rascal is gaily combing his whiskers, which he has wet in a newly-laid bird's egg from another nest.

If the squirrels are plentiful, precious few birds escape, for they glean carefully even the shade trees in large towns. It naturally follows that in succeeding years birds are scarce, and then, fortunately, squirrels begin to be scarce too. If they did not, birds would come near being exterminated in some regions.

To illustrate, I will state a few facts bearing upon the above. Five years ago ruffed grouse were very plenty in this section. I went out a few times; shot sixty. The woods were full of them. Unfortunately we had two consecutive years of heavy mast, and the red squirrels increased amazingly. The year following we had a plague of red squirrels. The little pests were everywhere; on the ground, fences and trees.

Under my studio windows a robin had a nest with four young birds nearly grown. Hearing an outcry from the old birds I looked out and saw a red squirrel in the act of killing the young birds, and throwing them from the nest. He killed three before I could drive him away, in spite of the determined resistance of the old birds and of two sparrows who had nests in the same tree. I went for my gun immediately, and while I was gone he killed the fourth. I had the satisfaction of putting my foot on that squirrel, and was only sorry that it was not the last red squirrel in existence.

A short time after that my sister was sketching near a small tree in which was a robin's nest. While she was there a red squirrel made an attack on the nest. The old birds, with the help of her dog drove him away. He made several attacks during the forenoon, but was driven away by the dog. When she came back for dinner she found the old robin dead under the tree bitten through the head. The poor thing had given up its life in defending its nest.

At the same time there was a pheasant or fly catcher's nest under the porch roof, and another in a shed near by, each containing four eggs. Noticing something wrong with the old birds I made an examination, and found every egg in each nest mangled by squirrel's teeth.

The above facts account for the complete destruction of the ruffed grouse by the squirrel, which could and would destroy every egg and chick.

The next autumn's shooting verified my fears. I succeeded in bagging only thirteen birds. Nine of them were old ones. Great scarcity of grouse was reported all through this region. They have been scarce ever since, although they are coming in slowly again, thanks to the destruction of red squirrels by the hard winters following the two years of mast. Woodcock were so nearly annihilated as to be out of the question in shooting. Of course woodcock and quail would suffer with the ruffed grouse.

If anybody tells you of any good which the red squirrel does I shall be glad to hear of it. I would suggest that sportsmen take along, when they go out, a few light cartridges of No. 10 for the benefit of the red squirrels they meet.

It has been suggested that ruffed grouse are sometimes destroyed by being imprisoned under the snow by ice storms forming a crust through which they cannot break. They have a curious habit of diving into the soft snow, where they pass the night. They drive from the air while flying. I have frequently found the holes where they went in. It was very amusing to stir them up and see them break through the snow with a whirr. They strike the snow with the wings closed at about an angle of thirty degrees. Their exact cause can be determined by a slight saucer-like depression, caused by the melting of the snow by the warmth of their bodies. This place is generally from four to six feet from where they went in. I have tried to catch them in my hands by creeping up and making a sudden spring. I never quite succeeded. Zip, they would go from under me like a flash of gunpowder. When found in the snow they give you a splendid rising shot.

I do not believe that many perish by being frozen under the crust, for the simple reason that the hole by which they entered is always open to them, though they almost always rise at some distance from the place where they enter.

There is no doubt that the domestic cat does catch some woodcock and ruffed grouse, but very few comparatively, and they only about balance the account by killing quantities of red squirrels.

Yes, brother sportsmen, if we could devise some means to do away with red squirrels we should see a wonderful increase in game birds.

BAIRDREID BISHOP.

[The suggestion embodied in Mr. Bishop's letter is entirely new to us, but it is not on that account less interesting and worthy of investigation. It is a well-known fact that the red squirrel is one of the most persistent and destructive enemies against which the nesting small birds have to contend, and the suggestion that this little wretch destroys the young of grouse is, to my mind, very plausible. We should be glad to hear whether any other of our readers have made any observations on this point, and especially as to whether, after years when squirrels have been numerous, grouse have been found to be scarce.]

CHESTNUTS.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

THE chestnut is undoubtedly one of the most neglected of all our native fruits. In Italy, Spain and France, the chestnut has received great attention at the hands of horticulturists, so that many valuable varieties are now under cultivation. In Europe chestnuts are ground into flour and meal, from which bread, pies, puddings and cakes are made. Large quantities are consumed when roasted, parched, boiled and desiccated. They are also burned and used as a substitute for coffee. In the fall of the year the smaller varieties of domestic cattle are turned loose into the forests to feed and fatten on the "mast" or nut food, which consists largely of chestnuts and acorns. In Europe the wood of the chestnut tree is highly valued, while in America it is thought but little of.

I am of the opinion that our Italian and French adopted citizens will some day take in hand our native varieties and, by careful cultivation, judicious crossing and the grafting of foreign varieties on our native stock will teach our farmers and foresters, not only the great value of the chestnut as a food source, but also to more highly appreciate the beauty of the chestnut wood for all artistic and useful manufactures wherein our native woods are used.

The chestnut tree is of very sturdy and clear growth, harboring but few parasites. In habit it is exceedingly graceful and picturesque, and when in full bloom with its thousands of drooping tessellated flowers it far exceeds in beauty any other of our native forest trees.

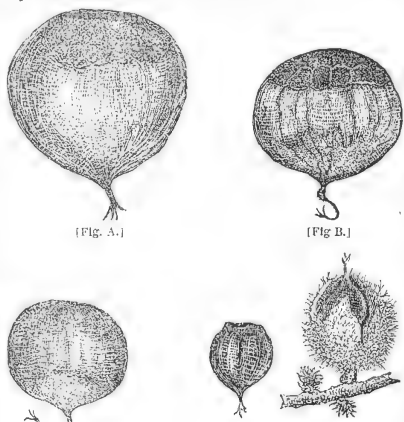


FIG. A.—Trans-Atlantic (*Castanea ex. Rom.*). FIG. B.—Southern chestnut. FIG. C.—Northern chestnut (*Castanea vesca*—Linn.; *Castanea vulgaria*—Lamb.). FIG. D.—Chinquapin (*Castanea pumila*).

In this country we have three native varieties—viz, the Southern, the Northern and the Chinquapin chestnuts. The Southern chestnut is a large, handsome nut, fully one-third larger than a full sized Northern nut. It is rich in flavor, the shell soon turns dark, and the nut heats very quickly. The tree of this variety is of very rapid and healthy growth, and a heavy bearer. The Southern chestnut flourishes in all the States south of the Potomac.

This Southern nut will heat in three days if not ventilated, and becomes entirely unmarketable when in close packages in six days' time.

The Northern chestnut flourishes in all the States north of the Potomac. It is a hardy and vigorous grower, good bearer and a valuable timber. In size it is but two-thirds that of the Southern variety, and is inclined to be round in shape when fully grown. It is a bright-looking nut, comparatively free from worms, don't heat and is a good keeper.

It grows true to its seed, which is not the case always with the foreign varieties.

There is no doubt but that the Southern and Northern chestnuts are susceptible of very great improvement, and who knows but that in future time to come, America will be exporting vast quantities of Yankee chestnuts and chestnut flour. The Chinquapin chestnut is found growing in Ohio to Southern Pennsylvania, and attains a height of from six to twenty feet. In Georgia an individual tree of this variety exists, the top of which is seventy feet in diameter.

The underside of the leaves of the Chinquapin are covered with a white down, and each burr contains but a single nut, which is half as large as the common chestnut of the North. In flavor it is very sweet and agreeable to eat.

The Northern and Southern chestnuts (*Castanea vesca*) are considered by botanists to be the same variety of chestnut, differing only in growth, according to climate and location.

The wholesale dealers in New York city handle from ten to twelve thousand bushels of chestnuts a year, the entire bulk of which pass into the hands of the small dealers who retail them by the pint or quart, either roasted, boiled or raw. None, so far as I can learn, are converted into flour, meal or desiccated.

The amount of Spanish, Italian and French chestnuts imported to this country is very small, as they are not a popular nut with the consumers, from the fact that by the time the nuts reach this country their shells have taken on a dark color, quite the reverse of the lively rich brown color of our native nuts. Again they are apt to become very wormy during the voyage over, a single nut often containing as many as twenty worms.

But the greater danger to which the foreign chestnuts are exposed during the passage is that of heating and the development of fungus or mould. To partially overcome this the French chestnuts reach here packed in barrels, which are so constructed that the nuts are thoroughly ventilated during the voyage. The Spanish nut is packed in hogsheads lined with paper, thus cutting off all ventilation, but to overcome this the nuts they are partially cured by some process which is not known to our dealers. Even with all the precautions taken by the French and Italian growers and importers, the foreign nuts, though large in size, are far behind our sweet, crisp and clear looking Yankee nut. With the North American Indian the chestnut, in winter time, enters largely into his daily fare. The nuts are gathered in

the fall by the squaws and are said to be kept in perfect condition during the winter by some system of storage or curing known to them only.

A lesson might be learned from the chipmunk squirrels, who peel the chestnuts before storing them up for winter use. From four to six chipmunks, constituting what might be called a co-operative society, excavate a large hole or chamber in which to store the nuts. This hole is large enough to contain from a bushel to a bushel and a half of nuts, according to the number of squirrels co-operating together. The excavation is not only of sufficient size to contain the winter's supply of food, but also to afford sufficient room as a sleeping apartment for the squirrels during the long winter months.

Cold storage has been used for the preservation of chestnuts, and to overcome their heating when in bulk, with only partial success. Many of the heaviest handlers of chestnuts are pursuing various lines of experiments with a view to discover some method to prevent the over-heating, shrinkage and drying up of the chestnut, and also the development of worms. Whoever discovers a sure remedy against these evils will undoubtedly be well rewarded. I have been shown by a dealer chestnuts which had become heated within six hours after he had received them, and which were absolutely unsealable, the Italian vendors detecting them at a glance.

I have lately seen a few chestnuts of very large size which were grown by a gentleman in Pennsylvania, which, if I am not greatly mistaken, are the same variety from Spanish seed which I made a drawing of some twenty years ago, and yet during this interim of time not a single bushel of this trans-Atlantic variety has been thrown on the market.

The prices paid for native chestnuts early this season ranged from eight to ten dollars per bushel, of sixty pounds, the State standard. The prices being paid at the present date range from five to six dollars per bushel.

In the latter part of the last century J. ferson tried to establish in Virginia the best varieties of the French chestnuts, but nothing seems to have resulted from the experiment. In Southern Europe the chestnut delights in deep and warm sandy soils, and the sides of mountains, in cold or swampy locations it proves a failure.

The chestnut was introduced into the Latin countries by the Romans, who found it in Castanea, a town of Thessaly, and who prized it as an article of diet. The French, Spanish and Italian varieties have all sprung from this early Roman stock. With the French the most highly prized variety is the maroon.

When in North Carolina I was both amused and annoyed by the negro method of gathering chestnuts, which was to wait till the chestnuts had fallen to the ground and had become more or less hidden by the dead leaves, and then to "bern dar liles to picky de chess nut," which accounts for the scorched look that many of the Southern chestnuts have, they bringing only two dollars a bushel delivered in New York city, and seventy-five cents per bushel to the negro picker.

In England the chestnut is eaten raw, roasted, stewed with cream, made into soups and gravies, served with salt fish or used as a stuffing for fowls and fish. Evelyn speaks of the chestnut as being a "masculine and lusty food for rustics at all times, and of better nourishment for farmers than hale or rusty bacon, yew, or beans to boot."

In the south of France and the north of Italy chestnuts serve in a great measure as a substitute for bread and potatoes. The nuts laid by for winter are those which fall off the trees, while those which are beaten off the trees are sent to the large cities for immediate use.

As a means of depriving the nuts of their burrs, they are trodden under foot by women wearing wooden shoes or "sabots."

Chestnuts are dried in France and preserved for many years. The methods of curing are by air, also sun dried, kiln dried, and by partial boiling, according to the uses made of them.

The French make many dishes of them. Salette is a thick, flat cake, made of chestnut meal, milk, salt and butter and eggs (about the same as our wheat or buckwheat cakes), which is cooked on a hot stove or griddle. Palente is a porridge made by boiling chestnut meal in water or milk till it forms a thick paste not unlike oat meal gruel. Chatinga is made by boiling the nuts whole (without their husks or shells) in water and a little salt, till they become soft, after which they are broken up the same as mashed potatoes. Marrow-glaze is made by dipping the nuts in clarified sugar, and then drying them. The nuts are also frequently cooked by boiling them in water containing celery and sage.

On both sides of the Pyrenean Mountains signs are to be seen at all taverns containing the words, "Vin a maroon," to indicate a cheap point, where for three cents you can have all the chestnuts you can eat with good wine to wash them down.

For much of the above information I am indebted to R. T. Sullitt, of Washington Market.

ELK AND THEIR HORNS.

THE deer-horn question has been debated a good deal, and perhaps all are satisfied except the fellow who thought the "spike buck" a distinct breed. The generally accepted belief is that deer and elk add a point upon each horn for each successive year of their age. The theory is probably erroneous, the horns depending largely for their development upon the condition and vigor of the animal and the nature of its feeding ground. This was suggested by seeing a few days ago three tawny elk with which I have been somewhat familiar since they were a year old. They were three years old last spring; one is a male. The first year he had short spike horns, the second year longer spikes, the third year each horn had three points. These were shed May 20, this year, when he was probably just about three years old, possibly a month over. They have since been replaced by a magnificent set of horns, four feet high, each having seven points. It is now about three and a half years old. These animals live and thrive in a pasture, where a like number of cattle would long since have starved to death. Last winter was exceptionally severe in the mountains where they are, and they were fed hay, requiring during the winter about 1,000 pounds. The bull will now weigh 700 to 800 pounds, the cows about 200 pounds less. The other day they escaped from the pasture and ranged about the neighborhood until the next day, when they were driven back in company with some cattle.

W. N. B.

Denver, Col., Oct. 31, 1881.

NEW ENGLAND BIRD LIFE.—The publishers of "New England Bird Life" are Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.; Charles T. Dillingham, Broadway, N. Y. The price is \$2.50.

THE HERRING GULL AND THE RING-BILL ON
GEORGIAN BAY.

BY REV. J. H. LANGILLE.

THE most characteristic bird of Georgian Bay is the hering gull, *Larus argentatus*. In Collingwood Harbor it sails among the masts of schooners and the smoke-stacks of steamers almost as fearlessly as if no one were present, seeming to understand that that city has a special law for its safety. Every bit of offal is eagerly gobbled up, and even the large quantities of refuse matter cast overboard by the fishermen is devoured by these elegant scavengers. As the steamboat starts out numbers follow in her wake to take advantage of anything edible which is thrown into the water, and until the distant port is reached there is scarcely a minute when they are out of sight. One may assume himself by the hour throwing bits of cracker or meat overboard for them. Though quite a distance away they will detect a mere crumb on the surface, and, screaming with delight, will pick it up on the wing. If the cook should throw overboard a dish of remnants, a considerable number will alight on the water and eat to their repast at their leisure. If one discovers a particularly large and valuable bird he will seize it and rise to leave, generally being pursued by several of his kind, squalling commands. All along on the rocks and shoals they stand like snowy sentinels, here and there they float most gracefully on the water, now they fly low over the surface in search of their favorite prey, or they soar most majestically against the clear ether or the sombre cloud, the entire snow-white figure of their under parts reminding you most forcibly of the purity of the elements around you. Its length being two feet or upward and its wings four feet, it is almost half as large as the commoner bird in size with the larger birds of prey, and its strong, steady stroke of the wings as well as its spiral soaring is very suggestive of the grand flight of the larger buzzards. Pure white in maturity, with yellow bill and red gonyes, light bluish-gray curtain over the back and wings, ends of the primaries jet black tipped or spotted with white, feet a delicate flesh-color, this bird is an object of great beauty in whatever attitude one meets it. On a clear sunny day, April 1 I saw one of these birds hovering overhead, high up that it appeared at first slight like a bird flying down into the atmosphere, and only as the eye adjusted itself to the distance could its outline be defined.

The Herring Gull breeds in communities in a number of places about Georgian Bay, sometimes a dozen or fifty appropriating small rocky islands or shoals, sometimes very large communities taking possession of larger rocky islands or even groups of them. One of the most extensive breeding places is the island called the Half-moon, lying between Cape Huron and the east end of Great Manitoulin. Here the fishermen sometimes obtain hundreds of dozens of the eggs at a time. The nest, generally placed in the most exposed situation on the bare, stony surface of the island, is composed of twigs, a promiscuous mass of trash and dirt, consisting of sticks, moss and lichens gathered from the rocks, of small sticks and dried grasses, of almost anything to be picked up in the vicinity—pretty well heaped up, and with a considerable depression in the centre. The eggs—the full complement of which is three—are about 2.75—2.83x1.80—2.00. The color is greenish or brownish drab, the dark brown and light grayish-brown spots, blotches and scratches, extending more or less over the entire surface, but frequently thicker at the large end, the thick and elegant down of the newly hatched bird is nearly colorless. The egg. As these birds occupy the same site for breeding from year to year, it becomes generally known in the vicinity, or if the spot be remote it is visited by fishermen and adventurers from a distance; and the nests are robbed most unmercifully, often until late in summer, the gulls continuing to lay in a very prolific manner. The disastrous consequences of this cruel practice, when kept up from year to year, must be very great, rapidly reducing the numbers of these birds, so useful about many of the towns and villages, and so highly ornamental to the landscape. The Herring Gull is also a great pest to the agriculturist, that whole colonies about the seaboard have resorted to the tall trees for nidification, as has been reported by Audubon and others. Their breeding habitat on the Atlantic is from New England to Labrador.

At their breeding places these gulls are quite noisy. They have a loud, clear note, sounding like chee-ah, every now and then repeated, and a shorter nasal hunk, hunk. These notes are uttered in a very spirited manner, as they describe their grand circles high over head when their nests are being disturbed. Then it is also accompanied by a harsh rattling sound—*kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk*.

How many kinds of Gulls breed on those shoals?" I inquired of an old gentleman, as the lug was nearing one of the well known breeding places. "Two," was the answer "white ones and gray ones." So might any one think who is not acquainted with the history of these birds; but the fact is that the white ones and gray ones are all of the same kind, the young birds in their plumage requiring several years to reach the mature coloration. Like the Gull family generally, they have two broods, one in the spring and one in the fall, and during winter the mature bird has the head and neck streaked with dusky.

From its name one might suppose that the bird subsists mainly at least, on herring, but it captures with equal readiness almost every fish of proper size, dashing at the surface, or dropping onto the water a few moments to secure it, but rarely, if ever, plunging after it. It also feeds on the smaller crustaceans, and the young of the fish. In fact, it catches its food after the manner of a hawk, and breaking it with its bill in order to secure the contents. Dr. Coues "once found remains of a marsh hare in the stomach of one of these Gulls." I have seen it pick up the newly-skinned body of a common tern thrown on the water, and gulp it down at a mouthful, so rarely regarding its flight. In fact, it is excellent at almost anything, and in certain localities is an excellent gamester.

At the fall migration, these gulls move southward through the interior, and "spread along our whole Atlantic coast, but principally from New England to the Carolinas, where, many winter." Dr. Coues gives the following as the changes of plumage in the young. "Immature.—The feathers of the back have gray margins, and the upper wing-coverts are mottled with dusky gray. An imperfect subterminal bar of dusky on the tail. *Young of first winter*.—Head, neck and under parts more or less dusky. The back and wing-coverts, as well as the upper parts, are more or less mottled with dusky, as are the upper parts appearing in irregular patches, mixed with gray. Remiges and rectrices brownish-black, with very narrow whitish tips, the former wanting both

apical and subapical white spots. Bill flesh color, its terminal third black. Feet dull flesh color. *Younger*.—Entirely a deep dull brownish, the throat lightly streaked, and the rump transversely barred with whitish; the feathers of the back with yellowish or grayish-white edges; wings and tail black; bill black; legs and feet dusky flesh color."

THE RING-BILLED GULL.

In observing the Herring Gulls on Georgian Bay, one will notice certain individuals very much smaller than the rest, while their form and color, as well as their general habit, is precisely the same. On shooting one of these, however, it will be discovered that the bill is greenish-yellow at the base, followed by a broad band of black encircling it at the gonys, and then in turn a bright chrome, a single of these colors and a black band cutting the edge of the bill's *Rostrum* and that the legs and feet are of a dusky green. On measuring it, it is found to be only 18-20 inches long and some 48 inches in extent, thus being much smaller than the Herring Gull, while the colors of its bill and feet fully differentiate it. From the dark ring around I bill, it is called the Kingbird. It is not a new bird, but a *Larus borealis*. It has about the same diet and habitat as its near relative, which it so closely resembles.

About forty-four miles northeast of Collinswood, and somewhat north of the route from that city to Parry Sound, are the Western Islands. They are in two thick groups, the largest containing several acres each, the smallest being mere rocky shoals. One of the largest has a few trees, most of the rest contain a few shrubs, and more or less small vegetable growth and grasses on some of the ledges of rock. The islands are almost all bare of vegetation, and are quite in the grand solitude of this waste of waters. On one of the larger islands of these groups, the Ring-bills breed in immense numbers. As one nears the shores, they are seen to swarm with many hundreds, if not thousands, of these elegant birds. The rocks and the water along the shore are literally white with them. Approaching still nearer they take alarm, and rise like an immense living snow-drift, and the white wings and tails of the birds in the snow-whiteness seems alive with them, and still they rise from the more distant parts of the island until their numbers are overwhelming. Rising high over the great mass spreads out somewhat, and describing their graceful circles among themselves form a most complicated and animated figure of huge dimensions against the sunlit ether or the thick veil of dark clouds. Now they become very noisy, their voices being quite similar to the "chuck" of the Mallard. The birds separate into sections, and the sections into smaller bodies dropping into the water nearly by whiten its surface for some distance, others continue their flight further away, while not a few still linger near to watch the fate of their treasures, and keep up an uneasy clattering immediately overhead. The nests on the island are found to be almost numberless, some of them being so close together the sitting birds must almost touch one another. In the densest, the number of eggs in the nests is enormous, the color of the newly hatched young there is the greatest resemblance to the mottled plumage of the Herring Gull; only, in accordance with the diminished size of the birds both nests and eggs are much smaller, the latter being 2.07—2.50x1.63—1.70. On the whole the marking of these eggs tends more to blotches than is the case with the eggs of the near but larger relative. Passing by many nests containing newly hatched young, and others with eggs, and others with no eggs, the number of eggs and young birds that this single group may gather a sufficient supply of eggs for study scarcely affecting the number on the whole.

The full-grown young, on through its years of gradual change into the maturity of coloration, bears a close resemblance to, in fact, is almost identical in shades and marking with the Herring Gull of corresponding age. The resemblance of these two species also holds good in respect to the mature birds in their annual changes of plumage.

The almost exact likeness of these two gulls, the one being scarcely more than a smaller pattern of the other, finds its counterpart in a number of other cases among American birds. In comparing the Hairy and Downy Woodpeckers, the King and Virginia Rails, Cooper's Hawk and the Sharp-shinned, the Large and Small Yellow-shanks, the Common Crow and the Fish Crow, the Larger and Smaller Scaups or Blue-bills, what is the latter in each but a miniature of the former?

The Gullspropr are a well-marked sub-division of the Gull family in general, that family including Jaegers or Skuas, Gulls, Gullspropr, Terns and Skimmers. Some of the differentiating characters of the Gullspropr are: the rather long, deep and much compressed bill, well hooked toward the point, with peculiar enlargement at the gonyes, and sharp cutting edges; tail even, generally; body thick and wings broad as compared with the Terns for instance, while they are generally of larger size; feet and legs stout for birds of their class; the buoyancy with which they swim, and the want of account of their bodies when compared with the bulk of the other plumage. In form generally, the whole sub-family are so similarly moulded that any eye of moderate discrimination can recognize them. In size and coloration they are subject to great variation in different localities.

HABITS OF REDHEADED WOODPECKERS.

BRADFORD, PA., November 8, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last Sunday, while walking in the woods, I came to a small clearing. On one side of this clearing, among the trees, I noticed several red-headed woodpeckers (*M. erythrocephalus*). As I watched them I observed they appeared to be gathering something from the outer branches or twigs. They would keep flying up to these small branches and poisoning a few quick twigs in the manner of a kingfisher. I picked something from them, then fly back to some tree in the woods. I walked slowly up and watched them for about thirty minutes. A wood-chopper said they were gathering beech nuts for next winter's use, although the trees were so tall I could not say positively that they were doing so, still it looked as though they were. I have never seen it stated that they did this. A friend of mine, who takes care of an old lease near here, saw one of these birds in the woods, and, as it was about to land, but after a few trials the bird concluded that was not the kind of "tree" he was looking for, and flew away.

STALIA.

[We have seen it stated that the woodpeckers are in the habit of gathering nuts for winter consumption, but do not remember that such statements have been confirmed by the observations of ornithologists in the case of our common red-headed species. The *carpintero* (*Melanerpes formicivorus*) of the Pacific coast has the curious habit of drilling small holes in tree trunks, each hole being large enough to contain

to acorns. After drilling a hole the woodpecker selects an acorn to fit it, and by a few taps of his bill settles it so firmly in position that it is in no danger of falling out. We have seen trees in California studded with acorns, some of which seemed to have been there for years. Just what the bird's object is in doing all this work does not appear to be clearly made out. The first thought to occur to one is that the nuts are gathered and stored for winter use, but this is a misconception. The acorns are not eaten, but this is opposed by the fact that woodpeckers, as a rule, are insect feeders, and that, with a few exceptions, they do not eat vegetable food; moreover, a large proportion of the acorns thus treated seem never to be disturbed. It has been suggested that they store the nuts for the sake of the grubs that may be in them, and even that they select the nut in which an insect has deposited its egg, and put it away as a grub's hole in a tree until such time as the acorn has grown to be big enough to hold the same. Inasmuch as we should be willing to attribute to him without pretty strong evidence to support such a claim. Some interesting notes were recently read before the California Academy of Sciences, the purport of which was that the California woodpecker (*M. formicivorus*) was assiduous in his labors by the California Jay (*Alph. californicus*). The latter, the speaker declared, had made the holes, and the jay to have collected the nuts and carried them up to the *carpintero*, who adjusted them and drove them home.

We should be glad to receive from any of our correspondents facts which may bear on the subject of the habits of this interesting group of birds.

Since the above remarks were put in type, the following very timely note has been received, which establishes the fact that woodpeckers do eat nuts:

LAGLES NEST, Delaware County, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1891.—*Editor.*—I read about the woodpecker's habit of storing gray squirrels' nuts in its nest. The other day, I saw a very large red-headed woodpecker picking beach nuts on the top of a beech tree. I had supposed, and the books say they live solely on grubs and worms, taken from rotten or dry trees and limbs. To satisfy myself that I was not mistaken, I shot the bird and found its crop a most full of fine solid nut shells. Mr. Warner says he has seen the same thing many times in the woods, and very pretty. Is it not a new thing to find these birds nutting? I ask for information.

NED BUSLINE.

DIGESTION OF THE ALLIGATOR.

A FLORIDA MONSTER IN A RAGE.

YOUR contributor, who gave us an article on the alligator recently, evidently has "been there." His statement that they carry in their stomachs "light'd knots," though perhaps new to many, is truth.

I have heard many affirm it, and have been witness to it myself. I have killed several in the lake in front of my house, ranging from six to eight feet in length, and one, which I killed after toiling him up to shooting distance by imitating the whine and howl of a dog, I opened in presence of my neighbor M. to verify the light'd business, when out crept a soft-shelled turtle, "leath'r-back," six or eight inches in diameter, entirely uninjured, not a scratch upon him. We found the pine knots and bits of pine as we expected, polished like rosewood, perhaps half a dozen pieces, from two to four inches long. My idea was that the gator used them for the same purpose, that the fowl does the gravel.

"The gator would use stones probably if he could find any." "Gators and chickens don't have the gravel down here."

I arrested a six-foot gator to a lively scrimmage last spring, unwittingly on my part. It runs somewhat this way: I saw the fellow in the lake one morning, and went for M. Ynard, crept through the grass and bushes, and put a ball somewhere in his head, as I supposed from the peculiar antics he cut, and which generally follow a mortal wound. He came up once or twice, cut a flourish or two and sunk. I got my boat and prodded around in eight or nine feet of water, but could hit him but once, and finally gave it up, feeling sure he would float in a day or two.

He slipped up, and, as he shot him the lake has an outlet, a small stream which the road from Sanford crosses near the rear of my place. Two nights afterward Dr. B., a neighbor who lives a couple of miles west, was returning belated at about eleven o'clock from Sanford, in a sulky, pondering in his mind what he ought to charge per pound for blue flint and rubine and staple little stones, and so unfortunate as to get the "shakes." It was something of the kind at least, probably, which was whirling away the hours for the Doctor on his lonesome trip. The night was cloudless and moonless. The water splashed from his horse's feet as he drove into the little creek, and the wheel struck something hard that was not there when he drove down. This something hard, dark and sharp as the dim starlight, and as the horse dashed up the height of the bank, he heard the spokes with its teeth in blind fury. The Doctor's horse is quite agile on occasions, and this was one of them. He left that locality on the jump, the 'gator, for such it was, lost his teeth hold, and the Doctor—well, he never would tell just how he lit, but he didn't go along with the team. Upon resuming his normal position he saw the 'gator, with dander up, coming for him from the rough water, with its head and neck standing in a nice predilection, all alone and afoot with a hungry 'gator at eleven 'o the night, and not a store or light'd knot around. The 'gator advanced, and the Doctor retreated, clawing the water behind him as he did so, hoping sincerely every second to find a stick of some sort, for *his* dander had "rized" now, and he was going to hurt that 'gator. He had back and forth a few steps when luckily he came in contact with a log, heavy and just about the size and length for a good weapon. He was bold as a lion now, and awaiting the oncoming of the savage saurian he brought down the root on his head with vigor, but it failed to stop the reptile, and it was only after repeated blows that he wilted. The doctor now after his team, which luckily had not fled far up after the road, and returned, hastened the 'gator by the hitching post, and the saurian, as he towed him home at a "two-forty" gait, putting him into a compost heap for the benefit of his orange trees.

I have no doubt at all that this was the sameigator that I shot two days previous. The bull crazed him; he followed the outlet to the road crossing and when the wheel struck him that night he rose in blind rage seizing the first object he touched. The sulky wheel bears the jagged marks of teeth on two spokes as a reminder to the Doctor not to travel after dark. 8,

Twin Lakes, Fla.

02

"Why," said the Judge, "I left him in the boat over there." Now it so happened that in the hurry to get to the shooting, the said goose was left under the stern slats, where he was thrown, when first shot, and the Major, in coming from his stand, had examined it. So we finally started off in the boat, when the bird was found to be a tame one. We thought it odd, at the time, that wild geese could be shot so near the city, in fact, right in it. Of course there was a great launch, and as the Judge, by way of buying our silence, said, "Boys, say nothing about this and I'll treat to a good oyster supper; it won't do for the story to get abroad, for it does, the whole town will be invaded by an army of sportsmen." The worst of it is, the Judge does not know who is the owner of the goose, and some poor devil of a poacher may have to bear the blame.

In order to give the ducks a chance we then moved over to a piece of pin-oak timber, made camp, and sat down to utilize the lunch we had brought along "in case of fire." After that, while enjoying the fragrant wood, I proposed to the Major to go over to a large stubble field and try my dog Carl on quail. Carl is a three year old lemon and white English setter, broken by myself, first on snipe, and then on quail and chicken, and works splendidly. We have some good sport, bagging twenty-one quail, then we return to duck shooting, and between 4 P.M. and dark, bagged eighteen teal.

After supper, over our pipes and their accompaniments, the Major relates to us a history of his deer hunting on the Black River of Arkansas, after which we retire to our quarters for the next day's battle of the ducks; and so we pass the second day, with the exception that we have better and more shooting. Our total bag was, for the second day, seventy-four ducks, mostly teal, thirty snipe, besides three chicken hawks. The latter we kill whenever we have a chance.

I have lived in this handsome little city over twelve years, but never saw the shooting so good as it is now. We very reluctantly returned home after two days of glorious sport. I returned, but under the impression that we have renewed our leases on life, whatever we may have done in regard to those of the ducks.

J. A. B.

RUST SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

TWIN LAKE, Florida.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The subject of rust spots attracts considerable attention. I attributed mine to Dittmar powder, of which I used some until I became disgusted with it. (How you did squelch that thing.) I think much of the trouble arises from neglect to thoroughly dry the gun after cleaning, and then not forcing the oil by great pressure into the pores of the metal. I find nothing so good for this as Brown's cleaner. The rubber cone and disk are thoroughly, and so fill the pores. I sprinkle a cotton rag with water, wipe out to a p-wider, dry well, and lubricate well the "Brown" with vaseline, which I find by far the best lubricant I have ever used; and my gun stands this trying atmosphere better than by any other plan I have tried. I have tried often the plan of laying the gun away after use without cleaning. If the weather is exceptionally dry, the powder cakes and gives trouble; if moist, all right. Still it is much more satisfactory to me to know my barrels rust. I used the Lullin & Lund. During the last year, I liked his shooting outfit much, but I think it turns less moist than Dugan No. 1, which is a point in favor of the latter.

S.

Altoona, Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have been both interested and amused in reading letters of parties regarding rust spots or fleck in gun barrels.

The train of thought of the writers has not, in my opinion, been in the right direction. It would take a whole page of your paper to explain fully the cause as I give, of the spots or streaks in barrels. But I will be as brief as possible. They are due to chemical action brought about in this way: The barrels are wet with water, with rag, etc., fastened to a cleaning rod tipped with brass—or it may be brass, nickel or silver-plated—matter, the result is the same. The rod is moved up and down more or less rapidly for some minutes, or until on examination it is seen that the barrels are clean. They may look as clean and bright as it is possible to make them, but the mischief is already done. In using the rod its brass tip is rubbed against the inside of the barrel with sufficient friction to leave a very slight coating of brass in streaks in the barrel, and from the rocking motion given the rod when nearly out of the breech and held up at arm's length these streaks are more likely to be at the breech than in the middle of the barrel.

No, what have we that will start chemical action? Beginning at the outside we have either iron or steel—the barrels; next, a very thin layer of moisture; next, a very thin streak or layer of brass from the cleaning rod. And there we have all the elements to start chemical action, in a perfect galvanic battery on a small scale, whose first and almost instant action is to oxidize the clean, raw and finely finished chamber.

The moisture between the chamber and thin film of brass is not sufficient to keep up the action very long—just long enough, perhaps, to give a slight dullness to the part affected; and this would not be noticeable until the next cleaning is through with it. It is sufficient, however, for at every subsequent cleaning more brass and water are sure to be added to the rusted or rouged spot, to be again acted upon, and finally you notice a very pronounced case of gun fleckles, anywhere from 1 inch to 12 inches in length, according as the moisture and brass have been in chemical action with the chamber.

If sportsmen will call to memory the fact that any two dissimilar metals supplied with water will start chemical action—and thus oxidation of one of the metals—they will at once see the foundation for the theory here advanced.

As a remedy for fleckles throw away your cleaning rod, use iron tipped or plain wooden ones, the latter preferable at all times.

He who cleans his gun the most with brass-tipped rods is the one who is most troubled with rust spots, streaks, etc.

MARKS.

Wauson, O., Nov. 5.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have read with interest your correspondence on the subject of gun fleckles. I have had a little experience, and that inclines me very strongly to the belief that powder is the most responsible of the trouble. I have fine Clabrough that I shot for three years with good ducking powder, and up to last spring it never "broke out." In an evil hour I listened to the advice of a friend who insisted that a cheap (40 cent) powder for sale by one of our grocers was equal to that I had been shooting. I tried it; used the same care I

had before in cleaning, etc., and found out at once that it injured my barrels. It was not rust; but something in the composition of the powder set into the barrels. I firmly believe that if I had never used cheap powder my gun would have been "well" to-day.—W. H. H.

Buffalo, Nov. 6.—Editor Forest and Stream: I own a Fox double barreled gun, which is now as free from rust in and outside as when I bought it, a year ago. I am unable to decide whether this is due to the admirable finish of the barrels or my own special precautions, which are simple and cause but little trouble. It is well known that salt water is more detrimental to bright barrels than any other agent, and as the gun has been accidentally much exposed to it without rusting thereby, I will give your readers the benefit of the fact. It formed part of my outfit when I started four years ago on a collecting journey to the coast of Labrador, where I was unfortunately and suffered shipwreck, which in its consequences damaged and destroyed more or less all of my baggage with floods of salt water. For over twenty-four hours everything was afloat in the cabin of the schooner, which had been stove in by the breakers, and more or less damage was naturally the result of this occurrence. On leaving Boston I had fortunately taken the precaution of applying to the gun a thick coat of mercurial ointment inside and outside, and when this was removed, after saving the gun from the greasy sea, I was both pleased and surprised to find that not a speck of rust had gathered on it. Since then I simply give the inside of the barrels and other troublesome places about the triggers and plungers a good coat of ointment whenever I set it aside for any length of time, and have the satisfaction of avoiding the rust difficulty without any of the painstaking labor so many of my friends take with their guns, which, notwithstanding, are always more or less speckled. For cleaning the barrels in the busy season I use kerosene in preference to gasoline or petroleum. The corners about the plungers I always leave left with a thick coating of the mercurial ointment.—CHAS. LINDSAY.

Montreal, Canada.—Editor Forest and Stream: Rust spots in gun barrels, my experience has led me to believe, are caused more by the quality of oil used in cleaning the gun than anything else. Some time ago I was greatly troubled to keep the inside of my gun barrels bright. I accidentally laid an iron wire in the bottle of Rangoon oil that I was using on my gun, and this wire, to a week or so, became a mass of rust. I was then satisfied that I had discovered the cause of the rust spots, and on mentioning the fact to one of our best gunsmiths, a discussion of rust followed. Mentioning my belief was confirmed, and a receipt was given me for preparing a gun oil that I have used with the best of success since. The method of preparing this oil is as follows: Go to a glue manufactory and get a bottle of pure neat-foot oil, put into this some thin strips of sheet lead, then set, uncorked, in a light place in the sun if possible. After a thick sediment has settled, leaving the oil above it clear and transparent, pour off the clear oil and strain through several thicknesses of clean linen, and you have a gun oil free from salts or fatty matters that have passed into the air. Mentioning this you should keep kerosene oil out of your gun unless the gun is in constant use. Let those who are troubled with rust spots put a bright iron wire into the oil they are using and see how long it remains bright.

STANSTAD.

THOSE FOUR WILD-CATS WITH ONE BULLET.

FALL BROOK, San Diego Co., Cal., Oct. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see by your last issue that a paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers about my killing four wild-cats in one shot. That article was put in the *San Diego Union* by one of its regular correspondents who saw the cats. There was nothing remarkable about the affair, except the fending of four cats in just the right position, a thing that might not occur again in my lifetime. Finding them so, the rest was easy enough, as any one who has experimented with expansive balls well knows. There were, however, some features about it of considerable interest and value perhaps to those using or intending to use expansive balls.

For the party at my house had been hunting round hills in hunt, and as some of the party knew I was foolishly hunting, they went out of the fashion in regard to calibre of my rifle, using one that shoots an ounce round ball. No. 16 shot gun-gauge, about .65 rifle gauge. I have been experimenting with round balls, with different sized holes bored in the front, to see if I can make a ball that will expand on the "punch" of a deer, yet pass behind the shoulder or other thin parts without expansion. The results have so far been very satisfactory in general, but very unsatisfactory in some cases, the whole result depending upon the depth and diameter of the hole in the bullet (just as I said in a letter to Forest and Stream some time since), and not upon velocity. That a round ball, with a big enough cavity, can be made into the most reliable of express-shells I have, however, fully proved by experiments of the wild-cat affair. That, however, is a fair sample of what it will do. The affair was as follows:

While going after some deer I had the evening before killed too late to bring home, I saw at a distance a bunch of wild-cats on a flat rock. Wild-cats are an institution here, and I always have hunting let them, as well as coyotes, go unsot. But when not hunting, I often stir up any that happen along my way. The chance to try my expansive round ball was too good to lose, so I started for a sure shot at them. Wearing moonshoes, it was an easy matter, having the wind in my favor too, to reach a bush within forty yards of them. There I could plainly see a motherly old cat of some thirty pounds weight, and three kittens of about the size of the cat. Thomas, the wild-cat hunter, was born, and I always have hunting let them, as well as coyotes, go unsot. But when not hunting, I often stir up any that happen along my way. The chance to try my expansive round ball was too good to lose, so I started for a sure shot at them. 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The following day, however, promised to be a good "goose day," and the party tallied ninety-two geese as a result of their predilection.

The next day we were to leave at noon, so we put in a little more powder and aimed closer, thereby bringing our total up to 261 geese, all of which we left the river with.

Our friends at Lincoln were all remembered, and numerous parties immediately organized to follow in our wake, none of which have yet reported.

Quail are now abundant this fall, and a little later the sport will be grand.

Our city would be a fine location for a kennel of Gordons, Laveracks and Irish setters, also spaniels for ducking.

C. L. B.

THE LIFE SAVING STATION EMPLOYEES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your last number a correspondent mentions that the decrease in wild fowl on Great South Bay, L. I., is due to their being jacked by employees of the Life Saving Stations.

Now, while I never heard of this being done by the men along Barreget Bay, N. J., they have the reputation of shooting a great deal of them from their stations as the birds fly over, and from the vicinity. Long Beach contains the best shooting grounds, and many stations being on it, the men patroling carry guns and have excellent opportunities to observe where the most birds are, thus combining business and pleasure, besides selling their game to the market.

That this continual fusillade scares away the birds is self evident. I have also been told that during a flight of fowl the best points were occupied by Life Saving men in sneak boxes, their close proximity to the places enabling them to get there first.

To a city sportsman coming down here, after hiring a man with boxes and decoys, it must be provoking to find a government employee ahead of him in the choicest spot, the report of his double eighteen-pound seven bore spoiling the shooting all around.

Gentlemen that have been served this way once or twice seldom come again, preferring to go to another place where they can be sure of getting a good chance.

The law for shooting only three days a week is kept pretty fairly, but it sometimes happens to parties that those three days prohibiting shooting are the best time, while the other three days scarcely anything can be seen.

If the government prohibited the Life Saving men from shooting at all there would be more attention paid to wrecks and warding off vessels from the shore. Ducks, geese and brant would increase where they are now scarce, and shooting would be allowed every day. Lastly, more money would come into the hands of the baymen furnishing their services to the New York and Philadelphia sportsmen who annually shoot for wild fowl.

CORIN.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 31.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was glad to see in your editorial of Oct. 13, the subject of trap shooting opened for discussion. Every individual in the community is in some way interested in the wild game of this country, and none will deny their desire to have it protected; but how to check individual greed and avoid extermination is the puzzle of many years' standing. A large class of the public are ignorant of the breeding seasons, and will so consume the bird at any time of year when it can be procured for money. Then comes the huckster, who will buy anything which he can sell at a profit to his own pocket, and he calls to his aid his work, who also cares only for the profit of to-day and will shoot the bird any day when he can sell her. Evidently these are men not to be chosen as a committee to tell us how to perpetuate the game interests of our beautiful country. We must have other men, men who would spare the last two birds of the covey, or the mother of the fawn, men who are humane, men who would study the nature and habits of the game and give it protection in the breeding season.

Doubtless all members of our clubs and protective associations will say they are of the latter class, and do exert all their influence to obtain the passage and execution of judicious laws for that professed purpose, but do we ever ask ourselves why we fail to get such stringent laws as we most desire? Why is it that we are so weak? That our influence is feeble no one can deny. We approach the law-maker with a carefully drawn document, and we find ourselves confronted by the united forces of the market dealer, professional shooter and the land owner. We can make friends of neither of them, nor bring influence to break their ranks; and are forced to a compromise or temporary surrender, and perhaps, as here in Massachusetts, instead of giving us the law which we plead, our legislature shows its opinion of the "club sportsman" by passing a law prohibiting trap slaughter of imprisoned birds within the limits of the Commonwealth, which act by them and their constituency is looked upon as cruel, wanton and senseless.

Without bringing up argument to show that it is the least of these three, if it has detracted from the popularity and efficiency of our game protective associations it is proved an evil and should be discontinued.

M.

WOOD HAVEN, NOV. 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

First, let me say that I think State sportsmen's associations have been producing much good in the calling together of men of sound minds, men who are well and favorably known, men who are not found in any scheme for the purpose of pocketing the almighty dollar, but men who have a deep interest in the protection of game; and who would not countenance or uphold any measure unfair, unjust or in any way or manner intentionally commit an act which could cause offence to the most humane, moral or fastidious (male or female) who perchance honors the association with their presence at the business meetings of conventions or at the shooting grounds.

I am well aware that a universal feeling of disgust was manifested by visitors at the late tournament at Coney Island. And not only visitors, but I presume every member of the N. Y. S. A. was heartily ashamed to be compelled to stand at the trap and shoot at what were called birds, when wings were indeed wanting to make a show of life. This, however, is I believe the first time the sporting world has ever been called to witness such an exhibition, and it is to be hoped that it will be the last. If real live birds cannot

be found, then let us try the glass ball or clay pigeon. A State convention held for the sole purpose of discussing the (probable) best and judicious method of preserving game and fish, would find few veterans to "rally round the flag" of (birds and animals) freedom. And so far as the term *crucifix* may be applied, I really can see no more in shooting first-class birds from the trap than from the open field.

Again let us consider the humane appeals of Henry Bergh and his followers, and carry them to the nesting places of the poor abused and much slaughtered wild pigeon and let them see what wholesale slaughter is. What is a little matter of twenty, fifty or one hundred thousand birds for State conventions compared with the hundreds of thousands shaken from the nests, clubbed to death, packed in ice and sent to tickle the palates of our fastidious game-preserving friends? This custom has prevailed to such an extent that pigeons are no more seen this side of the Mississippi. Their home within the wilds of Pennsylvania last year was invaded by hundreds of lawless beings—I cannot say men—who increased, from early spring to the close of nesting. They left, probably never to return, and now look for homes where humanity and civilization is little known, and they may rear their young in peace. I do not wish to convey the idea that I fully indorse the convention's movements, but I say let us have time for deliberation, let us have full and free discussions on all matters pertaining to the interests and welfare of the noble State we represent. Spend less time at the trap, and give a full, clear and honest expression of sentiment to all the will go forth to clubs and individuals throughout the land, that public opinion may be aroused, that the laws already made may be enforced, and that by full and free discussion and mature deliberation we shall be enabled once more to listen to the warbling songster, when the partridge, the quail, the snipe and the pigeons, the deer, the moose and the elk shall once more roam among us unmolested over hill and plain, and man, game's enemy, shall lay aside his gun and shoot no more. And shall we all be happy?

ONSHREYER.

From the Newark Sunday Call, Nov. 6:

"It is very evident that the annual meetings held by sporting associations will in future be held without the adjunct of pigeon shooting tournaments. All such societies have, or should have, for their primary object the preservation and increase of game; but heretofore pigeon slaughter has seemed to be the most important business at all their meetings, and but little else has been accomplished."

TRAPPING NESTING PIGEONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am a trapper; have followed it for years, and have taken a great deal of pains to study the habits of wild pigeons, especially when on their nesting grounds. One gunner will do more harm at a nesting place than one hundred netters, for this reason: the pigeon make but a very small nest, almost flat on the top, and the egg (as they only lay one at a time) is very easily rolled out. The hunter comes along and fires into them, and every bird in hearing of his gun gets off from its nest as soon as it can, and away goes the egg at the same time, and the nest is abandoned. The trapper makes so little noise that the birds pay but very little attention to him, and do not leave their eggs.

Now, my theory is this: If the trappers and gunners are kept out far enough so that the noise will not disturb the birds they will not be driven from their nests nor can both of the parent birds be captured, as they both have their part to do, and they do it. If by any cause one goes out and does not return, the other one, be it male or female, stays in the nest until the young is reared. Therefore you cannot get both without going in to the nesting or on the nesting ground.

Now to their habits. When the time comes for them to nest they pick a location where there is plenty of timber, water and mast or shuck, build their nests, lay one egg and commence to sit. The female stays on the nest and the male goes for food in the morning. When it returns it takes the nest, and the female goes for feed. She comes back and the male goes again, and returns the same day. This is kept up for twenty-eight days (if the birds are not shot), fourteen days to hatch and fourteen days to rear the young.

On the last day, the young are filled up full of feed, and the body of the birds have a very strong yellow. There are always a few old birds left, and in about two days they commence to whip and pull the young birds out, and take care of them and feed them until they are ready for the journey, when they follow the old ones.

Champaign Co., O.

CHEAP GUNS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The writer has, for some time, been on the lookout for a long-range breech-loading single-barrel duck gun, with metal enough in it to prevent its killing at both ends. Search through the principal New York gun stores failed to reveal anything meeting the requirement, except some 4 or 8 bore guns of English make and at high price (\$100 and over), but a really good and well-finished long-range ten-bore was not found. Passing up Broadway, attracted by a placard in the window of a presumably respectable firm, advertising a gun, and stating that the gun was the "best single-barrel gun in the world." On entering, the salesman confidently asserted that such was the case, although the price was but \$155. Upon examination, I found a gun of exceedingly rough workmanship. A few minutes conversation induced the salesman to withdraw his assertion of "best," etc. Noticing that there was quite a gap between the barrel and the breech, I passed the ticket, being the price, etc. into this gap, expecting thus to discover the salesman a little. Not at all. He quickly informed me that when the cartridge was in it would be all right.

Now, is it not time to make some effort to discourage apparently respectable firms from dealing in such trash, and by false representations palming it off on the unwary? Is it not time that a proof-house, similar to the English ones, were established in this country? Is it not time that an American maker can be found who will offer a first-class single ten-bore long-range gun with the same accuracy as the best of the English ones, at a price not to exceed, say \$50? Greener advertises a single eight-bore "full choked, to kill at 140 yards," for from fifteen to twenty-five guineas. Is it not possible, therefore, to make a ten-bore to kill at 100 yards, of sufficient weight (nine to ten pounds) to stand heavy charges without heavy recoil; and, if so, why is it not done?

SINGLE BARREL.

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 29.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The advertisement of the "Saxon" gun I saw in Harper's *Young People*. It caused some considerable talk, and I know that a number of parties called the attention of dealers in guns and asked why single breach-loaders could not be sold as cheaply by them. I am glad you have told the plain truth about these guns, for I had frequently seen them in the country hardware stores for sale for \$2 or \$4. I am glad we have a paper that is ready to do justice to the public by stating facts.

Ruffed grouse are not plentiful this season. It is thought that the wet spring caused the young to die, if they were well hatched.

H. N. P.

HIS FIRST MISS.

VICKSBURG, Miss., Nov. 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My friend, Capt. Mike Hughes, a railroad contractor, is executing a contract on the Vicksburg and Ship Island Railroad. He established a construction camp a few miles below here, and has a jolly Irishman named MacNamara, in charge. When Mac first established his camp he had a fire made under an oak tree on the road side, and his cook suspended a dinner pot over the same.

One day Mac discovered a squirrel on the tree, and determined to shoot it. There was an old Queen Anne musket in the camp that had been looted from some period in the remote past. Nobody knew what kind of load was in it—whether for bear, deer, snipe or Britishers; but MacNamara, who is a brave Irishman, determined to use it on this occasion upon the venturesome squirrel, which was eating acorns over his camp fire. So he manoeuvred for position, and at last got a fair shot, when, with reckless temerity, he pulled the trigger of the "Queen Anne."

The whole neighborhood was startled—thought he was blasting rock. Mac had gotten up on a log to get a better view of the tree, and he was laid flat upon his back, with a bleeding nose, by the recoil, while the old musket, jumped over his head and landed in a pond, muzzle down. Later investigation developed the fact that a negro had loaded it for a Christmas gun last winter and then was afraid to shoot it off.

Mac, with commendable celerity, recovered the position which is characteristic of men, and stood upright. His coat was so surprised that he had killed the squirrel, which lay sprawling in the ashes near the suspended pot. A countryman, who happened to be passing at the time, saw the whole proceeding. Mac, with ready Irish wit, wiped the blood off his nose, and coolly remarked: "Begorra, that's the first time I've missed yet."

The countryman replied: "Why, you didn't miss him, there he lays!"

"Yis," says Mac, "but I always throp 'em into the pot." MARQUONER.

FLUSHING A RATTLER.

SPEAKING of snakes reminds me of an adventure I had with a good sized rattler about three years since. It was late in the shooting season, being the first days in April, and I was out working a young dog that I was anxious might have as much experience as possible before the close season began on the 16th. I had found half a dozen quail in a field, and, after being flushed, they dropped in the swampy ground near by. The foliage on the trees and bushes was far along toward full development, making it hard to see and to penetrate into the thick growth. Arriving at the edge of the swamp I sent the puppy in. After making his way probably thirty feet he pointed. I immediately advanced to flush the birds, and when within a few feet of the dog was alarmed by the vigorous rattling of that terrible reptile, the rattlesnake.

I stopped instantly, and so did the rattler's music. I examined the ground in front and each side, but could not discover my disagreeable neighbor. Feeling that he could not be very near, I stepped forward again, and again was warned to stay proceedings. With my eye I carefully went over the ground again, but failed to catch the snake. By this time the dog was becoming uneasy, and I determined to get him out of the way, fearful lest he should be struck by the snake. Being now within reaching distance of the dog I bent over and lifted him from the ground. The movement alarmed the snake, and he rattled, but this time behind me.

There I was, boxed and thoroughly frightened. I turned about slowly and made one step forward, and again was warned. I looked and looked, and as I could not see the reptile immediately in my path I made a rush and jump and got safely out.

I was now determined, if possible, to kill the ugly thing. Cocking my gun, I advanced cautiously, and soon heard the buzz-z-z-z. It sounded some distance in front. I kept him going by striking the low bushes with my foot, in order that I might have less difficulty in locating him. Suddenly I saw something move with great rapidity some ten or twelve feet in front. There he was, coiled, head erect and repleated with his scurrying suit. I could not but admire him; he had been good enough to warn me; he really did look beautiful; but the scriptural injunction must be fulfilled, and although it was not the best of me that crushed his head, one ounce of No. 8, backed by 3½ drms. Hazard's No. 4 Duck, did it most effectually. I pulled off his rattles, and counted eight, and the button.

During the winter season no danger from snakes attends a tramp through this country. It is only in the warm days of early spring and early fall that the danger is real. In summer the danger is great, but rambles in the woods and near water courses are not fashionable. Lovers don't take much to sequestered nooks in the woods and Sunday in the fields. The business of courting is conducted on the front porch.

DICK SWITTELLER.

A FINE MINNESOTA SEASON—Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 8.—The fall shooting in this State has been unsurpassed for a number of years. Fine bags have been made in the vicinity of the city, a friend and myself making a bag of forty black duck in an evening and morning shooting on the bridge pass at the Rice Lakes. The St. Paul sportsmen have made some good enough bags from snipe on their shooting grounds. The last cold days from snow have seemed to have sent the ducks on South, as several parties who have been out report no ducks around. One hunter bagged 100 gray squirrels, 3 coons and 10 duck in a three days' tramp along the Crow River. Partridge are reported more plenty than for years in the timber west of us. Several parties left yesterday with dogs, guns, etc., for a crack on the deer.—F. V. II.

GRONCIA NURSERY—Bainbridge, Ga., Oct. 24.—The quail season is open. Birds are in the greatest abundance. The weather just now is too warm for the sport, but it cannot last much longer. Sportsmen report turkeys more plentiful than they have been for years. Deer are taking to the fields to enjoy the farmer's peace. Almost daily reports reach me of their having been seen in the fields within five miles of our town. A few days ago a large buck was run into Spring Creek, and caught by the dogs in the middle of the stream near to some men cutting timber. A negro swam out to the struggling deer and dogs, cut its throat and swam ashore with the prey. The dressed deer weighed 150 pounds. Ostriches are abundant every summer and fall large quantities of fish have been and are now being taken. Never has fishing been more lucrative to those engaged in the sale of the delicious finny tribe or more enjoyable to those who handle the rod for pleasure.—O. G. G.

GUT—ITS BRITTLINESS BY AGE.

OF all the miseries the angler has to contend with, there are few things more vexatious than one's tackle giving way when a good fish is hooked, or when the hook or hooks have got wedged to a tree or in or out of the water. The whipping of the hook may have become slack, the barb may break off, the line may break, or the rod itself may give way. A knot in the cast may slip; but of all the breakages that I know of and that I dislike, it is a goodly piece of stout salmon gut to part company, and leave one "alone lamenting."

I do not wish to have to lament on this count, and I desire to lay the interest of all anglers before brother Francis and all lovers of the art, and see if we cannot doctor our gut, so that there will be no more lamenting.

In the first place, as prevention is better than cure, I should like to know if there is any way of preventing the disorder? Is there anything in the preparing of silkworm gut which causes this tendency? It is a fact which I have observed that all gut has not the same amount of tendency to become brittle, if I may so speak. Have the diseases to which silkworms are subject anything to do with it? Or is it the substances used in the staining of it? I may be wrong, but I think I have observed the brittleness more frequently in the light iron-blue stained gut, and much less in unstained gut. So much for the cause and prevention. What of the cure?

We are advised to steep it in cold water. This summer I stepped as fine a cast as any one could wish, for about fifteen miles. I finished it with a round ball, and the other end of it attached to a spring balance. It gave way in the middle between two knots at three and a half pounds. This same cast, which has never been used, and which is a perfect model to look at, was bought in London in 1879 at a first-class house. When tried in a similar way then it withstood a pull of ten pounds, without breaking. I expect my salmon casts, single gut, to stand a dead strain of ten pounds, and my trout casts three pounds. If they do not stand this on each hook, I do not use them with a fish of any kind. The casts which I have advised to be made of picked salmon gut, bluish tinted; every thread in it is as round as need be, and tapering from end to end. I have about a dozen of them now perfectly useless.

Can Mr. Francis or any one throw any light? Now is the time, when our casts are lying idle and with a strong tendency to become brittle and useless by age.

Had I not tried my cast in the way I always do, even with a fine trout line, I should most certainly have lost my first fish.

By way of cure I have thought of many things; and I am about to institute a number of experiments, in order to ascertain the best color and substance to use as a stain for fishing gut—one or more substances which will have no tendency to lead to this brittleness. As soon as my fishing tackle returns from the North, and which will be in about a week, as it is coming by sea, I shall pace one of my brittle salmon casts in strong vinegar for twelve or fourteen hours, and I shall report with what effect.

The reason why I shall use vinegar by way of a cure is because the gut manufacturers, before dividing the worm and drawing it out to form gut, steep the caterpillars in strong vinegar for twelve or fourteen hours. The vinegar, I understand, has the property of converting the secretion in the sericaria, or silk-vessels, into gut instead of silk. Vinegar or acetic acid has a similar action upon glue and cold substances in general. Anyhow, as my casts can hardly be made worse, I shall try a few experiments with them for the benefit of the present and future race of anglers.—*Correspondence of London Field.*

GAME PROTECTION IN NEW YORK.—State Game Protector S. V. R. Brayton, of Albany, lately returned from making a successful raid upon eel weirs in the Delaware, between Hancock and Callicoon. Between these points he had discovered eight of these unlawful and destructive fish traps, some of them partly destroyed and others in full working order. He has requested District Attorney J. Curtis, Esq., of Callicoon, to institute proceedings against Leader Conklin and Lewis Hill, of Damascus, Wayne county, Pa., two eel weir owners, who come from the Pennsylvania border to catch New York State fish by wholesale. He has a memorandum in which are recorded the names of trespassers, and it is hoped that he will secure a list of all game which, for the past two years, has been in open violation of the game laws of that vicinity. Mr. Brayton says, regarding the difficulties in detecting this class of criminals, that the effectual suppression of illegal fishing and shooting is greatly in the hands of the citizens where the outrages are perpetrated. It being impossible to provide a patrol of constables sufficient to thoroughly canvass the forests and streams, it is the duty of every right-minded and public spirited citizen to report to the game constable and sportsmen's clubs any violation of the game law which comes under his notice. A violation of this kind, were it general, would soon abolish the pothunter and secure good fishing and shooting in the proper season throughout the State. During the past summer Mr. Brayton has been doing some sharp work about Oneida Lake and other neighboring lakes of the chain in capturing nets and indicting their owners, some of whom are already under the lash of the law.

A TROUT HIDES IN THE MUD.—Putnam, Conn., Oct. 22.—Forty-five years ago the trout were abundant in all the clear spring brooks in Plymouth county, Mass., and for such as would weigh one-half a pound and upward I usually got ten cents a pound, and often caught so large a string that I would prefer to return home for the wagon than to try to carry them. I recollect that at one time, on my return home with quite a nice string I thought it better to go to the lower mill on Trout Brook, as there were two or three pools below the mill where I usually secured a nice trout. The water was low and the mill had shut down. With careful search I found a structure and the mill had been thrown. A big fellow, but I was determined to secure him, and waded in as the pool was a foot deep or so, and some twelve feet square. I carefully fanned every part of it, and could not see the trout. It could not get out any way, and I waded up and down, and just as I was about giving up I saw a piece of my line, and carefully secured the end and followed it up, and soon found the trout, which had hidden away in the only little spot of mud in the pool. I secured it, and if I recollect aright it was a trout of full two pounds.—*Wright.*—G. F. W.

THE MAMMOTH COD.—A enormous codfish are occasionally taken is not a surprising fact. That one should be the occasion of poem may, however, seem a trifle strange. We have received such a poem, entitled "The Mammoth

Cod," from the pen of Mr. R. Hawes. The verses are faultless in metre and the style is lyrical, and, were they more directly in our line, we would gladly publish them. No doubt the "Fisherman's Memorial," about to be published at Gloucester, Mass., would gladly embrace them in its pages and the writer of "The Mammoth Cod" would go down to posterity alongside our most gifted poets.

THE "BELGIAN DEVIL."—The *London Fishing Gazette* has an illustrated article with this heading. The "devil" is a heavy iron implement like four fish-awl, fastened back to back. It is three feet high, and the inside part of the hooks are sharpened. It is claimed that the Belgian fishermen in the North Sea, engaged in trawling, carry such an implement hanging from the bow, which cuts through the English nets and lets the fish into the Belgian trawl. One was recently lost from an Ostend trawler and captured in an English fishing net. If this is practiced, branches of the peace between the fishermen of England and Belgium may be looked for.

HABITS OF TROUT.—We recently published a letter from Judge Caton on the habit of trout hiding in soft bottom, or burrowing. He cited Capt. A. F. Young, of Escanaba, Mich., as having seen this strange habit. We now learn that Mr. W. H. Ballou, an observant naturalist of Illinois, has observed the same thing in the State of New York. We imagine that some peculiar bottom is favorable for this habit, as it does not seem possible that trout would go in mud. The bottom described by Capt. Young seemed like a whitish loam. Who knows more about this?

THE MSHADEN FISHERIES.—Surveyor King, of Greenport, L. I., reports the number of menhaden rendered in the district during the past season as 86,000 tons. This immense quantity of fish yielded 425,000 gallons of oil and 8,500 tons of fertilizer. Long Island fishermen returned from the Chesapeake report a good season. The Virginia season was a failure owing to the scarcity of fish.

Fishculture.

FISHCULTURE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

AS our readers are aware the State work of fishculture in North Carolina is a sub-department of the Department of Agriculture. A monthly bulletin is issued, called the *Monthly Bulletin North Carolina Department of Agriculture*. It is published by A. S. Gating, State printer, Raleigh. Subscription price, one year 25 cents. We have just received No. 3, dated September, 1891, in which Mr. S. G. Worth, Superintendent of Fish and Fisheries, gives a summary of the operations of the sub-department of Fish and Fisheries for the years 1877 to 1891 inclusive.

The propagation of fish by artificial methods was undertaken only a few days after the creation of the Board of Agriculture by the Legislature of March 27, 1877. Mr. Frank N. Clark, an expert in the culture of the Catfish, was appointed by the Board, and operations in fish-hatching were immediately undertaken on the Nemo. High water and other difficulties set at naught all efforts, and the result there and of fry obtained from the Government hatcheries in Massachusetts made a net plant of only 416,000. A number of floating boxes were then used for hatching, the eggs being moved in the process by the natural river current, the box bottoms being wire. No hatchery existed in the State, and these boxes were in part a loan from the United States Commissioner, and that time no one in our State knew anything of the artificial hatching of eggs, and such practical knowledge which has spread rapidly in all directions is entirely due to the agency of the Board and a kindly disposition.

The second step taken was the creation of a salmon hatchery in September following at Swannanoa River, Buncombe county, making a plant of 234,000 fish with small loss.

A joint subscription of funds, and the United States and Maryland Commissioners sent their hatching shed (of boats) into the Albemarle Sound. They assumed the collecting and hatching, and when the fry were ready for shipment they were allotted out to the different commissioners for their respective States. The means furnished were used to best advantage in shipping the fish. The result was 3,243,000. In the season of 1879 we operated on the same plan, making a net plant of 1,500,000, as we could secure from the officials in charge.

In 1880 the appropriation for the United States Commission was so delayed that no operations were undertaken by them on the Albemarle. We assumed the undertaking of collecting, hatching and shipping the fish. The hatching shed was transferred to the Albemarle Bay, and we had no nucleus to build on. Within forty-five days, however, an order was given and a hatchery near their old seat was perfected. It contains a four and one-half horse boiler and engine, two powerful force pumps run by steam, and twenty-eight hatching boxes, with a weekly hatching capacity of four millions of eggs. The building is of rough plank, twenty-five by thirty feet, single story. All meals are served and eaten in this building, and the corps sleep in hammocks and on cots in a complete style, and the hatchery, with entire hatchery and fixtures cost less than \$1,500. The engine was shipped up on April 14, and the pumps worked twenty-seven days and nights without an hour's interruption. There was a working force of sixteen men. The hatching occurring every six hours at two fifteen to two miles distant were attended, and the hatching cages were filled to the utmost capacity, and were empty only at the close. The point at which this work is done is Asoca, the home of Dr. W. R. Capehart. The waters of the Albemarle are here fresh and six miles long. The seines used in fishing are one and one-half mile long, and one-half mile wide. Most of them are shot from two fifty-foot boats, manned by ten oarsmen to each. With long ropes they are then hauled ashore by horse-power and windlasses—some, however, are carried out by steamers and landed in on drums by two or three men ashore. The annual sale yield of the hatchery is about one million.

In 1881 the new fish-hatching steamer, Fish Hawk, was sent down by the United States Commissioners to hatch at Avoca. From her comes 800,000 fry were released and the remaining eggs were sent to us on the eve of her departure, May 1. We had made no preparation to do any hatching, the United States officials having assured me that they would do it all. But on our unexpected departure we began, and with no force except nine men to distribute fry with, and with very disadvantage, we achieved a fine success. With the 800,000 fish released from the Fish Hawk the North Carolina plantings foot up 5,545,000. The fish are really twice as good as that of 1880, showing above all things that we are in a line of progression.

No State is more favored in trout culture than ours. We are lacking in lake area, however, and in nearly all running waters above the seaboard, there is a very great scarcity of fish. While these localities have engaged thoughtful attention, we have not been able to organize any large work by which we could fully restock them. We have not been able to overcome the scarcity of fish in the headwaters of such streams by the introduction of the Schoodic salmon of Maine and the California trout of the Western slope. Meanwhile I would earnestly recommend persons in the interior to cultivate the German carp in ponds. This is a larger pond fish of the State is not so common, and when it was introduced in establishing successful fishways on all the dams in the State, they will yet receive fish on only comparative small numbers. The carp grows quickly and almost every farm affords suitable conditions for supplying one or more families with fish.

In 1880 I spawned a large rockfish of fifty-seven pounds and hatched 500,000 fry. I found milk for the impregnation of 700,000 eggs only, but the eggs remaining in the ovaries which were subsequently removed, were to those taken about four to one, making the yield about 3,000,000 in 1880. Five spawning and growing of like size were taken in a week and a half that spring within four miles of our station. Three of the same, I am informed, were taken last season at Wood's fishery opposite us. Their full period of spawning follows the close of shad-fishing, and we have been compelled from lack of means to close our work without making a special work of rock. In 1878 Dr. Capehart made a haul on May 6 (after he had finished his shad-fishing) and took 840 fish; 350 averaged sixty-five pounds, and many weighed eighty to ninety pounds. The total weight of the haul was 35,000 pounds. Though an expert and an acute observer, he said that that was much attracted to the spawning of fish, and it is not known how many may have been ripe, but the spawn of one weighed twenty-eight pounds—over three and nearly four times as much as the spawn contained in the one handled by me in propagation in 1880.

*The "striped bass," of New York, *Roccus lineatus*.

BLACK BASS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 14. Mr. JAS. W. ORE, Fish Warden of Camden county, N. J., has just finished his report ending Oct. 1, 1891, which has been forwarded to Fish Commissioner Howell, of Woodbury, Gloucester county, N. J. Mr. Ore states that during the past year there have been many black bass caught in many Camden county ponds, the result of stocking of this fine game fish. Some of the fish weighed four pounds. The following are the ponds which have been supplied with this game fish, two hundred and fifty being placed in each, measuring from four to six inches in length: C. S. Midway's, at Brown's Mill; Albert G. Gooch's, at Richwood; R. Russell's, near Tvesboro, and Warrenton's, near Swedesboro. The fish for the latter were carried down on the Woodbury and Swedesboro Railroad yesterday and liberated. The superintendent of stocking all the ponds south of M-rez county has been delegated to Camden county, and he has ordered that no more black bass be stocked there for three years ago by Mr. Ore, and this year some of them were caught measuring ten and twelve inches in length.

The large pond belonging to Mr. Black at Swedesboro is not mentioned as being stocked. We visited it first as the writer in his youthful days used to catch white perch in this pond weighing one and two pounds, the fish having originally been placed there from a tide water creek (Raccoon) running into the Delaware River, and had become land locked.

The writer was once one of four who subscribed to a fund for the purchase of bass for the Swedesboro pond, but the fish bought were nothing but fallfish, a chub—the person doing the buying, being ignorant as to the appearance of the black bass, took what he thought were the fish wanted, as he saw them swimming in the bottom of the pond.

The result of this experiment is the presence by thousands of the fallfish in Swedesboro pond, where they were never known before. Mr. Ore should not neglect this grand sheet of water. The white perch from tide water will live there and thrive. Why will not the bass?

Home.

GROWTH OF CARP IN VIRGINIA.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 5.

Editor Forest and Stream: I clip the following item headed "Carp in North Carolina" from the *Baltimore Sun* of to-day: "The carp raisers in North Carolina are rejoicing over the success of their efforts to introduce the carp into the State. One gentleman residing near Greenville dragged his pond a few days ago, and the result astonished him. The carp that he deposited in January—ten months ago, of infinitesimal size and an ounce in weight—are now seventeen inches long and weigh four or five pounds. The carp—German carp—are known to be of rapid growth in still ponds favorable to their propagation, and I will give you an instance that will be additionally convincing. While on a recent visit to Winchester, Va., I was informed by Mr. Crump, the eminent manager of the paper mill there, that he had secured four of the carp—small specimens (such as the U. S. Fish Commissioner distributes)—on April 15, placing them in a small pond at the mill. July 15, exactly three months after putting them in, he had the water drawn off, and to his 'astonishment' he found the carp—four in number—of a remarkable length of ten and one-half inches. Any one acquainted with Mr. Crump will accept his statement without question. He is not a disciple of Isaac Walton. N. P."

FISHCULTURE IN TEXAS.

LAWS RELATING TO PROTECTION OF FISH.

Offenses Relating to the Protection of Fish.—Article 423. If any person shall drag or haul any fish, or seine, or set, place or use any fish net, seine trap or other contrivance of any character whatsoever, for the purpose of catching fish (except the ordinary hook, line and pole), in any stream, lake or pool of water in this State, after the water, between the fourteenth day of February and the fourteenth day of June of each year, he shall be fined not exceeding fifty dollars.

Article 424. Each day that any net, seine, trap or other contrivance remains set or placed, shall constitute a separate offense under the provisions of this article.

Article 425. If any person shall catch or take, or attempt to catch or take, any fish in this State by the use of any poisonous substance put into the water, he shall be fined not less than twenty-five nor more than one hundred dollars.—*Fiscal Code, Title XIII, Chap.*

An Act for the Preservation of Fish and to Build Fish-Ways and Fish-Ladders.—Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Texas, That it shall be the duty of all persons, firms or corporations, who have erected, or who may hereafter erect, any mill-dam, water-works, or other obstructions, on rivers or streams within the waters of this State, within six months after the passage of this act, to construct and keep in repair fish-ways or fish-ladders at such mill-dam, water-works, or obstructions, so that all seasons of the year persons may ascend above and descend below such obstructions to deposit their spawn. Any person, firm, or corporation, owning such mill-dam or obstructions, who shall fail or refuse to construct or keep in repair such fish-ways or fish-ladders, after having been notified and required by the Fish Commissioner to do so, shall be deemed to have committed a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars nor less than twenty-five for every such neglect or refusal. The Governor is hereby authorized to appoint a fish commissioner, who has attained to the years of discretion, whose duty it shall be to see that the provisions of this act are complied with.

Section 2. All prosecutions under this act shall be commenced within two months from the time when such offense was committed, and the same shall be upon complaint under oath, or affidavit, of the peace officer or recorder or mayor of any city in the county where the offense was committed or where the defendant may reside or be found; and all fines imposed and collected under this act shall be paid one-half to the complainant.

Section 3. All laws and parts of laws which conflict with the provisions of this act shall be the same are hereby repealed.

Section 4. This act shall take effect and be in force on and after the first day of July.

Approved April 17, 1879. O. S. H. The Legislature amended the law of 1879 by fixing the pay of the Commissioner at \$1,500 per annum, and also making an appropriation of \$5,000 per annum for the protection and distribution of fish.

Mr. J. H. Dinkins is the only Fish Commissioner ever appointed for Texas and is now serving his second term.

INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION, EDINBURGH,
APRIL, 1882.

WE have received circulars of the proposed Fishery Exhibition in Scotland, next April. The President is H. R. H. Prince Alfred Ernest, Duke of Edinburgh. It is held under the patronage of a long line of titled gentlemen, and at the tail end of the list we find the names of some men who have no claim to be called "His Grace," nor "Most Noble," but who in the fishery interests would in America be considered of more importance. These are James Leslie, C. C. H. Gordon Cumming, and Archibald Young, Commissioners of Scotch Salmon Fisheries; Prof. T. H. Huxley and Spencer Walpole, Inspectors of Fisheries for England and Wales; Major Hayes, Thos. F. Brady and W. Johnston, Inspectors of Irish Fisheries; Francis Day, late Inspector-General of Fisheries in India, etc. The honorary secretaries, to whom all communications must be addressed, are:

Sir James Ramsay Gibson Maitland, of Barmston, Bart.
William Bimby, Town Clerk of Edinburgh.
F. N. McKenzie, Secretary to the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland.
Archibald Young, Commissioner of Scotch Salmon Fisheries.

REGULATIONS.

1. The exhibition will include all kinds of articles connected with, or illustrative of, the fisheries of the world, and will be open to exhibitors from all countries. (See Classification of Articles.)

2. Medals and money prizes for exhibits and essays will be awarded by competent jurors, whose names will be made known in due course.

3. Application for space must be made to the Hon. Secretaries, 3 George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh, and should be restricted to the minimum amount required for the display of the articles sent for exhibition. No charge will be made for articles or collections sent on loan, for books, essays, official reports or plans. Other articles will be charged at the rate of nine shillings per square yard, or one shilling per square foot. No less space than one square yard to be taken. Payment for such space must be made on entry. The height of cases must not exceed nine feet, but fishing rods allowed to be put up.

4. Arrangements will be made by the committee for the receipt of all exhibits from the 1st of March, 1882, to the 4th of April, 1882, both days inclusive. The carriage of all articles sent for exhibition must be prepaid, and must have a label attached with the exhibitor's name. Packages cannot be received in the Exhibition Building after the latter date, and space then unoccupied will be forfeited or otherwise disposed of.

5. Exhibitors requiring the use of water or gas for their exhibits must state so in their application, and the expense of all such special requirements must be borne by exhibitors, together with the costs incurred in the erection of the stands, cases, etc., and in official notices published by the committee, in which explanatory notices can, under special arrangements, follow the exhibitors' official class entries.

6. No photographs, copies, or other reproductions of any objects exhibited will be permitted to be taken without the consent of the committee.

7. Exhibitors must pay the expense of transit, delivery, fixing and removing their exhibits, and they must either personally or by their agents superintend the proper reception, installation and removal of their exhibits, and be present whereof their committee reserve the right of doing whatever may be considered necessary, at the expense of the exhibitors.

8. The committee will not be liable for any loss or damage which exhibits may sustain at the exhibition or on transit.

9. All objects must be removed from the exhibition within a week after its close, unless time is specially extended by the committee.

10. The committee reserve the right of excluding any proposed exhibits.

11. All persons admitted to the exhibition shall be subject to the rules and orders of the committee.

CLASSIFICATION.

Class I. Fish.—Specimens of all kinds of salt water and fresh water fish; models, drawings, photographs and paintings of fish and other marine animals; illustrations of the diseases of fish, and specimens of aquatic birds of all kinds.

Class II. Boats and Implements Used in Fishing.—Models: Apparatus and gear complete, including steam machinery for all kinds of fishing boats, and for vessels employed in the conveyance of fish to market; apparatus employed in catching lobsters, crabs and prawns; collections of nets used in sea or in fresh-water fishing; collections of fresh water fishing tackle, including rods, reels, lures, artificial flies, baits, gaffs, landing nets, etc.; collections of books used in sea and fresh water fishing; collections of tackle used in sea fishing; models of whaleboats, knives, harpoons, lances and whale and seal fishing appliances of all kinds; portable boats, ropes, cordage and canvas.

Class III. Pisciculture.—Apparatus and models for hatching, rearing and transporting fish by land and sea; models or drawings of fish-breeding establishments; models and plans illustrating of the various processes of oyster culture; aquaria; illustrations of the development and growth of fish.

Class IV. Fish Passes.—Models and drawings of fish passes, sluices and ladders; plans for enabling salmon and other migratory fish to surmount the natural barriers that at present obstruct their ascent to the valuable spawning grounds of the rivers of the United Kingdom.

Class V. Preserved Fish.—Specimens of dried, salted and smoked fish of all kinds, and fish oils.

Class VI. Tinned Fish.—Tinned fish of all kinds.

Class VII. Fish Manures, Etc.—Fish manures and models of refrigerating fish vases.

Class VIII. Boats and Condition of Fishermen.—Models of fishing boats, of life boats and of fishermen's clothing, waterproof garments, and waterproof articles of all descriptions; life saving apparatus of all kinds; medicine chests for fishermen; systems of signalling fishing fleets and vessels at night, and plans of fish markets.

Class IX. History of Fishing.—Literature and statistics relating to fisheries both ancient and modern; ancient fishing implements; reports and statistics of the Commissioners of Fisheries in the various countries where fisheries are carried on.

Class X. Pollution of Rivers.—Plans and appliances for the prevention or remedy of the pollution of rivers and waters; statistics with regard to the effect of pollution on fish.

Class XI. General.—Corals, pearls, shells, amber, jet, onychia, agate, garnets, aquatics, aquatic birds and fauna, shell fish of every description, common objects of the sea-shore, rock works, grottoes, etc.

Class XII. Loan Collections.—The committee will be glad to receive loan collections of objects included in the preceding eleven classes, and will pay the carriage of the same, and make no charge for space.

DISTRIBUTION OF CARP.—The fall distribution of carp fry from the National Carp Ponds at Washington has begun. The expenses charges on a can of carp from Washington to New York is only eight cents, owing to an arrangement made by Prof. Baird. Formerly it was two dollars. As the quantity of New York will be appreciable, it is hoped that the quantity of New York will be direct from Washington. Mr. Blackford has 1,000 with him to fill all applications.

CARP AND BLACK BASS FOR ENGLAND.—When Mr. A. W. Armistead, the English Scientist who brought over the turbot and sole, returns, he will take over both black bass and carp. The sole and carp in England, but they are the scaled variety, and inferior to the German carp, which has been improved by cultivation and by transplanting. Since the above was written Mr. Armistead has sailed. He took out carp in the Scythia, on the 16th. Owing to the black bass of New Hampshire being in their winter quarters, he was unable to bring them down, after his visit to Mr. Stone.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

December 14, 15 and 16, at Lowell, Mass., Lowell Dog Show. Entries close December 6. Chas. A. Andrew, West Roxford, Mass., Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 7, at Gilroy, Cal., Field Trials of the Gilroy Rod and Gun Club. Entries close November 1. E. Leversley, Secretary.

November 25, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 25. Edward O'Leary, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November 26, at Philadelphia, Pa., Foxhound Field Trials Club; third annual meeting at Nantux Island, Peconic Bay, Long Island. Entries close Oct. 1. Jacob Paul, Secretary, P. O. Box 234, New York City.

December 10, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Rod and Gun Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

December 10, (or immediately after the close of the National Trials at Grand Junction, Tenn.), Pennsylvania Field Trials. Entries close Dec. 5 at 9 A. M. J. R. Clayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa. Address will be Grand Junction, Tenn., after Dec. 1.

TRAINING VERSUS BREAKING.

IN TEN CHAPTERS—CHAP. I.

WE will take it for granted that, after a week or two of daily practice, our pupil has so far advanced in his education as to be reasonably proficient in his performance at *To Ho*, and we will now take another step and try him with something new, and endeavor to teach him the meaning of the word *charge*. As this word is in constant use among sportsmen the world over, we always teach our dogs its meaning; but for our own use we greatly prefer a low breathed *Sh!* It is just as effective and far more quiet, especially when you take your dog into company, for instead of attracting the attention of every one in the room by commanding him to charge, you can give him this signal, and scarcely one even of those nearest you will notice it. We have used this for more than twenty years, and can heartily recommend it. Most persons train their dogs to charge at the upraised hand. We do not quite like this, and have never adopted the custom, for if very seldom occurs that you wish your dog to drop at any great distance from you, but should you from any cause wish your dog to remain quiet when he is at a distance, how much better it is to teach him to come to a full stop at the raising of your hand, and remain upon his feet when he can see you and be ready to obey your next signal. Even at the discharge of the gun or rise of the bird, we greatly prefer that the dog, instead of charging, should instantly stop and stand up, where he can readily see what is going on. There are many arguments in favor of this course that we will not mention until we get further on.

We will now take our pupil in hand and see if we can teach him "charge." Place one hand upon his shoulders and nck and the other upon his hips, and gently, yet firmly, force him to a recumbent position, at the same time repeat the word *charge*, prefaced with the low *sh—*. Do not forget to use only your natural tone, at the same time the word must be spoken in a decided way that cannot be mistaken for retreat instead of command. This word must not be spoken more than once, and given with a falling inflection; keep him in position until he ceases struggling and his muscles relax. After he has relaxed, if he remains quiet, remove your hands and allow him to get up. By using the words "hold up" or "get up" in this connection he will soon learn their meaning; but do not do this until he appears to understand what you want of him, and on no account, no matter how long the struggle continues, should you repeat the word, nor let up on him one particle, for everything depends on first impressions, and as soon as your pupil finds that his struggles to escape avail him nothing, and that relentless as fate you are bound to conquer and accomplish your purpose, he will at each successive lesson be more willing to yield. To this persistent painstaking and unwearied perseverance in sticking to our point until our object is accomplished do we owe much of our success in training.

We must again repeat that all this time you must keep perfectly cool, and must suffer no sign to escape you of anger or impatience; for if you cannot control your temper you are not the one to train a dog, and had better resort to the breaking process at once.

Great care should be taken to place the pup in a natural position. When you place him down see that his hind legs are squarely under his body and his fore-legs advanced well in front, with the head resting before or upon them, and always insist upon this position.

In the first few lessons it is not necessary to keep him in position more than a second or two, but be very careful that he understands that you are to be the judge of the proper time when he may get up. As he grows older the time can be very gradually extended, according to his disposition. Should he be very nervous and excitable, great care must be had that he does not get heart-broken with unnecessary and long continued restraint.

Do not expect that he will at once become perfect in anything that you may teach him, but possess your soul in patience and allow and encourage him to act out his puppy ways and to play and frolic to his heart's content, always excepting, of course, the few moments that you devote to his lessons. Above all things, carefully refrain from anything that looks like restraint in your ordinary intercourse with him, and endeavor to instill in him the idea that you are his friend, and that nothing suits you better than to see him thoroughly enjoy himself. We have found by experience that dogs are very much like men in some respects. They both are possessed of a superabundance of steam that must have vent somehow, and it is much better to get rid of the surplus while your pupil is of too tender an age to work any serious barrier, than to bottle it up for escape in the future, when added years and knowledge are very prone to turn to current into dangerous channels.

Encourage him to renewed efforts and let him learn for himself, that even if he is successful in securing the object of his desire, that the chase is futile and will not pay for bruised and tired limbs and soiled and torn clothes—how much better this than to keep him unwilling at your side, with his young heart almost bursting to essay the trial and sowing the seed that in a few years will ripen and cause him at the first opportune moment to break, not for butteousness now, but in a wild chase for forbidden pleasures that the restraint of his childhood makes doubly dear. Do not think that we are idealizing, as you are only illustrating. Therefore, when your pupil gives chase to the "butterflies of youth," do not check him, but rather urge him on, that he may the sooner discover the fallacy of the pursuit. In the meantime console

yourself with the thought that he is working off his surplus steam and will all the sooner settle down to the real duties of life and do you no discredit by wild escapades in his mature years.

There is one thing that we consider of paramount importance—our pup must staunchly point when he is from six to ten weeks old. If he will not do this naturally and of his own free will, quickly dispose of him to some one who is not so particular, and try again. Although his breeding may be of the best and the chances in favor of his pointing in the future, still there are so many elements of chance in raising up dogs that we should strive to eliminate at least all of the doubtful ones. We have yet to see the dog that would make a game point at this tender age, who would not fulfill the promise in his ripper years; while "the woods are full of them" that, having passed their youth without displaying this "heaven born gift" still make no sign. It is not necessary that he should be tried on game birds—although this is desirable—but any bird will answer the purpose; a fowl or chicken will do first-rate, or almost anything that will attract his attention so that he makes a staunch point. Do not force this upon him, but merely give him a chance to discover the bird or chicken himself, and if he has this instinct implanted within him he will depend upon his showing it. Many pups who will staunchly point at this age may, perhaps, a few weeks or months later, show no sign; give yourself no uneasiness on this account, for you know that the instinct is there and, although it may be dormant for a while, you can rest secure that it will return in proper season.

Do not forget during all your lessons, and while at play with him, to pet and fondle him; but do not allow him to jump upon you at any time. Whenever he does this you should at once firmly remove him and he will soon learn that this will not pay. You should also talk to him—himself talk—but use intelligent, rational language, just such as you would use in talking to a ten year old boy, and you will be surprised to see how soon he will understand your conversation. We are well aware that many persons will ridicule this, and will claim that a dog should be taught just as little as will answer to make him understand his duties while in the field, and that what they term "fancy training" is a positive injury to his usefulness. We have no sympathy with these views, for in all of the pleasure derived from our shooting trips is in witnessing the intelligent manner in which our pets perform their duties, and well satisfied are we that the more varied their accomplishments and the more developed their reasoning faculties, the more enjoyment will they afford. That many writers of renown disagree with us upon this point is true; and formerly, while perusing the finished productions of their able pens, we have been haunted by lingering doubts that after all perhaps they were right and that our system was open to serious objections; but after a tramp over the stubble or through the covert with these same writers, and witnessing the delight with which they gazed upon the performance of our dogs, and listening to the lavish encomiums which they bestowed upon their good behavior, we have been confirmed in the faith that our system is not radically wrong, to say the least. Many sportsmen whom we have met in the field insist upon congratulating us upon the wonderful good luck that we have had in obtaining such intelligent animals. That they are intelligent is plain to be seen; and that they are naturally more so than the average of others we cannot believe, for we have had considerable experience with many strains of both pointers and setters. Of pointers we have owned the "gazelle-eyed," satin-coated, light weight beauties, and many of the different strains and crosses up to the lumbering Spaniard; and of setters we have cultivated the "wild Irishman," as well as his more staid English and Scotch brothers, together with many animals of our grand old native stock, and have ever found them all endowed with faculties that needed but proper training to develop them into intelligent companions as well as first class "killing" dogs.

We will now return to our pupil, whom we have given quite a rest—and continue our lessons, ever remembering that we must "hasten slowly," and not over-burden his youthful days with care and sorrow by too frequent or long continued restraint. Unless he is very dull and stupid, or inclined to be refractory, or worse than all, sulky, a very short time is sufficient to give him all the instruction and practice needed, indeed to shorten the time required for his lessons.

Encourage the better, provided you succeed in obtaining an intelligent obedience to your commands.

You should be pretty well acquainted with his disposition by this time, and be able to form an opinion as to whether it will pay to keep him or try again. We are very loth to expend much time with a dull or stupid one, and a sour or sulky disposition we abominate, and dispose of such as soon as may be. We are best suited when a pup is full of life and shows that he has a small measure of the three *ends* of a hunter, for we have ever found that these high-strung animals are not only possessed of greater intelligence than their less sensitive companions, but as a rule they are more killing dogs, to say nothing of the greater pleasure that they afford by their superior style of going. Should his temperament appear to be what you desire, thankfully proceed with your picturesque task.

You must be careful when you commence his lesson that you do not cross him by beginning when he has something on his mind that will distract his attention from the business on hand; if he is busy with a bone, or engaged at play or his mind appears to be preoccupied, leave him quietly alone until he is disengaged, and then go on with the lesson; by pursuing this course you will secure his undivided attention, and not only save time, but much wear and tear of your stock of patience, it will be time enough to teach him that he must leave his bone or cease his play at your command when he is a little older and a little further on in his education; at the same time should you wish him to order him to do anything while he is engaged, you must see to it that the order is obeyed at all hazards, for if you will never do to play fast-and-loose with him, not to allow him to get the idea into his head that he can ever have his own way, when you desire the contrary. After you have taught him to charge readily without the aid of your hand to bring him down, you can gradually increase your distance from him when you give the order, and if you are very careful in making him obey you, and do not allow him to give even a single step after the command is given, he will soon obey the order as far as he can hear your voice.

If the gentleman who passed through St. Joseph, Mo., the latter part of October with a string of red Irish setters will communicate with us he will learn of something to his advantage.

MEMPHIS, Nov. 11, 1881.

Terry (Sensation-Colburn's Belle) out of owner's Snow Flake (Glen-

WHAT RICE LAKE CANOES MIGHT BE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 31st inst. "Red Laker" invites the "Commodore and the Cook" to express themselves regarding Rice Lake canoes as compared with modern and these improved types. I regret to say that neither the "Chub" nor the "Becky Sharp" survives to vindicate their individual characters. The former went up in the flames of an unfortunate boat house, and the latter was wrecked in a terrible gale on the Massachusetts coast. For myself I shall probably always believe that the "Becky Sharp" was the fastest craft of her class that ever floated. In her day she easily beat everything that she ever saw, and had her run with two leg-o-mutton sharp sails (sprits, not booms), and I steered her with a paddle, using a leeboard of about two square feet area hung a little forward of amidships. With a free wind she would very nearly steer herself. I do not pretend to assert that she could, had she survived, outlast the *Porpoise* or the *Wraith*, but I wish I could see her try it.

Your editorial remarks closely describe the under-water line of a *Peterboro* or *Ice Lake* boat, and I think that if Canadian builders could be persuaded to alter their gunwale lines at stem and stern, and put on such decks as are laid on the under-water line, they would produce a type of boat that would give a hard tussle to any canoe afloat. Of course a keel or some equivalent would be necessary to prevent leeway. As a rule a keel is superfluous in river work. I regard two sails as every way superior to one. A rudder is more convenient to steer with than is a paddle when it is once in place, but a paddle is every way effective, and has habitually dies away with an awkward addition to the paraphernalia of a cruise. Having as briefly as possible answered "Red Laker's" questions, I subscribe myself, sir, loyal to the Becky Sharp's memory.

THE COMMODORE.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to the query of Orange Frazer, in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Nov. 3, I can say that at the 1st annual meeting of the A. C. A., held at Lake George, on the 1st of October, 1881, the Association at the same time of the appointment of a regatta committee, playfully announced that there should be no more committees, as he was Commodore and "the Commodore was boss." This, however, was not the right and the duty of the Commodore under the constitution. Accordingly he has officially announced the appointment of Messrs. Aaron Vail, Jr., of New York, and W. P. Stephens, of the New York C. C., as the Regatta Committee for 1882. This is a compliment and I believe a conscientious committee, who will take into account all suggestions into consideration. The Executive Committee, appointed at the last annual meeting, held on Long Island, Lake George, on August 12, 1881, were empowered to prepare a new constitution, by-laws, sailing directions, classification of canoes, etc., and submit the same in print to each member of the A. C. A. before December next. Each member to be instructed to send in his vote upon the acceptance of the draft C. C. and Mr. Vail's rules to the secretary. If a two-thirds vote of all the members be cast in the affirmative, the new constitution, by-laws and rules shall be adopted by the association.

By vote it was decided to instruct the secretary of the past year, Mr. N. H. Bishop, to publish in December next the association book, inserting the new constitution, if adopted, and the list of names of members and the regatta committee. The secretary was instructed to publish the "Canoe Pilot," it being deemed best to let such a publication be undertaken by private individuals. It being too costly a work for an association of limited income to undertake.

The Executive Committee have been delayed, by illness of one of its members, in the work assigned them, but I am informed that they will have their work about ready for printing, so that we may reasonably expect to hear from them in a short time.

CHAS. A. NEIDE, Sec. A. C. A.

MAINSAIJS LOOSE ON THE FOOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From the slight mention you make of loose-footed mainsails we infer that they are uncommon in your waters, and for the benefit of any who may anticipate using them I will state a few of their advantages and disadvantages. They are found by owning and handling one or two years ago I purchased from one of the fishermen a boat 25x35-12x5. She, like all of the fish-boats about here, was cutter-rigged and carried a loose-footed leeboard. The mainsail was of the ordinary type, with the exception of a 12 or 14-inch "wash-board" inside of each rail. As long as I sailed her as an open boat I found the loose-footed mainsail was what was best suited for such a boat. The sail was cut so that the tack set up eighteen inches below the jaws of the boom. For this we had a small huff-tackle made fast, to an eye-bolt that came through the foot of the boom, and was worked by a line that passed around a sheave inserted in the end of the main-boom, and set up to a cleat under the jaws. To set the sail we first hooked on

the out-haul and set it up taut. Next the halliards were set up till the after leech was snug, then the huff-tackle was hooked on and set up snug. Result, as "that" a mainsail as ever hung over any yacht. When you want to tie down a reef to get the out-haul and huff-tackle away from the halliards, and the entire sail can yowl for once home, and you may sit down in the bottom of the boat and tie in your reef at your leisure. This is a great advantage, as any one who has wrestled with a 35-ft. boom in a chopped sea can testify for. If you happen to be out in a "regular snorter" you have only to unship the boom and stow it along the rail. The tight of the mainsail when close-reefed is so solid and heavy that it answers the purpose of a boom, and is much easier on the boat if she is a jumper. Of course in order to do this your main-beet must be unhooked from the boom. The sail has advantages of setting that no other sail has, and is easily handled in any weather, provided your boat is either open or huff-decked.

The sail is not well suited for yachts that have a trunk cabin, because it will not set well unless it is cut to comb over the boom at the foot. Not wanting an open boat I had mine decked over, and the trunk of my cabin coming fourteen inches above deck. I at once discovered that a loose-footed mainsail was no longer what I wanted, because when cut to hang fair with the boom it was found to be too tight. I liked it like an ordinary mainsail stopped fast to the boom.

Forget to mention that in working the loose-footed mainsail you must shift the tack over the boom every time you come about, so that the sail shall always hang to leeward of the boom. In conclusion, then, I will say to my nautical friends, if your yacht is either huff-decked or open use the loose-footed sail, but if you have a trunk cabin stick to the old one. Let us hear what others have to say on the subject, and we will have a fight on it. I will keep it for a safer boat than the average American yacht of my day. Making it up.

Muskegon, Mich.

QUESTION OF TYPE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am greatly interested in your articles on yachts and yachting, especially in the fight you are making for deep boats of moderate beam and double beam rigs. None others are fit to cruise, in my opinion. If some of your knowing opponents could make out a head sail, and cruise to the eastward, rounding Cape Cod and skirting the Maine coast, I am afraid they would find it necessary to rework their pet theories a little. I suppose, however, the American style (particularly the New York style) of yacht answers very well the large majority of yachtsmen, whose yachting is restricted by business to the coasting trade. I have, however, seen how the English style (a season time enough) let us far as Newport and back. These men know but little of the true pleasures of yachting, and with them for customers it is difficult to see how builders can know much about either building or rigging a first-class cruising yacht.

Very many Eastern yachtsmen have gone over to your side partially, and the past two years, but they seem very slow to learn how much better a yacht with six beam would work in all weather than one five wide. You are altogether too modest when you say "4 ft. beam would give better sail than 5 ft. beam." If you could let the flag give them the start in this direction that I should, our defeat will be a great one to yachtsmen.

C. A. J.

BEAM AND DEPTH RELATIVE TO LENGTH.

It is a common remark: "Measure length and then beam and depth regulate themselves." They will not. Beam will regulate depth, and vice versa, depth will regulate beam, but neither will regulate the other in any precise way to length, except that under the standing rule of length measurement the maximum of both will be chosen compatible with winning races under that rule, the builder finding thereby a little. I suppose, however, the American style (particularly the New York style) of yacht answers very well the large majority of yachtsmen, whose yachting is restricted by business to the coasting trade. I have, however, seen how the English style (a season time enough) let us far as Newport and back. These men know but little of the true pleasures of yachting, and with them for customers it is difficult to see how builders can know much about either building or rigging a first-class cruising yacht.

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As a practical illustration of the first change, we offer the almost total exclusion from our waters of boats of moderate form.

As a practical illustration of the second, the fact that under a length rule the victories of the *Madge* would have been shorn of nearly all the real importance due them on the impartial comparison by size.

NASSAU BOAT CLUB.—The fourteenth annual meeting of the Nassau Boat Club, of this city, was held at the St. Cloud Hotel, on Monday evening, 14th inst. Much interest was manifested in the election of officers, and, after a close vote, the "Independent" ticket

was successful. The officers for year ending November, 1882, are: President, William Brookfield; Vice-President, Walter S. Watson; Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. Ginn, Jr.; Captain, Wm. A. Leathum; Coxswain, Chas. E. Goodhue. Trustees—John H. Abel, Jr., Charles Bagley, Russell Martin, Henry P. Haverhill, E. D. Appleton, Commodore on Admissions—H. S. Pratt, Percy Wisner, H. R. Kretschmar. O. J. D. Vanderbilt, E. P. Swenson, W. G. Schuyler, John Jewett, A. T. Kins, R. P. McLaughlin, R. G. Norton. Regatta Committee—A. E. Colfax, Geo. W. Scott. The fourteenth anniversary club dinner will be given at Martineau's, on Saturday, 19th inst.

MAP OF LAKE GEORGE.—Canoeists will be glad to learn that a very fine and useful map has been published by S. R. Stoddard, of Glen's Falls, N. Y. It is on a large scale, from original surveys and published upon strong linen, very suitable for use in camp and canoe or tourist generally. Stoddard has also photographs of the lake and canoe islands which will be certain to charm those who have never been there with the beauty of these little gems and make them vow to put an appearance at the meet next year.

CUTTIES.—We call attention to the advertisement of Mr. G. L. Watson in another column. The success of Mr. Watson as a naval architect and yacht designer is known all the world over. His flyers are not only the fastest, but also the handsomest, to which the *Madge* now bears testimony in our own waters.

A. C. A.—Commodore Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, took his seat on the bench as Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, on Wednesday, Nov. 9, to serve under appointment of governor Foster until February 9 next, when his elective term of five years commences.

SMALL YACHT.—A gentleman on Lake George has a small combination sail and rowing boat, only 15 ft. long, weighing 176 lbs. including 40 lbs. of centerboard and rudder of 65 lbs. She does well under oars or sail.

NEW RIG.—We learn that Oriva, 30 tons, is to be supplied with Lapham sails for next season.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

E. A. C., Holman, N. Y.—See answer to A. H. S.

B. B., Pittsburg, Pa.—See answer to A. H. S. last week.

J. L. C., Pulaski, N. Y.—We are trying to identify your seeds, but have not yet succeeded.

H. M., Baltimore.—1. Has the "American Kennel Club Stud Book vol. 2" been issued? 2. What is the price and where can I get it? 3. How can I get a copy of the "American Kennel Club Stud Book" without further of the book. Ans. 1. No. 2. Write to Mr. Joseph H. Dev, Columbia, Tenn.

W. H. W., Ithaca, N. Y.—Will you be kind enough to publish a recipe for treating a dog with rabies? It is a difficult matter to prescribe in any case without fuller details than you give. Should an embrocation be necessary the following is the best that we have tried: Spirits of turpentine, 1 ounce; alcohol, 1 ounce; oil of half an ounce of each; to be well mixed and thoroughly rubbed in.

J. S., Oconomowoc, Wis.—A friend has a water-spaniel that is as deaf as a stone wall. He is not old and is as lively as ever. His ears are constantly running and emit an offensive odor. Do you know of anything that will cure his deafness? Ans. The animal is suffering with cancer in the ear. For treatment see answer to S. W. B. in last week's paper. We cannot say what caused the deafness, but are inclined to think that the cancer may have something to do with it. Write again after thorough trial of the remedy.

A. H. S., Ayer Junction, Mass.—A setter dog, about 18 months old, seems apparently in good condition, but after he has run a couple of hours he will suddenly come into heat and utter sharp barks. His eyes look very glassy; and apparently he loses his sharpness from two to three days after he has run. He seems to be in good condition, but will have just such another spell in an hour or two. What is the matter with him? Ans. These fits are undoubtedly caused by some irritation in the stomach, probably from the presence of undigested food. We should advise a careful attention to his diet and entire rest after feeding until his food has become digested. He should then be allowed to run loose if possible. Should the fits continue he must be treated for worms.

E. M., Toledo, O.—1. My pointer dog, 4 months old, has scabby sores on his breast and forelegs. What shall I do for him? 2. Is there any remedy for a dog who has been owned here for a long time, and one eye is brown and the other of a bluish color. Will this affect his hunting? 3. Should a pointer's tail be cut? 5. Should a dog be allowed to run loose? 6. Should a dog be allowed to run loose? 7. Should a dog be allowed to run loose? 8. Should a dog be allowed to run loose? 9. Should a dog be allowed to run loose? 10. Should a dog be allowed to run loose? 11. Should a dog be allowed to run loose? 12. Should a dog be allowed to run loose? 13. Should a dog be allowed to run loose? 14. Should a dog be allowed to run loose? 15. Should a dog be allowed to run loose? 16. Should a dog be allowed to run loose? 17. Should a dog be allowed to run loose? 18. Should a dog be allowed to run loose? 19. Should a dog be allowed to run loose? 20. Should a dog be allowed to run loose? 21. 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Miscellaneous

Iroquois-Foxhall.

We offer a line of Leather Goods made in Vienna in commemoration of the victories of these horses the past season. They have a fine representation of both horses and the Jockey Archer in inlaid silver and embossed work.

AN UNIQUE HOLIDAY GIFT.

Van Kleeck, Clark & Co.,
Nos. 834 and 1 282 Broadway, opposite Post Office

DEMUTH BROS., Manufacturers of



Artificial Eyes for Taxidermists and Manufacturers. Also, all kinds of Glass Work done to order. Make free of charge by Express to NEW YORK

HOLABIRD
Shooting Suits.
Write for circular to
UPTEGROVE & MOELLAN,
VALPARAISO, IND.

FRANK BLYDENBURCH,
STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES,
MINING STOCKS.
66 Pine St., New York.

STANCH steam yacht, with crew, to charter to a party wishing to go south. For particulars, address J. S. TAYLOR, Erie Station, Newark, N. J. Nov17,21

Wanted.

WANTED—Fifteen dozen live quail delivered at Boston. Address ONWARD BATES, 215 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. Nov19,21

\$150.--Wanted centred cabin sloop yacht or skip-jack, 7 or 8 net smacker. Sound and as large as possible for the money. Address DUCK HUNTER, care FOREST AND STREAM. Nov17,21

WANTED an 8-gauge hammerless gun; weight not less than 12 lbs.; 3 in. barrels preferred; choke bore. Address HENRY C. SQUIRE, 1 Cortland St., New York. Nov17,21

WANTED a few hundred live quail. Apply to FRANK BEVAN, Manager of Conestoga Kennel, Lancaster, Pa. Nov17,21

For Sale

Currituck Shooting.

FOR SALE, an undivided half-interest in about 500 acres, more or less (the one-half owned by a club); price \$500. or will lease by the year for \$50. Parties can sub-lease to those shooting for market and make money. Apply at this office or to owner, R. H. W., 3 E. 45th st., city.

FOR SALE.—Five three barrel Baker gun, 12, 28, 36, 44 and 48 calibers, good as new. Also one very fine walnut gun case, cost \$25. Will be sold cheap. For p. lics address G. O. ARTHUR, Putnam, Ohio. Nov17,21

FOR SALE, a 12-gauge Express rifle, made by J. Lang & Sons, London, England; perfectly new and first class in every respect. Fine Damascus barrels and English walnut stock. Case and all necessary appointments, with two mounds for round and conical bullets. Weight, 6 lbs. Apply to HENRY C. SQUIRE, 1 Cortland St., New York. Nov17,21

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—One Sharps long-range, one Sharps mid-range, one Remington long-range, one Ballard, 35-100 off-hand; one Ballard, 22-100; all the latest models and complete. Address, for particulars, DASH, Station A, Boston. Nov17,21

FOR SALE, 800,000 brook trout eggs. Apply to F. W. EDDY, Randolph, N. Y. Nov17,21

The Kennel.

\$12 will buy a pure dark red Irish bitch, 6 or 7 months old, having one crook of elbow and two of hump. Address, E. J. ROBBIN, Westfield, Conn. Nov17,21

Portraits of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on the tinted paper, will be sent, post-paid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec20,21

STONEHENGE ON THE DOG.

Price \$3 50.

For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

THE COLT CLUB GUN.



It should be remembered that while we are the chief distributors of the regular Colt Guns, we are also agents in New York for the Colt Club Guns. The complete supremacy of these guns in pigeon and glass ball trap shooting is so well known that no word of commendation is necessary.

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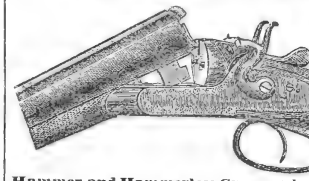
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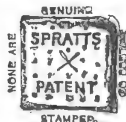
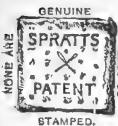
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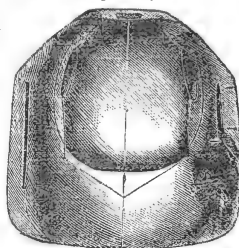
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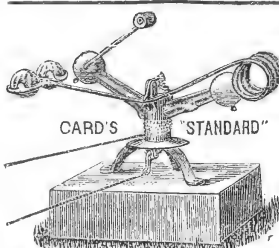
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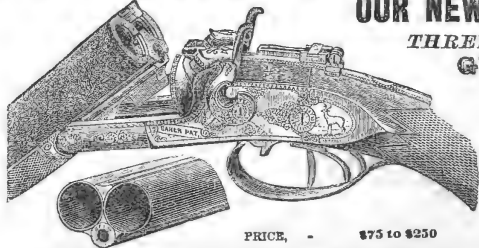
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Advertisements.

Inside pages, nonpareil type, 25 cents per line. Special rates for three, six and twelve months. Reading notices 50 cents per line—eight words to the line, and twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by the Saturday of each week previous to the issue in which they are to be inserted.

Address: Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York City.

FOREST AND STREAM.
Thursday, November 24.

DO NOT FORGET

That a year's subscription to the FOREST AND STREAM is a most appropriate holiday gift for a gentleman.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?—In the season, which means from the end of November to the first of February, every steamer to Europe takes out from one hundred to five hundred barrels of game—quail, grouse and partridges—each barrel containing about 250 pounds of game, and stated to be of an average value of \$70. If any one wants to know what is becoming of the game, the answer is here. We are feeding Europe with American game birds. It is a big contract. The supply of birds on this side of the water can hardly be expected to equal the annually growing market for it abroad. Another question of moment is, what measures, if any, can be taken to stop this wholesale exportation of game? Is there any practical movement to abate the destruction of American game? Or, must American sportsmen see the annihilation of quail, grouse and partridge? What can be done about it?

OFF FOR NORTH CAROLINA.—"Jacobstaff," with Capt. R. C. Johnson and Dr. J. B. Burdett, started last Saturday for Currituck, via the Old Dominion line of steamers.

GAME FISHES.

READERS OF FOREST AND STREAM may have seen during the past two years references to a publication by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, of a work called "Game Fishes of the United States," by S. A. Kilbourne and G. Brown Goode, but no extended notice has been made of it. The work was conceived on a grand scale, and has been faithfully carried out, until it can truly be said that it is the most sumptuous work ever offered to the lovers of angling, and one which will take rank with Audubon's "Birds of North America," Wolf's "Wild Animals," and Gould's "Humming Birds," if it does not exceed them in many respects. The book has never been advertised, but was sold by subscription, and only one thousand copies were printed. The stones have been destroyed and the entire edition sold with the exception of about ten copies. Under these circumstances we feel it to be a duty to our readers in distant parts, who cannot have been reached by the canvassing agents, to give some description of this great work in order that they may avail themselves of the opportunity to secure a copy before the edition is exhausted. As we have said, the work has not been advertised, nor has any newspaper received a copy to review, but the sales have been quietly made by exhibiting the work to those likely to be interested, and have sold readily.

It was published in ten parts, at five dollars each. The plates are twenty in number, and are 22x28 inches, being exact reproductions by lithograph, in water-colors, of the late S. A. Kilbourne, who was acknowledged to be the best delineator of fishes in this, or any other country. Mr. Kilbourne's drawings were criticised by ichthyologists of the Smithsonian Institution before being finished, and therefore the plates have ichthyological, as well as artistic value; and the form is perfect to the detail of every fin-ray, as truly as the fish is represented in color.

The text which accompanies the plates was prepared by Professor G. Brown Goode, well known to our readers as one of our first ichthyologists, and is original throughout and so far superior to anything which has ever appeared in ordinary angling books that no comparison can be made. It includes biographies of nearly all the important fishes of North America, comprising species not illustrated, and, where a fish is not illustrated by a large plate and has a near relative which resembles it, Prof. Goode gives an engraving of it. Thus, while Kilbourne gives a picture of one of the black basses Prof. Goode supplies engravings, eight inches long, of each species, side by side. The same is true of the pompano, and the striped bass and its cousin, the white bass, from the Lakes. The text is in large type, on rich-toned, calendered paper, the size of the plates. There is also a map of North America, colored after an original plan, showing the geographical distribution of each species, and a complete list of the game fishes of the continent, nearly one hundred in number, with a synonymy of common names and definitions of their geographical distribution, which greatly add to the value of the work, and will be found of great use for reference.

The large colored plates are: The Atlantic salmon; the Eastern red-speckled trout; the large-mouth black bass; the Spanish mackerel; the striped bass, or rockfish; the red snapper; the bluefish; the yellow perch; the mackerel; the squeteague, or weakfish (Southern sea trout); the seabass, or Southern blackfish; the pompano; the sheephead; the kingfish; the lake, or salmon trout; the bonito; the grayling; the red drum, or channel bass; the quinnat, or California salmon, and the muskallunge.

Mr. Kilbourne's work was only beginning to be recognized as that of a truthful painter of fishes, and he had been asked to accept a position in the Smithsonian Institution, when his last sickness overcame him. He did not survive to see all of his work for Scribner's reproduced. He left a few other paintings of fish, a list of which we gave a short time ago. We feel confident that many of our readers will be glad to know the character of "The Game Fishes of the United States," and also to be reminded that the edition is about exhausted, and the plates are destroyed. We write this purely in their interest, for the work has not been advertised nor has any attempt been made by the publishers to attract attention through the press, and we have had many inquiries concerning it. We unhesitatingly pronounce it the finest work ever presented to the angling world, in any land.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE third annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club began on Robbins' Island, this Thursday, Thanksgiving Day. The Island has been greatly improved since last year, large portions of the terrible briar thickets have been cut down, and patches of grain sown in many places, which will more uniformly distribute the birds over the Island. Other great improvements have been made, which we shall notice more fully next week. There is a large number of well grown birds on the grounds that were bred there, besides those that the association have purchased and turned down. One hundred of these will be kept in coop, to be let loose should there be any scarcity toward the close of the meeting.

The club have made arrangements with Capt. Smith, of Springfield, Mass., to be at the meeting with the steam pleasure tug *Calla*, to transport the participants to and from the Island.

The hospitable inhabitants of New Suffolk have generously thrown open their houses, and there need be no fears that all cannot be accommodated. McNish's hotel will be headquarters, and can accommodate a large number. Mr. McNish has lately taken a partner, and will devote all of his time to the care of his guests.

That this meeting will be a memorable one, we have every reason to believe. We have received very many letters from all parts of the country from sportsmen, who will be present; and we can safely say that the attendance will far exceed that of any previous event of the kind that has taken place in this country.

The judges are all well-known as gentlemen of integrity and probity, and, what is of far greater importance, they are without exception sportsmen, whose experience in the field particularly fits them for their responsible positions. Hon. E. H. Lathrop, of Springfield, Mass., is as well and favorably known throughout the country as any sportsman of New England. He has had a large and varied experience in the field in all sections of the Eastern States, as well as in many portions of the West; and both by nature and acquirements is thoroughly competent to intelligently discharge the duties of the position. Mr. Justus Von Lengerke, of New York, who so acceptably performed his duties as judge at the meeting last year, needs no introduction to our readers as his indefatigable labors and display of "hunting sense" was chronicled at the time. Mr. T. F. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., is well-known as a thorough sportsman, and is well qualified for the position. Mr. J. M. Kinney, of Staunton, Va., we have known for years. He has long been a valued contributor to the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM; and some of the best articles upon field sports that we have ever published came from his pen. His long experience abundantly qualifies him to acceptably perform his duties.

It is no more than we can expect that the disappointed contestants should feel chagrined at their defeat, but if they will only put themselves in the other fellow's place, or ever view the performances as disinterested spectators, we have no fears that any serious "kicking" against the decisions the judges will mar the harmony of the meeting; and defeated participants will carefully study the causes that to defeat, and profit by the lesson learned, the great object of field trials will be accomplished.

THE ATLANTA TOURNAMENT.—The managers of the Atlanta Cotton Exposition have resolved to put the conduct of the rifle tournament, to be held in connection with the Exposition in the hands of the officers of the Gate City Guard, a battalion of volunteers in the city of Atlanta. This takes the matter out of the hands of the National Rifle Association. This may prove to be a politic move, for the Gate City Guardsmen have shown energy and will in other directions. They ought to be able to secure the attendance of a team of New York City Guardsmen, if for nothing more than to renew the friendly recollections of the Gate City Guard's visit to this city some months since.

EARLY RISING.—The early bird catches the worm. There are other inducements to early rising in New York city. Some of the tenement houses are so rotten that they fall down early in the morning. It pays a man to get up and out.

"A DOG IS PERSONAL PROPERTY.—A judgment has been recently rendered in the New York Court of Appeals, which is of interest to owners of valuable dogs in this State, since it establishes the principle that a dog comes within the definition of "personal property," in the Revised Statutes, and may be made subject of larceny. The case, as we find it briefly reported in the "New York Weekly Digest," of Nov. 11, was that of *Mullaly, plaintiff in error, vs. The People, defendants in error*; decided Oct. 11, 1881. The plaintiff in error was indicted for grand larceny for stealing a dog of the value of \$90, and was convicted of petit larceny, the value of the dog being admitted to be only \$25. His counsel claimed that stealing a dog is not larceny. Wm. F. Knitzing, for plaintiff in error. Daniel G. Rollins, District Attorney, for defendants in error. "*Held*, That while at common law the crime of larceny could not be committed by feloniously taking and carrying away a dog, this rule has been changed by the Revised Statutes. 2 R. S., 690, § 1; id., 703, § 3; 1 Park. C. R., 599; 4 id., 386; 10 Abb. N. S., 132. The definition of 'personal property' in section 33 of 2 Revised Statutes 703, as used in that chapter, as 'goods, chattels, effects, evidences of rights of action,' and certain written instruments, is comprehensive enough to include dogs. It is to be taken literally, and the law makers intended to make it the crime of larceny to steal any chattel which had value and was recognized by the law as property. A system for the taxation of dogs having been at the same time enacted, 1 R. S., 704, it can scarcely be supposed the legislature meant to regard dogs as property for the purposes of taxation and yet leave them without protection from thieves. The definition of personal property found in the statute is not to be referred to the common law, but to the common understanding at the time when the statute was enacted. Judgment of General Term, affirming judgment of conviction, affirmed. Opinion by *Earl, J.* All concur, except *Folger, Ch. J.*, dissenting."

BYE-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

EIGHTH PAPER.

THE usual full day's paddling against both wind and tide brought us to our camp at Struggle Cove about four o'clock. The country here looked better for hunting than any I had yet seen. The woods were open, the ground carpeted, and the trees draped with a luxuriant growth of bright green moss, on which the foot fell as noiselessly as upon a cushion. Higher up on the mountain side there was the usual tangled growth of underbrush, but the little valley that skirted its base was comparatively open. With the Admiral as a companion I started out to look for deer. We took several fresh tracks, all of which, however, led sooner or later into the thick brush, where it seemed useless to follow them. The last one that we took kept up the valley, and as it had been made but a short time before, I had strong hopes that we should see the deer. We followed it very carefully, and it grew more and more fresh, when, just as we were about entering a low growth of hemlocks, where I confidently expected to see the game, my companion, who was behind me, caught his foot in a root and fell with a loud crash into a pile of dry sticks. As he did so I heard a deer jump not fifty yards away, and bound off up the mountain side. I turned and looked at the nautical hero with sad, reproachful eyes, but did not dare to trust myself to speak. He, all unconscious of the mischief he had done, after disentangling himself from the branches among which he had fallen, seemed prepared to advance. But I had no spirit left for hunting, and, as it was nearly dusk, dejectedly led the way toward camp.

The next day was noteworthy, because during a part of it we had a fair wind. We had paddled to the end of the westernmost of the Thurlow Islands, and on reaching that point a fair wind sprang up, and we made sail, ran through a part of Cardero Channel, and up Loughborough Inlet to its head, camping late in the afternoon in Fraser Bay. The scenery was very beautiful, though not so bold as I had expected. Most of the mountains were rounded or dome-shaped, and timbered to their summits, though here and there would be seen one which ran up to a sharp granite peak and was covered with snow. We saw none, however, that seemed permanently snow covered; that is, none which might not be expected to be bare before the summer was over. The hills are from 1,200 to 5,000 feet in height, and stand well back from the shore, being thus much less imposing than if we could look directly up to them. Like all those which we have yet seen on the mainland they are of white granite, often intersected by dykes of basalt, and often spotted and mottled with fragments of darker rock. The rock, thus included in the granite, is perhaps taken up by a molten granite vein, which in its ejection has crushed the strata through which it passed, and has carried with it fragments which, on the cooling and hardening of the granite, have become incorporated with it. Instances of this kind are not very uncommon, but they are rarely seen on so large a scale as among these mountains. Some of the rock slopes on these hills are so steep as to be quite bare of vegetation, but in most cases the ascent is much more gentle, and the Douglas fir, cedar and spruce clothe the hillside almost to their summits. We had some difficulty in finding a satisfactory camp in Fraser Bay. We did not wish to spend the night on the meadow at the river's mouth as the chances were that the mosquitoes would be too abundant there for comfort, so we decided to camp on

a little flat, barely above high-water mark. Indeed, as I looked it over before deciding to make camp on it, I saw a few fragments of seaweed on the grass and shingle, but they were old and dry, and the fresh meadow grass growing on the flat assured me that it was seldom covered by the tide. Camp made and supper over, the Sergeant with both the Siwash started off to look for game. Not very long after their departure, I observed that the water was rising higher than I had expected, and as I watched it creep up, it became apparent that we should have to move if it rose four inches more. It advanced quite rapidly, and, at last, I was obliged to shout to all hands to help save our equipage from the water. It took but a few minutes to roll up the bedding and carry it to higher ground, the mess outfit was piled on the drift-logs, and the fly hastily torn down. In half an hour we were all snug again in the woods, and our former camp was six inches under water.

The next day we started down the Inlet following the opposite shore. Part way down we came upon two deer standing on the rocks—a buck and a doe—paddled up to within 150 yards of them, and might have got much nearer had not one of the party through a misunderstanding fired a shot at them. This was the signal for a general fusillade, in which both animals were hit, but neither was recovered. It is too apt to be the case that, when half a dozen men are firing at one object, it escapes. There is always a little excitement, each man is anxious to "get his work in," and is a little afraid that some one else will kill the game before he does. The hurry and confusion throws every one a little off his balance, and the result is poor shooting. At the mouth of the Inlet and between that point and the entrance to Phillips Arm, there is a very strong tide. We had a fine sailing breeze with us, and besides worked hard at the paddles, yet were barely able to stem it. The appearance of the current rushing through these narrow channels is very curious. We are accustomed, in looking at any considerable sheet of water, to assume that it is horizontal, since to the eye its surface appears approximately a plane. But, by taking a position somewhat above the hurrying flood of one of these passages, through which the tides ebb and flow with such tremendous force, it is seen that in the direction from which it comes the water is much higher than in that toward which it is flowing. We had no appliance for measuring the difference in level, but in some cases it seemed as if it must be several feet. The effect is very odd and unlike anything that I have ever seen elsewhere. Just before reaching Phillips Arm the wind fell, and we landed and tracked the canoe around the last point into the quiet water beyond it. After dinner we resumed the paddles, not camping until after dark. To find a level spot on which to spread one's blankets is not, in this country, always easy, and when the search is continued after dark it becomes difficult. We were lucky enough to find a place near the mouth of a little creek where the ground was moderately smooth, and by the light of a fire, and with the axe and hatchet plied by willing and energetic hands, brush, stumps, and rocks were cleared away, and holes filled up, so that we passed a comfortable night. In fact, as the Sergeant remarked, "Anything better than that would have been scandalous."

From the mouth of Phillips Arm to Amor Point on Bute Inlet is twenty-two miles. We started on through Cardero Channel in the morning with a gentle breeze, which encouraged us to drop the paddles and trust to the sail. But the wind was not steady, and sometimes failed us altogether. There was a good deal of feeble, desultory paddling and some sailing, and our progress was not rapid. The day was the most exciting we had passed up to this time, for we ran two rapids, which were as swift as anything we had yet seen. The shortest of the two was very narrow, less than a hundred yards wide, and the water was white for its whole length. The canoe darted through the channel at such a pace that it seemed impossible for one to work fast enough to feel the water with his paddle. We could do nothing more than keep the craft straight and trust to luck. We had scarcely time to think about the passage before it was over, for I think no express train ever flew along faster than our canoe, and the channel was not more than half a mile in length. In the still water and in the eddies at the end of the rapids, we saw a great number of fine trout from ten to fourteen inches long lying close to the bottom, perfectly motionless except when the shadow of the canoe fell upon them. Then they would move slowly away from it into the sunlight. Threading our way along among the many islands of the channel, we passed a point where there had been a fishery for dogfish, and, turning north, entered the passage between the mainland and Stuart Island. The shore here was strewn with the carcasses of dogfish captured by the Indians, and the trees were in some places almost black with the ravens and crows, which had collected here to feed on the odoriferous *reliquie*. So tame were the birds that they declined to move when we passed by them within a few yards, and the Admiral, a second Ancient Mariner, drew his trusty rifle from its case, and shot one of the respectable black birds. I might carry out the parallel to its legitimate end and show you how by this thoughtless and ill advised act misery and sorrow, in the shape of rainy weather, were brought upon our whole company for the remainder of the trip, but were I to do so I should perhaps add to the sufferings of our comrade, who has already been sufficiently punished for his hasty deed by the stings of conscience.

Just before we came to the rapids we stopped at a Siwash village, where nearly a hundred years ago Vancouver passed a winter. The village is at the head of a deep bay, into which flowed a beautiful stream of clear, cold water. A method of fishing which I had never before seen was practiced here. A long, stout line, about the size of a clothes-line was anchored on the beach at one side of the bay, and supported at intervals of fifty yards by log floats, ran across to the other, at an average depth of from three to six feet beneath the water's surface. At intervals of twenty feet along the main line were tied smaller lines about six feet in length, each of which carried a baited hook. As the line inclosed nearly the whole bay, no fish could enter or leave it without passing close by some one of the hooks.

On Stuart Island is a very noticeable though not very high mountain, the northeastern face of which is almost vertical, and on looking at the island from this direction, it appears as if a high wall were built entirely across it. We ran Arran Rapids at high water, and meeting the ebb near the end we had a hard struggle. At one time I thought that our efforts would prove unavailing to carry us through, for the canoe was going backward pretty fast, and all hands were working about as hard as they could. This was evidently the opinion of Hamser, our big Siwash, as well. He was doing splendid work in the bow, but at last he turned to us and shouted to make for the shore, and at the same time reaching down, he caught up a camp kettle, which he said we must give to the water or else we would all be drowned. Happily for our kitchen, a few strokes carried us to an eddy which drew us into the shore, along which we managed to creep until we reached the more quiet water at the mouth of Bute Inlet. Just after leaving the rapids we came upon a camp of a few families of Siwashes, belonging to the Homalco tribe, whose main village is at the head of Bute Inlet. They had some fresh porcupine meat, a few herrings and one twenty-five pound salmon, which we purchased for fifty cents. They told us that the whole tribe was absent from the village fishing, but described its location, as well as that of some of the glaciers, to one of which they said a trail led from the village. Passing on we entered the Inlet, and by hard paddling managed to reach Amor Point just before sundown.

An early start and a fair wind carried us the next day to a point on the Homalco River about two miles above its mouth, and we camped at the deserted Siwash village under the shadow of Mt. Evans, and within hearing of the roaring torrent, which thunders down its steep and rocky slope. Of the wonderful beauties of the day's sail I can give no adequate description. The ever-changing features of the scene each moment presented fresh attractions, and held us spell-bound and amazed as we viewed the marvellous glories of Bute Inlet.

The mountains are surpassingly beautiful. On either side of the Inlet they rise at once from the water's edge. There are no foothills to render the slope more gradual and thus dwarf the main peaks and make them seem less high. There they stand directly above you. Scarcely anywhere in the world can just this state of things be found. Usually, a mountain, whether it be high or low, is surrounded by others rising to a considerable elevation, from one of which it must be viewed. The height of the point where the beholder stands makes the altitude of the mountain at which he is looking seem less, and it is more or less dwarfed by its surroundings. On Bute Inlet, however, we stand on the sea level and look directly up to mountains which rise from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above us. All the more gentle slopes are thickly covered with the dark green Douglas fir, among which the paler cedars are conspicuous, and in the little gorges and valleys which run up their sides the brighter foliage of deciduous shrubs is to be seen. Many of the cliffs, however, rise sheer for one or two thousand feet, and frown down upon us, black and threatening, their smooth vertical faces only occasionally relieved by some stunted fir, whose roots have penetrated a crevice of the rock, and which seems to cling painfully to the dark wall. At many points, mountain streams fed by the melting of the perpetual snows that lie upon the hills, plunge over these precipices in beautiful waterfalls and cascades. Long before the water reaches the rocks below it is broken up into the finest spray, and a white veil of mist waves to and fro before the black rock in fantastic and ever-changing shapes. Just to the north of Fawn Bluff is the first glacier seen after leaving the mouth of the Inlet, readily distinguished from the pure white snow that surrounds it by the sky-blue color of the ice. Every considerable height on the Inlet is snow covered, and all the higher mountains showed one or more glaciers. From one point of view as we sailed up the Inlet, I counted eleven, and from our camp on the river I could see thirteen. Many of these glaciers are of considerable size, and when examined with a good glass they are seen to be extensively crevassed. Mount Superb, one of the grandest mountains on the Inlet, has three glaciers, one of which is very large. Just north of Superb, separated from it by a low saddle, is Mount Helen, 8,040 feet, probably the highest mountain on the Inlet. Its rounded summit, pure and shining, stands out above all and lovelier than all. The Needle Peaks, a little further north, are not less impressive, though in a different way. High, thin wedges of granite, three in number, the intervals between them filled with snow and ice, and their cutting edges turned toward the north, and thus toward the water, rise to a height of over 7,000 feet, and terminate in delicate pinnacles, which pierce the sky. Black and weather beaten they stand, monuments of past

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE PEOPLE OF THE PINES.

KITTY HAWK BAY, N. C., Nov. 15.

I HAVE just returned to what seems like home to me, here in the Bay, where I am lulled to sleep at night by the roar of the sea beating on the shore hard by, and where I can get my fresh fish, venison and fowl cooked in a Christian style. I board with Captain Willett Mott, who is from Long Island, and knows the art of cooking from A to Z. I am told a Mr. Davis, from the Heights, has a first-class hotel at Kittrell's Station, on the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, between Weld-in and H-leigh, where one can get good quail and turkey shooting, a first-class meal and go of spring bed and mattress to sleep on The River View House at Washington, N. C. is also well kept. These two places and Mott's are probably the only ones hereabouts where the frying-pan does not reign supreme in the kitchen. I have been on a tramp from Plymouth, on Roanoke River, up the river as far as Hamilton; from there to Tarboro, at the head of Tar River, and down Tar River to Washington; from there along the shore of Pamlico Sound to Croatan Sound; from there I found game and fish in all directions—deer, turkeys, quail, squirrel, coons, opossum and, in some parts, the small common black bear. The waters team with chub, pickerel, robin, white perch, catfish, suckers, horse-heads and eels. The country is very rough. No railroads. Every town, however, has a pet railroad scheme by which all the people are to be made bloated bondholders. All they want is the railroad and a little help from Matt Ransom in the way of river and harbor appropriations. School houses are few, and generally unoccupied. The churches are barn-like structures—generally unpainted. The roads are generally very good, as the only travel is by single steer "creeter," or mule and cart, which does not cut up the road.

The country is mostly a wilderness of pine forests, and cypress and juniper swamps, with here and there a small clearing where the people have a few acres of corn, half an acre in sweet potatoes, a few stalks of alfalfa, a scuppernon grapevine, a small garden, with a few stables, dogs, and a few collars' worth of furniture—and there you have an inventory of their apparent wealth. But, perhaps, the family own one, two or three thousand acres of land, which gives sustenance for numerous cattle, hogs and sheep, besides game. They have at the head of the "run" a small "pocoin," where they can make cypress or juniper shingles, which find ready sale at the store "down to the landing," or they can make staves or tar. In the fishing season he is in demand at the fishery at good wages. Wood don't cost him anything. The old woman and the "gals" make the best of clothes out of homespun. The boys bring home at night an armful of light-wood knots, which make a bright light, and the family sit before the wide fire-place with the door wide open. "so they can see any one passin'." The wells are shallow, curbed with hollow cypress butts. The drainage from house, hog-pen and stable contaminates the water, and so they have "chills," and the doctor is a frequent visitor.

They have droves of a razor-backed, alligator breed of hogs running wild in the woods; and now and then one is caught, penned and fed a few weeks on corn and swill; and the bacon is lean but sweet and wholesome. Some of the planters near the towns call these wild hogs "third row breed," because they can reach through the fences with their long noses and gather in the third row of corn from the fence.

The family have, perhaps, one hundred head of cattle running wild in the woods, which do right well except in winter, when they fare badly. Very few people outside of the towns have any milk or butter, for the cows don't come up. When they have any cream they whip it in a platter with a spoon into a lard-like looking substance, which they call butter.

These are tough people, and can stand a wonderful amount of exposure. They will work from Monday morning to Saturday night on a ration of four pounds of bacon and a peck of meal, with a quart of molasses. Many of them walk five or six miles night and morning to and from their work.

The hard-shell Baptist Church is the prevailing religion, and next the Methodists. The women are virtuous. These people are all bright and keen, and can take care of themselves wonderfully well in a bargain.

The men and boys all chew, smoke and drink rife whiskey. The women and girls all snuff snuff. The young men go into the woods, gather the fern rhizoms of the sweet gum, peel the outside bark from them, cut them into five-inch lengths, split one end into a small broom, tie them up in a bundle containing twenty-seven sticks (why this mystic number no one can tell) with some ribbons off cigar bundles, and present them to their sweethearts for their compliments. This is considered a very genteel thing to do, and the thair maid serenely sucks away on the dip-sticks, and thinks of her J. dan Henry. When the snuff-sticks are worn out they are called "frazes," and hence the expression often heard, "I'll wear you out to a 'frazzie.'" When a great person severely calls it "incominick," and I thought I had discovered a new word until I ran across it in Shakespeare the other day.

In some parts of this country they measure distances by "hollers," and a man told me one day it was "about a look and a half to Robersonville." I found that it was customary in laying out new roads to blaze a conspicuous place, or in a prominent tree, which one could see from some other tree on the route; and this was a "look," or about five hundred yards.

I met some queer characters in my tramp. One old lady invited me to call again "when the days and nights were longer." Some of the old women are great doctors, and their recipes were something wonderful. At one house I saw a "mad" or "snake stone." This is a porous stone, about one and a half inch diameter and two inches long. This belonged to an old man named Gozinger, and it had been in his family for generations. It will suck out any poison from a snake or dog bite if applied within one hour. I heard accounts of its virtues from so many sources that I must believe in it. They are marvellous, it is said, by Wm. Basnight, of East Lake, for \$25 each, and are said to be made from a certain part of a bear.

I was too late to see many snakes, but I heard all kinds of snake stories. One man told of a joint-snake, and of killing one in the woods, and carrying a piece, or joint, home in his pocket. He was sitting after dinner "in a kind of a

cataclysms and upheavals: time has no appreciable effect on them, they can resist its influence. Opposite the entrance of Pigeon River is a point of land from which a wonderfully majestic view is had up the course of its valley. It is narrow, thickly timbered, and walled in on both sides and toward its head, by most impressive snow and ice-covered mountains. The view is, in fact, almost arctic in its character, the predominant features being the snow-clad peaks and the ice rivers which flow down their sides, while there is only enough of vegetation to set off the whiteness of the wintry scene. Just before reaching this point we pass the wonderful cliffs of House Mountains, which rise vertically from the water's edge to a height of 2,500 or 3,000 feet. Running close to the shore their tops cannot be seen, and the impression of their height is almost awe-inspiring, for they seem to reach up to the very sky. The great gorge of this mountain is a narrow cañon, between it and the height next south of it. The defile is so nearly straight that one can look up it and see the glacier, from beneath which pours the thundering torrent which rushes down with impetuous haste to the level of the Inlet. From beneath the blue mountain of ice the tiny white thread takes its way down the slope, constantly increasing in size as it draws nearer and nearer, its volume swollen by a hundred lesser streams which are added to it on its way. Always a torrent and always milky white, it dashes on, sometimes running along an even slope, at others leaping down precipices a hundred feet in height; now undermining a thin crust of soil, green with spruces, again burrowing beneath an enormous snow-drift, which almost fills the gorge. The roar of its falls may be heard at a distance, and when passing its mouth we could only communicate by signs. Just as the Homalak River is entered we come in view of the strangely beautiful Hat Mountain, which is the most prominent object at the head of the Inlet. It rises very steeply from the water's level; so much so that only on the lower fourth of its height can the trees find a foothold. Above this is a huge amphitheatre of great extent and marvellous regularity, filled with snow and ice, from which pour forth several glaciers. Behind and above all rises a vertical wall of black granite, sharply outlined against the clear sky, and unrelieved by any touch of white. Over the whole hung the roselate light of the setting sun, giving to the scene an indescribable beauty and softness. Viewed by the glare of noonday the picture would have been one of stern—even of harsh—majesty. At the approach of twilight its rugged outlines were blended, its frowning walls softened. The undefined but all pervading pink of the after glow, the curious shadows cast by peaks, snowdrift and ice mountains, presented a view which exceeded in loveliness anything I had ever conceived of.

We found the Siwash village two miles above the mouth of the river, and pitched our tents close to the water's edge, expecting to spend a day or two in exploring the mountains in the vicinity, and then to travel slowly down the Inlet, climbing Mounts Helen and Superb, and examining some of the larger glaciers. When we awoke next morning, however, the dismal sound of the rain pattering on the canvas told us too surely, even before we looked out, that any attempts at mountain climbing would be useless. The rain fell through a thick, white mist, which hid the mountains and even the opposite shore of the river, with a steady, persistent drip, very depressing to our spirits. All day long we lounged about, eagerly scanning the clouds for signs of better weather and watching for a shift of the wind. It was amusing to note the changes of expression that manifested themselves in the countenances of the different members of the party as the day advanced. Before breakfast they all wore a look of disgust, which altered as the hours wore on, and the clouds at one time partly broke away, to one more hopeful, and then as the rain continued to fall with a steady, unintermitting pour, settled down to a look of confirmed gloom. For three days we remained at this camp, hoping vainly for a change in the weather, and then, despairing of anything better, we started down the inlet. The rain continued and the clouds and fog hung low over the water, so that our glimpses of the mountains were few. Occasionally, however, there would be a break in the clouds, or the mist would partially clear away, so that we could see for a moment the snowy top of a mountain, or a glacier would be visible through a rift in the clouds like a picture in its frame. Perhaps the most superb glacier on the Inlet is that on the mountain next north of Granite Peak and just south of Bear Bay. It is apparently of very great extent and thickness, and ends abruptly on the edge of a high precipice. It is broken and fluted on its lower border, and extensively cracked and crevassed at right angles to its course. All the glaciers would be much larger were the sides of the mountains less steep. The ice rivers all terminate abruptly on the edge of almost vertical slopes and, breaking off as they advance, fall over these heights. Many of the deeper ravines contain snow down to within a short distance of the water's edge. On Superb Mountain we saw banks of snow not more than 160 feet from the water; and on the west side of the inlet, somewhat further north, snow was visible only about 60 feet above high-water mark.

During the next two days the elements continued to work against us, and our paddling was done through wind and rain. Camps were made at Clipper Point, on Bute Inlet, and Deceit Bay, on Rodonda Island. An incident of the third day after leaving Bute Inlet, and just after we had passed Point Sarah, was our being wind bound near White Island by

a heavy gale, which lasted about half a day, and against which we were not only unable to advance, but even to hold our own. As provisions were getting a little low, two or three of us started out to hunt. Deer and bear signs were plentiful, and one of the former was secured. The country was a nice one to hunt in, and was in striking contrast to most of that which we had seen. It consisted of open ridges with brushy ravines between, and a little tall timber on the heights. I was interested in seeing the great size of the stones turned over by the bears in their search for worms, bugs and ants' eggs. One cube of granite recently turned out of its bed by a bear was not less than two feet through, and so heavy that I could not stir it, a good indication of the enormous muscular power of these animals. They were evidently extremely numerous here. Next day we were again wind bound, but happily not until the afternoon was half spent, so that we made some progress. Just before reaching camp we passed some low rocks on which were feeding numbers of the blackheaded turnstones (*Sturnella melanoccephala*), a large number of gulls, perhaps *L. (canus, var.) brachyrhynchus*, and a pair of black oyster catchers (*Haematopus nigricans*). The latter acted much like the oyster catcher of the Atlantic coast and the same sharp whistle. During the day we saw many old squaws (*Narecia glacialis*) and a few spotted sandpipers (*Tringoides macularius*). The rain of last week had made the brush so wet that hunting was uncomfortable, so I sent the Siwash out for a deer, the Admiral lending Jimmy his rifle. Hammet returned without anything, but Jimmy, somewhat later, came in with a piece of meat. He told us that he had killed a big buck which he had packed down to the beach, but had been unable to bring any further. The boy—he was only about 17 years old—was immensely proud of having killed the deer. He explained to us by signs how he had seen the deer, how it had looked at him, and he had fired twice, the last time breaking its neck, and ended up by shouting, with a loud laugh, "*Hysas moitke*, mo kill." He afterward told the Sergeant privately that "the hearts of his friends were very good toward him, because he had killed a deer that was big and fat."

Coasting along the shore next morning, we saw a blue grouse standing upon a large rock on a small island, and landing found a brood of a dozen well grown birds, a number of which we secured. Later in the day, while working along close to the rocks to avoid the tide, two moving objects were descried upon a low seaweed covered point. We paddled quietly along, and, as we approached, I made them out to be black eagles (*H. leucoccephalus*). When we were about thirty feet from them, one flew away, but the other waited until the bow of the canoe was within six feet of him before he moved. He then hopped to a large log about fifteen feet distant, where he sat surveying us in the most unconcerned manner. Both birds were young, and had probably never seen a man before. Turning over the fish upon which they were feeding—which proved to be a dog-fish about three feet long—I found that a great hole had been torn in his side, from which the entrails were protruding. The fish was still alive. The young eagle remained on his perch near the fish until Hammet tried to shoot his head off, when he flew a couple of hundred yards to a large pine. Opposite Hardy Island, and just within the entrance of Hotham Sound, are the beautiful Twin Falls, to be visited, we hope, on our return.

The scenery at the mouth of Jarvis inlet is much finer than that at the entrance of Bute, the Inlet being narrower and the hills higher. Marlborough Heights are very grand, rising over 6,000 feet almost vertically, and terminating in sharp pyramids of granite. They have, however, but little snow upon them. Moorsam Bluffs rise in a series of steps to a height of perhaps 3,000 feet. The faces of the cliffs are for the most part bare of trees, and are scored by ravines, of no great depth, but running up the whole height of the Bluffs and casting, at certain hours of the morning and evening, beautiful shadows over the rocks. There is just enough timber to relieve the bareness of the rock-faces, without giving the heavy appearance which a tree-covered slope always has. Just above these bluffs the conical peak of Mt. Churchill comes into view, beautifully patched with snow, and again, above it, Mt. Spenser, a long wall-like mountain, whose northwestern face rises steeply from a deep amphitheatre-like valley lying inclosed between it and Churchill. This depression is a basin, which looks as though a part of the mountain had sunk out of sight, leaving here a great hole with abruptly steep sides. As we move on up the Inlet we pass one snow-capped mountain after another, most of them of very great beauty. Mount Albert, near the head of the Inlet is grand, with lofty peaks and extensive snow fields. At Desert Bay is an Indian village and the view up the valley behind it opens up another series of whitened mountains.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

IN THE FOREST AND STREAM. An Ontario correspondent writes, under date of October 21: Inclosed please find eight dollars for a two years' subscription to your paper. Although money is scarce with me I cannot do without FOREST AND STREAM. When your paper first came here there was only one breech-loading gun in the place, and we now have more than seventeen breech-loading guns and four or five rifles, all bought through the advertisements in your paper. When your articles on Dittmar powder came out we were just about sending for some, but in consequence of that exposure we have not, and do not intend to risk our guns in trying the compound. I for one cannot speak too highly of your paper, and it is eagerly looked for every week.

noise," when he was awakened by something "crawling up his leg, and, looking down, "that was that! just snake crawling into his pocket after his missing tin!" And another man, who had about a week had three tails, "I see it would brand together and attack its enemy, using its braided tail as a weapon, and could whip all other snakes but the king snake."

I met one old fellow called "Moccasin Joe." He had gained his name from his immunity from snake bites, and was supposed to possess some secret which he protected him. I got into his confidence, and he told me something of his snake experience. He said old widow Cottrill had a cypress swamp on "Devil's Gut," which was all of first-class cypress, which would swell like an acorn; but it was also full of snakes, and when the water got down, so it could be worked, the "snakes were as thick" that no one would go in there. Moccasin Joe "projected" over the matter some time, and one day went to the widow and made a bargain with her. He was to have the exclusive right to shingle in the swamp, and was to give the widow one-fourth of all the shingles he made, and to deliver them on the bank. On the next Monday he went to the swamp, carrying with him two pet king snakes and an old saw. These were placed in the timber, and he had had at first load made. The moccasins were slaughtered by thousands, and the saw became so fat that he grew lazy. When he got ready to take out his shingles to the flat at the landing, he covered his legs and arms with long gray moss, and his hands with sheepskin gloves with the woolly side out, like the breeches of Bryan O'Lynn. This protected him from the snakes as they struck him, and he got out his shingles and made a good thing of it.

In the winter and spring the rains in the mountains in the western part of the State melt the snow and ice, and cause the Roanoke River to overflow its banks; and sometimes the freshets rise at the rate of one foot an hour and cover the swamps on each side for miles. The mill men take advantage of high water to float out timber for sawing into lumber, and frequently float out logs that make 3,000 feet of lumber to the stock. Cypress is the very best of building lumber, as it never rots. Most of the houses in this country are covered with this lumber and it lasts for generations without paint. Some of the trees grow to be over a foot in diameter, and keep their size for seventy-five feet with a limb. The stock do well in the swamp. Cattle feed on reeds and tender branches, and hogs on oak acorns, swamp white and hickory nuts. When the freshets rise the stock go to the islands in the swamps and remain there until the water goes down; and off on great numbers of deer are killed on the islands. It is said that the old saw will take to a floating tree with her pigs, when he can't reach high land and keep them there for many days floating about in the water. Sometimes these freshets occur in the summer time, and the snakes are driven out of the ground into the trees, and can be counted by thousands hanging in festoons among the gray moss on the cypresses.

The men who work in these swamps are very healthy, strange to say. They sleep on shavings, with their feet to the camp fire, and drink the dark water that stands at the foot of the trees. The people in the towns are often cultivated, intelligent, educated people, and the professional men are generally equal to those of any country; but the villages sadly need improvement. There is a great supply of fresh paint and whitewash would be a great improvement in most of them. I did not spend much time in the towns, but stopped with the country people, mostly to study their ways and habits. They like all I met, were hospitable and friendly—almost as much so as the clever Irishman who would give you his last potato and thank you for taking it. I only met one churchman here, and he was not a native Tar-heel, but from Tennessee. His face was twisted so that he looked and spit over his shoulder. He said it came so because he used to sleep in the tobacco house, and a boy and the moon drew him that way. He began by asking me for a "baggot of tobacco," meaning what I found to be a very liberal chunk from my plug, which he thrust into his cheek. He then asked me how much I was willing to pay to stay over night, and preferred to have it down and in silver. I had walked all day and was very hungry. He had some cold corned beef for supper, which happened to be very good, and I had a jar of French mustard with it. The milk was good, and the hock-cake had a nutty flavor. I was making a very fair meal and was doing just as well. The Yankee's name was Jim Shankland—sat near me smoking his corn-cob pipe and spitting over his right shoulder and looking at me with a fixed and steady glance that became embarrassing. At length I looked at him as peacefully as I knew how, and said: "Y. see, Mr. Shankland, that I eat a good deal of mustard with my beef." He did not answer for some time. At last he took his pipe from his mouth, spit over his shoulder at a dog on the hearth and said: "Y. see, sir. I also see that you eat right smart of beef with your mustard."

All over eastern North Carolina the country people drink yew tea. This is the cured leaf of a shrub that grows in all the gardens, and it sells for about thirty cents a bushel. It takes about two gallons of it to make a family drinking. It is very black, and with sugar and cream makes a tolerable fair drink.

I heard a story of a North Carolina captain of a West India trading schooner, who was hailed in the Gulf Stream by a New England captain who had been blown from his course and wanted some stores. He hailed the Tar-heel "reckoned he might." Yankee told him he wanted meat, flour and tea. Tar-heel disappeared in his cabin a moment and presently came on deck and said he could spare a little bacon and some meal but no tea, as he had only five bushels and he would use it before he could get any more. The Yankee captain at once cussed the Tar-heel from stern to stern and from truck to keel, and went off before the wind to tell strange tales, no doubt, of the stingy captain who would not spare him a few pounds of tea out of five bushels.

Almost every family has a scuppernon vine, covering half an acre and with main vine six to ten inches in diameter near the ground. All kinds of grapes do well in eastern North Carolina, and are generally free from blight or disease, and produce enormously. I have done some scuppernon champagne, made by Hunt & Co., of Kittrell, which is sold very low, and is equal, in my opinion, to some of the best French brands. Peaches do not do well here, nor apples, except a native hard, sour apple, called Mainsmuck, which is a fair winter apple.

I saw in Dorchester a fishing machine, or trap, which is something new to me. It was invented by an old negro slave before the war, who belonged to Col. Morning, who lived on Roanoke River about five miles above Jameville. In the spring of the year old Jim was always detailed to fish for herring to supply the plantation. He was very fond of

corn juice, and it was observed one spring that he had an unusual quantity of herring and was frequently drunk. Curious to see his meter to have him watched. One day when he went out to fish with his dip-net they found him about sundown in one of the prongs of Devil's Gut, fast asleep in the stern of a canoe, in a drunken stupor, with a jug of apple jack between his legs, and a queer f-bing machine hard at work picking up the herring. He had taken his own canoe and an old abandoned dug-out and fastened them about six feet apart in the current, and between the canoes had constructed a dip-net, which was fastened to a shaft resting across the middle of the canoe, which had paddles on each end of shaft outside of the canoes. This was turned by the current and the net was constructed with a shelf or sliding board, so that the fish slipped down into the canoes as the top of the net swung over the shaft. These machines have been used successfully for thirty years in these waters and they have been known to catch 5,000 pounds of fish in one day. I saw about a dozen on Devil's Gut, some of them made with flats four feet wide and forty feet long instead of canoes. If iron shafts and rabbit boxes were used and the nets were increased so that they could be operated by a mill, I have no doubt they would do good work in a two-mile current.

The first fish hatching done in North Carolina was tried near the mouth of Devil's Gut and was so successful that it was carried on afterwards near the mouth of the river on a large scale. Dr. W. R. Capehart and Edward Wood were the pioneers of the enterprise, and they both own large fisheries on Albemarle Sound near the mouth of Roanoke.

I called down Albemarle Sound from Scuppernon River with a queer old chap named Neddy Mann, who is seventy-five years old and blessed with twenty-five children. He lives on Crutten Sound and I went home with him. He lived in a small, low pitched house with a door taken from some wreck on the ocean beach. He kept me awake until 2 o'clock with his yarns. He is a pillar of the Methodist Church and a great man in revivals. He gave me a history of his religious experience. He was a "tough cuss" when young and his people were anxious for him to mend his ways, and "Jim" the church warden, who was a high, stout, could not come through." He had been attending a camp meeting on the Lava Banks near Kinknap for ten days and "they had worked over him faithfully but still he couldn't come through." At last he "wore them all out" and went aboard the sloop, on which he was a hand, feeling "unsatisfied" with himself. Soon after leaving anchorage a storm came on, and they ran behind Dead Island for shelter. The captain ordered him to cast anchor, which Neddy proceeded to do. He took the anchor and threw it overboard, but the fluke caught in his knif shoulder braces and he went along with the anchor to the bottom. He was soon hauled up by the captain and cork, but was down long enough to have a "change of heart" and came up a Christian and went back to the camp meeting in the morning and "came through" with his back to the fire, saying "sum talk kiver their breasts and wear flannel and pad, but he ailers left his breast bare and protected his back," and I think there were "solid chunks of wisdom" in the words of this man. He had been all night at the camp meeting, and I had been a sacristan some time, he began calling the doctor. He said he did not believe in doctors; "they killed more men than they saved, and that he always kept coppers on hand, and when ailing took a tablespoonful of it to dissolve in a quart of apple brandy; and took a tod night and morning, and that it was the finest thing in the world, and would bring out a dirt-eating boy and make a man of him." A short time before I saw him, however, he got out of coppers, and was "took back out" and was out of coppers, and was called in an ordinary doctor who gave him some Tompkinson medicine "to make him swat." He tried to tell me what it was but could not recollect it, and it seemed to worry him. I went off to bed leaving him smacking by the fire and still trying to remember the name of that "sweating medicine." I had just gotten in a sound sleep when I was awakened by a stentorian voice shouting, "On, Doctor, oh, Doctor!" I sprang out of bed and tried to open the door, but it was a slip door, sliding in a groove, and I could not open it, and I was in a quandary. Facing the old door, which was double, raised the window, jumped out and went around to the front door and found the captain sitting in front of the fire and still calling "Oh, Doctor!" I asked him what was the matter, and he said, "that medicine I was trying to think of—that sweating medicine—I have just thought of it, and reckoned you would like to know what it was. Doctor." It was "p-diloid, Doctor—opidiloid."

THE WILD FOWL SEASONS.

We have had several frosts, and the shooting has commenced. A man named W. H. Walker and partner killed 75 pairs of redwings from a battery last Friday, and W. H. Walker killed 50 pairs the same day from a battery. Mr. Sawyer, on Powell Point, killed 50 wild geese on Thursday; 24 of these were killed at three shots. The weather has been so warm, however, that very few ducks have been shipped, as they will not keep. Not many of the clubmen have come down yet, but no doubt they will begin to come this week. Arrangements have been made by which sportsmen can come via Elizabeth City, R., and Snowdon, or Shaw's Corner (two direct boats for Snowdon), where teams can be sent to go to Edward Midgett's, on Church Island, or to Van Slyck's landing, distance about twenty miles. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, the best way to come is by team from Shaw's Corners to Currituck Court House, where one can take the steamer "Cygnet" at two o'clock p.m., coming via Knott's Island and Midgett's Landing, reaching Van Slyck's about 6 o'clock p.m.

Non-residents can only shoot in Currituck county from points on land, and permission must be given by the owner. They are prohibited from shooting from afloat, or from batteries. In Dare county there are no such restrictions, and any one can shoot from boats, batteries, or on land not posted, or wade on shoals. Good accommodation can be found in Dare county at Captain Mott's in Kitty Hawk Bay, convenient to post office, steamboat landing, and telegraph, or at Captain Edward Makin's, Wm. Brinkley, Geo. B. Blivins and Lewis Mann's, on Roanoke Island. The Old Dominion boats run from Elizabeth City through Croatan Sound twice a week, and a schooner runs to and from Kitty Hawk Bay twice a week, and a schooner runs to and from Kitty Hawk Bay twice a week. The schooner "Onward" runs from Elizabeth City to Manteo on Roanoke Island twice a week. The steamer "Harbinger" leaves Norfolk on Mondays and Thursdays on arrival of Bay Line, for landings on Powell's Point, which is near Kitty Hawk Bay. Boats, stools, decoys and fishing-tackle can be hired here, also guides and gunners at reasonable rates. The mails arrive three times a week. Ammunition, oil, cloth,

clothing, rubber boots, and all kinds of hunter's traps can be bought here at the Manteo. Liquor is not allowed to be sold in Dare County, not even brandy peaches.

There is not a doctor in Dare county; so those who need medicines must bring such as they require for their ailments. It would be well for those contemplating a trip to write to some of the above-named parties to meet them.

First-class quail shooting can be had near Elizabeth City, and good dogs can be hired there. It is well to have a good rifle to shoot bear, deer and swan. A No. 10 breech-loader is the best size for general shooting. It is well to have a heavy and a light No. 10, or a No. 10 with adjustable rifle bore is a good thing to have. A good shot will have no trouble in paying his expenses from the sale of his game, as it can be shipped in good order by the steamers, and from Elizabeth City by rail. Fish and game can also be sold to the dealers here and on Roanoke Island. The fare from Norfolk to Elizabeth City is \$2; by the "Harbinger" to Landings on Powell's Point, the same. Brant shooting is very good on Pamlico Sound already, and Currituck and Dare are alive with the roar of the fowl as they feed on the shores; and the red-tailed wild geese are heard in the land. There are more fowl in the waters this year than has been known for years, and the season promises to be a good one.

JOHN BRONSON.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENTS—II.

BRING EXTRACTS FROM AN EDITOR'S PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

*** "Who am I?" Well, that is rather difficult to answer. To the common eye, I suppose I appear as a poor school teacher or pedagogue, who occupies ten months of the year in teaching the young idea how to shoot, and the other two in wasting time and money in attempting to shoot himself. (The latter part of that sentence is a kind of anticipatory confession, which I have immediately followed the participle the statement would not sound quite so suicidal.) To myself I sometimes appear as a mad Indian or an old Berserker, masquerading under the disguise of a Nineteenth Century American. When the strait-jacket of civilization becomes too oppressive I throw it off, betake myself to savagery, and there "loaf and refresh my soul."

I suppose I might be called tolerably well educated. Like "Shakespeare have a little Latin and less Greek," I know somewhat of the mysteries of the laboratory and the microscope, while belles-lettres and literature are not totally unknown to me.

Have pedagogued in Ohio, "bullwhacked" across the plains, been a silver miner in Colorado, an editor in Missouri, have hob-nobbed with the Century Club in Boston, and with Indians in Arizona; been a cow-boy in Texas, and a "web-foot" in Oregon—in short, a kind of wandering Jew and peripatetic Jack-of-all-trades.

I love a horse, a dog, a gun, a trout, and a pretty girl. I hate a pot-hunter, a snipe hunter and a whisky-guzzling sportsman, and Dittmar powder. I smoke and take an occasional glass of wine, and never lie about my hunting and fishing exploits more than the occasion seems to demand.

There! if you have managed to survive this dose of egotism, please to remember that your question pulled the trigger which made the old fuse explode. Will promise not to offend in that line again, till I drop into your sanctum some bright day and astonish you with a sight of my Apollo-like form, Jovian front and Hyperion grace. * * *

A NIGHT HUNT.

IGOURNEY sat in the bow. He had wrapped his legs in a blanket and curled them up in the narrow space in front of the seat. We had buttoned his overcoat tightly around him and pulled his large felt hat down around his face. Against his old enemies, the mosquitoes, too, he had carefully guarded, and his face was black and shiny with a doubly thick coat of the ever-present tar-oil. Every precaution for comfort he had taken; for, for the first time in his hunt, and he had sworn that he would not let his deer if it took him all night. He had refused the loan of the Professor's beaver hat, on which that old deer-slayer was wont to fasten his jack to prevent it from rubbing against his head and giving him the headache. Igourney declared that no true hunter ever went out encased in such an apparatus as that, and he was going to tie the jack to his felt hat as he had seen the guides do. In vain the Professor recounted his experience, and told of many a night hunt passed with sore and aching head. It was no use, however, as the jack had been taken from the beaver and now lay by the boat. Hank rested one knee upon the stern of the cedar, and pushing upon the bank, sent the light boat out into the stream. Then, with both hands on the rail, he lifted himself lightly over into his seat in the stern, and they glided slowly down the river.

Just below the camp Dead Creek enters the Raquette. It is a brook wide enough for the boat to work easily. Its banks are lined with alders, but here and there the channel widens, the water spreads out in broad, still pools, and wide marshy meadows, covered with tall grass, stretch away to the woods beyond.

Here in these pug-holes, the crane stands dealing death blows with his long, powerful beak, among the mud due to frogs; and here, through the night, come the deer to feed on the tender meadow grass and wallow in the muddy pools.

Into the mouth of this stream Hank turned the canoe. He paddled it slowly up, for the current was very strong. "We'll go up about a mile," said he, "and lie around until dark. Then we'll hunt down and lie awhile at the log holes."

"Halloo! Here's something new since I was here last—a log square across the stream."

The boat would just about slide under, but the current was so strong that they had to get out on the log and lift it over. Just about dusk they stopped in one of the pools.

"Keep pretty quiet and praps you'll get a daylight shot."

Just at dusk the deer often come out to feed. The mud-gates always do. They came that evening. Lig kept pretty quiet, and they didn't.

The midget is an insect much smaller than a mosquito. It has no taintful note to warn you of its approach, but makes its presence felt by its quick, sharp bite, which leaves a burning pain behind. It is superfluous, however, to describe their habits to those who have visited the woods.

Lig renewed the tar-oil. It was refreshing. He would now show Hank great promise as a hunter—but oh! those hot-footed little creatures were at work under the bark of his neck. He dashed tar-oil over his neck, upon the spot. Then the mosquitoes gathered there. One bit through his nose. Others lit upon his face as if unconscious that it was smeared with tar-oil. In vain he dabbed on fresh coats. *Quem ad finem?*

They bit worse than ever. It became agony. He turned to the back-woodsman, who had us of the fat but once. He was sitting in the stern holding the paddle in one hand and brushing the other swiftly but silently across his face.

"Hank, these flies are awful."

"Brush them," said Hank. "Tar-oil ain't of much use in such a place as this."

Lig. brushed awhile in silence and tried to recall what Murray said about going and coming when you please with a small bottle of "the compound."

He wished Murray to that spot.

"It's most of the day," said Hank.

"Yes, I guess we'll light up."

The jack was produced, lighted and tied to the felt hat.

"Now try it on that clump of alders. You want it over the left eye so that your muzzle might show bright, and whatever you aim at will be right in the middle of the big circle of light."

After some adjusting the jack was made to suit.

"Now cap her."

Lig. put the little leather cap over the bulleye and all was dark. Now the stream they went. Hank just guiding the boat as the current carried it along. Suddenly they turned a sharp corner. A low alder bush swept across Lig's face and carried him over backward. Off went jack and hat, and tumbled into the brook. He plunged one arm into the cold water, caught the hat, and pulled it dripping into the boat. The jack was saved, but the cap was carried down stream. Hank ran the bow of the boat into the bank and held it there, while they lit and adjusted the jack again.

The skull cap was substituted as a cover, and his head was tied in a handkerchief. All was dark and still again for a time. Lig was in a daze when Hank whispered "The log." They were right upon it. In an instant a plan fled across Lig's mind. He had studied the legends of inertia. He knew that if he threw himself over the log, the motion that he had in common with the boat would carry him onward, and he would drop into his seat again. Happy thought! He would try it. Hank lay down, and called to his companion to do the same. But to the amazement of the guide Lig, instead of lying down stood up. For he was tied to the log, and he himself, and then, with a wild leap, flung himself over the log.

But alas! his jump gave the boat an impetus which sent it flying from beneath him. He grasped the log convulsively and hung there with his feet dangling in the water, while the guide was swept far away from him down the stream. He crawled upon the log, and sat there until Hank could turn the boat about and come to the rescue.

Once more all was still again. No, not exactly that. It cannot be called still when hundreds of muskrats are plunging, diving and swimming in all directions. Our hunters were now at the mouth of the creek. At first Lig took every third source of a muskrat for the step of a deer, and wanted to start in that direction. After repeated exhortations from Hank to keep still he relaxed into a deep silence, and wondered why that old fanatic, the Professor, could go into ecstasies after a night-bunt over the beautiful calm of a night in the woods. Lig couldn't see it. The trees wrestled and shook themselves in the darkness, looms uttered their weird infernal scream, two cranes squall as they flew over the river, owls looked in all directions, a fox barked in a neighboring ridge, and a bear finally aided in making night hideous with prolonged howling, which Lig, who had thought each successive noise the scream of a panther, was now sure of it, while all the time huge bullfrogs, with the voices of oxen, bellowed an accompaniment without rests, and the muskrats kept up their plunging and scurrying through the water.

But hark! What was that louder splash just across the creek?

"A deer!" whispered the excited boy.

Hank turned the canoe, unwrapped the jack and raised the rifle. At first he saw nothing; then, just ahead, something black in the water. He fired. The black thing started directly for the boat.

"A bear!" screamed the boy. "He's wounded!" and he made frantic endeavors to load. Hank, however, raised the paddle and laid it smartly over the nose of the swimming animal. The creature rolled obediently over, dead. Then the guide lifted it over the rail. Its weight tipped the boat. It fell heavily upon the bottom. It was an immense hedgehog.

"Never mind, older hunters than you have taken the quill-pipe (or bears before this. Load her up."

Now the hunt went on again. Slowly, silently the canoe moved along the shores of the creek and then out into the river. An hour passed and no sound of a deer. Another hour and the boy was only kept from falling asleep by the aches which were traversing his muscles in all directions. Very much of the perty of night-hunting was gone for him; there was nothing but, when a quiver ran along the boat. That is the guide's way of calling attention. He listened and heard away from the opposite shore a continuous splashing in the water. All weariness and pain passed away on the instant. The poetry of the hunt rushed back again, as his heart beat quicker and the warm blood ran faster through his veins. So it is when long afterward we look back upon our hunts in the woods. The toil and care are no longer remembered; the exciting pleasure of a moment, the fair coloring of the picture alone remains.

The paddle slipped swiftly, but noiselessly through the water. The splashing grew louder, then stopped. Another quiver along the boat. The boy uncapped the jack and the light flashed out upon the darkness. It threw a round disk on the shore. There, right in the centre, stood a noble buck, looking straight at the canoe. The boy trembled. The inevitable buck fever was raging. He raised the rifle. The light gleamed full upon the sight. Still the buck stood there, immovable, head thrown back, nostrils dilated, and bracing antlers rising above him. The boy fired. The deer wheeled about, raised its flank at a bound, and disappeared into the bushes. He had missed him! A moment's lateness! The deer's shrill "whistle" as he went back into the forest aroused them.

"Well, sir, that was about the biggest buck I ever saw."

"I am afraid, Hank, that I had the fever."

"I'm afraid you did."

About two o'clock they reached camp. Wren and the Professor were both asleep. Lig was careful not to wake them, as he declared that if the Professor saw that hedgehog, he would start a study of more morning.

Lig was nervous and did not sleep well. In about an hour he was awakened. What was it? A heavy footfall back of the tent. He looked out—even ventured a few feet. A series of leaps into the brush followed. He rushed back.

"Wren—Hank—wake up, quick—panthers!"

All were roused in a moment.

"Did you see one?"

"No."

"Then how do you know it's a panther?"

"How do I know? Didn't I hear him chase him into the bush? Don't I know that there isn't another beast in the woods that can jump like that?"

The jack was lit and all advanced, armed with rifles.

"Hark! there he is!" cried Lig, pointing to a brush heap.

The light was turned about it, and out jumped a very innocent looking rabbit.

"Sure enough," said Wren. "Praps yer'd like to shoot him an' carry home his skin to show in the city. Let me tell yer now, yer won't wake this camp again. One rabbit will make more noise than a dozen cats. Does it with his tail. Fact. So to bed."

A WINTER WALK THROUGH BERMUDA.

MY visit to Bermuda was an involuntary one. In fact, I had engaged passage for the West Indies, but contrary winds and some errors of navigation on the part of the Captain had thrown our vessel upon Bermuda reefs. Fortunately for us the weather was not severe, or we should not have escaped as we did with merely a month's detention for repairs. It was the second day after the accident that a friend and myself managed to get on shore, and two weeks after that I walked the island through.

Bermuda is the name given to a chain of islands, over 300 in number, lying in the Atlantic Ocean, 600 miles east of the coast of North Carolina. They occupy an area of only twenty-three miles by three, but, from the barrier reefs that surround them, present the most dreaded obstacles to navigation in the ocean. They are of coral formation, but it would seem, from soundings taken by the English, that beneath this coral are the peaks of a mighty mountain, rising up from the general level of the ocean floor to a height of 23,000 feet!

There are but three or four large islands, the remainder being rocks and islets—all, however, attractive, with beautiful beaches of sand, deep inlets, with grassy banks, great cliffs, the homes of sea birds, and coral ledges covered with an infinite variety of shells of every shape and color, and plants that wave their delicate leaves in the blue waters.

It was off a portion of the group called Somerset, eight miles from shore, that our vessel was stranded, and in a perilous position. The vessel was a small schooner, and a dangerous coral shoal, over which the boat grated harshly and ominously. These coral banks that surround the islands are as beautiful as they are dangerous, and later in my stay, while the vessel was being repaired, I returned in a small boat and examined these wondrous gardens of the sea that lay submerged in the coral caverns.

The coral that reaches us of the north is dead and bleached, but as it is found in the sea, alive and growing, the appearance it presents is so different that you would not recognize it. In the water it is a brown object, branched like a bush, but covered with a disagreeable slimy mass, to remove which it must be buried, and then carefully cleaned, when it will form as beautiful an object as you can find in the sea in any country. Among the corals, of which there are about a dozen varieties, myriads of bright-colored tropic fishes play hide-and-seek. Fish of all kinds are extremely abundant, and are taken alive in nets and fish-pots, and kept in great wells in the boats till wanted.

The great influence of marine life, both animal and vegetable, is doubtless owing to the proximity of the Gulf Stream, that great river of warm water flowing through the sea from the Gulf of Mexico to the far distant North. This current, as you well know, exerts a great influence upon the climate of the eastern coast of the United States, and brings to our shores many stray examples of tropic fishes and sea-weeds. It evidences as it goes north, and weakens until it is finally merged in the other streams that help to form the great system of ocean currents of the world. Its course is constantly changing further seaward, and its influence upon the climate of the north diminishing. Eight hundred years ago it gave to Greenland the verdant valleys that suggested the name of that now desolate country. Even now its warmth is so great that it dissolves those great masses of ice that float down from the Arctic region, and is aptly called the "grave of the ice bergs." This stream of warm water, then, flowing close to the Bermudas, gives to them a climate so delightful during the winter months—from November to May—that they are then the resort of thousands of invalids, who cannot endure the winter of north or winter. The temperature in those months is mild and equable, ranging from 60 to 70 degrees; but in summer the heat is very great and quite exhausting.

On that clear, bracing day, I started out from Mangrove Bay, one of the many where snowy beaches are hemmed in between blue waters and green mangroves. Not far from this bay is Ireland Island, the refitting station of the Royal Navy, famous for its great floating dock, said to be the largest in the world, and capable of taking in the largest ship in the English navy. It was towed out from England in 1869 by two men-of-war, with another astern to steer it by, and placed safely in its present position, in an excavation 54 feet below low-water mark. On the other side of the bay is Wreck Hill, where the wreckers congregate to watch for wrecks, upon which they mainly depend for their provisions. These wreckers are a ravenous set, even now, though instead of murdering crews and enticing vessels upon the reefs as they formerly did, they exert from shipwrecked mariners about as much through the courts as they used to get from direct robbery, judges, lawyers, and wreckers being in league to dispoil poor jack of his last dollar. As I walked along over the smooth roads, between hedges of oleander, and past little houses of shell-rock, I could hardly believe that this peaceful island had ever been the resort of pirates and buccaners, and had given aid to the enemies of our country in the last war. Yet it was at one time a rendezvous for smugglers and blockade runners, and the people grow rich from ill-gotten gains. The surface of the country, though there are no hills above 250 feet, is agreeably diversified with bill and dale, and the many little islets dotting the numerous bays give all the needed variety to make the entire walk one of delightful surprises and lovely views. The principal trees are cedars (*Juniperus barbadensis*) and the underbrush sage-bush (*Lantana odorata*); there are now and then marshy tracts filled with reeds and rushes, with a palmetto here and there, while some of the bays, with their shallow shores, are fringed with curious mangroves. Many tropical trees have been introduced, among them being the silk cotton, india-rubber and cabbage palm. The latter is the most conspicuous, from its great height, even exceeding the royal palm of Cuba, for which it is sometimes mis-

taken. It is, however, a different species, being the *Oreodoxa oleacea* of the West Indian forests, where it sometimes reaches a height of 50 feet. There are no springs or wells of pure water in these islands; yet, with now and then a drought, there are raised here those supplies of potatoes, onions, and tomatoes that have made Bermuda famous. In some portions arrow-root is raised, which brings a price superior to any other in the world. Though cramped for room and stinied in soil the Bermudians contrive (with the help of the products of the sea, wrecks cast up by the sea, and visitors from over the sea) to secure a very comfortable living.

The natural history of Bermuda is so peculiar that I must call attention to the fact that there are but four native mammals (three rats and a mouse), and ten resident birds—not individuals, but species. You would, I think, recognize the names of nearly all the birds, so I will mention them—the blue bird, cat bird, chick-of-the-village (*chico*), cardinal bird, crow, ground dove, quail, heron and coot. But add to this list are 160 migratory birds, which visit the islands in the winter season. There is one reptile, a lizard; but snakes, but insects are numerous, corals and sponges in great number, and fish so abundant that above 120 species are enumerated.

There is a lighthouse about midway the island, with a light visible for many miles, 300 feet above the sea. The erection of this light was strongly opposed by the wreckers, who foresaw it would diminish their profits by warning vessels away from the reefs. From the dome the view of the island is very commanding, the whole island being spread before you as upon a map. The tower is in latitude north 32 deg. 15 min. It is built of the white limestone used entirely in the construction of the houses of Bermuda. The rock quarries, from which this building material is obtained, are worth a visit; there you will see men sawing out the blocks of stone, which is very soft when quarried, but hardens on exposure.

The exclusive use of this white rock for building purposes, and the white stratum laid bare in constructing the roads, produce a painful glare that is too strong for weak eyes to bear without the intervention of colored glasses. Great spaces on the hillsides are also denuded of earth and plastered over for the catching of rain water, upon which the inhabitants entirely depend. This glare is very offensive in Hamilton, the principal town, at which the steamers stop, after a passage of three or four days from New York. The island would be more beautiful without the town, though there is a fine church, an expensive hotel and a public building or two. Leaving the town behind us let us trend on toward our destination, along the north shore. Of the bits of rural scenery, the most interesting are the country churchyards; true church yards are these of Bermuda. For around the place of worship are scattered the graves of former worshippers, with flowers above them and cedar trees shading them. Conspicuous upon a hill is the signal station, whence vessels are signalled a long time in advance of their arrival. Upon other hills may be seen barracks for the soldiers, for Bermuda is a military station, and of much importance to England, being so near the American coast, and several regiments of the line are quartered here, while the engineers are constantly building new fortifications and strengthening the old ones.

The sand-hills of Bermuda, like those of other and larger countries, are continually shifting and encroaching upon the more fertile land. Some of them have buried houses and trees many feet deep, leaving only protruding chimneys and branches.

What changes that have taken place since these islands were discovered! Though not playing an important part in the history of nations, yet this discovery is closely connected with that of the American continent. They were first seen by Juan Hernandez, a Spanish navigator, while on a voyage from Spain to Cuba, in 1515, and next described by an English privateer, Henry May, whose vessel was wrecked here in 1593. At that time every part of the island was covered with cedar, but there were no vegetables fit for food. The only "good store" of cereals, and in which upon them while they constructed a vessel of cedar, in which they sailed for Nova Scotia, and thence to England. Later on another vessel was wrecked, containing 150 persons, among them Admiral Sir George Somers, who had been appointed Governor of Virginia, and was on his way to that colony when wrecked. It is said that the heart of Sir George was buried in Bermuda—St. George's—he having died there on a return voyage made for the purpose of supplying his colony in Virginia with provisions.

There is a story told of Shakespeare's "Tempest" will recall his "still vex'd Bermoothes." And the adventures of the King of Naples in this, the abode of Prospero.

Leaving its later history, so not particularly interesting, we shall find Bermuda celebrated in the songs of another poet, who once resided here a while. We shall have sampled, perhaps, two-thirds our walk of 24 miles when we reach the caverns in the limestone rock known as Walsingham Caves. They are deep and dark, and a little colored boy comes out at your call, provides you with candles and leads the way. You find the usual hollows, grottoes, and stalactites, and dark subterranean ponds that doubtless have connection with the sea. Then you emerge into outer air, covered with candle grease, and glad to escape from the dark dungeons, and proceed to search for the localities celebrated in Moore's verses. Near the caves are the remains of a calabash tree, beneath which the lazy poet loved to recline, and from which he wrote some pleasant lines to a friend in England:

"I have been in the shade of a calabash tree,
With a few who could feel and remember like me."

In 1803 the poet was presented with an office here under the English Government, but after a short stay he gave it in charge of a deputy and removed to England. This office he held for nearly forty years, but in the end he was righteously rewarded for his negligence of trust by being swindled by the deputy in charge of his interests.

The vegetation in this secluded spot partakes of the tropical, having among its bananas, pine-apples, coffee-trees and papayas. In one of the caves, called Chalk Cave, an old negro lived for several years, but only company a pig, which occupied a sty in the cave's mouth.

There is a great cavern, not far distant, filled with salt water, called the "Devil's Hole," where is a perfect aquarium of the largest fish ever gathered together in captivity. The principal fish there, called "groupers," are very voracious, and will try to swallow anything that touches the water; there are also round sharks and mackerel fish, the last being very beautiful, sporting colors of blue, green and gold, and moving through the water with a slow and graceful motion.

There remains now only the town of St. George's, named

STRATEGY VS. STRENGTH.

THE sand-hornet is the greatest villain that flies on insect wings, and he is built for a professional murderer. He carries two keen cimeters besides a deadly poisoned poniard, and is armed throughout with an invulnerable coat of mail. He has things all his own way; he lives a life of luxury and feeds on blood. There are few birds—none that I know of—laid out to swallow such a red-hot morsel. It is said that not even the butcher-bird hawks after him. The toad will not touch him, seeming to know by instinct what sort of chain lightning he contains. Among insects this hornet is the harpy eagle, and nearly all of them are at his mercy. Even the cicada, or drumming harvest-fly, an insect often larger and heavier than himself, is his very common victim. Considering these characteristics, it was of especial interest to witness such an incident as I have here pictured, where one of these huge tyrants was actually captured by the strategy of three black ants.

It had left the meadow, and was ascending a spur of the mountain by the edge of a pine wood, when suddenly I espied the hornet in question almost at my feet. He immediately took to wing, and as he flew on ahead of me I observed a long pendant object dangling from his body. The incumbrance proved too great an obstacle for continued flight, and he soon dropped again upon the path, a rod or so in advance of me. I overtook him, and on a close inspection discovered a plucky black ant clutched tightly with its legs to the hind end of his captive, while with its two hind-legs it hung desperately to a long cluster of pine needles which it carried as a dead weight. No sooner did the hornet touch the ground than the ant began to tug and yell for help. There were certainly evidences to warrant such a belief, for a second ant immediately appeared upon the scene, emerging hurriedly from a neighboring thicket of pine-tree moss. He was too late, however, for the hornet again sought escape in flight. But this attempt was even more futile than the former, for that plucky little assailant clung to the hornet as if by another impediment, and this time not only the long pine needles, but a small branched stick also, went swinging through the air. Only a yard or so was covered in this flight; and as the ant still yelled for reinforcements, its companion again appeared, and rushed upon the common foe with such furious zeal that I felt like patting him on the back. The whole significance of the scene he had taken in at a glance, and in an instant he had taken a vise-like grip upon the other hind-leg. Now came the final tug-of-war. The hornet tried to rise, but this second assailant was too much for him. He held on, and he held along the ground, dragging his load after him, while his new assailant clutched desperately at everything within his reach, now a dried leaf, now a tiny stone, and even overturning an acorn-cup in its grasp. Finally, a small rough stick the size of a match was secured, and this proved the "last straw." In vain were the struggles of escape. The hornet could do no more than lift his body from the ground. He rolled, and kicked and tumbled, but to no purpose, except to make it very lively for the captors; and the thrusts of that lively dagger were wasted in the desert air. For whether or not those ants knew its searching propensities, they certainly managed to keep clear of this busy extremity.

How long this pell-mell battle would have lasted I know not, for a third ant now appeared, and it was astonishing to see him; with every movement of the hornet, he in turn would lay hold of a third stick, and at the same time clutch upon those pine needles to add their impediment to the burden of his own body.

Finally the ants won the victory, but what they intended to do with their flourishing obnoxious prize, I have seemed a problem. But it was to them only a question of patience. They had now pinned their victim securely, and held him to await assistance. It came. The entire neighborhood had been apprised of the battle, and in less than five minutes the ground swarmed with an army of re-enforcements. They came from all directions; they pitched upon that hornet with terrible ferocity, and his complete destruction was now only a question of moments.—WILLIAM HAMMOND GIBSON, in *Harper's Magazine* for December.

GROUND SWALLOWING SNAKES.—Some two weeks ago while camped on the Nicasnot stream, a half mile from the Junction with the Passadunk, in the State of Maine, I took from the intestines of a ruffed grouse, while dressing a pair of these birds for the roasting pan, a striped adder seventeen inches in length. The snake was whole and perfect, except its head which had entered the gizzard. I should have preserved the snake and gizzard had I had any means of doing so. It is a common occurrence for grouse to make use of each food when the opportunity comes in their way. I have dressed hundreds of grouse and this is the first instance of the kind I ever saw or heard of. These splendid game birds in the State of Maine feed almost entirely on beechnuts this fall, at least this is the case in the Passadunk region where we have been on a three-week's trip. The hard-wood forests consist largely of birch and beech, and the bountiful crop of nuts of the latter having fallen to the ground from the action of the heavy frosts upon the burrs, gives the grouse a rich food supply. The birds arrive, which will cut off this food supply entirely. Nearly every grouse dressed during our trip had fed on these nuts exclusively, no other food having been found in the crop. Grouse are very scarce here this season. We found only single birds, two being the largest number found together with the exception of a single instance. We learned from the settlers that the chicks were nearly all killed by the cold rain storms in the early summer.—H. L. M. *Lynn, Nov. 5, 1881.*

THIRTY QUAIL IN THIRTY DAYS.—Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 1881.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have often heard it doubted if any one could eat thirty quail in thirty consecutive days, but my doubts on that point have been dispelled, a lady in my house having used thirty-four in thirty-four days—a convalescent. They were differently and suitably prepared and she did not know they were to be served, and often they did her good. I think the idea of eating thirty of them, willy nilly, is the reason of failure. Many boarders would like the experiment.

Speaking of Bob Whites I had a unique incident some seasons ago while shooting with Judge S. P. W., on the Quaker estate. Knowing I would give a salute to every other bird, alternating with him, he wagered me a fine chapeau my score would exceed twenty-five birds by night. Our game carrier reported at dark I had won, as twenty-four was my "head," but near one o'clock we were ordered to quit; and when the directions both barrels in the twilight, and her whisking in with a brace for the next me a new bat. Couldn't stand the temptation. GIBBO.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE GAME OF MINERAL MOUNTAIN.

MINERAL MOUNTAIN is in the southwestern part of the great farming State of Missouri; the country included in the following description comprises the counties of Washington and Crawford. The mountains here contain inexhaustible stores of lead ore, while the surface of the ground is covered by nutritious grasses, with abundance of mast, and a grazing range unbounded for hundreds of miles. The valleys teem with fertility, and the farms here are productive. The hills produce a fine growth of timber, consisting of white oak, black oak, post oak, shell-bark-hickory, black hickory, hawkeye, white pine, spruce, maple, white and black walnut, elm, hackberry, cherry and excellent pine for building purposes and the manufacture of the finer kinds of furniture. Beneath the surface of these hills, below the limestone rock, is deposited a rich store of galena and lead ores.

The numberless chains of gently swelling mountains, which encompass the valleys on each side, are in most parts checkered with cornfields, meadows and green pastures, abounding with cattle and sheep. The valleys for the most part are of a rich, loamy soil, producing the finest growth of corn, wheat, flax, hay, oats and tobacco. The soil can be grown as profitably as in either Kentucky or Virginia, and equal in quality, producing the price of \$1 per pound. One acre produces 1,000 pounds of choice hog corn, so that ten acres, with proper attention, will annually realize \$10,000.

For stock this country cannot be surpassed. The great mast yearly takes the place of corn in early fall, for fattening all kinds of stock, while the produce of the valleys—corn and hay—need not be used until December. The grazing throughout this entire section affords abundant nutriment for all stock, on which they fatten. This food is abundant from April until December, and thousands of sheep will subsist all winter on brush, etc., just as do the deer, which abound numerously in every section of hill and dale.

There is great profit in stock raising in this country. Throughout this region good milch cows are bought for from \$15 to \$20 each; yearling steers for from \$5 to \$6 each; two-year-old steers, \$8 to \$10; sheep, \$1.75 to \$2, being of the very best breed for meat and wool, the latter annually producing the cost price of the animal.

Dressed beef of the finest quality is sold for from 6 cents to 7 cents per pound; that is when a farmer kills a beast too large for his own family use; but in seasonable weather beefs are weekly slaughtered and sold as above.

Now, take the prices at St. Louis, a distance of sixty-one miles from Potosi, via the Iron Mountain R. R., by which stock can be shipped, or otherwise driven on a good country road, with good pasture all the way. The St. Louis prices are for good milk cows from \$80 to \$90 each; steers, three year old, 1,000 lbs. gross, \$80, and so in proportion to their age and size; fat sheep from \$5 to \$6 each; dressed sheep from fifteen cents to eighteen cents per pound. This shows the great profit in raising stock in this great range of country, and its facilities to the best market in a couple of days. In addition to this, rich mineral deposits of lead are deposited in the Mineral Mountain, which can be prospected and worked in conjunction with farming. In a year or two the producing range of the East here attains its dependence, with peace and plenty around it, and the beauties of nature for its surrounding, in a climate unsurpassed for health and loveliness. Mineral waters gushing spontaneously from never-failing springs in every direction, empty themselves in the various creeks, as pure as crystal, while clear, sparkling waters abound in fish, comprising buffalo, bass, trout, perch, etc., with abundance of game, as deer, wild turkey, grouse, squirrels, wild pigeons, quail, etc., in surprising quantities, affording in the seasons "dainties of brook and earth and air" for the table, and to the lover of dog and gun pleasures exhilarating, healthful and romantic.

The Mineral Mountain and its surroundings presents a scenery of magnificent beauty. On the west side of the mountain is a meadow of some ten acres, gently undulating, at the top of which stands a good log cabin, with outbuildings. This may be used as a sportsman's lodge, while it commands wild mountainous and woodland scenery for miles in extent, and hills overtopping hills in their stately grandeur. Scenic in these mountains, and immense forests which cover their tops, impart to the echoes a character of grandeur as the wind howls through the gnarled branches of the old oak and dies away on the mountain tops, with its distant, plaintive sound. The king of the forest, the oak, here stands forth conspicuously in all his majesty, with his fifty arms so strong.

The brave old oak,
That hath ruled in the greenwood long,
And still would be, a brave green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

Below are the valleys, relieved by rich pasture and corn lands, while the sublimity of mountains and forests fills the contemplative mind with awe and reverence. In spring time all is changed to serene loveliness. The clear, sparkling waters of pure, limpid springs, the murmuring rill, and distant gushing sound of the cascade, impart a thrill of music which adds its charms to the lover of nature; while the variety of wild roses, the sweet briar, the hawkeye-suckle of various kinds, the wild grape blossoms, the fragrance of the morning, and the busy life of the sun, give a new poetry to these fair productions of the earth, as the dew lingers in pearls of crystal all the branches.

This country is the best game region of all the places hitherto visited by the writer, during some thirty years of handling the double gun and bagging game right and left, in various parts of England, Scotland and America, the half of which (fifteen years each) having shot in the two hemispheres, and on the great prairies of Illinois having made some large bags among the mountains, up and down. It would be difficult to imagine finer sport than that afforded in the mountains and forest glens, which abound in deer, wild turkey, ruffed grouse, squirrel, wild pigeon. The valleys are alive with large beves of quail, which may be fully accounted for by the fact that they are not hunted, for you may travel fifty miles and not see a shot-gun—merely the ten or fifteen dollar rifle, carrying one hundred and sixty or two hundred balls to the pound; while the setter and pointer is altogether unheard of.

As I have frequently made my double toll at squirrels when they were upon the roadside fence, or on a bevy of quail, or a brood of turkeys as they rise, my gun and self are looked upon with indecipherable surprise "shooting on the

wing." As dexterous, however, as the flying shot may be, these mountain sports are equally good with their heavy rifles, for they seldom fail of securing the squirrel in the eye.

It is a common and every day occurrence, as one rides through the hills, to see the deer on the hillside, valleys and glens, while in every few miles they cross and recross your path in the country roads through the forests—and as these mountains extend for hundreds of miles, thickly grown with heavy timber, the number of deer is immense. During the war, however, the inhabitants had no rifles or guns to disturb them, for neither were allowed to be kept by either farmers or miners, consequently the deer increased. Beyond doubt this is the finest hunting ground in the deer in the United States, at least that portion of the land inhabited by the white man.

The wild turkey, this noble bird, the king of all feathered game, is as plentiful here in proportion, as is the prairie grouse in Illinois. The woods abound with their broods until the leaves begin to fall, when they pack, or gather in large "gangs" (so called here) of sometimes one and two hundred. They are easily approached, and shot both from horseback and on foot. When the deer are leafless, and winter approaches, they appear in the valleys and frequently may be seen flying across a valley from ridge to ridge to their roosting-place; the outline of them is discernible on a clear, moonlight night against the horizon at a great distance. Here they attain a large growth, having such a feeding range while young. The dewberry, strawberry, huckleberry, blackberry, etc., when grown profusely, serve as food in the early season, and when grown this mighty region of most fastidious and fully develops them for the sportsman's gun and table.

The ruffed grouse (pheasant frequently termed), abound in plentiful numbers; on the hillside and the bottoms you can seldom go far without springing them, and most excellent sport for the dog and gun can be here enjoyed. In the spring time the woods sound both far and near with their drumming. This bird is probably the most gamey bird of America, having more of the epicurean flavor resembling the red grouse of Scotland; the flesh, however, is as white as that of the chicken.

Squirrels to the farmers in this region are most destructive. The gray and fox squirrel abound in thousands in many instances when the crop of mast fails, they destroy whole fields of corn, and farmers employ boys, finding them rifle and ammunition and one cent per scalp for all killed around their fields.

A farmer told me that last spring during corn-planting time, squirrels were to be seen, from fifty to a hundred at a time, on the fences and around the field, scratching up the newly-planted grains of corn. As many as twenty have been treed and killed on one tree; this classed alone at one end of the field. The farmers lose fully a fourth of all the corn grown annually, by the squirrels, and a good shot on a squirrel hunt may easily kill in one day from fifty to a hundred. They also grow very large. There are a few black ones to be seen in the fall, but these only occasionally.

Wild pigeons are mostly birds of passage, although they find their pigeon-roosts sometimes in the mountains, where thousands can be slaughtered, and many are killed by clubs alone. The wild pigeons annually appear in the fall about the beginning of October and continue through the winter and spring; they fly in large flocks over and through all parts of the mountains, darting through the air with immense velocity. Frequently from twenty to thirty may be brought down by the double shot; they are also caught in nets in large numbers.

Quail abound chiefly in the valleys, being the more domestic game bird; they are seldom shot at, and as before remarked, are never hunted by dog and gun. Quail in the corn fields and meadows skirted with the hazel bush are very plentiful. The sportsmen with his pointers or setters and double gun can enjoy a day's shooting, varying his sport to that in the mountains.

Rabbits are seldom seen, in fact I have only seen one rabbit during three months in the mountains and valleys; this, however, is accounted for through the number of foxes and wolves. The fox is here hunted by dogs alone, as it should be, and is frequent and numerous. As many a hunter is generally brought to grief by a pack of half a dozen or so of good hounds. The wolf, both black and gray species, are "plugged" by the rifle at all chances, as they prove destructive to sheep, of which every farmer keeps some, the wolf affording consumption for his spinning-wheel, which is seen at every house through hill and dale. When a wolf hunt is decided on, in any vicinity, the hunters join in, and take their stands in various parts of the hills most likely to be visited by the wolf, when hard run the hounds are well trained to their sport, and work well at the trail. Deer here are seldom hunted by dogs, being so plentiful that any hunter wanting a deer will "pick" his rifle, and return in an hour or less with a fine buck, with the ball planted in the exact mark behind the shoulder—to me, however, still-hunting has not the pure charms that is afforded by the full cry of the dogs, while each hunter is posted near some branch or range the deer is sure to take, then with the double gun by land in his tracks while he is bound. Others are abundant in the creeks, particularly in the coils, which runs at the foot of Mineral Mountain, the water running deeper in this creek than in many others. Others attain a larger growth, their skins are remarkably fine and valuable, and in my opinion decidedly the richest fur made up, of either the mink or stone martin. Minks also are very abundant and of a dark rich color. Coons and opossums are too numerous to be considered valuable, although the skins of these quantities would well repay the trapper, but they do not take the trouble to catch them, as they are abundant as the coons that as many as fourteen were taken one evening from one tree, in a "coon hunt."

I have given the sportsman but a faint idea of actual realizations to be made in these primeval forests, but, well knowing that such pleasures are appreciated ten-fold when fully enjoyed with the keen mountain air and delicious springs at the hunter's camp, where the sportsman can recite the glory of the past day, while the meercum's cloud rises and vanishes, and the song of the hunter resounds through hill and dale.

A fire on the earth, and our tent built on a tree,
Caroling by moonlight to our merry way,
Let the Lord send his angels to the room his hall,
But let the house of the sportsman be widest of all.

W. KING.

LOST FARMERS.—It is reported that the farmers in Queens County have combined to suppress indiscriminate hunting over their lands. The well-to-do sportsman, who put a stop to the slaying of chickens by hunters and to check the destruction of game.

"SOME OLD GUNS THAT I HAVE SHOT."

LIKE all his articles in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, St. Clair's paper in your issue of Sept. 20th, headed, "Some Old Guns That I Have Shot," was good; and his touching allusion to the friends and companions of his boyhood days doubtless went home to the hearts of many Southern readers. You see so many of us have been through the same experiences. Like "St. Clair," I was brought up with the other little niggers, and learned to call an old negro woman "Mammy," which I kept up till I was a "great big boy." And when I met her now (she is a servant in our aunt's family) I take off my hat, and call her my hand and call her "Aunt Lucy;" and she calls me Mars William, (for master,) as in the good old ante-bellum days.

What a perfect picture "St. Clair" paints of the life of the Southern sportsman before the war!

It carries me back to the good old ante-bellum days of long, long ago, and awakens many fond recollections of the past, and I feel like offering my hand to St. Clair.

As Robert Burns said of the many pleasant moments spent with his "Highland Mary":

Still oft those scenes my memory wakes
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes
As streams their channels deeper wear.

I was alike interested and amused with St. Clair's description of his cane-gun. I have "been here," too; but perhaps we had the advantage of St. Clair, as an older brother and myself had access to a set of tools that enabled us to give our guns the finishing touches. We would take a soft piece of poplar timber and soon fashion it in the shape of a pistol. Then we would take a gauge and cut a trench in it the whole length of the barrel, and into this we would put one joint of a cane, which was fastened to the stock with leather strips securely tacked. The idea was not altogether original with us. In an evil hour, our father, to satisfy our craving for a "sure enough" pistol, made us one. Little did he dream of the clandestine ruses we would make in his powder cistern to keep our pistol booming! Hide it? Yes; but it was useless. We would search the house from cellar to garret till we found it. But we grew ambitious. A pistol that only shot once would not do—we must have one that would rattle away five or six times. The Colt revolver was just being introduced then, and we said we must have one too that shot five times. And we were not long in getting one up, as the sequel will show. Like "St. Clair," after first selecting with great care the joint of a cane that we thought would bear considerable strain and kick up a big racket, we made a small hole at the bottom of the joint for a touch-hole. Then we put in a charge of powder, then wadding, and then shot and wadding. We then made another touch-hole even with the wadding on the shot, then another load as before, and so on until we put in five loads, by which time our pistol was chuck full from breech to muzzle. Our idea was to prime the first load at the muzzle, apply a live coal to it, discharge it, and so on all the way down. We expected to fire all the loads one by one, with great rapidity. The modern Winchester repeater is a toy compared to our weapon, and our own invention. It would not do to let any one see it. We might get a patent on it. Who knew? We decided to test our weapon. It would not do to practice with it publicly. People might learn the secret of its mechanism. Then they might want to know where we got powder to load it from breech to muzzle. So we decided to have a strictly private trial behind a negro cabin. I held and pointed it while my brother burned the end of a small stick till a live coal glowed on the end of it, and then touched the priming with it. Dear reader, many, many days have passed since I was startled by the hearing of the newly invented weapon, and the recollection of it is as vivid and distinct as if it were but yesterday. It roared like a young cannon, and I did not know whether I was struck by lightning or a locomotive. That was the last I saw of it. It flew to pieces. The loud report startled the whole household, and brought our father to the scene instantly.

"Where did you get the powder?" was the first question he asked.

"And we forgot our little hatchets—yes, we forgot 'em—and, forgetting our daily visits to his canister, replied; 'Jim, I've given it to us'—Jim being an apprentice in a cabinet shop near by, and a chum of ours.

We found that pistols made of wood would not do. So between us and three companions we raised money enough to buy us a "sure enough" pistol—a second-hand one. The "thumb" on the hammer was accidentally broken off, and it was with great difficulty that we could pull the hammer back to a full cock; we were compelled to go to a tree or fence and pry the hammer back. When I look back now and think of it, I wonder how a crowd of boys could load and shoot such a mechanism without some of them getting seriously, if not fatally, hurt. We dubbed our newly acquired weapon "Old Growler." And it would growl, too. With the charges we put in it you might hear it roar ten miles away. Sunday was our favorite day to practice with "Old Growler." But we would take to the woods, away from people and houses. We were good Masons, and each one knew the other would not tell. I remember one Sunday practicing with "Old Growler" at a poplar tree. It would send a ball out of sight in the soft bark of the poplar. We were all greatly excited. We had been firing "Growler" at hard, seasoned timber, and the balls would rebound and pass in close proximity to our heads—zip!

Why did "Growler" perform so well at times—sink a ball at times, and then all of a sudden fail to sink the ball, which would come back among us with more force than "Growler" sent it? We solved the problem eventually by observing that when packing was used, and the ball forced down, it did not come back among us. Finally we aspired to the possession of a better gun, and my brother, who had been sole owner of "Old Growler," sold him to a companion, or the enormous sum of ten cents. We then turned our attention to swimming. We must know how to swim, and then we would all be men. Our hearts were as joyous and free as the mocking-bird's that sits in yonder tree and sings so sweetly this beautiful October morning. His sweet carols reminds me of the

Little bird with azure wings
And song that sends a thousand things

that cheered the soul and revived the drooping spirit of the lonely Bonbard.

I could go now right to the spot where we would strip and plunge into the water. Ah! dear reader, the many, many happy memories I have since spent upon the banks of that clear, beautiful little rivulet with rod and reel, and dog and gun.

"I've angled in many waters,
On many a summer's day,
In many a murmuring river,
By many a laughing way;
But the voice of that brook has never
Lost its pathos and charm for me,
As it rippled and ran forever
To its grave in the mighty sea."

Long after the heart-throbs cease that send the blood through the veins in the hand that holds the pen that writes these lines will then continue to flow on and on to thy "grave in the mighty sea." Like the stream described by Byron,

Thy banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,
And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee,

and nowhere as upon thy banks do the wild flowers grow and blossom so beautifully—nowhere do the sweet notes of the mocking-birds—those sweet wood-nod warblers of the South—sound so sweet and musical as those that inhabit thy banks.

Port Royal, Tenn., October, 1881.

THE SQUIRREL HUNT.

WHERE are they much hunted there is no game so wild, so sharp in hiding and so hard to kill, even when hard hit, as the large grey squirrel of middle New York. If struck to death, and anywhere near a hole in a hollow tree, they will work their way to the death agony and die there untouched by the hunter's hand. The following lines are a bit of my experience:

Leaves are drifting wild in furies,
Trot the woodland dark and drear;
Swift the game bird Southward hurries,
Knowing well stern Winter near;
But the squirrel staunch remaineth,
Tempting all the Hunter's skill;
He from swearing scarce abstaineth,
Shooting off, but not to kill!

See the banner white, 'uplifted
O'er the softer tint of gray,
As from tree to tree 'tis shifted,
Quick as shadows, cloud-sweet, play—
Hear his taunting laugh re-sounding,
While you search the forest o'er,
He from branch to branch is bounding,
Glaucous shining—then no more!

Where the oak-tree, widely spreading,
Casts its arms grotesque abroad;
Only acorns freely shedding
On the sere and frosty sod—
Where the beech its lofty towers,
And seed-maps taller grow,
There the lap of Satan glowers
On his weary dew below.

From his nest-hole, slyly peeping,
Watches he the Hunter's eye—
Keenest sight he has in keeping,
For if seen he knows 't is nigh—
Patience have and seek good hiding,
Till he fancies you have down,
Then, with nerve and skill abiding,
Shoot, and bring theascal down!

Eagle's Nest, Nov. 2, 1881.

NED BUNTLINE.

* The long tail, white beneath, looks like a flag of truce at times.

HUNTING RABBITS FOR THEIR MEAT.

THE other afternoon, Col. Houston Rucker, Col. Geo. F. Akers, Charley Hollister, Ralph Dodd and myself were seated together, when suddenly the question of rabbit hunting was brought up by Houston Rucker, with the following recollection of the first time he ever saw Col. Akers. "George," said Houston, "you were sitting on the side of the main road leading from Appomattox C. H. to Lynchburg, the so-called looking little fellow I ever looked at. The snow lay a foot deep upon the ground, and a cold, piercing wind was blowing, yet there you were, with a scanty amount of clothing on your back, and bareheaded. Upon closer investigation I noticed that your old wool hat was being utilized by you as a foot warmer, shoes being a part of your toilet apparently unprovided for. A couple of rabbits lay on one side of you, and on the other your Uncle Archie Moore's famous hound Monroe, and Daniel Whitaker's old dog Bryan. I felt sorry for you, and would willingly have assisted you, but for the sharp answer you gave me upon the first sentence of my commiserating speech, 'None of your damned business. I have just as much clothes and things as I want.' Do you remember the circumstance?"

"Yes," replied George, "hunting rabbits barefooted in the snow is no fun; but then when you have no other meat at home, it's a clear case, and it was many a time that I had to do it. But now that you have recalled to my mind that day, I'll try and tell you about the chase I had after those two rabbits."

Daniel Whitaker loaned me his dog, and a better one never tracked puss; when he opened his mouth, the sweetest melody rolled out of it I ever heard, and it not only attracted the people's attention, but the attention, too, of every well-bred hound within its hearing. This accounts for Monroe being along, Uncle Archie only allowing me to hunt him once in a while. The morning of the hunt Aunt Milly told me 'thar was no meat in de house, and dat Mass Bryan expected sum company dat day, sich as Mr. Whitaker, fish Davenport, Parson Hammerly, Waskens, and their wives, and I don't know many mo, so you must be de bes' you kin. I ain't got no shoes to len' you, but here is a par' o' my thick wool stockin's, dey'll blep you mazin' in de snow.'

"I got into my clothes as soon as I could, pulled on the good old cook's hose, and after drinking a bowl of corn meal coffee, sweetened with maple sugar, sallied forth, followed by Bryan. Hardly had we got into the road than fresh tracks of rabbits were seen everywhere in the snow, and the old dog, in his joy at the abundant sign, sat down on his haunches, stretched forward his neck, with head high in the air, began a solo that many opera singers might have envied. I looked at him in admiration, and wondered what would be his next move. Before getting through with the first part of his chant, two or three half-breeds came up, and joined in the chorus. Looking across the field I saw coming, Monroe. I was then sure of good sport, for with those two dogs no rabbit on earth could get away. Bryan now began posing around, the other members of the pack simply waiting for orders to come on. They did not have long to wait, as the leader opened, and with heads down to the snow, the others

fell into line and the race began. Before running five hundred yards they caught one rabbit.

"Oh! how I wish it had been big enough to do for dinner, as I was nearly half frozen, though as it was not, I patted the dogs and said, 'Now, my lads, George wants more meat; let's go for it.' They seemed to understand me, and began hunting in every direction. But game was scarce, and it was only after scouring several fields that they found 'cent, and away they went, I hobbling along after them the best I could, the snow and ice having already worn the bottoms out of Aunt Milly's stockings. I was absolutely barefooted. The chase by this time had grown more exciting, and I, in my enthusiasm, became heedless of my bodily sufferings and pushed on as fast as I could. The rabbit, a red stager, proved as wily as reynard. He would turn, run into holes and evade the dogs in every possible way. At last they pressed him so closely that he made directly toward Bill Bock's schoolhouse and there for a while the dogs lost him; but after diligent hunting found him in a hollow log. They barked and kicked up such a rumpus that the boys in the school began tittering and squirming about upon their seats, irritating old Bill until he came to the door to order me away. Just at this moment the rabbit ran out of his hiding place (being forced out by a long pole I had introduced into the log) and instinctively took refuge inside the schoolhouse. Then followed a scene better imagined than described. Bock did not tear his hair, as he was the most dignified of men; first, then the boys and then the dogs and lastly the rabbit, and was finally compelled to give holiday for the remainder of the day. I got the rabbit number two and started for home; and it was going there that you saw me. My feet having become numb with cold I used my old hat as a warmer. I hunted many times after under no more favorable circumstances, for when there was meat in the house I had other things to do; or, in other words, when I went hunting rabbits it was always for their meat."

Nashville, Tenn.

SUBSTITUTES FOR PIGEONS IN TRAP SHOOTING.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In the last few years owing to the way in which wild and tame pigeons have been slaughtered from plunge traps at tournaments and club matches, on account of their scarcity it has often been found necessary to use something else for targets in their stead. A few clubs indeed have stopped shooting at pigeons altogether, finding as much sport with glass balls as they wish to shoot at, the latter being cheaper and allowing more money to be spent in prizes.

On the Pacific coast and in some parts of the South, the bat has been used from the trap and seems to answer admirably, its peculiar flight making many of the crack shots score quite low at first. These bats are gathered from old barns, caves and hollow trees by men who make a business of it, their profit on the hundred being considerable.

Blackbirds and sparrows can be used by catching them on twigs and branches smeared with bird lime. Big ones can be caught they should be detached, their feet cleaned with sand, and put in large cages or pens. This would be an excellent way to thin out the number of the English sparrows, which at present fill our parks. The bird can be made from the juice of the holly bark, extracted by boiling, mixed with one-third part olive oil.

The crow, which covers in countless flocks the fields in winter, has, to my certain knowledge, never been tried, but I know of no practical reason why it should not be used. Every morning and evening the flight is seen going to and from their roosting grounds in a long line that can almost be measured by miles. Any one that has seen a crow's roost at night knows how easily they could be caught, then, no matter how acute their senses may be in the day time. When sprung from a trap, the well-known antipathy of the crow to man's presence would cause it to fly away from the crowd back of the shooter in a style that could only be checked by the best shots with a hard-bitten, gallantly shot from traps, but I think this as a practice should be discouraged, because it would soon extend to other game until in time there would be nothing left that crows could point or men shoot in the field, all having been trapped for matches or tournaments. Most of our States have forbidden trapping game birds, besides the idea of shooting them from traps is something which every sportsman should condemn.

Of the list of inanimate objects used as a substitute for pigeons, first in point of popularity is the glass ball. When four years ago Bogatus introduced it here the shooting fraternity regarded it as a big thing and it immediately became popular until at present the numerous designs of traps and balls that we sold attest how well it has taken a hold on us. Even in England they have used it considerably, the matches shot by Dr. Carver giving many a people a chance to see what they were like, who had never heard of them before. It has induced men who would not shoot at pigeons and had no time to go out of the city for field shooting, to get guns and take up the practice of breaking the balls, often becoming crack shots when otherwise they would hardly have known the breach of their guns from the muzzles.

Among the different kinds of target balls manufactured, including the s-lube, plaster, glass, rubber, smoking, feather-filled and sanded, I think for ordinary purposes the plain glass ball is as good as any; for special shooting, however, the others are often very useful.

In the way of traps, the rotary give a great variety of shots, but a rotating trap is a little back into the face of the shooter, which is unlike any sort of game shooting. There is a knock acquired by skillful shots to watch it as the arm revolves, and to call "pull" in time to give them the ball in any position they wish. The ordinary screened trap that can be set to throw straight away and quartering shots, is a great deal more like birds in the field, and the new style of using five of them in imitation of English ground traps is a still greater improvement.

Before the glass ball came into use, only a stick with paper wings known as the gyro pigeon could take the place of live birds; a modification of this has lately been invented in Philadelphia, that consists of a spring encased in a paper rotation of pigeon, but which really looks something like a fish; the whole thing is thrown from a suitable trap.

In England, Holland and Holand have brought out on the market an apparatus in the shape of a pigeon, made of a light iron frame; inside of this is a glass ball which breaks whenever the shot strikes it through the frame, the latter of course being packed enough to remain uninjured. There were also made old sheet-iron pigeons to be dipped in white-wash after every shot striking them, in order to remove the marks. To make these iron pigeons go, they are at-

tached to a machine consisting of an unstanding rod made to revolve on its axis, at the top of which is fixed at right angles an iron cross-bar which holds a pigeon at each end. Then the crank arranged on to the revolving rod and the pigeons sail around slow or fast, as desired, by a single and double shots. Rabbits made of felt for rifle practice, and of iron for the shot-gun, are hung on an endless cord between two trees or posts, and made to run up and down by turning a wheel, the iron representations being whitewashed automatically by a brush every time they come to the end of their run.

Within the last few months the clay saucer, or pigeon as it is called, has been sold a good deal to clubs, it being a recreation in the form of a clay bird-m game some time previous. The principle of the clay saucer has been frequently mentioned in your paper, but to say one who has never seen it work the skimming of a clam shell gives an exact idea of its flight.

In the above list are substitutes for the pigeon at trap shooting I hope some of our sportsmen will continue to use, and others who have hitherto patronized tournaments will take up in place of the wild birds used there, if indeed they really must have an annual State match. Your editorial published a few weeks ago, I think will convert the ideas of many who have hitherto been its warmest advocates, and in another season or two no more will cause the name of sportsmen to be held in suspicion by the press of the country, as our last tournament at Coney Island did.

COLIN.

SUCCESSFUL ROCHESTER SPORTSMEN.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 18.

Editor Forest and Stream:

So many of your correspondents are this year writing about the scarcity of game that I thought something in another tone would be acceptable to many of your readers as an antidote to the many state of mind caused by so many reports of ill luck. In this vicinity the fall shooting of migratory birds has been better in some respects than it had been for years. Woodcock shooting was about as good as could be desired. Among several excellent bags the best I have heard of was one of thirty-seven birds shot north of Brockport, in this county, by one man in a day. He hunted in a region that has long been famous for its fall woodcock shooting. The birds, it is believed, cross Lake Ontario from Canada, and stop in the first favorable cover they find after their long flight over the water. Every year some lucky fellow has a big shoot in this region.

There was some very good snipe shooting here this fall also, and several bags ranging from fifteen to thirty are reported. One of my friends found them very abundant on corn fields where he had not seen a snipe for years previously.

Neither the four-toed vernal nor the partridge fly, nor the red squirrel, nor man, has killed off all the ruffed grouse in this part of the State yet. Three of my friends came back from a two days' search for ruffed grouse this week, and brought with them forty nine grouse.

The most extraordinary shooting of all was performed by three men from the city a few days ago on the wide waters three miles from the Court House. It is an expansion of the Erie Canal containing 30 or 40 acres in which ducks sometimes drop in. Scores of men are constantly firing on its banks and no day passes that half a dozen shooters fail to make it a visit. The three men in question went out carrying twelve pounds of shot, with muzzle-loading guns. There chanced to be three ducks on the water and the wild fowls began to blaze at them, and as the birds seemed to be infatuated and would not leave, the shooters discharged all their shot, finally killing two of the ducks. You can calculate how many shots they must have fired.

Three or four successful deer hunting parties from this city have visited Canada and Michigan this fall. Of individuals John C. Lighthouse was most successful, he having killed seven deer and a wolf in Michigan.

E. H.

MAINE WARDENS AND VISITING SPORTSMEN.

I AM glad Mr. Hubbard has spoken, for it is an important subject, and one that interests us greatly in Eastern Maine. We have labored for years to have our game protected; and now to have it the commodity of a class opposed to us, and who have made us all the trouble they possibly could, is a bitter pill. I have no sympathy for an officer who fails to do his duty. I know our county wardens, as a class, are a failure, and am satisfied that the appointment of local wardens is a mistake; yet I am certain it is not so in all cases. That Mr. Hubbard should abuse our Commissioner Stillwell, in such an ungentlemanly and unsportsmanlike manner, is perfectly unjustifiable in a visitor. I am satisfied Mr. Stillwell is a gentleman, and an honorable man; and I have no reason to find fault with him as an officer.

The animus of Mr. Hubbard's communication is apparent. Mr. Hubbard clearly ignores Maine's sportsmen, and can see none save "visiting sportsmen" and "gentlemanly guides" east of the "Hub," and, more, they must be a privileged class, because they, the "visiting sportsmen," have the money—some have whiskey.

Let us see how the thing stands to-day. Sportsmen of Maine are doing their best to preserve the game, and have done so for years. The sportsmen of Maine are composed of as good material as can be found in any State, and are entitled to respect. We have been for years obliged to contend with "gentlemanly guides," market hunters, middlemen, cheap landlords, whiskey smugglers, deer hounders, crust hunters, "visiting sportsmen" and various other undesirable species of this bad race.

No; this time we are sensitive, and feel that our "visiting sportsmen" have insulted us. I do not know that Mr. Hubbard is one of the members who came from Massachusetts last month. The facts are as follows: Messrs. Howe, Weymouth Bros. and others from Merrimack and vicinity, numbering eight, with five dogs or hounds, came to Cherryfield; they were met by the Shopper Bros., guides, residents of Redington, who conveyed them to Cranberry Lake, where they found quarters in Isaac Abbe's logging camp; and there they were joined by a party from East Machias. A deputy warden appeared and found the hounds chained and in the care of a keeper. The party set at defiance the law, but being watched, were somewhat troubled; but by the aid of the East Machias party, the Shopper Bros. and a Northfield man, who was camped at the Sabor, they eluded the warden and got a few days' run with the dogs into Little Sabor Lake. Report has it they killed six deer.

What has Mr. Hubbard to say of this? It is perfectly impracticable to allow game to be killed out of season to supply the tables of camping parties. It is game protection we wish, and to have it the law must be obeyed to the letter. There can be no such thing as a privileged class, if we do have, game protection is a dead letter, for we cannot enforce laws partially.

We are asked questions I hope to see answered by some one qualified to satisfy all. "Why do not the authorities put down hounding deer?" We are all trying to do it. But why do "visiting sportsmen" persist in breaking our laws? We do not thank you for bringing your money into our State to tempt guides to break our laws, for we believe the receiver equally guilty with the thief. "What right have wardens to enforce one part of the game law and neglect another?" Is that proved?

"What right have wardens to see only one class of persons and overlook their own townsmen?" I hope Mr. Stillwell will answer this, for we know that an Indian, by the name of Ketchum, has a camp at Mopang Lake and is accused of having hounds, or that he belongs Bangor men to keep hounds at his camp for the purpose of running deer into Mopang Lake. I know Mr. Stillwell has had his eye upon these parties. We are constantly watching our law breakers, and if Mr. H. will look over the Reports of the Commissioners of Fish and Game of Maine, he will find his assertions need qualifications, to say the least.

We sportsmen of Maine think we have a right to make our own laws for game protection, and enforce them; and, more, we think we shall. As "visiting sportsmen" are bound to trample upon us with their hounds, I advocate "no quarter for the dogs."

I hope to see a more efficient system for game protection, and do not doubt we shall.

Let us protect the game—one and all.

Machias, Nov. 15, 1881.

OLD TUG.

STATE OF MAINE,
Department of Fisheries and Game,
Dixfield, Nov. 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your paper of Nov. 10 an article from Lucius L. Hubbard entitled "Maine Wardens and Visiting Sportsmen," reflecting on the enforcement of the game laws, honesty of Maine Wardens, etc.

I have had the honor of being one of the Commissioners of Fish and Game, for Maine, since 1872, with the exception of a part of the years of 1879 and 1880, and have never allowed my name to appear in print in any controversy pertaining to the fish and game, as generally it is no advantage to the cause. But when the honesty of our guardians, the fish and game is assailed, a word in defense I do not think amiss. I do not see how any gentleman and sportsman who is in favor of enforcing our laws, can object to my old friend, H. N. E. M. Stillwell's "vigorous letter from Maine," which appeared in your paper a few weeks ago, unless it might be some one who had killed a moose or a deer in close time and paid too dear for the whistle. I think the letter expresses the sentiments of every man who has had the honor to be Commissioner of Fish and Game in Maine. They are certainly mine. As to the honesty of the Wardens, if there are those who can be hired to break the game laws would it not be better (if not more honorably) to inform the Commissioner so they could get them removed or dealt with as they deserve rather than attack them through the press?

As to the enforcement of the game laws, I do not pretend they are enforced in every case, as there are some which I presume we know nothing about. Maine forests are large—our hunters are small—poachers, am sorry to say, are too numerous, though a goodly share come from outside of Maine. But I assure the writer, and also gentlemen and sportsmen interested in the protection of our fish and game in Maine, that we shall do all in our power to convict any person who kills our fish and game in close time, whether he calls himself gentleman or plebeian. And I would earnestly request any gentleman who knows of any violation of the game laws in Maine, to give us the information and name of witnesses, and we will bring the offenders to conviction if possible. Several persons have been convicted of it for killing moose, deer and caribou. Cases are good for six years past, of which we hope to prove in the near future.

I am sorry to say the writer is correct about the hounds, but am happy to inform him they have not all come out of the woods alive.

To the sportsmen who visit our State, we bid you welcome. Her woods and waters are free and open to you. We are happy to give you all the assistance and information in our power, and we feel confident that no person entitled to the name of gentleman will willingly catch our fish or kill our game in close time.

HENRY O. STANLEY, Comr. of Fish and Game.

RUST SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have seen many inquiries and replies to the above, and probably not one out of twenty has been correct in their use, mail in your last issue (Oct. 20) your correspondent from Columbus, O., has the correct cure. He says he had it from an old Californian friend. I gave this to Dr. Fonda, then of Lafayette, Ind., in 1858, who went to California about 1860—perhaps the same gentleman your Columbus friend alludes to.

I wrote to the old *Spirit of the Times* in 1856 or '57, stating that I had tried all means to prevent rust inside the barrels, and had found that in using Hazard's Electric Powder, and after a day's shooting it could wipe the gun outside dry and after rub over with an oily rag; put it in a dry place, and then not touch the inside for so many days, weeks or months, as you please. Before using it again wipe out the barrel—then of a brownish powdered ash—and they will be as bright as any steel polished with whiting.

A Mr. Baker, of Charleston, S. C., then ridiculed the idea of a fine gun being put away without cleaning, but I replied again to all sportsmen of these United States to try my plan, and I would guarantee the perfect state of barrels, even after any time.

My gun then being a muzzle-loader, this made it almost impossible to often wash it out, and to adopt any kind of oiling, to prevent rust; but with muzzle-loaders we had to use water, driving it through the nipples. With the breech-loader I would never use a drop of water. Put your gun away after a day's shooting "in a dry place." Wipe well the outside, as the perspiration of the hands, or salt air, might rust. After thoroughly wiping dry, add a little oil, either coal oil or sperm, and then pass over the barrel a dry

cloth. This for the outside. The inside is protected by the lining of powder, which becomes in a day a fine ash powder. Now to show you a test of this. My barrels, of the finest laminated steel, after having been used twenty-five years, were sent to a breech-loader by Messrs. Read & Sons, who stated on examination (previous to entering them) that they were in perfect condition, and remarkably well preserved, even if for ten years, much more than for twenty-five years. Therefore I recommend all to try this simple but sure cure for rust spots in gun-barrels. As to water, then oil, you can never prevent rust, if you work at them for a week. Therefore, your correspondent of Columbus, O., is right.

WM. KING.

GAME IN NEW JERSEY.

I HAVE been at some pains to ascertain the truth in regard to the amount of game in the central and lower parts of this State, and submit the result. The severe winter told fearfully on the quail. I have been out with good dogs in Middlesex, Mercer, Monmouth and Atlantic counties, and am convinced that the quail were decimated by the prolonged snow fall. I mean by this that not one bevy can be found this year where there were ten last year, but the open summer has made the broods larger. Pheasants did not suffer from the winter, as they are plenty in their usual haunts, except that in some sections they are rapidly being exterminated by trapping and snaring, which is openly and extensively carried on. This is particularly true of the shore counties. In one day's tramp in Atlantic county I found as many as twenty quail traps, and this too in the jurisdiction of the famous West Jersey Protective A-association. By the way, I find that this association is very unpopular, as the farmers seem to believe that all the organization does is to sell licenses to Philadelphia pot-hunters. Rabbits are very abundant, but many of them are hardly large enough to shoot, the prolonged open weather having apparently brought out late litters. There were no woodcock in the Middlesex swamps in October, their feeding grounds being dry, but a few are found now in the sprouts. English snipe have been plenty in some parts of the State, and I found a few of them last week along the bottoms near Great Egg Harbor. Squirrels have not been so thick in many years as this season, and, with no drawback, they will furnish unusual sport next year. There are plenty of ducks along shore, but on account of the mild weather they do not "draw," and our runners come home hungry. The pheasant and quail are the only game that need special attention. We should have a close season for a year or two, and close attention to the law-breakers. In many sections the hucksters and store-keepers buy up snared birds as openly as they do poultry and eggs.

A.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 17.

THE duck shooting at Havre de Grace since the opening of day has been on the average good, but the main body of fowl appear to be redheads. Few can ducks have arrived on the flats, owing to no don't to the mild weather. I made inquiry this week among the poulters, to whom a great part of the ducks shot at this point are sent, and learned that a very large proportion reaching this point are red-heads. Black heads, strange to say, are in a minority—the reverse is almost always the rule. Quail are here selling on the streets, in the hands of "hawkers of the curbstone," at \$4 per dozen. I have yet to hear from a returning sportsman that good quail shooting has been enjoyed. One I met this a. m. stated he had been gone a week, found four coveys, and bagged, after hard hunting, twenty birds.

The way your journal is talking about the immense slaughter of pigeons at hippodrome tournaments is meeting with favor here. While gentlemen who wish to practice between seasons at pigeons from the trap will still continue to do so, they are, I think, unanimous in favoring the saving of the large amounts of money expended at these shootings by gun clubs and sportsmen's associations, and devoting it to the preservation and increase of our wild birds.

Word was sent to Philadelphia last week from Lower Delaware and Maryland, that a large flight of woodcock had reached these points. A number had been killed by resident sportsmen, but we have not heard of any of our Philadelphians making any bags.

Would you believe that a few rail birds can still be killed on our flats? The weather has not been severe enough, it appears, to drive the rail stragglers southward.

The duck bay, duck shooters say, the yearly flock of snow geese that appears in the Delaware, near Bombay Hook, has not yet shown itself. For the past four years these fowl have regularly presented themselves in our waters, and are little troubled by our market shooters from the fact that there is no sale for them in Philadelphia.

HOMO.

THE DECREASE OF GAME BIRDS.

WESTCHESTER, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have found that my experience in hunting for game birds of all kinds about the city this fall is the same as expressed by Mr. Holbroton, in his letter in your issue of Oct. 27. Tuesday, Nov. 1, I tramped through a good part of Westchester county, and although I found excellent cover and suitable feeding places for grouse, quail and woodcock, not a bird did I see in a whole day's tramp. I met plenty of men from the city, however, who were having fine "sport" shooting robins, blackbirds, chipmunks, etc., and tearing down fences and destroying things generally. One party of Italians, eleven strong, marched through the woods blowing tin whistles "to charm the little birds," and shooting at every living feathered creature, from a chippy-bird to a farmer's boss gobbler.

SENeca.

Middletown, Conn., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been very much interested in the discussion in recent numbers of your paper in relation to the great decrease of game birds. About here, by snaring and especially by the ravages of the "tick," the ruffed grouse had nearly been exterminated. The last severe winter cut off most of the quail, while many of the snarers are believed to have been remaining together in flocks during the summer.—ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Editor Forest and Stream: I've just returned from a two-weeks' sojourn with the ruffed grouse in Northern Pennsylvania. Found the birds very scarce indeed. Almost all of the birds killed were old cocks and "we" found quite a large share of them by listening to their drumming, and then

working them up. In localities where usually I could easily kill from ten to twenty in a day—and all flying—it was impossible to kill more than five or six in a hard day's work, and court in one or two "p-n-shots" at that. The farmers say that very few young birds were hatched this spring; and they say that they had the same trouble with domestic fowls.—BONASA.

Editor Forest and Stream: In your journal I never have seen any intimation that the decrease was ever owing to an epidemic disease, to which I think the fashions are liable—similar in its speedy work of rauce is called on the Pacific Slope the "chicken cholera," whose whole rows of chickens sometimes found dead in the morning. The only sign evident to the unscientific observer is a lack of blood in the body, and a small clot at or in the heart. Having had, within the fifty years ago, many dogs, whose ruling passion was to retrieve, they would bring me everything that was dead; and when not too ardently engaged, I would examine to see if the birds had been shot or killed by their natural enemies. I occasionally found that there were no marks of either, but that the flesh was without blood, though I do not remember but one instance where the bird was at the heart. I once saw a gray eagle fall dead a few yards from me, after I had watched its circles some time. Its body was also bloody, but there was in his throat a long clot about the size of a lead pencil. As it is well-known that whole broods of birds suddenly disappear, and also all the birds from entire localities, I thought a word to show that there may be other causes than of injudicious hunting and natural enemies. Volumes could and should be written on the preservation of game by the destruction of their natural foes, and why any people calling themselves sane should foster and encourage these foes puzzles a VETERAN OBSERVER.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

WATERBURY, Conn., Nov. 10, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The practice of making the annual meetings of your State Association for the Protection of Game the occasion of a pigeon shooting tournament seems to be so generally deprecated by all true sportsmen that I am not surprised that the better class of that association desire that its name be so changed as to indicate its real purpose and business.

I would seem to be obvious that the association is directly responsible for the cruel practices which result from the offer, at high prices, to buy betted pigeons. Such a market for the birds induces hundreds of professional trappers to follow them to their nesting places, where they bate and net vast numbers of them while rearing their young, which young are of course left to starve. If this is not revolting cruelty what name will you give it?

We should feel reluctant to call that man a sportsman who would deliberately shoot the mother of a brood of young quail, or catch them from their spawning beds, and, worse still, leave some to decay on the ground; and it ought to be regarded as unsportsmanlike, as well as cruel and barbarous, to kill purely for sport.

I had no intention of obtruding my criticism upon the conduct of your State Association when I commenced this letter, but, as I now do, suggest that there is a short way to an efficient remedy for the evil about which so many complain—viz., by enacting a law similar to one passed by the Connecticut Legislature in 1875, which provides, among other things, that "No person shall let loose or suffer to escape from any trap, net or other place of confinement, or from any method of restraint, or expose in any way any bird or fowl of any kind, for the purpose of having such bird or fowl shot, or shot at for sport, gain or trial of skill of marksmen, or other purpose, or to be shot or shot at, at any shooting match." W.

[Such a law would include in its prohibition also small pigeon trap-shoots, which are very different affairs from the immense tournament. There is no call to pass a law against such matches.]

DAKOTA TERRITORY GAME.

LOWER BRULE, D. T., Nov. 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ducks, geese and sand-hill, or whooping crane, have been here in countless numbers this year. The farmers who live in the vicinity of Reed Lake did not gather them in so early, have had it nearly destroyed by the cranes and geese. As fine shooting for them as can be found in this country can be had at Reed Lake, about six miles from Chamberlain, the present terminus of the C. M. & St. Paul R. R., on the Missouri River. Nearly all kinds of ducks are found there, and an Eastern sea owl is no more to be compared to the mallard or the teal shot here than an old squaw is to their black or dusky duck. I shot teal yesterday that were as fat as butter, and broiled over a good hot fire it is a dainty for a king. Pintail grouse, called by the people here prairie chicken, are rather scarce just about here, though they are retreating down on the river in considerable quantities, and I think will give the boys a chance to try their small-bore rifles shooting them from the trees when winter sets in.

Deer must be very plenty, judging from the signs which are all about on this side of the river. They have been hunted but very little this fall, and the snow has winter-bone so deep that the hunters from going out. I shot a splendid buck while duck hunting on a creek, and wounded a doe with my shot gun. One of our chiefs has been out and killed fourteen deer and a large number of beaver, which are very plenty on the creeks and along the river banks.

Chamberlain boasts of as good a hotel as can be found on the river, the Brule House, kept by Mr. Austin, who will treat the sportsman to the best that the country affords.

LOWER BRULE.

AN EAGLE CAPTURES A PIKE—Greenwich, Conn., Nov. 16.—Last week Mr. Freeman, of Occum, while standing by a mill pond near that place, saw an eagle take a large pike, or pickerel as they are called here. The bird swooped and took the fish with its claws, instead of diving for it. The pike squirmed and twisted so that the eagle, which had at once flown to land, had to let go its grip. The fish fell and the bird at once flew after it, pounced upon it, and, taking it again in its talons, shot up into the air to a lofty height. The onlookers, seeing from the mill pond the aspens let the fish fall and followed it. The long fall of course killed the fish, and the eagle then picked it up and flew away.—W.

WILD FOWL AT MONTAUK.

GREENPORT, L. I., Nov. 14.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just got information from a captain of one of the fishing steamers that there is now good grass-feeding in the Great Pond at Montauk, and that some 300 geese were seen there by him some ten or twelve days since. If this is so, and I have no reason to doubt it, there will again be first-rate shooting at Montauk for ducks and geese.

A dozen years since, and long before that time, Montauk was the greatest resort for wild fowl in the Northern Coast. The waters of the Great Pond (400 acres) were then fresh, and the grass feed abundant, and I have been told by an old gunner here that he always found the pond alive with wild fowl, especially with geese. He says there must have been there some ten thousand geese at a look.

Since that time the pond has been leased to eelers, who have opened an inlet admitting the entrance of the salt-tides of the bay, which has killed out the fresh grass, and of course furnished no feed for wild-fowl.

Montauk has, within a couple of years, been purchased at auction sale by a Mr. Arthur Benson, of Brooklyn, for the sum of \$150,000, and we presume the pond has been closed up against the salt-tides by his direction. If so, he merits from all gunners a vote of thanks, provided he allows fowling free use of the shooting-ground.

We knew a Mr. Arthur Benson in Boston, years ago, and was a college friend of his, but had lost sight of him for a long period; perhaps this is the same. ISAAC McLELLAN.

WISCONSIN NOTES—Menomonee, Wis., Nov. 14.—Just think of a rain-storm that has never once let up since—let's see, since—well, that has hardly ever let up, since the chicken-shooting season opened, Aug. 15. Rain, rain, weck out, and snowing now, just think I say, of that, and then expect sporting news if you can. The ducks have given us the most complete surprise party of the season, and the continual rain full swelled the streams till the Chippewa "ran over," inundating whole farms and diving families from home to seek safety on higher grounds. Stacks of hay and sheaves of grain float here and there, while bending and nodding to the surging waters stood fields of ripe corn, in which multitudes of mallards floated and feasted. Many hundreds of mallards were killed. One incident—Dr. Grannis started merrily, singing cheerily, gazed at the thousands of circling ducks, wondered what they were doing, and then bravely stumbled fearfully, stalked through the water, charged his gun under water accidentally, it burst immediately, and was ruined completely. The dog poisoner has secured enough victims to satisfy the most exacting. Several valuable dogs have recently been poisoned, of which three have died. Sam McKibben's old pointer, Dick, died lately from the effects of a pistol wound, given by some smart Aleck. Dick had hunted faithfully during ten seasons. Rifles are now in great demand. Deer and bear appear to be plentiful enough to furnish our hunters with sport. Venison is now arriving in market, and last week I saw the carcass of a bear, weighing about 300 pounds, that was killed within a few miles of here. Wolves are killing sheep in this vicinity, foxes are barking and wild cats are squalling. Plenty of sport here for one who has time to seek it. M.

A PENNSYLVANIA WOODCOCK SCORE—Rush, Pa., Nov. 10.—I break my own dogs and take pride and pleasure in the pastime. Wednesday morning, Nov. 2, dawned, not bright and clear, but with a "mist on the mountain" and a threatening sky. Nevertheless an hour's drive took me to an older cove six miles away, in which I knew a brood of woodcock had been hatched and reared. With Snap, my six-months' old red Irish setter at my heels, who never saw a game bird until last July and who never was out with the gun to exceed a half dozen times in all, I struck for the thicket. In crossing a bridge, just before reaching the main ground, I cut off my dog in a small patch of willows, and was gratified to see him on his feet almost the instant he crossed the fence. I quickly followed, and as I approached within a couple of rods up sprang a magnificent cock with a defiant whistle, but dropped to my shot and was handsomely retrieved by my setter. I then struck the main ground, and in two hours—viz., from 8 o'clock A. M. to 10 A. M.—bagged in nine consecutive shots nine cock, shooting at every bird that rose, six over points and three flushed by myself, all in thick cover, which we here think remarkable shooting. I am glad to see the efforts of sportsmen's clubs and sportsmen generally in behalf of the destruction of the foreign game birds, but think in most instances the money and labor should be used to protect advantage and with more satisfactory results toward the distribution of our native birds, say the quail and pinnated grouse for the Eastern and Middle States. The suggestions, however, of a correspondent in a recent number to try the different varieties of game birds of China and Japan would, without doubt, prove successful as to some varieties, and would, I think, meet with the approved and hearty support of sportsmen throughout the land.—W. W. McC.

TO MAKE A CHOKE-BORE SCATTER—Quebec, Can., Nov. 14.—**Editor Forest and Stream:** In your issue of the 10th inst. I notice in the column devoted to Answers to Correspondents that G. N. B., Delphos, Kan., asks how to make his choke-bore gun scatter (I presume he means for near shooting). Let him try this plan. Load with same quantity of powder and shot as usual; in fact, if he wishes he can use 3 drams powder, 14 ounce shot, but divide the charge of shot in two parts by a thin card wad between. In W. W. Greener's new work, "The Gun and its Development," page 439, he recommends dividing the shot in three parts. I only divide my shot in two, and find it serves the purpose excellently. I am using a 10-bore—one barrel cylinder, the other choked—weighing only 7½ pounds, built expressly for me, and I am perfectly delighted with its performance. For duck I use 4 drams powder and 14 ounces of shot, loaded in the ordinary way; but for woodcock and snipe, at reasonably close quarters, dividing the shot is a decided advantage. I was directed by the late Mr. de lauchaux of Paris, France, from whom I purchased my first breech-loader 15 years ago. It was a 10-bore pin-fire gun, and did good work in its day, but never equal to my new Greener hammerless gun.—J. N. GREGORY.

SOMETHING NEW IN BATTERIES.—Four batteries recently built for members of the Kitty Hawk Club, and to be used at their grounds in North Carolina for duck and brant shooting, have some new features which deserve mention. The most important improvement introduced is in the boxes, which are made of galvanized iron, and are thus much

lighter, more easily handled, and less liable to be injured by a blow or a jar, than the ordinary boxes of wood which are in common use. Moreover, the boxes are so made as to net one within another, so that the four, when on the vessel, take up, practically, no more room than one. The platforms, instead of being one solid piece, or four pieces hooked together at the corners of the boxes, are made in two pieces joined together at the foot and head of the box, so that when taken from the water and on board they can be fold-together, occupying but little room. In order to keep the platform firm, two stout iron bars are fastened to rings in diagonally opposite corners of the platform, and these bars, when it is in the water, swing across the foot and head, and are in position by stout hook staples. Thus the platform is held stiff enough and yet yields somewhat to the motion of the water. The box is held in position by stout buttons attached to the platform, and has a rim which projects an inch or two, thus making the box much drier than it otherwise would be. As at present intended to be used, the batteries are without wings, but material for adding these appliances will be taken South with the batteries. We are inclined to think that they will be found necessary for much of the shooting at Kitty Hawk, and especially for the brant shooting.

ARKANSAS NOTES—Pine Bluff, Ark., Nov. 14.—We have no game laws in this State, simply from the fact that none of all kinds is so plentiful that it is not necessary to restrict the lovers of the rod and gun. This is the season for deer to run. One day, last week, one of the boys went out early in the morning four or five miles from town; took a stand and presently killed a doe. Walking in the direction from which she came, about a hundred yards, he took another stand, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a buck with horns on a fast run on the trail of the doe. He killed him, pursuing this course. Moving up the trail at the shooting of each deer, he succeeded in killing six bucks within two hours. This is not an unusual occurrence. Day before yesterday, W. C. Owens, with his Irish setter Fred, killed forty-eight quail from 10 A. M. to 3:30 P. M. I see in your paper that some Eastern clubs are desirous of securing live quail for restocking their grounds. I see every day or two dozens and dozens of live quail brought in by our farmers, and I am sure if they were to apply to the proper authorities, they could secure them in any number. I see, too, that Brant, geese, ducks, snipe, plover and turkeys are plentiful, while deer and quail are too numerous to mention. We have full packs of bear, deer and foxhounds, a good supply of pointers and setters, rubber boots and dug-outs.—ARKANSAS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Colebrook, N. H., Nov. 7.—We have had a very successful season with all varieties of game, and as far as non-resident sportsmen are interested the season is at an end. Some few are annoying us with proposals to come up and hunt with dogs, saying they prefer that mode. I hope they will not be offended if they receive short answers. Still hunters will always be welcome, but we do not wish to have men drive away all they cannot kill of the remaining moose and caribou, of which I have taken some five heads at early twilight. No sportsmen have killed game in jack-light this year in New Hampshire, as far as I can obtain information. Ruffed and Canada grouse are both abundant, and tame enough. I have had no difficulty in getting five males, with dust shot, for spe. One fine buck has been killed since snow came the Connecticut Lakes. Snow buntings have arrived.—NET NOTICUS.

WE ARE GLAD THAT WE DO NOT LIVE AMONG THEM.—Frankford, Phila., Pa., Nov. 6.—**Editor Forest and Stream:** I am a good judge of "pot-shooters," as we have 'em in my neighborhood. We have people who call them ven men, who shoot woodcock in May, June, July, August—in fact, any time they can find them. They kill quail in mid-summer; and kill rabbits whenever they find them. They go gunning every Sunday. They have no regard for game laws, laws of man, or laws of God. I suppose every locality has this kind of people; but I think my country can beat all others. We have not very much shooting this fall. Birds are very scarce; but I believe rabbits are pretty plentiful. DOCTOR.

[We extend our sympathy to the Doctor. If we were in his place, we should emigrate to some more favored clime.]

TENNESSEE LIVE FOWL.—I am surprised to see that live quail have been offered for sale in this country, prohibiting the taking of live quail. At this end of the State we have worked hard to get some kind of protection, and I know it is only necessary to intimate to your valuable paper that the law prohibits the taking of live quail. The law is silent upon the subject for stocking purposes, and possibly would be construed as no violation. They frequently are sold in this city, coming from Georgia (where, as I am informed, there is no game law), and can be purchased from our dealers.—D. J. D.

THE LIFE-STEAM EMPLOYEES.—Lynd, Mass., Nov. 18th.—**Editor Forest and Stream:** I notice a communication signed "Colin." I do not know him, and I do not like the name. It gives the worthy men attached to the Life-Saving Stations along the New Jersey coast, for I doubt very greatly that their duty is neglected by their attention to gunning. They are handy, and should be allowed the same chance with the rest of us, who can afford to indulge in the glorious, but in these days expensive, sport. I believe in the regular sportsman's game, every one for himself. If you are lazy and do not turn out, don't blame the chap that has been on the ground the last four hours before you woke up. So says one who has been there, and stayed all night.

SQUIRE DEALER.

CARIBOU SHOOTING AT RANGELY LAKES.—Bethel, Me., Nov. 14.—Mr. David T. Haynes shot a large caribou on or near the Cuspiatuk River a few days ago. The horns measured some three feet apart, and branched out in many points wonderfully. The meat weighed near four hundred pounds. There being a little snow now on the ground it affords the hunters fine sport in following up bears, which are being shot or trapped in many parts of the lake country. Caribou, and many specimens of smaller game are also being taken. Ruffed grouse are very plentiful this season, and afford fine sport to all who desire it.—J. G. R.

TEXAS DEER LAW.—The Texas Legislature at its last session amended the deer law, so that it now applies to males, and not alone to females as formerly.

THE FOWL AT CURTICEK.—There was a heavy frost at Curticek on the night of Nov. 14, and gunners all did well the following day. Prospects for getting the birds to market in good order are better than they have been hitherto. Only a few members had started, down up to that time, but the last of last week a number of gentlemen left for the grounds. We hope to hear more before long of fair bags.

THAT MICHIGAN DEER HUNT.—Early Saginaw, Mich., Nov. 12, 1881.—We did not meet with great luck owing to continued bad weather, too many likes for the deer to run to, accidents to dogs, etc., but as we didn't go to hunt for meat, but to have a good social time, we had it, and all returned, voting it a very pleasant fortnight in the pines.—H. B. R.

LIVE QUAIL.—Brooklyn, Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—Mr. David Beck, Carey's Ferry, Indian Territory, writes that he has live quail for sale. Should any of your correspondents desire to obtain any, I cheerfully recommend Mr. Beck to them, as I know him to be a most trustworthy gentleman. C. FREDRICKS.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

FRESH WATER.
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides*, and *M. pallidus*.
Massachusetts, *Esox nubilosus*.
Pickering, *Esox reticulatus*.
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Esox americanus*, *S. giremus*, etc.

SALT WATER.
Sea Bass, *Centropristis striata*.
Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Morone chirocentrus*.
White Perch, *Morone americana*.
Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
Scup or Forgie, *Stenotomus argenteus*.

Who nawks doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks lives oft both far and wide;
Who uses game shall often hold a tournament
A loser; and who tolls in love
Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare;
My angle breeds me no such care.

WILLIAM BARRE.

THE ENGLISH FLY CASTING TOURNAMENT.

LONDON, Nov. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream.—On Saturday, the 29th of October, I took a run down to the Welsh Harp to see the casting tournament. The day was a most miserably wet one, and the wind blew a gale; consequently, every one except the enthusiastic anglers was miserable and the attendance was not one tenth what it would have been, had the day been fine. No ladies were present and the prevalence of umbrellas and waterproofs among the lookers on showed that only those who were bound to enjoy themselves despite the basely weather held their ground, and would not be driven off in any event. This was a source of regret, as this was the first attempt to hold a tournament of this kind in England, and was no doubt, stimulated by the great success of the one held last spring on Coney Island by the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the supervision of Mr. Mather.

The sapient wits who are fond, in a jaunty manner, of describing the science of angling as a process in which there is "a fool at one end and a worm at the other" would have been astonished and perhaps enlightened had they been present at the Welsh Harp in the gale of wind and pitiless downpour, watching the competitions in the anglers' tournament. They would have then learned that there can be angling without either a worm or a fool. They would also have found out that there are other modes of angling beside sitting on a grassy bank during a summer day, patiently waiting as the hours go by for the disappearance of the gaily-painted float as it travels down its silotted "swim." They might have learned that the exercises, of which specimens were given, demand skill only to be acquired by long practice, and often best acquired by them. It said much for the devotion of the fifty odd anglers who braved the weather that they ventured abroad on such a day, and were not to be daunted by the most adverse circumstances.

The tournament was originated by Mr. Marston, of the *Fishing Gazette*, for the benefit of the Anglers' Benevolent Society; and while the latter cannot be said to have derived much pecuniary benefit from the tournament, there is no doubt but it will be of benefit to it indirectly, in the way of attracting attention to the existence of the society, and also in popularizing such contests in the future. It was a grand day for the employment of wading gear on land, and for invoking that spirit of heroic resignation which the angler, more than any other class of sportsman, has so often to put inside his waterproof garments. Indeed, the spectacle of the crowd, ankle deep in mud, outside the streaming tent, rods and coat-tails blown in one direction by the blast, all blue-nosed and puckered in the cold, yet buoyed up by the interest they felt in the proceedings, was impressive and not a little touching. Altogether it was a novel exemplification of how much angling is verily the contemplative man's recreation.

Your correspondent was an entire stranger, and simply looked on and got soaked. As a test of skill the tournament was not a fair one, owing to the gale, in which no one casting could be done, and as many had come from a distance at an expenditure of time and money, it would have been unfair to have postponed it. About two o'clock the party took the field and showed that they were full of enthusiasm, which no amount of rain or storm could dampen. The object of the tournament—namely, the raising of funds for the Anglers' Benevolent Society—could not fail to commend itself; and it was to support it that gentlemen like Mr. Sprockley, the chairman of the Thames Angling Preservation Society; Mr. Brougham, its secretary; Mr. Alfred Jardine, Mr. Whitefoot, Editor of the *Sportsman*; Mr. R. B. Marston, Mr. A. Allison, Mr. Ransome, Mr. S. Morgan, Mr. Wheelodon, of *Bell's Life*; Mr. Green, Mr. Clemp, of Mortlake;

Mr. "Otter" Alfred, Mr. Adlington, and others undertook the expedition. The cause is undoubtedly a worthy one. From the very nature of the sport the brotherhood of the angle include a considerable proportion of poor men. Of the ten thousand certified members of the angling clubs of the metropolis probably more than a half are of what is, for the sake of convenience, known as the "lower class." They are in "popular city pent" during the long hours of the working week, and spend the little leisure they have in a pastime than which none is more innocent, none more refreshing to the overworked, none more associated with the humanizing influences of all that is sweet and soothing in nature. The Anglers' Benevolent Society is intended to aid the needy in their distress, and the thanks of the clubs are due to Mr. R. B. Marston, the proprietor and editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, for the time and trouble he has unselfishly devoted to its success. The tournament of Saturday, by which it was hoped to raise a good sum of money for the society, was originated by him, and it is a pity that the weather prevented the sale of thousands, instead of hundreds, of the sixpenny tickets by which admission to the ground was obtained.

A small tent was provided for the judges and a large tarpaulin was stretched out twenty yards in front of it for the competitors to stand on, and a line was stretched from that eighty yards to a flag. The line had parchment tags at every two and a half yards, for they reckon casting in yards here, instead of feet. The line was guarded from intrusion by hurdles which widened from the tarpaulin to allow latitude in casting, which was on the ground instead of on water. A pistol was fired as a signal to begin, and the first contest was an "amateur one for casting in the Thames style." There were four entries, and Mr. Powell won at 45½ yards. Mr. T. Howie was second at 40½ yards, and Mr. D. Costa third at 44 yards. Next followed an amateur competition in the "Nottingham style," with an artificial bait weighing one ounce, and with a quarter-ounce lead on the trace, cast from the reel similar to our "Cuttyhunk style." Two entries were made, Messrs. Martin and Little, and the latter won at 52½ yards. This was called the best throw of the day and no doubt would have been better under more favorable circumstances. Even the professionals conceded Mr. Little's excellence.

The "Nottingham style" is a handsome one, and far exceeds in beauty the "Thames style," with the line coiled at the feet or held in the hand. Messrs. Ned Andrews, Harry Wilder and his son, cast in the latter style. Mr. Wilder, winning at 50 yards, Andrews second at 45, and H. Wilder, Jr., third, at 42½ yards; they held the line coiled in the hand. Another Nottingham contest was won by W. Bailey, Jr., at 45 yards.

A feature of interest, and one entirely new to me, was the next contest, which was the casting with the forked stick, a style entirely unknown in America, by Messrs. Leland and Sawyer. They used a manufactured fork with a jointed handle about five feet long, instead of a natural crooked stick cut by the stream, as is usually done. They coiled the line at their feet and hung the "trace" over it, and swung the sinker out by a strong throw. I failed to see the advantage of this style of fishing over the Nottingham, or its American equivalent, the Cuttyhunk. This forked stick style, I believe, peculiar to the anglers of the Welsh Harp, who fish in this manner for pike. The live baits, which are generally used, are not allowed for this contrivance. The line is coiled out on the ground and the rod laid aside. The angler, with a short stick and a brass fork at the end, takes up the line just above the flat, and so slings it out. The forked stickers on Saturday were, however, at a disadvantage. Mr. Leland making but 46½ yards, and Sawyer (the keeper) 44 yards.

Some fly casting matches which were on the programme were abundant and accurate, but Mr. Murphy more to fill up this department than in the hope of doing any long or artistic work in the face of the storm. Mr. Murphy won at 24 yards, beating his competitor by one yard. The match excited much interest, and one could see that both gentlemen were experts who would do themselves credit on a better day. Some promiscuous casting then followed by several gentlemen, all of whom seemed to be good ones, and after an exhibit of a professional style of throwing a bait with the line coiled in the hand, by Mr. H. Wilder, the party adjourned to dinner.

In the opinion of your correspondent, it was a great mistake to have the casting take place over grass instead of on water. No man can recover a line from land as he can where he has the resistance of water to pull against, and the recovering of the fly casters was very bad in consequence. The contest was not as well planned as the last American one, nor were the arrangements so complete; but, no doubt, great improvement will be made in future, and for a first contest it was well done.

At the dinner several happy speeches were made, but that of Mr. Marston was the only one which had a practical bearing. He suggested that an organization should be formed for the cultivation of the coarse fish of the British rivers, which would practically resolve itself into the establishment of such dams for carp, chub, perch, tench, bream, roach, rudd, dace, gudgeon, and perhaps pike. Depopulated rivers do not afford the food of the public, especially the angling portion of it. He alluded to the fact that the continent of North America is now being stocked with carp from Germany, while in England little had been done in fish culture except to hatch a few salmon and trout. His remarks were well received, and after a jolly interchange of thought and a renewal of old acquaintance, the meeting broke up.

LARGE STRIPED BASS.—The run of striped bass about the eastern end of Long Island has been good this fall. This week the Blackford Fish Co., of Montauk Point, took 4,200 pounds of this fish, three-fourths of which were specimens weighing from fifty to seventy-five pounds each. On opening one of these large fish a mackerel was found inside it which had been split down the back with a knife for salting, and might have been salted for all that is known to the contrary.

DESIGN FOR ROD GRIPS.—Mr. T. W. Chubb, of Post Mills, Vt., a maker of rods, has patented a device for the grip, dated Oct. 31st, 1881. The grip is covered with colored linen thread, braided on, instead of being wound, after the manner of some whips. It is then heavily varnished.

—A monster octopus, or devil-fish, has been captured near one of the wharves at St. John's, New-Foundland, where it ran ashore. It is thirty-three feet in length from its tail to the termination of the long tentacles.

Fishculture.

CARP RESIST QUICK-LIME IN THE POND

SARIS, Miss., Nov. 14.

Editor Forest and Stream.

A few weeks ago my father-in-law, while visiting Jackson, in this State, among other places, "took in" the Insane Asylum and was perfectly carried away with a fish tale related to him by Dr. Mitchell, the highest official of the asylum. It concerned a little "whaley" but as my father-in-law is quite an old gentleman and a strict member of the Methodist Church, and Dr. Mitchell is a man of unimpeachable veracity, I guess it is true. Here it is:

There is a small pond on the Asylum grounds, made more for a stock water pond than for fish. Nevertheless fish were put therein last December, or about that time, a few carp were also put in. Since that nothing more was thought of them. The past summer's severe and continued drought almost dried the pond—in fact it got so low and the water became so heated by the sun that it was thought that the fish must have died—at least so many of them that two or three barrels of lime were thrown into it to kill the obnoxious odor from the dead fish. The water was not more than twelve or fifteen inches deep. Now, it seems that Dr. Mitchell possesses a hungry, and the lines on the wheels of that buggy became loose and the Doctor had them rolled in the pond that the water might expand the rim of the wheels and tighten the tires. They remained there several days, indeed, sediments of the lime had settled so thickly on them that they had a wretched appearance. When the wheels were being drawn out, flat ways, something fluttered by the man drawing them. He was astonished, for he thought the lime had certainly killed all the fish that the heat of the sun had not. But to satisfy his curiosity he waded around in the pond and with his hand caught two carp, alive, in good condition and about fifteen inches long. Remember, these fish had not been in there a year, and had withstood both the heat of the sun and the strong lime water. Ever since my father-in-law heard that wonderful story of the "carp in the pond" he has been a fish pond for a fish pond. He contemplates supplying his family and neighbors with fresh carp from almost a "piddle hole." If carp can stand so s treatment as that and do well what would they do in a nice pond fed by springs?

W. H. C.
[The fish would not do well in spring water. No water warmed off by the sun is too hot for carp. If you want to kill them with hot water you must boil them, and boil them hard. The warmer the water the better the carp grow. No wonder that you regard the lime story as a "little fishy."]

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

ROCHESTER, Nov. 16.

Editor Forest and Stream.

At the New York State Hatchery we have completed during the past summer eighteen new ponds, which were much needed to accommodate our increasing supply of brooding fish.

The ponds are each twenty-one feet long by twelve feet wide and five feet deep. They are built entirely of lumber, both sides and bottom, as they can be kept cleaner and the supply of water can be used to better advantage. We have now a total of thirty-one ponds, twelve of which contain California mountain trout, seven brook trout, three McCloud trout, and one hundred and one cutthroat (a cross between brook trout and California salmon). Land-locked salmon and large McCloud River trout. They agree perfectly together.

We have finished taking the spawn from the salmon trout, and are now taking spawn from the brook trout and cutthroats. All the fish at the hatchery are looking well, and we shall have a large supply of young fish for next spring's distribution.—STEE GREEN.

LAND-LOCKED SALMON IN CONNECTICUT.—Sallybury, Conn., Nov. 17.—A fine land-locked salmon was caught in the Twin Lakes, about ten days ago, by Mr. William W. Stillman, Chief Clerk in the Selectmen's Office at the Hall of Records. The fish weighed four and a quarter pounds, and was very game, fighting for twenty minutes and only yielding when completely exhausted. This, I believe, is the second of these fishes ever caught in this State. The lakes were stocked with land-locked salmon by the Fish Commissioners four years ago, and Mr. Stillman's capture may be one of the original stock. On the occasion referred to Mr. Stillman and Capt. Henry Andrus were fishing for black bass, and they captured twenty-four of them which weighed forty pounds.—R.

FISHCULTURE IN NEW YORK.—The assistants to the New York State Fish Commission returned from Lake Huron Nov. 8 with one million five hundred thousand salmon trout spawn, which will be hatched and distributed this spring.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

S. M. N., New York.—Have written for the information.

W. N. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—The Colt or Smith & Wesson.

Geo. F., Edna, Minn.—The spelt is wild rice, but appears to be poor quality. Not too late to sow now.

REV.—The gun is of English make. You can procure one through any one of the importing firms.

J. B. E., Belle Vernon, Pa.—See answers to your queries in Natural History columns, issue of Oct. 27.

SALLIA, Bradford, Pa.—The first volume of the N. E. Bird Life is now ready. Price \$2.50. We can furnish it.

H. C. Johnson, Pa.—Thanks for pedigrees. The dogs are very well bred, Dutch occasionally.

L. B. K.—Manton's "Taxidermy Without a Teacher" will probably answer your purpose. Price 30 cents; for sale at this office.

C. W., Southport, L. I.—Weight of shot-gun to be chosen depends much upon your own build. Go into one of the New York gun stores and test the various weights.

E. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Your gun is choke-bored. 2. Would advise you to have your gun overhauled by one of the makers. They can do it much better shape than you can.

W., Hackettstown, N. J.—Where can I get a few yearling carp for my pond? I have applied to Prof. Baird but have not heard from him. Ans. Apply to Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York City.

W. V. P., New York.—Where can I find a Spanish setter? Ans. Do you not mean pointer instead of setter? There is no recognized breed of setters known as Spanish, but the old Spanish pointer is well known as one of the oldest strains.

SALVANTIS.

R. P. D. Boston.—You will find about Alben, S. C. quail, wild turkeys and deer. The quail-shooting is said to be very fine, and in season. Make inquiries for the "Old Game," a sportsman's club, whose members will direct you to the game grounds.

R. P. W. Dover, N. H.—Where can I obtain copy of railroad guide containing time table for the "Old Game" in 1931? Send for the "Traveler's Official Guide," published by the National Railway Pub. Co., 46 Bond st., New York. Price 50 cents.

SUBSCRIBER, Middletown, Conn.—We believe that it is no secret that the author of "The Bitch-hound," a book published some years ago is Hon. T. H. Hughes, Cincinnati, Ohio. He is an able lawyer and a first-class sportsman—a combination by no means rare in this day and land.

J. K. Wheatland, Pa.—Please inform me if a Columbus, Ohio, dog, of the name of Dash, first prize in Philadelphia in 1879, is a female. The small pointer Dash, once owned by Mr. Thos. Day, Jr., of Philadelphia, was first in his class. If this is the dog in question he may now be in Columbus.

C. H. Erie, Pa.—I have a setter dog a little over a year old that is afflicted with worms. He stretches a great deal. I have tried cowitch with poor success. He has had sore eyes, but they are now nearly or entirely well. I see answer to "W. G. K." in our issue of Oct. 21; also read article on rearing puppies in Nov. 3. The guns are of equal grade.

W. H. Coshoben, O.—My cocker puppy, nine months old, has an enlargement of the glands of the throat about the size of a large lime. Ans. Probably an incipient abscess, which may be from the effects of dentition or a cold. It will pass off without surgical aid. Should it increase in size we should recommend a poultice of flaxseed meal to draw it to a head. It should be opened when you can feel a soft place indicating the abscess. Should it not subside, it should be painted once a day with tincture of iodine until it disappears.

W. G. London, Ontario.—My Gordon bitch is lame in near hind leg. A month ago, I tied her to a post and she returned for me, her name. She has been lame since. I have tried to return her "stiff" joint is in the rear of the back and the back of the thigh are much shrunken and smaller than those of the other hind leg. We fear that this will prove a permanent injury. You should consult a competent veterinarian at once. The best liniment that we ever tried in such cases consists of 1 pint of alcohol, 2 oz. camphor, 1 oz. of the compound tincture of opium. Should it not subside, we will be well shaken and applied twice a day, using considerable friction.

H. T. L. Chicago.—I have a sabre that I prize very highly (having carried it through the war), but during my recent absence from home it was used by a neighbor. It is now very dry and put in a chaotic pile in each end. Please tell me which is the best way? Ans. 1. You have the sabre restored by expert polishing. Take your shop with you and put it into the hands of a skilled man. 2. Wipe the oil out.

S. B. P.—I have a double-barreled, 12-bore, breech-loading shotgun, which I want to check. Can it be done so as to have it carry shot a given distance, a stated circumference? Does it carry or not? Can it be done so as to have it carry shot a given distance, a stated circumference? Does it carry or not? Can it be done so as to have it carry shot a given distance, a stated circumference? Does it carry or not?

E. P. New York.—Are there any American gunmakers who change breech-loaders to stocks with concealed hammers, or to what are called "hammerless" guns? I am surprised that so few American makers are advertising "hammerless" guns. I think many sportsmen would be inclined to buy them, instead of the foreign, if they were made. Are there any reliable American makers who sell the hammerless gun at about the same price as the ordinary gun? Ans. 1. We know of two who can do this, unless it be Clark & Snelter, Baltimore, Md. 2. You will find hammerless guns at the stores of all the importers. The hammerless guns come at the same price as others of same grade, but they are all high grade guns.

E. G. Baltimore.—I have a fine setter bitch that I have used as a brood bitch, and have some very promising pups out of her. This summer I sent her to a friend of mine in the country to take care of her. He has been very kind, but I am sure she will not whip by a dog. Will this injure her for future use as a breeding bitch? Of course I realize that it will to a certain extent, but what I want to know is whether or not she should be used as a brood bitch. I never owned a bitch that I have to think that I cannot get some more good pups from her. I have several friends to whom I have promised pups, and I would not like to injure my reputation, or hers, either, by giving a pup that was not up to the standard. I do not believe that you have any occasion for any fears that the future progeny of your bitch will partake of the nature of the cul in any particular. Although this is a goodly number of pups, I have never found one agree that the evil which you fear causes only when the accident happens the first time that a bitch conceives. We have in many instances carefully raised a lot of cases of the kind and have never found a single animal that would lead us to believe that any male transmitted good or evil to any progeny not his own.

J. L. N. Salem, Mass.—It is impossible to fix upon any one pattern as a standard by which to gauge the quality of a dog. We have, therefore, set out the two extremes—a cylinder bore and a very full choke-bore—and give below such specimens as good guns of each class should be. A cylinder bore gun loaded with 12 oz. shot should put 24 pellets into a 30-inch circle at 40 yards. An extreme choke bore gun, loaded with 12 oz. of No. 1 shot should put 240 pellets into a 30-inch circle at 40 yards. A good close bore gun, which is just a general shooting, should put between 150 and 200 pellets into the same circle under the same conditions. There is a golden mean in between. While it is true that the cylinder bore gun is better than a general shooting, and a big score with it counts more than with a scattering chamber, the game is terribly mutilated and butchered.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

December 14, 15 and 16, at Lowell, Mass., Lowell Dog Show. Entries close December 6. Chas. A. Andrews, Westford, Mass., Superintendent.

December 13, 14, 15 and 16, Atlanta, Ga., Dog Show. Entries close Dec. 6. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, Office at Hietz & Berkeley's, Atlanta, Ga.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 4, at Gilroy, Cal., Field Trials of the Gilroy Rod and Gun Club. Entries close November 1.

November 23, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 24. Edward O'Neil, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November 24, Maryland State Field Trials. Entries close November 24. Edward O'Neil, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

December 10 (or immediately after the close of the National Trials at Grand Junction, Tenn.)—The National Field Trials. Entries close Dec. 6 at 3 P. M. R. Stoyan, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa. Address will be Grand Junction Tenn., after Dec. 1.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS ENTRIES.

WE give below a full description, with the pedigree and public performances, of each dog entered for the Eastern Field Trials; also of sire and dam, so far as known. Our readers, especially those who attend the meeting, will find these notes of great value, as by giving them careful attention and comparing the performances of the different animals, they will be able to form a correct estimate of their value as field performers, and perhaps gain some insight into the mysteries of breeding that

will be of practical benefit in the future. We look forward to this meeting with sanguine hopes that great good will accrue, not only in this respect, but by the powerful influence it will wield for the elevation and popularizing of the invigorating sports of the field.

The following goodly lot of youngsters are entered for the Derby; and as this is their first appearance in public, their performances will be watched with eager interest, not only by their friends, but by many who are awaiting the result of this test in order to decide the important question of the selection of the best blood to introduce into their kennels. We publish the list as it appeared in our issue of Oct. 6:

DR. S. FLEET SPIER'S ST. ELMO II.

St. Elmo II.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, nine months old. His sire, St. Elmo, now dead, was so well known to it that it is hardly necessary to repeat his performance here. He achieved the highest honors upon the bench, and was also a grand field dog, as his winnings at Hampton, June, 1877, Robbins' Island, 1879, and Nebraska, 1880, attest. Although not placed at the trials on Robbins' Island last year, he beat Vawter in 17 for the best heat of the meeting. His dam is Sheldon's Prairie Rose, unknown to us.

SAME OWNER'S ST. ELMO III.

St. Elmo III.—Blue Belton English setter dog, fifteen months old. His sire, St. Elmo, is noticed above. His dam, Diana, is unknown to us.

SAME OWNER'S ST. MARS.

St. Mars—Lemon Belton English setter dog, eleven months old. His sire is the pure Laverack Aldershot and his dam is the well-known white bitch owned by Mr. E. A. Herby. A dasher is entered for the trials, and notice of him will be found further on. These three are entered by Dr. S. Fleet Spier, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DR. H. F. ATEN'S DONS.

Don—Orange and white English setter dog, sixteen months old, by Mr. J. O. Donner's Ranger II. (formerly Macdonald's) out of Mr. John White's Daisy. Don has winning blood in his veins, being a grandson of Macdonald's famous Ranger, the winner of innumerable stakes and cups in England, while his sire, Ranger II., has been successful all upon the bench. Entered by Dr. H. F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. C. HIGGINS' PLANTAGUET.

Plantagnet—Jenon Belton English setter dog, whelped July 15, 1880, by Mr. J. C. Higgins' setting bitch, mentioned below—out of same owner's Petrel. Understand that Mr. Higgins pronounces Plantagnet the best dog that he has ever bred. He is a very promising performer in the field, and if he goes all right will make it interesting for the Derby. Entered by Mr. J. C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del., and his sire, Ranger II., is the G. H. Goodsell, of this city. He is now in the hands of Martin, who will run him in the trials.

A. E. GODEFROY'S GUYMARD.

Guyward—Red Irish setter dog, fifteen months old, by Rover II., who whelped by Macdonald's famous Ranger II. of Bradwardine. We hear that he is doing extremely well. Entered by A. E. Godefroy, Guyward, N. Y.; handled by Phil Thurler.

A. A. GODEFROY'S BRUCE.

Bruce—Gordon setter dog, fifteen months old, by Moore's champion Bob out of owner's Beauty, first Boston, 1878. This youngster promises well, and if he has had plenty of work, will undoubtedly run a good race. Entered by A. E. Godefroy, Guyward, N. Y.; handled by Phil Thurler.

J. C. HIGGINS' DELAWARE, JR.

Sensation, Jr.—Lemon and white pointer dog, about ten months old, by the Westminster Kennel Club's Sensation, who ran at the trials last year and divided third and fourth in the all-aged stakes with Dr. Aten's Glen. He has won two major prizes on the bench to be recorded in the White's Van Hook, and has been best when shown. He is the sire of Gregory's Belle, winner of first in nursery stakes and third in puppy stakes last year, although suffering with a broken toe, caused by a trunk falling upon it in the race. He is naturally one of the best of the breed, and displays to perfection the style and action. White's Grace, the dam of Jr., has won one second and one first at New York, and is the dam of Gregory's Belle. Grace is also a capital fielder; and Sensation, Jr., is expected to do no discredit to his breeding. Entered and will be by Dr. H. F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOHN G. HICKSHER'S REIDIA.

Reidia—English setter bitch, sixteen months old, by Ranger II. out of White's Daisy. She is litter sister to Dr. Aten's Don described above.

FOXHALL—Pointer dog. Dead.

Both the above entered by John G. Hicks, New York.

N. D. PUTNAM'S BERKLEY II.

Berkley II.—Red Irish setter dog, whelped March 10, 1881, by Mr. Max Wenzel's Chief, whose performances will be found below, out of Mr. W. H. Putnam's Daisy, v. h. c. v. h. c. New York, 1880, first Philadelphia, 1881, and champion London, Oct., 1881. She is a capital field dog, and if Berkley II. does not receive a place it will not be for lack of good blood in his veins. Entered by N. D. Putnam.

QUEEN ELIZABETH—QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Queen Elizabeth—Red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 2, 1880, by Macdonald's Rover II. out of Hall's Rose of Bradwardine. With the blood of Rover, Flunket and Elcho in her veins, she should make a good showing in the trials. Entered by Dr. H. F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y.

H. CASSAND'S NOTHMAN.

Nothman—Gordon setter dog, nine months old, by Mr. H. Malcom's Malcom, who was matched by his owner against Joe, Jr., just after his celebrated defeat of Gladstone, but the match was declared off at the request of Mr. Campbell. Malcom has never been shown in public, but is pronounced by all who have seen him at work to be a remarkably good one. Nothman's dam, Mr. H. Malcom's Dream III., is a daughter of the Toledo Kennel Club's now Willard's—Gordon. We shall expect to see the young aspirant for fame acquit himself as becomes his high breeding. Entered by H. Cassand, Baltimore, Md.

J. H. GOODSSELL'S REDDIE.

Reddie—Red Irish setter bitch, seventeen months old. Winner of cup, dog show, at v. h. c. v. h. c. New York, 1880, and a son of the well-known Elcho and Rose, owned by Dr. Jarvis. They are too well known to need a description here. Entered by Mr. J. H. Goodsell, New York; handled by Martin.

D. C. SANBORN'S DASHING NOVEL.

Dashing Novel—Black white and tan English setter bitch, fifteen months old. She ran in the English Derby last May. She is by the well-known Dash II. out of Novel, and was imported by her owner, Mr. D. C. Sanborn, who will handle her.

J. DE F. HERZBERG'S ROYAL DASH.

Royal Dash—Black white and tan English setter dog, seventeen months old, by Harvard Kennel Club's Dash III. out of Daisy Dale, both of whom will be found noticed farther on.

Glen Dale—Black white and tan English setter dog, eleven months old, by Mr. E. A. Spooner's Daisy, who divided third in puppy stakes, Robbins' Island, 1879, and was h. c. New York, 1880. We understand that this pair are rattling good ones. Entered by Mr. E. A. Spooner, New York.

Dead—Orange and white setter. Entered by F. H. Wetmore, East Orange, N. J.

E. A. SPOONER'S DODD AND DAUNTLESS.

Dodd and Dauntless—Belton setters, age unknown, by the well-known winner of cup, dog show, at v. h. c. v. h. c. New York, 1878; also special for best native, same show, and winner of five prizes at Pittsburgh, 1879, including first for best setter in the show; also champion New York, 1879. In addition to this Duke has the reputation of being the best setter dog in New Jersey. Their sire, Dodd, is Mr. E. A. Spooner's Daisy, who divided third in puppy stakes, Robbins' Island, 1879, and was h. c. New York, 1880. We understand that this pair are rattling good ones. Entered by Mr. E. A. Spooner, New York.

Beauty—Pointer, eleven months old, by Sport out of Flora, which is all that we have been able to learn. Entered by Geo. Snyder, Easton, Pa.

R. E. HAMILTON'S POSTAGE II.

Postage II.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, seventeen months old, by Postage I. out of Jack (Rob Roy Belle), who, we believe, has never been shown. Entered by R. E. Hamilton, Troy, N. Y.

L. SCHUSTER'S CLEMENTINE D.

Clementine D.—Black, white and tan Blue Belton Llewellyn setter dog, whelped May 7, 1880, by the Harvard Kennel Club's Dash III, who won first with Adams' Drake in brace stakes at N. b. v. h. c. Trials, 1878. His bench shot winnings are first at Philadelphia, also first for best imported setter dog of any breed, first Boston, 1879, and dividing with the best setter dog in Gordon setter, Grosses and pointer Faust the \$500 prize for best setter or pointer, also first with 1000 lbs. for braces and the Llewellyn special for best field trial winners. Cornelia, the dam of Clementine D., is a Leicester-Dart, and was awarded a v. h. c. at Philadelphia, 1879, and c. at New York, 1881. This youngster should show good work. Entered by L. Schuster, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

J. W. ORT'S GERTRUDE.

Gertrude—Llewellyn setter bitch, seventeen months old; is a Gladstone-Nellie, which is all that need be said of her. Entered by J. W. Ort, Pittsburg, Pa.

A. E. SLOO'S GLADYS.

Gladys—Black and white and blue ticked Llewellyn setter dog, whelped June 4, 1880. His sire, Gladstone, and dam, Nellie, will be found mentioned below. We will just whisper to Gladys' sire that he will have to do some extraordinary good work if he intends to do full credit to his breeding. Entered by Albert G. Sloo, Vincennes, Ind.

E. F. HARDY'S POLLY.

Polly—Black and white ticked setter dog, whelped May, 1880, by the Harvard Kennel Club's Dash III, whose winnings are noted below, out of owner's Diana, who won second Boston, 1877, v. h. c.; Philadelphia, 1877, v. h. c. in imported class, and h. c. in native class, Baltimore, 1878. He is in the hands of Capt. C. M. Murdo, who will carry on the name of Colby's Dash—h. c. v. h. c. New York, at Grand Junction. Entered by E. F. Hardy, Boston, Mass.

The remaining entry in this stake, said to be made by Mr. G. B. Reeder, we have been unable to obtain the slightest information about, and shall therefore put him down as one of the "dark horses."

PEONIC STAKES.

We now come to the Peonic or all-aged stakes. Judging from the well-known reputation of many of the entries, and the consummate skill of the handlers, we can safely promise our readers that the Peonic will attract Colby's Dash—h. c. v. h. c. New York, at Grand Junction. Entered by E. F. Hardy, Boston, Mass.

The remaining entry in this stake, said to be made by Mr. G. B. Reeder, we have been unable to obtain the slightest information about, and shall therefore put him down as one of the "dark horses."

A. E. GODEFROY'S CROXTETH.

Croxteth—Dark liver and white ticked, large sized pointer dog, whelped January, 1878. Winner of 2d prize at International Show, Hanover, Aug., 1878, and 4th in English Field Trial Dog, 1879. His winnings in this country are: v. h. c., New York, 1880; and 3d New York, 1881. He is by Love's Young Bang out of Macdonald's Jane, and is of as good blood as there is in England, his sire being noted for their fine point and brace work, the field and on the bench. He is a magnificent animal, every inch a pointer, and although not placed at the trials last year, he captivated every eye by the grand style and intelligent manner in which he ran his heats. Entered by A. E. Godefroy, Guyward, N. Y.; handled by Phil Thurler.

DR. ATEN'S GLEN.

Glen—Black and tan Gordon setter dog, 7 years old. Winner, with Ned, in brace stakes, Robbins' Island, 1879; divided 3d and 4th with Sens on in all-aged stakes, Robbins' Island, 1880; and v. h. c. New York, 1881. His sire is the well-known champion Berkley, and near as a grand field dog. His dam is the well-known bitch "Mollie's Belle." With his good breeding and experience he should make a good record. Entered by Dr. H. F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAX WENZEL'S CHIEF.

Chief—Red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 20, 1879. Winner of 1st in puppy stakes, Robbins' Island, 1880. His bench shot winnings are 2d in puppy class, New York, 1880, and 1st in open class, New York, 1881. His sire is the well-known champion Berkley, who won 2d at the Hampton, Iowa, Field Trials in puppy stakes, 1877; and is the winner of many prizes on the bench. His dam, Duck, is also a champion, and winner of many prizes both in England and this country. Chief proved himself last year a very steady, intelligent and reliable dog, the improvement that age and experience should bring, he will no doubt do no discredit to his illustrious ancestors. Entered by Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J.

J. C. HIGGINS' POSTAGE, LINCOLN II. AND LIST.

Postage II.—Blue ticked Laverack setter dog, four years old. Dead. Lincoln II.—Lemon and white Llewellyn setter dog, whelped Aug., 1879, and his litter sister, List, a blue Belton, have never appeared in public except that Lincoln was shown at New York last year. Entered by Mr. J. C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del.

J. C. HIGGINS' DASHING MONARCH.

Dashing Monarch—Black and white Llewellyn setter dog, whelped August 18, 1880, by the Harvard Kennel Club's Dash III, who won first with Adams' Drake in brace stakes at N. b. v. h. c. Trials, 1878. His bench shot winnings are first at Philadelphia, also first for best imported setter dog of any breed, first Boston, 1879, and dividing with the best setter dog in Gordon setter, Grosses and pointer Faust the \$500 prize for best setter or pointer, also first with 1000 lbs. for braces and the Llewellyn special for best field trial winners. Cornelia, the dam of Dashing Monarch, is a Leicester-Dart, and was awarded a v. h. c. at Philadelphia, 1879, and c. at New York, 1881. This youngster should show good work. Entered by L. Schuster, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

E. A. HERZBERG'S EMPEROR FRED.

Emperor Fred—Orange and white Laverack setter dog, whelped Feb. 14, 1877. Winner of many prizes on the bench in England, and 1st New York last spring. His sire, Blue Prince, is well known as the sire of field trial winners, while his dam, Blue Daisy, is equally well known. We hear that he is going grandly, and will astonish some of the handlers.

E. A. HERZBERG'S ALDERSHOT.

Aldershot—Lemon belton Laverack setter dog, whelped September 11, 1878. Has never been shown. His sire, Emperor Fred, is noticed above. His dam is known as Blue Prince, who was set to a fine and good dog in set form; and is expected to give a good account of himself. Both of these are entered by E. A. Herzberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

R. M. LINDSEY'S JUNO.

Juno—Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped three years old. We "discount" the name of her sire as given, and venture to call him Viscount, who won nearly thirty prizes and caps before he came to this country. Vic, the dam of Juno, we do not know. Entered by R. M. Lindsey, Scranton, Pa.

GLEN—LEMON AND WHITE POINTER DOG.

Glen—Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped May 29, 1879, by Snapshot, winner of six champion prizes, five of them in England. We believe that he was never broken to the field, although full of point, and of grand action and style. His dam, Gyp-y, won h. c. at New York, 1880, and was a fine dog in set form; and is expected to give a good account of himself. Both of these are entered by E. A. Herzberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GEORGE T. LEACH'S BROOK AND COUNTRY.

Brook, dog, and Country, bitch. Red Irish setters, by Bosco out of My Dutchesse. We have been unable to hear from their owner. They are entered by George T. Leach, New York.

WM. TALLMAN'S JENNIE.

Jennie—Black and white pointer dog, whelped Jan. 1, 1875; by Lathrop's Dick, a well known animal of wonderful speed and staying qualities, and a grand field dog, out of Harrington's Gyp.

THE FOREST AND STREAM CUP.

also well known as a good one. Entered by Wm. Tallman, Providence, R. I. Jennie will be remembered as winner of the first prize in all aged stakes at Robb's Island in 1879. She has also won on the bench as follows: First in puppy class, Providence, 1879; second in native class, Boston, 1879; first at Worcester, 1879; second at Brockton, Mass., and second in native class, New York, 1880. She is a grand field performer and we shall look for some good work from her.

WM. TALLMAN'S JENNIE II.

Jennie II.—Black and white setter dog, whelped March 9, 1880, by Scrautun's Patch, who is the brother of Copeland's Pete, out of Jennie, winner of all aged stakes the first meeting on Robb's Island. She was second in the nursery stakes last year, when at nine months old and sick with distemper. She only weighs twenty-eight pounds, but in this case size is no indication of merit, as she showed last year wonderful qualities for so young an animal, and if she fulfills the promise then made she will make it warm for her competitors. Entered by Wm. Tallman, Providence, R. I.

VINIE.

Vinie—Liver and white pointer bitch, two and a half years old, by Dilley's Ranger out of Corcoran's Bassa. Entered by S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass. Withdrawn.

G. R. WATKINS' TOM.

Tom—White, with orange ears, setter dog, whelped November, 1878. Winner of V. L. C. and medal for best pointer dog with trial record, New York, 1881; and third in puppy stakes at Robb's Island last year. His sire is the well known Rub-R of Mr. Orgill, whose many winnings on the bench are well known. His dam, Livingston's Rose (champion Snapshot-Gipsy), won second New York, 1880. Baronet is thought well of by his owner, and will undoubtedly show some good work. Entered by H. W. Livingston, New York. Handled by A. L. Titus.

Nellie—Black and white English setter bitch, five years old. Winner of puppy stakes, Hampton, Pa., 1877, and the free-for-all at same meeting. She divided third with Countess, at Nashville, 1877, and divided second with Cow, at Patoka, 1879; also won in brace stakes with her sister, Nellie, at the same place. Nellie, winner of first and special at Pittsburgh, 1877, out of Dimpie. Nellie comes a long way to contest for the honors of victory, and will undoubtedly put her best foot foremost. Entered by D. C. Sanborn, Downing, Mich.

D. C. SANBORN'S COUNT NOBLE.

Count Noble—Black, white and tan English setter dog, two years old; winner of the Derby at Vincennes, Ind., last year. He was shown, but unplaced, at New York, 1881. His sire, Count Windem, and dam, Nora, are too well known to need a description here. That the Count is not unworthy his famous ancestors his performance at Vincennes attests; and we should not be surprised to see his colors well to the front in the coming contest. He will be run by his owner, Mr. D. C. Sanborn, Downing, Mich.

Leo—Red Irish setter dog, about four years old, pedigree unknown. He has never appeared in public; is now suffering from a severe cut on his foot which may prevent his putting in an appearance. Entered by Mr. F. Bruglieri, Newark, N. J.

Sandstone—Lemon and white native setter dog, whelped Feb. 19, 1880. He is by Mr. P. H. Bryson's Gladstone, whose many winnings, both on the bench and in the field, have given him a world wide reputation, and are so well known to our readers that it is useless to repeat them here. His dam, Bertha Hoffman, comes from a winning strain. Her sire is Seller's Dash, and dam, Alice, is a litter sister of Sanborn's Nellie, and if there is anything in breeding Sandstone should show well to the front. He will be handled by Mr. W. W. Titus. Entered by S. W. Weir, New Albany, Ind.

H. C. HAMILTON'S MACE.

Mace—Setter dog, two years old, by Frank out of Post's Ross. This is all we have been able to learn of him. Entered by H. C. Hamilton, New York.

DR. S. F. SPIER'S MAIDA.

Maida—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, four years old, by owner's Dick out of Robert O. Gates' Ch. Maida ran at the trials last year, and worked exceedingly well until an ill-advised chase put an end to her chances. We shall expect to see her retrieve her fortune this year.

LIZZIE II.

Lizzie Lu—Black and white ticked English setter bitch; winner of the Nebraska Trials, 1880, with a score of 95 out of a possible 100 points. She also ran at the trials last year, but was hardly given a fair chance, being declared beaten before she realized that she was hunting. We trust that she will at least have a chance to show her quality, as we believe her to be as good as she is handsome.

DR. S. F. SPIER'S PRINCE HAL AND CHANCELLOR.

Prince Hal and Chancellor—Black and white English setter dogs, by St. Elmo out of Maida, both mentioned elsewhere. Prince is a little over two years old, and has been doing good work on quail. Chancellor is twenty-one months old, and is thought exceedingly well of by his owner. All four of the above are entered by Dr. S. Fleet Spier, Brooklyn, N. Y., who has entered no less than six.

W. O. PARSONS' GUS.

Gus—Orange and white setter dog, two years and seven months old by F. Forman Taylor's. One-eyed Sancho (now dead) whose reputation as a grand field dog was world-wide. His dam is a native of unknown pedigree. Entered by W. O. Parsons, Jr., New Brunswick, N. J.

D. T. WORDEN'S CHATELAIN.

Chateleine—Black and white and an English setter bitch, nearly two years old, by St. Elmo out of Maida. Both of them have already been described. We learn that she has been doing very well, and will undoubtedly show us some good work. Entered by D. T. Worden, New York.

C. CASHMAN'S TIP.

Tip—Setter by Knapp's Cap out of Lambert's Peg. We can learn nothing of this dog, or bitch, as the case may be. Entered by C. Cashman, New York.

J. STEINER'S BELL.

Bell—English setter bitch, also unknown, entered by Jacob Steiner, Brooklyn, N. Y.

P. R. KING'S BOSS.

Boss—Pointer. All the information that we can obtain of this dog is, that Sensation is his sire and that he is said to be a chip of the old block. Entered by P. R. King, Sparkill, N. Y. Handled by Martin.

S. D. DIPLEY'S SLY.

Sly—Red Irish setter dog, three years old, winner of second in puppy class, New York, 1879; and second open class, New York, 1880. Sly ran in the trials last year, but was not placed, winning one heat only. His sire, Duke, is a son of Hamilton Thompson's old Duke. Entered by S. D. Dipley, New York.

J. H. CLARK'S PRINCESS DRACO.

Princess Draco—Black and white English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 1877. Her sire, Rob Roy, won first champion stakes at New York, and was second in the English Field Trials. Her dam, Lily, was bred by Mr. Llewellyn Clark is a daughter of his celebrated Dad. Entered by J. H. Clark, Philadelphia, Pa.

R. C. CONNELL'S MATCH.

Match—Liver and white ticked pointer dog, nearly two years old. His only winner with V. L. C. New York, 1881. His sire, Sensation, and dam, Grace, are noticed above. Match is now in Virginia, being handled by Mr. Luke White. We learn that he is going splendid, and displays much of the style of his sire. Entered by Robt. C. Cornell, New York.

DON JUAN.

Don Juan—Lemon and white pointer, two years old, by Sensation, out of Psyche II. Withdrawn.

W. A. BUCKINGHAM'S GROSSE DALE.

Grosse Dale—Black and orange ears, three years old, and second with Aldrich's Snout at same meeting. He has been shown on the bench but once at New York, 1880, getting v. c. b., his sire, Waters' Grosse, being the best in the class. His dam, The Duke, won second at Philadelphia, 1877, and is said to be a good holder. Three of her progeny are entered for the trials. Grosse Dale ran a capital race at the meeting last fall, in fact so well did he perform in his heat with Gladstone that we looked

upon him as sure to win, until he made an ill-advised and most inopportune chase, which at once destroyed all chance. He is going very nicely now, and Tallman, who has him in charge, will do his level best to bring him to the set in good form. Entered by W. A. Buckingham, Norwich, Ct.

J. H. GOODSELL'S DON JUAN.

Daisy Laverack—Lemon Belton English setter bitch two years old. Winner of second in Derby, National Trials, 1880; v. c. b., at Pittsburgh; and third New York, 1881. Her parents are the well known Thunder, of Mr. A. H. Moore, and Mr. L. H. Smith's Perceus. Daisy, although a little one, will take out of leading before she surrenders. Entered by Jas. H. Goodsell, New York. Handled by Martin.

RACKET.

Racket—Black, white and tan English setter dog, two and a half years old, winner of third New York, 1881. He is by Ratter out of Leeda, whose performances we have not at hand. Entered by Mr. Goodsell. Handled by Martin.

J. H. GOODSELL'S DON JUAN.

Don Juan—Blue Belton English setter dog, two years old, winner of v. c., New York, 1881. She is by Tam Shafter out of La Reue, also entered by Mr. Goodsell. Handled by Martin.

H. W. LIVINGSTON'S BARONET.

Baronet—Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 24, 1879. Winner of V. L. C. and medal for best pointer dog with trial record, New York, 1881; and third in puppy stakes at Robb's Island last year. His sire is the well known Rub-R of Mr. Orgill, whose many winnings on the bench are well known. His dam, Livingston's Rose (champion Snapshot-Gipsy), won second New York, 1880. Baronet is thought well of by his owner, and will undoubtedly show some good work. Entered by H. W. Livingston, New York. Handled by A. L. Titus.

H. A. ROSENTHAL'S FLORA, PRINCE SALT AND PILOT.

Flora, setter bitch, nine years old, by Sport out of Flora I; Prince Salt, setter dog, three years old, by Nix out of Flora I, and Pilot, setter dog, two years and nine months old; are all unknown to us. Entered by H. A. Rosenthal, New York.

This completes the entries for the Pecunia or all-aged stakes, and a grand lot they are. Should we be blessed with good weather we shall expect to see at least thirty starters out of the forty-three entries, and to witness some of the grandest performances that have ever graced the field.

Members' Stake.

Open to members of the Club only, each entry to be owned and handled by the nominator.

SPY, GLEN.

Spy, entered by S. D. Dipley, is mentioned above; as is also the Glen of Dr. Aten.

ST. PATRI.

St. Patri—Black and white English setter bitch, five years old; c. at New York, 1877, the only time shown. Her sire, Pride of the Border, is too well known to our readers to need description here. Her dam, Horner's Jessica, won second at Springfield, 1876; and special for best bred bitch to be shown with one of her



THE FOREST AND STREAM CUP.

progeny, having the best field trial and bench show record, New York, 1871. St. Patri is litter sister to St. Elmo. She should show good work, as her breeding is of the best. Entered by E. A. Herzberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROCK, COUNTESS, CHIEF.

Brock and Countess, entered by T. J. Leach, New York, are noticed above, as is Chief, of Mr. Wenzel.

J. O. BONNER'S BESSIE.

Bessie—White, with lemon ear, setter bitch, three years, by owner's Ranger II. (Champion Ranger-Wonder) out of Dr. Malard's Belle. This bitch was second in puppy stakes, Robb's Island, 1879, when less than ten months old. She did some excellent work at the trials last year, beating St. Elmo and Raleigh, but was not placed. We think her a good one and if shown at her best it will be no soft thing for her competitors. Entered by J. O. Donner, New York.

GROSSE DALE.

Grosse Dale, entered by Wm. A. Buckingham, will be found described above.

CHAS. H. RAYMOND'S AMI.

Ami—English setter, two years old, by Morford's Don. Winner of first Springfield, 1876; second St. Louis, 1878, and was a capital dog in the field. Ami's dam was the well known Fairy, whose history is familiar to all. Entered by Chas. H. Raymond, Morris Plains, N. J.

MAX HARKAWAT.

Max Harkawat—English setter, three and a half years old, by Guy Mannering, who won the Centennial prize at Philadelphia, 1876, and special for best setter, New York, 1877. His dam, Quinby's Rosie, we do not know. Also entered by Mr. Raymond.

TOM.

Tom, entered by Mr. Geo. V. Watkins, is mentioned above. We had hoped that this stake would have brought out a larger number of entries, and that the members of the club would have come forward and made this the most interesting event of the meeting. We trust that next year we shall see such an improvement in this respect as will give this event the prominence that it deserves. We shall give our readers next week full details of the summing up to the latest possible moment.

SOME months ago we offered the Eastern Field Trials Club a cup to be competed for at the coming meeting by amateur handlers, and the offer was accepted by the association. The importance to the owner of a knowledge of how a dog should be worked is not likely to be overated, and we were inclined to think that the offer of such a prize as this would have a tendency to induce owners of well-bred animals to run them in the coming trial.

The cup which is to be competed for is of sterling silver and nine inches in height. On its face it bears an excellent portrait of a well-bred setter dog, from which one of the best known blue bloods sat—if we may be allowed the expression. The artist by whom the accompanying cut was engraved has not done justice to this portrait, as the dog is here represented as badly undershot, while in the engraving on the cup his head is excellently drawn. On the opposite side of the cup is the inscription:

FOREST AND STREAM

TO THE

BEST AMATEUR HANDLER,

(Space for Winner's Name).

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

1881.

The prize was designed by Mr. C. B. Wilkinson, of Wilkinson & Lennon, and can be seen for a few days in the window of E. S. Harris' Sportsmen's Warehouse, 177 Broadway.

Mr. J. C. Donner, President of the Eastern Field Trials Club, has presented to the association an excellent and valuable piece of plate to be awarded to the breeder of the winning dog in the all aged stake.

New York, Nov. 22.—Editor Forest and Stream: Messrs. T. J. Leach, shot manufacturers, of New York, have presented to the Eastern Field Trials Club, through their treasurer, George T. Leach, Esq., \$50, to be used to help to defray the expenses of the coming Eastern Field Trial, which commences on Robb's Island on Thursday of the present week. JACOB FETZ, Sec.

CLASSIFICATION AT FIELD TRIALS.

LAMAR, Mo., Nov. 7.

Editor Forest and Stream: If the system of classifying dogs at field trials were changed, it would, I think, add greatly to the number of entries in the National and State trials. In the nursery and puppy stakes the dogs are divided into three classes, viz., the puppy, the yearling, and the all-aged. After a pup has been shown in the nursery and is eligible for the puppy stakes, and if we do not wish to enter it in the all-aged stakes, it must be kept at home; and just for these reasons, the want of time, money, age and experienced men to educate it, to compete with the champions. This education must be first-class in every respect, as every sportsman knows. We occasionally find pups that are very apt to training, but they are, like hens' teeth, scarce and far apart. To accomplish that amount of education at that age is, as a general rule, too severe on the young dog. Sportsmen who have seen a pup should not have hard field work, even at the age of twelve months; and should be not be whelped at the proper season, may at the age of thirteen months be obliged, if entered, to compete against those who might be only one day less than eighteen months old. There will be found plenty of amateur sportsmen, who are lovers of the dog and gun, who would quickly enter in field trials sports if there was a proper class for them. Look at our bench shows, and see the different classes we have. We find them far better patronized than our field trials. The puppy stakes in our field trials could be abandoned, and also the nursery stakes, and should be in braces. This would leave room for two classes—a champion class and a class for young dogs between the puppy and free-for-all class. At present the all-aged stakes are left open until the evening before the trial, and who knows until he is there how many of those champion his pup will have to contend with? Just think for a moment! A pup nineteen months old, with six or seven months of moderate field work, must run with a dog of three or four years' experience. Would any one think of taking a two-year-old colt and enter it in a free-for-all race, best three in five? Oh, no! Why not? Simply because its age, education and experience are not sufficient. If we wish good, strong, well-formed and lasting field dogs, make room for them, so they can be weaned before training them for field trials, and then we shall have some reward for our labor. The nursery stakes at present is the most inhuman practice ever put upon the canine family. Just think of taking a pup in its childhood and putting it to field labor and teaching it to point stanchly, dropping to quail and backing and quivering his quivering, and to be obedient, all of which must be done to fit him for a field trial. If the puppy class was from sixteen to twenty months old it would give far better results than from twelve to eighteen months. I have had the pleasure of shooting over the dog upward of twenty-two years, and have attended four of our field trials. I speak only from experience and what I have seen. OLD FOOT.

HE HAD A HANG-DOG LOOK.

CLEVELAND, O.

AT different times I have bought dogs "sight and unseen," as the boys say when sliding jack-knives, and each time, very luckily, got I bargain'd for—fully as good or better than I had expected. Not so fortunate a friend of mine, who, a few weeks since, sent sixty or sixty-five dollars to a Western town in answer to an advertisement, and in due season received a very fair looking pup, except that he had a hang-dog look, neither more nor cheerful—one of those enishish brutes that are not at all prepossessing.

Of course, a "trial trip" was the first thing in order. My friend put up his team at a farm-house, and induced the farmer to accompany him. Some ruffed grouse were flushed over a fair point of one which fell to the gun. The dog dropped to shot, and, at the command, started to retrieve. Our sportsman began to think he had a prize, and blamed himself for thinking meanly of the dog at first sight; but at the next moment, with a sudden start, he saw the dog discovered a flock of sheep across a fence. All thoughts of retrieving "partridges" were dismissed. In an instant the dog seemed transformed from a mild-eyed, subdued snail to a fierce wolf. His lips were drawn back, and his teeth looked as molting as those of a hungry she-wolf to the man overboard. He sprang over the fence, took the nearest sheep by the throat and killed it in a twinkling; also two more. By this time the owner had him by the collar, and the excited owner of the sheep was trying to take a hand in the fray. But the bloodthirsty creature, twisted loose, snatched his master's arm, and sprang on to and killed the fourth sheep.

It was now high time for the shot-gun to take a hand in the mole, which it promptly did, "trying for a double" on this beast in particular. If buzzards will feed on so mean carrion, and the man who sold him—are all there is left of this highly advertised sixty-dollar dog.

Eight dollars made peace with the farmer, and my friend again has his eye out for a (non-sheep-killing) setter. ME-HIT-ABLE.

ATLANTA BENCH SHOW.—Everything points to a most successful show. Entries are coming in and the gentlemen having the matter in charge are working like beavers to make this—the first show of the kind ever held in this State—something worthy the name. May abundant success crown their efforts.

Mr. Kirby, as our friend "O. C. C." tells us, was chosen as the builder, "the contract made at his pipe, and he was purposely allowed to have his own way in everything as to the building of the boat, and was never upon any occasion asked to do anything that was not confirmed by his own judgment."

Miscellaneous

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ETC., ETC., ETC.

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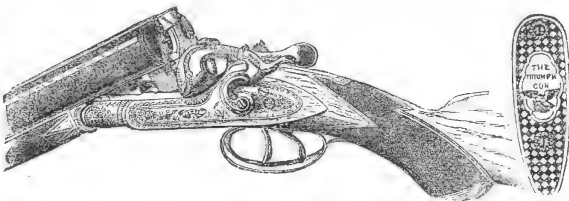
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Sound and as large as possible for the money. Ad-
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WANTED a few hundred live quail. Apply to
FRANK BEVAN, Manager of Conestoga Ken-
nel, Lancaster, Pa. Nov17,1t

WANTED.—Complete or part of set of FOREST
AND STREAM. Price must be low. F. D.
HALLETT, Winsted, Conn. Nov24,1t

The Kennel.

FLEAS! FLEAS!
WORMS! WORMS!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs
A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.
THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on
dogs or any other animals or money returned.
It is put up in patent boxes with sliding
box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple
and efficacious.
Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

Areca Nut for Worms in Dogs.
A CERTAIN REMEDY.
Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full
directions for use.
Price 50 cents per box by mail.
Both the above are recommended by Rod and
GUN and FOREST AND STREAM.

Conroy & Bissett,
63 Fulton street, N. Y.
HENRY C. SQUIRES,
1 Cortlandt street, N. Y.
WRIGHT & DITSON,
280 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE.—Gordon setter Jet; color, black;
very handsome; well feathered: one of the
finest dogs; very fast and great endurance: one
of the finest dogs on quail and grouse; a splendid
retriever from land and water; does not bite his
birds; he is a kind of dog that is seldom offered for
sale; from imported stock; price, \$100. One dog
and bitch, Gordon stock, from the best in the coun-
try; just right to break; over one year old; not
gun shy; very handsome; price, \$30 apiece. A red
fish bitch, 20 months old, \$15. Llewellyn bitch
from best stock in the country; hard to beat in
field; good retriever; broke on all game; price,
\$100. Address: H. B. VONDELISMIT, Litchfield,
Pa. Nov24,1t

FLY GROVE KENNELS.—Send your dogs to the
Fly Grove Kennels to board. They will get
the best of care and plenty of exercise. Terms
easy. Can give best of references. For price, etc.,
address HUGH A. SAUNDERS, South Norwalk,
Conn., P. O. Box 531. Nov24,1t

HOUND PUPPIES for sale. Out of Ben (Gold-
smith's imp. stock) and my beagle bitch,
whelped May 22, 1881. Perfect beauties. They run
now and are as true as any dog old. JOHN W.
PORTER, Ticonderoga, N. Y. Nov24,1t

FOR SALE.—Four fine setter pups, 4 mos. old, 3
P dogs and 1 bitch. Bred for business. Pedigree
includes Rodman's Dash, Pentz's imported Nellie
and Dr. Allen's Laveracks. Price \$25 each, as I wish
to sell. E. L. MILES, Sag Harbor, L. I., N. Y.
Nov24,1t

FOR SALE.—A pair of dachshunds six months
old; fallow red; the finest in the country;
pedigree given, WM. H. GOETTING, 406 Third av.,
New York. Nov24,1t

FOR SALE.—Nine well-trained foxhounds: fast
and reliable; 7 dogs, 2 bitches; all young;
address, LOCK BOX 16, Rome, Va. Nov24,1t

\$12 will buy a pure dark red Irish bitch, 6
months old, having one cross of Elcho and
two of Phoebe. Address, E. J. HOBBS, Waterville,
Conn. Nov24,1t

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners,
printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent post-
paid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1. FOREST
AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row,
N. Y. Dec30,1t

STONEHENGE ON THE DOG.

Price \$3 50.

For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Send a week in your own town. Terms and \$5
sent with first ad. Address H. HALLETT & CO.,
Portland, Maine.

—See Kennel Advertisements next page.

We now offer a full line of ENOS JAMES & CO.'S
Superb Breech-Loaders. What is the use of paying
an absurd price for a gun made by some old maker
when you can get a JAMES' GUN as good or better
for half the money? Or what is the use of buying a
gun bearing either a fictitious name or no name
at all, when you can get one of ENOS JAMES &
CO.'S guns with their name and guaranty for the
same price?

We are sole agents at New York for the Oak
Club Gun.

We offer a small JOB LOT of the famous Wobley
Guns of all sorts at about half price.

Also a few choice Parker guns of latest style at
special rates. Address

H. & D. FOLSOM,
P. O. Box 1,114, 30 WARREN ST., NEW YORK.

OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END.

Ecl. 12:12.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

NEAT AND ELEGANT

BOOK BINDING

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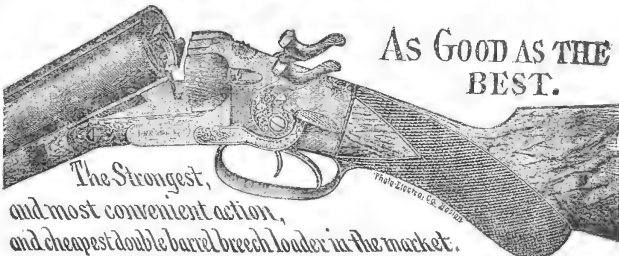
Plainest to the Most Elaborate Styles.

SPECIMENS ON EXHIBITION.

If you want good work, at low figures, and
save Agent's Commission come direct to
JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St.

A FILE OF N. Y. HERALD, 1847, AND TIMES,
TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.

THE DAVIS GUN.



As GOOD AS THE
BEST.
The Strongest,
and most convenient action,
and cheapest double barrel breech loader in the market.

Price, with fine wrist barrels, without checking or engraving, \$80.

Guns sent by express, C. O. D., and satisfaction guaranteed.

Send for Illustrated Price List and Terms to the manufacturers,
N. R. DAVIS & CO., Assonet, Freetown, Mass



C. H. EUTEBROUK, 27 Dock St., Boston, Mass.

This lever is a solid piece of steel; goes through and through the body. Guns made to order.

ORDERS NOW PROMPTLY FILLED.

CAPACITY of Factory GREATLY ENLARGED

CREATLY IMPROVED.

NOT OVER 1 PER CENT. OF BREAK-
AGE AT THE TRAP GUARANTEED.



SEND FOR CIRCULAR OF THE
FLYING CLAY PIGEON
LIGOWSKY
CLAY PIGEON COMPANY
NEW YORK

THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO CLUBS: 1st, \$1000;
2d, \$251; 3d, one trap and 1,000 pigeons. For
particulars, rules, score cards, etc., address the man-
ufacturers.

[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 448.]
"... This flight so nearly resembles the actual
motions of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent
practice for wing shooting. We commend all sportsmen
to test its merits."

3 KINGS CIGARETTES

COMPOSED OF

TURKISH, VIRGINIA and a small por-
tion of choice PERIQUE—a mixture not found
in any other cigarette.

MILD, FRAGRANT,
HIGH WROUGHT,
AND
Particularly Agreeable.
9 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

By WILLIAM S. KIMBALL & CO.,

Peerless Tobacco Works,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.
VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the oat grain and wheat germ. It restores to
both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses of
nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It prevents debility and con-
sumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have
prescribed 300,000 packages.

For sale by druggists or mail, \$1.

F. CROSBY, 663 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

The Kennel.

Dr. Gordon Stables, R. N.
TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND.
Author of the
"PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," & C.
exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any
breed. Send for
"PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS."
Price 10 cents, post free. Give addresses of principal English breeders.

PEDIGREE

PRINTING AND COMPIING.
CHEAPER THAN CAN BE DONE BY ANY OTHER
HOUSE IN AMERICA
which does first-class work and guarantees satisfaction.
Also,
VON GULN PATENT SPIKE COLLAR AND BOOK.
By mail, for \$3.
E. & C. VON CULIN.
P. O. Box 22, Delaware City, Del.

Black Spaniels.

BOB III. Imported, black; First, Strabane, Belfast, Ireland, and London, and
Special, Bradford, Pa. Stud fee, \$15.
BENEDICT. Imported, black; first and special,
New York, 1881, only time shown, \$20.
Puppies by above sold by Bag, first and special,
New York, 1881, for sale. Price from \$10 upward.
ROCKWELL SPANIEL CLUB, Hornellsville, N. Y.
Nov. 21

RIVERSIDE

COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL,
Claremont, N. H., Box 33.
Champion Bluet and Champion Feather, Grade
(Snap ex-Yulet) stock for sale.
Pups ready for delivery. Sept. 22, 1881

Cameron Kennel.

Beagle Hounds bred for bench and field purposes.
RALLY (Sam-Dolly); stud fee, \$25.
ROCKET (Hally-Lilly); stud fee, \$25.
COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Pa.
Nov. 21

FOR SALE—Perrets at \$7 per pair. Single—
Female, \$4; male, \$3. Send post office order.
CHARLES H. VAN VECHTEN, Victor, Ontario, C.
Nov. 21

ADRICH'S STOCK FOR SALE—Mr. T. M.
Adrich has gone south for the season and left
in my hands for sale six black and white tuck
puppies, whelped Oct. 8 by Mr. Bradford's Pete
(Sunt-Trip), out of Lotia (Champion Drake-
Molle). Also, one black and white puppy, out of
Mr. Green's Sam (Doo-Nettie) out of Shunt II. (Tina-
Molle), and a broken cocker. Address for particu-
lars, JOHN F. CARPENTER, Falls Village, Conn.
Nov. 21

GORDON KENNEL, Locust Valley, Long Island.
We have on sale young dogs and cubs of the
purest strains, combining the blood of Toledo
Kennel Club, and the blood of the Duke of
Goldsmith's Kennel, Rupert, Stoddard's Duke, etc.
Mr. Malcom's Malcom, Col. Squire's, Mr. Wil-
liam's Dream II. Were all bred at these kennels.
Address GORDON KENNEL CLUB, Brevoort, P. O.,
Brooklyn, New York. Oct. 13

RORY OMOHO KENNEL.—Thoroughbred red
Irish setter puppies, whelped by champion
Rory O'More out of Nuala O'More, Magenta and
Pearl. Full pedigrees. Address W. N. CALLEN-
DER, Albany, N. Y. Aug. 11

POINTERS. For very superior pointer pups, by
Champion Sensation out of Livingston's Lass
de New York, 1880, and dam of Baronet, or for
stud services of the champion, address, HENRY
W. LIVINGSTON, 133 W. 42d St., N. Y.
City. Sept. 22, 1881

OUTLEUT COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS.—For
Cockers of all ages and colors, dogs, bitches
and puppies, address with stamp, ROTHWALK RY,
Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. July 21

NEMASKETT KENNEL, N. H. VAUGHAN, pro-
prietor, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs
broken and handled, also a number of broken dogs
for sale. Dogs and puppies boarded on reasonable
terms. P. O. Box 33. Sept. 22, 1881

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Any gentleman in want
of a single dog or a brace of well-broken and
well-bred setters will find the article by addressing
J. W. Box 2490, New York City. These are not
worthless curs said to be broken, but are perfect in
the field, and a fair price is therefore asked. Nov. 11

BEAGLE HOUNDS.—Best in America: see Dodge's
"Hatter," the most prize-winning dog of all
small, long-eared, keen, thoroughbred, handsome
and best rabbit hounds. Can spare four ones to
15 months old. Have also fine Scotch and ter-
riers and ferrets. Address W. H. TODD, Ver-
million, Ohio. Nov. 11

FOR SALE. A number of well bred and well
broken pointers and setters, also dogs boarded
and broken, satisfaction guaranteed. Address H.
B. RICHMOND, Lakeville, Mass. Sept. 22, 1881

FOR RED IRISH SETTERS and Cocker Spaniels
of the most fashionable blood address CHAS.
DENISON, Hartford, Ct. Sept. 11

RICHARDSON AND RANGLEY LAKES IL-
LUSTATED, a thorough and complete
guide book to the Rangley Lake Region, Ken-
necott, Cuscutic, Parinacine and Connecticut
Lakes and the head waters of the Connecticut, Mag-
alloway, Androscoggin and Kennebec rivers; illus-
trated covers, three paper, 322 pages, 60 illustrations
and a large map, made mostly from accurate sur-
veys. Price, post-paid by mail, post-paid, \$3.00.
A. J. FAIRBANK, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

\$72 A WEEK. \$13 a day at home easily made.
Co. fully outfit free. Address TRUE & CO.,
Augusta, Maine.

DIVING DECOY CO., Rochester, N. Y.

The Kennel.

Lowell, Mass., Bench Show.

THE FIRST BENCH SHOW FOR DOGS
WILL BE HELD IN
JACKSON HALL, Dec. 14, 15 and 16.
Entries close Dec. 6. Apply to CHARLES A.
ANDREWS, West Boxford, Mass., for catalogue,
and entry blank. Nov. 11

FOR SALE.

1. Count Fred (imported), whelped July, 1878,
thoroughly broken, winner first at Patoka, Ill.,
Puppy stakes, and second in braces with Lincoln
in 1879. 2. Indirect (imported), by Count Dick, ex-
Phantom, whelped April, 1877, full brother to Mr.
Llewellyn's celebrated Count Winden; thoroughly
broken. 3. Bang (imported), pointer, liver and
white, whelped April, 1876, by Galt's Drake, ex-
Grecian Head; thoroughly broken; winner of first
Prize, supplied show, 1880. 4. Loe, champion
pointer bitch (formerly Orgill's); thoroughly
broken; whelped April, 1876; color, lemon and
white. 5. Lord Gordon, black and white, ex-
champion Lona, whelped June, 1880, now break-
ing by Mr. E. S. Wannamaker. 6. Lady Radd, im-
ported, Gordon, by old Red Rover, ex-
winner of prizes at different shows (not broken);
whelped May, 1878. 7. Jennie, imported York-
shire terrier, by Mozart, ex. Nell, winner first Pitts-
burgh show; whelped November, 1878. 8. Cream,
Italian greyhound, winner first Pittsburgh show;
about three years of age and a beauty; light fawn
in color. All the above-named sporting dogs have
passed through Mr. Wannamaker's hands. For
prices and further particulars address A. H.
MOORE, 1, 71 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Nov. 11

THE CONESTOGA KENNEL offer for sale the
following highly bred setters: Cash, a fine
standard, white and black tuck dog, 2 years and
six months old (Leicester-ex-Nelle); is a grand
guy, and been shot over to date; was very
highly recommended at the An Arbor show, 1881;
trial allowed; price \$125. Whitelind, a promising
young dog, 9 months old, lemon and white, well
marked (Royal Ben-ex-Orch); price \$25. Redie,
a remarkably quick, lively, red tri-ri setter bitch,
15 months old (Red Dick-ex-Vorra); price \$25.
Patterson, a small sized, black and white pointer
bitch, young and fast, with keen nose; price \$35.
Belie, young with white markings; very staunch,
and just the bitch for one gun to go out and make
large bag with; good nose and steady all round;
price \$25. Apply to FRANK BEVAN, Manager and
Trainer, Lancaster, Pa. Nov. 11

IMPORTED FOX TERRIER FOR SALE.—Cub,
white and black and tan, 2 years old, about 14
lbs.; very game; will tackle anything; good house
dog and companion; will be sold cheap to make
room for puppies coming on. Collie puppies, black
and tan, bred from imported dogs; very handsome,
and just the bitch for one gun to go out and make
large bag with; price \$25. Apply to FRANK BEVAN,
Lancaster, Pa. Nov. 11

\$50 REWARD.—Lost or stolen from New York
City, Gun Club grounds, Bergen Point, about
Nov. 1, black and tan setter dog Fred; medium
size; one hind leg a trifle shot from knocked down
by; only perceptible when tired or standing still.
The above reward paid for his return or for any in-
formation by which his recovery is effected. T.
DRAKE, 63 William Street, N. Y. Nov. 11

FOR SALE CHEAP.—Fine pair of young setter
dogs, 7 and 12 months old. Also bitch puppy,
4 months old, by champion Fred. These puppies
are first-class stock and will be sold very low if
disposed of soon. C. E. LEWIS, U. S. Customs, Sus-
pension Bridge, N. Y. Nov. 11

SPORTSMEN in want of good, reliable, business,
field dogs, broken on all game, retrieve from
land or water (polters) red Irish or English setter
dog or bitch, address CHAS. F. KENT, Monticello,
N. Y. Come and see these dogs at work on game.
Nov. 11

FAIRBANK'S POCKET MAP of Moosehead Lake and
the North Maine Wilderness, a valuable com-
panion for the sportsman, hunter and lumberman.
Recently corrected and revised, and now com-
plete in the only correct map of this vast region.
Neatly bound in cloth covers. Price, postpaid, by
mail, 60 cents. CHARLES A. J. FAIRBANK, Jamaica
Plain, Mass. Nov. 11

Sportsman's Goods.

TATHAM'S
Selected Standard
Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed
on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!
Soft or Chilled

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 and 10.

No. of pellets to oz., 338 472 638 1058 Soft.
314 496 716 1130 Chilled.

TATHAM & BROS.,
82 BEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth
\$5 free. Address STINSON & CO.,
Portland, Maine.

Hotels and Houses for Sportsmen.

**ASSOCIATED
SOUTHERN RAILWAYS,**
Richmond & Danville Atlantic Coast Bay Line.
Line. Line.
THE
Preferred Routes to Florida
AND
Atlanta Cotton Exposition,
October 5 to December 31.
TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 1, 1881.

Richmond and Danville Line.
Train 30. Leaves New York 7:40 a. m. Phila-
delphia 11:40 a. m. Baltimore 12:40 p. m. Arrives
Richmond 7:45 p. m. Danville 7:53 p. m. Charlotte
11:43 a. m. Atlanta 10:35 a. m. There makes same
connections as No. 43 below. Pullman cars Rich-
mond to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans.
Train 42. Leaves New York 7:40 a. m. Phila-
delphia 11:40 a. m. Baltimore 12:40 p. m. Char-
lotte 10:40 p. m. Danville 7:45 a. m. There connects with
No. 49 below. Pullman cars from Richmond to
Washington, Washington to New York, except Sunday.
From Baltimore at 4:00 p. m. direct via York River
Line for West Point and Richmond and connecting there
Trains 40 and 48.

Train 42. Leaves New York 7:40 p. m. Phila-
delphia 11:40 p. m. Baltimore 12:40 p. m. Arrives at
Lynchburg 4:40 a. m. Lynchburg 7:40 a. m. Char-
lotte 11:40 a. m. Macon 7:40 p. m. Montgomery 11:40 p. m.
Montgomery 7:45 a. m. New Orleans 10:40 p. m. 64
hours from New York. Pullman cars New York
to Washington, Washington to Charlotte and Au-
gusta. Arrives at Columbia 6:00 p. m. and Augusta
10:15 p. m. Savannah 7:45 p. m. Jacksonville 7:45 p. m.

Train 48. Leaves New York 7:40 p. m. Phila-
delphia 11:40 p. m. Baltimore 12:40 p. m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:45 p. m. Danville 7:53 p. m. Charlotte
11:43 a. m. Atlanta 10:35 a. m. Macon 7:40 p. m. Mont-
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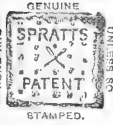
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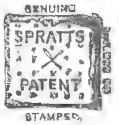
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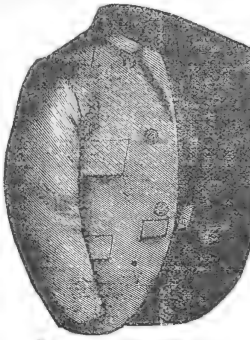
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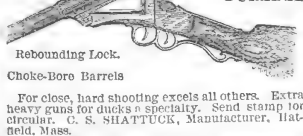
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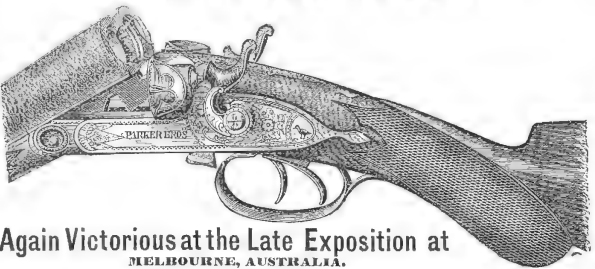
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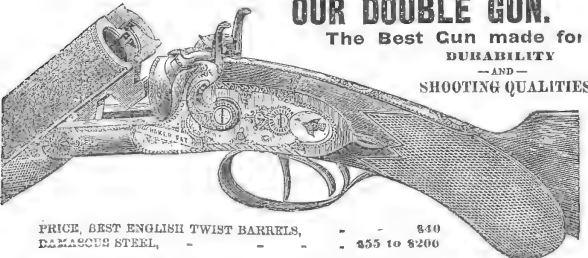
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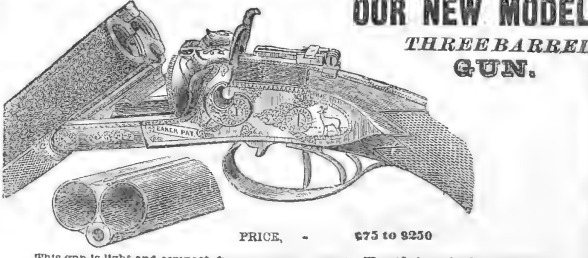
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ROD AND GUN

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Inside pages, nonpareil type, 25 cents per line. Special rates for three, six and twelve months. Reading notices 50 cents per line—eight words to the line, and twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by the Saturday or each week previous to the issue in which they are to be inserted.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, December 1.

WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY they first make mad. The modern reading is that the lawyers first make mad the assassins whom they would not have hung.

DR. COUES.—We learn that Dr. Elliott Coues has resigned his commission as Assistant Surgeon in the army with the intention of devoting himself to literary and scientific pursuits, in accordance with his life-long tastes and habits.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.—Two years ago there came in the FOREST AND STREAM's mail one day a letter from a Pennsylvania town, in which the writer assured us that he had discovered a wonderful secret, which was nothing less than a way to prolong human life indefinitely. Our correspondent, in short, claimed to be able to tell us how we might live for ever. The letter was written in a cramped, almost illegible hand, and was altogether quite a curiosity. We were too busy at the time to bother with this man who had the secret of living for ever; but to a second letter we replied. We received no further word from him, but we kept his name and address in mind. In looking over a stray copy of a Pennsylvania paper by the merest chance, the other day, we came across a notice of this man's death. Strange, was it not! And his secret of how to live for ever died with him.

ANGLING AS AN ART.

HOW few there are outside of the brotherhood of the angle who know of what the angler's art consists, or have even a faint conception of the pleasure which it brings its devotees. To the outer world "fishing" is illustrated by the lazy fellow holding a string off the corner of the dock and sleeping between bites. Some have tried it, and becoming disgusted, declare that they might angle if the fish would only bite all the time, but they could not wait for them. Take such a man to a pretty lake, put him in a boat with yourself, and rig his tackle. Show him where the pike are apt to lie among the lily-pads, and how to cast for them. Watch him and see the feeble interest developed by the fresh air and change of scene—but not at all by any belief in your story about a mythical pike among the lilies. Keep your eye on him until he gets a strike, and see him turn pale and then flush with excitement at the thought of the "monster" which he lost by striking too soon. A lecture on the habits of the pike is now in order; and he learns that this fish seizes its prey and rushes to a secluded spot to gorge it; and must be allowed to "poach it" before striking. Verily, he thinks, there is some art and sport in this, after all.

It is as difficult to explain the pleasures of angling, with its anticipations, hopes, fears and thrills, as it is to describe how a watermelon tastes. Those who have experienced these emotions know, and the deeper they get into the mysteries of angling the more they enjoy it and the greater its claim to be an art appears. What veteran angler but can recall the taking of some wary old trout, which for seasons had lurked in a favorite pool and spurned the flies and worms of dozens of skilled fishers, until at last it fell a victim to a peculiar fly, presented so artistically that even this wary trout, educated in the wiles of man by many a sharp sting from his steel, was deceived into believing it to be a living insect. Ask such a veteran if angling is an art, or if it is merely luck.

Chance enters into angling merely enough to give it zest. The day may be stormy, the fish are not feeding, or many other things may happen which have not been foreseen, but the angler has become more or less of a naturalist, and his perceptions have been quickened by failures until he is able to reduce these chances to a minimum. He knows the likely pools in the trout stream and the probability of success at certain hours. This is where the standard joke of the country boy with his alder pole and string has its rise. The boy is familiar with the stream and catches more fish than the stranger with better rig, but the angler can soon give the urchin long odds.

Angling is the only sport which does not pall upon the taste with age. In fact, it increases with it, and some of the most enthusiastic fishers are men who have passed three score and ten. It is a sport which leaves no taint upon its devotees, but, on the contrary, brings them health and renewed vigor. It has changed somewhat since the days of Izaak Walton, especially in America, and is not so "contemplative" as in his time. In England still-fishing from punts, for bream, barbel and dace, is followed yet, for want of gamier fish; but the American angler, after graduating from the perch and "sunnies" of the mill pond, aspires to the capture of the pike, black bass, striped bass, trout, and such fish as must be cast, or trolled for, and which fight hard. Let him who thinks it idle sport cast the minnow or the fly for half a day and note the effect upon the tired muscles of his arm, and then say if he has been idle. Let him wade a trout stream, knee deep for the same length of time, and then judge if he has had more leisure than his system can bear.

Give the boys fishing rods, and good ones at that. Never mind the talk about catching as many fish with a sapling as with a fishing rod. This comes from men with no appreciation of the niceties of the art—and can be answered by saying that a net will take more than either. The angler loves fine tackle, the finer the tackle the more enjoyment; and it is as natural as that a man should like a handsome carriage when an ox-cart is stronger, or he can travel as many miles in a lumber wagon. The pleasure that comes from holding a trusty rod, made to the verge of lightness consistent with strength, which kills a fish with its elasticity, is as far superior to a stiff pole, which throws a fish into the treeps before the angler feels the electric thrill of the struggle, as the sun is superior to a farthing rushlight. The angler

with the best tackle gets more enjoyment out of a day's fishing than he who captures more fish with coarser tackle.

PISTOL SHOOTING.

NEXT to fish stories may be ranked pistol shooting by talk. It seems so easy to claim all sorts of preposterous performances with this small arm that many give way to the temptation and display their ignorance by their assertions. Even those who ought to know better and will discourse glibly of the parts and make up of the weapons, show how cleverly they can be cocked and snapped, and describe all the minutæ as they would the details of a puzzle, when questioned as to the work and the record of the arms are silent.

There are so many tricks of marksmanship that the descent is readily made from what merely seems improbable to what is absolutely impossible. If a skulking emigrant robber is arrested in the West, we are at once treated to most marvelous stories of his skill with the pistol, whereas in fact the skill lies with the fabricator of the printed account. We have it that the favorite pastime of these Western highway-men is to take line shots at one telegraph pole from the next one. At an average distance of fifty-five yards such hits are barely possible, but to say that they are repeated again and again is to give the assertion the aspect of a fish story.

There are to-day in the city of New York as fine pistol shots as anywhere in the world. In a single show case are targets and hits actually made over known distances and under match conditions, with every detail accurately recorded, which cannot be duplicated in any other city. Occasionally one of these paper shooters ventures into the company of these record-makers and soon learns what may and what may not be done. There is room for great and varied amusement in pistol shooting, but there seems room for far more brag and assertion.

THE ONEIDA LAKE POACHERS.

GEORGE A. CROWNHART, Cicero, N. Y., who has been so active in assisting the Game Protectors of the State of New York in the pro-secution of the violators of the laws on Oneida Lake, has recently been outrageously fined by a local justice of the peace for his good work. About two weeks ago he was going from his hotel at South Bay on the lake in the little steamer which has been used to destroy the nets of the poachers. He intended to return the steamer through the canal to Syracuse, where it is owned. On the way he saw some net set in violation of the law, and took them up and destroyed them. This happened to be done on Sunday, and for this he was complained of by the owners and was fined \$100 for Sabbath breaking by a justice of Oswego county whose sympathies must have been on the wrong side. Perhaps the nets belonged to his cousin, perhaps they were owned by his uncle, or may be his brother had an interest in them. We only wish we knew the name of this legal luminary that we might embalm it in ink.

Another splendid specimen of a protector of poachers is an agent of the American Express Co. He has baited the villains who assaulted Lindsley while engaged in destroying the nets in the lake. He offered Mr. Crownhart money to stop enforcing the law in this locality and to keep Lindsley away from the lake. His excuse, as written to one of his superior officers, is that if he does not receive and ship the fish, which are illegally taken, they will be loaded in wagons and driven across to another Express Co., at Syracuse, and so his office would lose the freight, on which he has a percentage.

SHORE BIRDS.—Under this title five chapters have been collected into a little book of convenient form. They are: "Haunts and Habits" and "Range and Migrations," being the article by Mr. William Hapgood, "Range and Rotary Movements of the Lincolne," published in this journal Oct. 20, 1881; "A Morning Without the Birds," from Mr. Roosevelt's "The Great South Bay," in our issue of Oct. 6, 1881; and the editorial articles which appeared last year entitled "By Sea, Land, and Air," and treating of "Nomenclature," "Localities" and "Baits and Decoys." We believe that these chapters in their present form will be welcomed by sportsmen and naturalists. The book will be sent postpaid for 15 cents.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN GALLERY MATCH.—The proposed International gallery match which was to have taken place on the 24th ult. has been indefinitely postponed, and for the very novel reason that an American team cannot be gotten together. The conditions called for an "off-hand" match, and then Mr. Rigby, on behalf of the Miniature Rifle Club of Dublin, defied off-hand shooting to be that in which the left arm was entirely clear of the body. The hip-rest, or the bracing of the elbow of that arm against the body, was not to be allowed. The New York shooters were not prepared for this. Many do shoot in that way, but to have the position enforced upon them as a condition they were not prepared for, and to secure special attention to this style of holding is the object of the call issued by Mr. Conlin. There is no disposition to abandon the match. On the contrary, it is likely that it will lead to an offer from the New York shooters to a general shooting trial, in which pistol shooting will form an important part. The old established firm of Rigby ought not to shrink from a test of these neat little arms so comforting in cases of wounded honor. Conlin's gallery boasts of a fine lot of the old duelling pieces and a match with this style of arm would bring up hosts of reminiscences. Meanwhile the off-hand match waits, and we doubt not that before many weeks the four American gentlemen who are chosen will cable "Ready" and another victory will be placed to the usual credit. It is unfortunate that it did not take place on the 24th as intended, for apart from the fact that it was a national holiday here, it was the 18th anniversary of Mr. Conlin's entry into the gallery-shooting business.

THE LETTER OF OUR CORRESPONDENT "JACOBSTAFF," to be found in another column, and the accounts of the good fowl shooting now to be had at Cunituck, suggest a word of caution to gunners bound for that point. It is said that an impression has got about that the Kitty Hawk Club, having so much property, will be somewhat lax in protecting it, and that gunners can hope to have shooting from points belonging to this club. This impression is wholly an erroneous one, and should be corrected at once. No one should be allowed to go down to Kitty Hawk fancying that the same shooting is open now that they have been accustomed to enjoy in years past. All the most desirable points in the vicinity of Van Slyke's are now the property of the Kitty Hawk Club, and all the lands of this association are posted and efficiently patrolled. The club has expressed the determination to protect its shooting most carefully, and prompt arrest, followed by rigorous prosecution, may be expected by any one who ventures to trench on its privileges.

It is scarcely to be expected that the gentlemen who have spent such large sums of money to secure these grounds should now throw them open to the public, and their determination to preserve the shooting is in every way worthy of commendation and imitation by other clubs.

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN IN NOVA SCOTIA.—The game interests of the Province of Nova Scotia are in the hands of the Game and Inland Fishery Protection Society of Nova Scotia, having its headquarters at Halifax. The society is composed of gentlemen who really have at heart the enforcement of the laws. They have done good work, and sportsmen of the Province, as well as those who visit the country from abroad, have reason to respect the society's efforts and aims. We are glad to see that the law in Nova Scotia is enforced without discriminations. So famous a hunter as the Earl of Dunraven got into trouble recently, because he neglected to comply with the very just provision of the game laws, which requires non-residents to take out a license to kill game. Incorrect reports of this affair having been printed, we take great pleasure in publishing to-day, from a responsible source, a true statement of the case.

THE MAINE MATTER.—In our remarks on the Maine Game Warden system, the other day, we certainly intended no reflection upon the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game of that State. We believe, as we said in our issue of Oct. 13, that they have given abundant proof of their activity and determined purpose in their work, and should receive the hearty support and co-operation of all true-minded sportsmen. We are also sure that Mr. Hubbard in his criticisms of the system, intended nothing personal regarding Mr. Stilwell. We are satisfied that Messrs. Hubbard and Stilwell both desire the same thing—namely, the impartial and thorough execution of the law, without respect to the residence of the offending party.

MORE QUAIL FOR SPRINGFIELD.—The sportsmen of Springfield, Mass., encouraged by the success which attended their efforts last year to restock the neighborhood with quail, are about to repeat the work done a year ago. They have purchased 500 quail, of which the first crop of 50 have already reached them. The birds will be kept in confinement through the winter and will be turned out in the spring. The success of their experiments with the wild rice has proved so great that they are now planting in the river and the ponds the roots and seeds of the wild celery.

AMONG THE SOUVENIRS recovered from the ruins of the Morrell storage warehouse, which was destroyed by fire in this city last October, is a valuable gold medal, the inscription on which shows that it was presented to Mr. George W. Smiley, as a prize for the mastiff "Nell," at the San Francisco Bench Show of 1878.

THE GLAD CHRISTMAS WEEK

Is COMING; and it is time to decide what presents you will then give to your friends. Permit the FOREST AND STREAM to suggest to its readers some of the suitable Christmas and New Year gifts, which mothers, daughters, wives, sisters, cousins, neices and aunts may select for their sons, fathers, husbands, brothers, cousins, uncles, nephews—and for "the dearest one still, and a dearer one."

A HANDSOME SHOT-GUN.

Many first-class makers—comparisons odious.

AN ANGLING ROD.

See names of makers elsewhere.

A STANDARD RIFLE.

For game or target.

A CANON.

A double one means "you too."

A SHOOTING SUIT.

With a "housewife" for camp.

A TARGET PISTOL.

For winter evening practice.

A BOOK.

See list of those for sale by us.

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION.

We need not specify to what journal. There is only one that "fills the bill," as the bird said of the grub. Besides the appropriate gifts named above there are

A THOUSAND AND ONE THINGS

That a sportsman needs and will appreciate. We have not space to name them here, but they are mentioned in our advertising columns, and may be seen at the establishments of the dealers in sportsmen's goods. Go and see them, and select for yourselves.

IN ANOTHER COLUMN will be found a suggestive question regarding the ethics of sportsmen. A correspondent asks: "Are sportsmen, as a rule, so nicely adjusted in their moral attributes, when engaged in the pursuit of bay birds, as to resist the temptation to knock a black duck over, if he comes within range?" Now, without remarking that sportsmen are probably as "nicely adjusted in their moral attributes when engaged in the pursuit of bay birds" as they are when engaged in the pursuit of birds of any other description, we feel free to say that no man who looks at the question of game preservation in the proper light would kill one species of game in its close season while searching for another in its open season. We expect this sort of thing from the so-called pot hunters—that is, from men who are habitual poachers, and shoot game out of season—but certainly not from sportsmen of the better class. Who that respects himself would kill the half-grown ruffed grouse, while shooting woodcock in those States, where summer shooting is unhappily still permitted? Who would, at the same season, kill the mother quail, and leave the downy fledglings to perish? The principle is the same in these examples as in the case cited by our correspondent. We should be loth to believe that there are many of our readers whose moral sense is so base as to make them approve such acts; and we conceive that thinking men, as a class, would, without exception, hold their hands in the face of such a temptation.

THE STORY OF THE WILD HOG OF HAMPTON is fast taking its place among myths and legends, along with the story of Apollo and the Python, St. George and the Dragon, and St. Patrick and the Snakes. It is fitting, then, that the authentic history of that famous chase should be put on permanent record in the files of this journal. As stated in the note accompanying the article, the narrative is substantially true, and its incidents will be recollected by many of our Massachusetts readers. Next week we will give an account of one of the famous hunts of pioneer days, the "Hinkley Hunt" of 1835.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS meeting now being held at Robbins' Island is proving a great success. As will be seen from the account given in another column the attendance is large, the birds plenty, and much of the work done by the dogs is unusually good. The Derby was won by Mr. E. E. Hardy's Pollux with Florida second and Sensation, Jr., third. It is probable that the trials will last until to-morrow, and the details of the last two days must be looked for in our issue of next week.

THE PAPERS ON DOG TRAINING, written by our Kennel Editor, are meeting a cordial reception among dog owners in every part of the country. The best test of the merits of Mr. Hammond's system is a practical trial of them. Amateurs who will train their own dogs by this method will find themselves amply repaid for the time and trouble expended by the satisfaction and pride in the result.

A BOOK ABOUT BIRDS.—Mr. H. B. Bailey, of this city, has prepared a digest of all the ornithological matter contained in the first twelve volumes of this journal. This will shortly be printed under the title of **FOREST AND STREAM BIRD NOTES**. Further notice of the book and publication will be given later.

SQUIRRELS AS BIRD DESTROYERS.—Further notes on this interesting topic are in type and will be printed next week.

"THE CRUISE OF THE NIPPER."—In three parts. By Nessmuk. Part First next week.

The Sportsman Tourist.

LEAVES FROM A LOG-BOOK.

II.—THE FIRST DAY OUT.

IT had rained every day for more than two weeks, and the Gypsy's announced time of departure had been postponed day by day, and still there were no signs of fair weather. Every part of the cargo had been stowed for some time to take advantage of the first favorable weather, and every afternoon the Captain had waded through the mud to the river's bank to inspect the little craft lying in the boat house, mentally anatomizing October's showers as he thought of the fast flying autumn days that could be made so agreeable if the clerk of the weather would only permit. The Captain's impatience was shared by the crew, too, who would sit on the boat house floor, looking wistfully out of her brown eyes, while the water dripping off her liver-colored coat made her look like anything but the cleanly and ladylike cocker who was. "Poor July! Was ever anything so abominable?" would be answered by a low whine, and a slight dip of the fall on the floor, indicating sympathy as plainly as if expressed in the choicest English, and far more satisfactory to the Captain than the "too bad" and "hard luck" of his bipedal acquaintances.

At last there came an afternoon when the sun found a small rent in the clouds and gave one peep through at the earth below. But he must have been disappointed at the dismal sight he saw, for he immediately withdrew his eyes and all was as dark again as before. But that one glance, and a puff of wind from the north accompanying it, made the Captain's heart leap joyously, and in a moment he and July were speeding up the river to the lodging house, where "store clothes" were exchanged for blue flannels, then back again to the river where the Gypsy's maker, Mr. William Jarvis, helped lower the boat into the water. The Captain was soon aboard; at the word "Come" the crew jumped lightly from the dock to her accustomed place between the Captain's feet, and the third cruise of the Gypsy was commenced.

At the first stroke of the paddle the sun shot another glance through the clouds, twinkled merrily for a moment, and then withdrew again. A solitary tortoise fell sideways off a log into the muddy water, and, as the Gypsy passed, scrambled quickly up the other side to try to catch another ray from the sun. But his haste was useless, for the orb obstinately refused to show its face again. The high water and rapid current carried the canoe on at a high rate of speed, the captain's paddle being only useful to keep in the middle of the stream in rounding the curves. Past the coal docks, then through acres of marsh grass burned over by fire during the summer, and finally, between the breakwaters at the river's mouth, leaving the light-house to starboard, the canoe shot into the waters of the beautiful Cuyaga. Ten miles to the north was an unobstructed view of the lake, showing white caps formed by the increasing puffs of wind. On the east was the club house of the Forest City Shooting Club, nestled in a clump of willows, and back of that the last cascade of Fall Creek, roaring and boiling with its unwonted volume of water. Prudence bade the captain hug the west shore, where the abrupt cliffs broke the force of the wind and rendered paddling less laborious; but he had hardly tucked the canoe so that direction before a squall came a large drop of rain on the deck. This was followed by another and then another, and the Captain was compelled to hastily lift the cork seat, draw from beneath it a rubber coat, which he donned, and then the canoe's apron, which was buttoned on the deck around the well, and tucked in tightly around his body. "We won't turn back now, anyhow," thought the Captain, and with the rain dashing in torrents against his face he patted the paddle vigorously, and with a regular stroke drove the canoe across the choppy waves. Some fishermen, sheltered by an upturned boat on the beach, laughed heartily at the solitary figure in the rain, and then invited him ashore to share their quarters. "Thanks, I am very comfortable," answered the retreating voyager, leaving the honest fishermen to wonder what "comfort" that crazy fool could find in breasting such a storm. "Where bound?" cried the skipper of a passing coal sloop. "Canada!" shouted back the voyager. "Where'd he say?" asked the skipper's wife, peering through the cabin window. "He said 'Canada,'" answered her husband, sentimentally, "but I guess he lied."

Meanwhile the storm showed no signs of abating, and for three-quarters of an hour the rain poured down in sheets; but at the end of that time there was a lull, and the Captain deemed it best to seek quarters for the night. Bushy Point jutted out into the lake close by, and the Captain made a landing on the lee shore. The apron was first carefully removed so as not to spill any water into the well, and only a few drops were found inside; then June's trunk, packed from her port-up quarters, and received the customary caress; the Captain pulled the canoe up higher on the gravelly beach, lifted the large rubber bag of "plunder" from the stern, and then began rigging the Gypsy's "house." A bundle of odd-looking rods, tied together with cord, was produced from alongside the well and unrolled; an upright was fastened in slots made to receive it at the aftermost part of the well; then a stout cord was run from a ring in the top of this upright to a ring in the mast. Along this cord, at regular intervals, were tied three crescent-shaped rods, bent toward the boat, the whole forming the frame for the tent. The rubber apron was laid out on the bottom of the canoe, dry side up, then the bag was opened and a summer carriage robe produced, which was laid over the apron; then a folded woolen blanket upon that; then the tent (of drilling, waterproofed by the sugar of lead and powdered alum recipe found in FOREST AND STREAM) was hung over the frame and buttoned down tight around the canoe. A coffee-pot (of two-cup capacity), a quart tin pail, a tin cup, spoon, knife and fork, two tin plates—one with edges turned up and a nail fastened on—were then taken out of the depths of the bag, which was afterward closed up water-tight and placed on the deck against the mast. The pail and coffee-pot having been filled with water from the lake, the cooking utensils were placed inside, and the Captain followed, feet foremost. Then a zinc box containing the spirit stove was taken from its place through the hatchway in the forward deck, filled with alcohol from a canteen, lighted, and placed on its zinc receptacle. The coffee-pot, with some of Borden's extract of coffee mixed with the water, was soon steaming over

the lamp, while the Captain produced from the hatchway a large, covered tin box, which, on being opened, disclosed several compartments, each with its own cover of tin, and containing eggs (packed in salt), sugar, tea, etc. As soon as the coffee was boiled the tin plate with the ball was "put over," a piece of butter dropped in (from a water-tight earthen jar, which can be lowered into cool water when in camp), and two eggs, one for the Captain and one for the crew, were broken on the plate and soon fried. A loaf of bread, in a tin box of its own, was brought out, and while the Captain ate his supper the tin pail of water, was heating, with which the dishes were to be washed after the repast. Meanwhile Judy, who had been waiting patiently without, was fed with bread and egg cut up together, and served on the clean gravel by the boat's side. Although the Captain evinced a certain ignorance of the customs of the *oyster* in smoking his briar-root while washing the dishes, that ceremony was nevertheless well done, and each piece of tinware was put away as shining and bright as a new silver dollar.

It was now fairly dark, and a slow rain commenced falling; so the two voyagers, after a race to the end of the point and back, crawled under the shelter of the little tent. Judy was soon asleep in her accustomed place, and the Captain, after lighting a candle and writing up the log for the day, unrolled the wooden blanket, straightened out the carriage robe for a mattress, and at seven o'clock at night, with the cork seat for a pillow, and nothing over the bottom planks of the boat but the thin lap robe, enjoyed as luxurious a bed as any darling of fortune on a couch of elder-down. The rain drops fell in a "patter-patter" on the tent over head, the wind made the branches of the trees creak and groan, and as the monotonous "chug-chug" of the paddles of the tow-boat became fainter and fainter as she receded down the lake, the Captain of the Gypsy sank into a sweet slumber, not to awaken until

"The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all license and with cheek all bloom."

SEXSEA.

* It was not the general rule to cook under the shelter of the tent, it having been done in this instance in expectation of a shower.

OARE VERSUS COOT.

CLOSE and continued application to regular routine of business, reinforced by unusual cares, having succeeded in establishing their "first parallel" against our citadel of good digestion and sound sleep, we determined that "discretion was the better part of valor," and ran away. It is the story of this flight which is offered to other weary workers, that they, too, may appreciate the fact in its best senses, that

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

Having decided upon our "skeddaddie," it did not take long to determine upon the plan in general, and route in particular. Something out of office, into open air, away from care, to the full enjoyment of an absorbing pleasure! As we gave free rein to fancy and inclination, old scenes came rushing into view, the pulse quickened as we lived again in pleasant recollection the experience of days thus called to mind.

After due preparation—getting together the whole outfit and paraphernalia, which is more precious than so much gold or silver—the trusty eleven-pound ten-bore, clean and true and close as their outside lines of "hammerless" betoken, due ammunition, the snipe guns, rubber cloth boots and trousers, cow-vesters, Cape Ann oilers, and the whole business of flannels, heavy coats, cleaning rods, oils, etc., etc., we found ourselves toward noon on the 25th of October leaving the cars at Good Hope, and looking around for "Sydney" and his "U. S. Mail," to take our traps to Pond-quoque, while we stretched our legs by walking the two miles of sandy road which intervened.

Of this mail wagon and its genial driver let us say naught but the soberest truth. Of modest look, appearing to have approached the "early candle light" of its usefulness, suggesting just a little shakiness, you are surprised to know that "thirteen men, all heavier than I be—and I weigh two hundred and thirty—has been carried in this 'ere waggon to-night."

It is hardly worth while to insist on the accuracy of this statement: it is at once banished when the eye, leaving the vehicle in wonder, travels rapidly over "the team" and harnesses.

A hundred minor and indescribable something at once convince you that "Sydney" only told the truth. The discouraged and resigned flop of the ears, the subdued switch of the tails, the sleepy drag of the eyelids, the pokey gait, the protesting harnesses, with their bent buckles and substitutes and honorable scars—in fine, the speaking *tout ensemble* proclaim the fact.

Curbing our desire to ride in even such a distinguished official van, we walked for the exercise. If you do as we did, however, you lose an enviable chat with an enviable and solid old friend, Sydney Wells, stage driver and U. S. mail carrier.

"May he die fat!"

A swinging gait and heavy roads brought pedestrian and coach to our old friend Foster's together. And for comfortable house, pleasant rooms and good kitchen, and, best of all, for hearty, hospitable welcome to old friends, commend us to his good wife. While Carriack demands him at stated seasons, she maintains the good standard of things at home with graceful ease of true hostess.

As we stretched ourselves before the roaring wood fire in the evening, having unpacked guns, and donned the flannels and garb of the hour, we chatted with her of all changes since last we talked, of the chances of birds, of the weather. We were surrounded with an atmosphere of comfort and rest and pleasure, which promised sound sleep, good digestion and full health without measure. May her life be long, and her avocations never less.

Would that our pen could picture to each eye the group of old friends who dropped in later. Uncle Ed, George, Joe, and the philosopher, Gill.

Uncle Ed, the hero of many a season's gunning, and to-day as active and keen in his enjoyment of sport as he ever was, and always full of hopeful prognostications or consoling uncertainties.

George, his little boy. Nothing Cassius-like here—no "lean and hungry look" about him. Fat as he is jolly, and true to friend or needle to the pole.

Joe, whom everybody knows and everybody wants, whom the "children cry for."

And Gill, the philosopher and orator, and whose tongue "lubricates by its unctuousity rather than irritates by its asperity," who can talk more to the square inch than—well, pen fails—words are inadequate.

There we sat, and as the fire burned, sending its white wreaths of smoke into the keen frosty night air outside, we in the warm glow within talked of seasons gone by and rehearsed the story of successful bags or more frequent disappointment, and laid our plans for the days to come.

The cooler weather, though unseasonably warm, and the hoped for southwest wind, promised fair sport, if only the birds were in the bay. Many had been seen, and they were surely somewhere. Uncle Ed talked vaguely of "a big bunch of" broad-bills up in the North-east," but they had been shy in coming to stool and bags yet had been small.

Putting all arrangements into the hands of George and his father, (than whom no better fowlers are to be found along Long Island waters, we promised to be aboard by five o'clock next morning, said "good-night" all round, and after one more observation of wind and weather, went up to bed, if not to immediate sleep.

Crawling in between the sheets, fancy found eyes which penetrated the darkness with which night had veiled the familiar scenes around us. We could see the lofty beacon of Shinnecock Light flashing its guiding rays far across the bar to trusting ships outside. We could see the Life-Saving Stations, away to the east and west, with their sleepless patrol pacing the sandy beach. We could see "The Island" within the bay, as well as "Hole in the Wall," "Goose Point," "Bunker Bay," and the scenes of many an earlier day's exploit, while we *thought* we saw broadbill, cool and redhead in unconscious security taking counsel as to the morning's flight.

As our eyelids drooped we almost thought we could hear the monotone of earnest preparation over at "Lane's" for the morrow's start; but a smile broke over our faces, for we knew "old Yiah" must start early indeed to interfere with our tried friends. And we slept. Slept, as not for a long, long time at home.

All too early came the rousing knock in the morning, but tumbling out of bed into ready and fitting habiliments, hot coffee, hot breakfast, and Mrs. Foster's beaming face started the day successfully, with guns well oiled with "dead-shot," ammunition bags and cases filled, and all things needful for a day's campaign, we fled out into the dark, each following his leader, before day gave any sign of breaking. The hoped-for wind was treacherous; only southerly, not southwest; only moderate and not fresh. But those comforting souls at the front called bravely of possible change for the better during the day, and Uncle Ed "threw in his lot" like a hero. What an anchor is Hope! Although we were off early we saw the dim outline of sails to the westward, and we knew that Lane's folks were also early starters.

Shall we tell of all the secret counsel and commings, the depth of profound skill and divination, the subtle knowledge of birds and haunts, that a little later planted our double battery in a certain place, and left us in our snug boxes surrounded by the most seductive of stools? Crumble this pen first.

Never were boxes tighter; never was a "rig" more deftly and skillfully set; never were two minds so determined on doing their whole duty; never were guns so carefully loaded and handled, as when we settled down, while the first bird—a glorious forerunner of coming scores—sped swiftly down the bay against the rosy sky of an awakening autumnal day.

The glory of sunrise! The beauty of early morn! With the ripple of clear water in one's ear, making melody while all nature is in a most subdued tuning, what wonder the heart acknowledges Supreme Goodness, and pays its willing tribute of recognition and gratitude!

So as it grows lighter the birds begin to fly; singles, in pairs, and fair bunches. We watch them on their swift course, and enjoy all things together, discoursing of the chances, and waiting for the sun to rise, for we are law-abiding, and may not shoot until Old Sol's eye is fairly on us.

It is nearly sunrise, when we see a bunch of six or seven wheeling round to drop to stool. Discerning whether yet to shoot if the chance offers, all doubt is dispelled by the double "boom" of two guns from another battery away to the east, and judging that the other fellows have caught sunrise in saying time, we rise and bring three with our first barrel and one with our second. A good opening for our first day's ducking in '81!

The ball has opened, and all day long the chances are taken with varying success. A brotherly rivalry between these two boxes lends additional zest to the sport, and individual scores are closely kept, while shouts to the "tender" as the sails are used to secure the prizes drifting to the leeward, urge George or Uncle Ed to an unflinching effort to secure the sun total.

The speeding hours fly too quickly. No time can be lost, so much is sent for and eaten in battery, while comparison of shots and scores is made, and the wonderful kills, which every gunner knows are always made, are discussed with gusto. A bunch of geese, high up, sailed over, and the first brant of the season were seen in the season and the nooning." After all this brotherly contest, and when toward night we called in the tender, took up rigs and sailed homeward with a goodly pile of birds, we counted (we'll never tell exactly how many) broadbills, redhead, coot, one venture some sprigtail; and each hammerless was credited with the same score of dead.

But of all batteries in the bay for that day—it came out later—we had the leading scores. In succeeding days the warring brothers cutshot him, and even brought to bay a solitary canvas-back.

And so was spent an entire week. On gunning days, always in battery, fair weather or foul, and one day proved a pouring rain—all day long—"off-days" bagging snipe and different bay birds, or taking long tramps back on to the hills flushing an occasional bevy of quail. Then we wished for "Ray" and "Pete," the faithful partners of our upland sport. How we slept! How we ate! We had found a panacea—better than bolus or draught.

All things came round to us again, however, and the unwelcome hour came round to leave this haven of enjoyment and active quiet, for further scenes of sport which claimed our renewing acquaintance.

We had ordered "Capt. Bill" to have the yacht waiting at Sug Harbor, with full supplies for a week's cruise, and the time had come to go down and board her. So we again shook hands all round and left Pondquoque for another year.

Quiet, peaceful spot! May your bells never fail, may your fowl always be in the season and in good numbers, and may "George" and "Uncle Ed" secure the lion's share till port and battery know them no more!

Later, if this long story does not bring sleep to some waiting watcher for FOREST AND STREAM, we may spin a yarn of our week's cruise through Gardner's Bay and around Montauk, which may not fail in this, if it does not excite appetite and good digestion.

A RECORD OF HONOR.

BY ANNE G. MALE.

"A NOTHER Victim of Hydrophobia" heads a paragraph in a letter by a mild dog. And this mild dog, with such excellent statements that one would suppose that over the weakest people carries diabolical intentions packed away in his innocent, docile-covered nodules, meeting only it opportunely for their fulfillment.

The evil that men do lives after them
The good is oft interred with their bones

wrote Shakespeare. True as this saying is in regard to human kind, it loses nothing if parodied thus:

The evil that dogs do doth live for aye,
The good, if recompensed—with gift of bones—
Is oft forgotten ere accomplished quite.

For such is the usual apportionment to the canine race.

So frequent is the mention of my mischief that a dog does, and so exultant the tone in which his misdeeds are related in most of our pulp prints, that there is little space for noticing, and little heed paid to the many acts of office and heavy duty that mark his career. His intelligence is granted, unquestioned; but who that has taken the trouble to note has not been convinced that for one culpable deed blazoned abroad one hundred virtues of commendation in private without a word of praise—one thing has been made to outweigh years of honest, useful and unobtrusive duty—one ebullition of anger or one demonstration of the old savage nature is allowed to cancel all obligations on the score of the most intrepid bravery, the most complete self-alienation? It is refreshing to meet occasionally with some acknowledgment of the valuable services rendered by these useful and noble creatures. If such acknowledgments could be offered more publicly the ill name that weighs so heavily on many of this much-maligned sort could be removed, and something like justice be accorded them in general estimation. It is reasonable to suppose that those acknowledgments would be forthcoming if some systematic arrangement of the matter were instituted.

An excellent method of settling the subject regularly before the public would be the establishment of a Record of Honor in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, in which every person may at liberty to place the name and praiseworthy deeds of any dog. The information thus obtained and disseminated would be both interesting and valuable.

It is in order to express this suggestion, I will commence the Record by mentioning one dog who will always have a green place in the memory of the little circle who know him best.

1. Jack, who rendered several years of faithful service as a dog in my father's family. A combination of the mastiff and the spaniel, he was extremely sagacious and docile. Though occasionally showing high temper, he was very affectionate and gentle to all who treated him kindly. A change of residence for the family made a change of homes for Jack absolutely necessary, and to the regret of those whom for so many years he had served so well. Soon after this change he sacrificed his life to the sense of duty; for to the last he was unflinching in his brave old hero! He was night keeper of his new master's store. This store, which adjoined the house, took fire. In the dead of night the family were aroused from sleep by Jack's loud and continuous barking. He might easily have been taken for a ferocious brute, but he remained at his post and perished by suffocation.

2. A recent English paper says that a child about two years old was saved from drowning by two dogs—a retriever and a terrier. The child belonged to a fishing family, and the dogs were his sister, Mr. Bell, of the Thirk estate. It was left to the trust of the sister. The sister being busy, the child strayed to a pond a short distance from the house, and his absence was not noticed till the children came into the house barking. The sister followed the dog, who went toward the pond, where she found the terrier holding the child above the water.

3. An Irish setter, Jack by name, a noble animal, the property of a Romish priest in Newburyport, Mass., early last spring, by the loss of his own life, was the means of saving others. His master was absent from the city, and Jack, who had charge of the care of the paragonage. Late in the evening the servant retired, leaving the dog in the dining-room below stairs. Toward morning one of them was awakened by the dog, who was dragging and pulling at his bedclothes and making a great noise. The chamber was filled with smoke, and the man had returned to arouse the other servants before flames burst from the walls. Poor Jack went down stairs to his usual resting-place and soon expired. When the fire was extinguished his remains were found unharmed. He had probably suffocated almost immediately after giving the alarm.

4. A full-blooded St. Bernard, who bears the proud title, Dom Pedro, was for a long time the pet of a friend and neighbor of mine. He had a voice clear as a bell, and a temper, like, however, to his own. He was very fond of his master, and by every of joke, sending its notes ringing and echoing all around the neighborhood, no one ever had reason to complain of the quantity or quality of the music he had made. Being playful and affectionate, he was a great favorite with the children. But once, in fun, in sheer make-believe, apparently, having returned to his love plays with a pretense of biting, one timid prentice made such complaint that he was banished from city life. And so Dom Pedro was banished from the city, and began to develop a fondness for Lucerne pursuits, enjoying all the pleasures of company of his master's cows and oxen as much as he had that of the city children, not only preferring their society by day but sharing their quarters through the night—a self-constituted guard and keeper. One night the miller was awakened from his peaceful slumbers by a great uproar in the barn, tramping and bellowing of the cattle, but, high above all, Dom's voice as if in expostulation and entreaty. He quickly dressed and hastened to the scene of action. His noble oxen had broken from their stalls, and were gorging themselves at themselves. Dom, if aware of the danger, was using his utmost exertions of voice, teeth and feet to dissuade the culprits from their suicidal feast. Had he not aroused their master, who, with no little trouble, had won them as such as could be made, he would have been a fearful sacrifice of fat cattle the next morning.

5. On the 24th of last May a house and barn at Andover, Mass., occupied by Robert S. Hayes, were burned. Probably the fire was incendiary. About two o'clock in the morning the family were awakened by the curious and noisy behavior of the dogs, and the bravery they undoubtedly owe their lives, for everything in the house, even all the clothing, was burned, and with the barn, nearly all the animals and farming utensils were lost.

It is a curious and interesting fact, that a very little terrier, who I have named George, and who is now in the hands of a friend, must confess enjoys startling the neighbors by his noisy behavior of barks. My friend has been sadly tried by this trick of her pet. But he is so affectionate in his disposition, and is such a comical bunch of good nature and intelligence, that his noise might easily be forgiven him. But, alas! some unkind, envious, spiteful to such orders from any one else, and he not refuse but the churl who stigmatized him as a "troublesome dog" gets a good share of growls and howls when he least desires them. These brief notices, the Record of Honor being now fairly opened, let us have enough of the good and the bad of the hundreds of worthy dogs. Let them have their full measure of merit, and that with promptness.

THE WILD HOG OF HAMPDEN.

BY B. HORSFORD.

(The incidents narrated in this paper are substantially true. The story has been told in print before, and has been rewritten for the FOREST AND STREAM.)

IT must have been between '48 and '50—particular dates not being necessary—that a little circle of friends made their headquarters in Wallace's saloon, a basement opposite Clark square in Springfield, Mass. Here they often met to drink health to the community, compare notes and experiences, relate exploits, and not unfrequently to all unite at once in discussion, when the weight of argument would be truly overwhelming. As these four persons figure largely in the story, a word of personal history seems necessary. One, a man of blood, a butcher, often sacrificed time instead of hogs when suckers, trout and pigeons were plenty; still his trade was a visible means of support. Another caught pigeons in early spring, shad in summer, and pigeons again after the Glorious Fourth; minks and muskrats in the fall; in the winter, nothing. Another did—well, we give it up. The last of the quartette was the puny husband of a dashing milliner, and, of course, he was left to help the others. On the whole, they were an easy, vagabond set, a Springfield necessity under the circumstances, and, as is often the case in great events, doubtless raised to meet the emergency.

Somewhere in the lofts above lived a man—sometimes called "Doctor"—broken in health and ambition, eking out an existence, if possible, more mysterious than either of the others. Sympathy drew him near, and sympathy and fellow-feeling opened the circle and he was admitted. But a strange depression was at once apparent. Rufus leaned his chin on the back of his chair; Sol bit off the stem of his pipe trying to smoke; Ruel often brought his fist down upon the table with terrible force, but said nothing. By judicious questions and great caution the Doctor at last reached their confidence and the reason why they were so cast down. They had spent a whole summer in futile attempts to capture a hog. Traps, nets, pitfalls, twine, stocks, alike availed nothing against the extreme caution of the creature. And to think a hog had done it! Had not Sol slain his thousands, and Ruel his? But we forbear! Here they were obliged to acknowledge defeat with aggravations, and no wonder they felt bad. "Damit," said Ruel, "he escaped in that general stampede down hill we read of, and the same devil possesses her still and helps her on." "My friends," said the Doctor, "the case is truly discouraging, but not hopeless. There is not a creature on the earth that must not fall before human intellect and human skill united. You have here the nicest of all jobs if cunning is to decide it, and the hardest if left to physical strength. You have before you a creature whose caution and endurance has no equal on this continent. Take renewed courage, for you will certainly fetch her at last." The meeting broke up, as it had so often done before, after a unanimous vote that "That hog must be caught!"

As we can make but little headway without the principal figure, we will go back and bring her up.

Some two years previous to this time Captain H.—, of the gun ship Medusa, was "up the Straits." "Hey on the Dardanelles!" While at some port in Asia Minor a native brought along a litter of five wild pigs for sale. Now, to see fresh pork appreciated, go to a general in war time or to a sea-captain on a long voyage. Only think of it—roast pig and homeward bound! Without loss of time a bargain was struck and the pigs carried on board. But hopes are often raised to be broken, and disappointment lurks where we least expect it. The little wretches would neither eat nor sleep, and the Captain saw with regret one after another given to the sharks as they died, till, on reaching the port of Boston, one sole survivor remained. The idea of pork in that directi— had entirely failed out, and skin and bones were consigned to the first friend willing to accept them. Soon exhausting both patience and perseverance, the pig was sent to Mr. Edward Cordis, of Longmeadow, a gentleman of leisure and means, that he might develop whatever might be hidden beneath that rough hide—and surely the chance grounds for improvement were most strikingly apparent.

The creature was placed in a pen, or high box, and showed up as fast as she grew her wild, untamable nature. Not one mouthful of food would she take while a human countenance was in sight, but would plunge into a hole she dug into the earth, with the vain hope of hiding from a human eye.

There was a plank eighteen inches high running across the pen to separate eating and sleeping apartments. She would mount on the edge of this plank and walk for hours back and forth without stepping off—ever restless, ever moving, searching for a hole to escape or hide.

After she was one year and a domestic male hog was placed in the pen; she brooked no such intrusion, and flew at him with all the ferocity of her nature, and he was withdrawn to save his life. Another trial was made with a regular old bruiser, and they fought continually till he was taken out sadly demoralized.

After this all hope of domestication or improvement was abandoned. The creature was kept and fed because—well, they didn't know what else to do with her. She had grown to the height of nearly three feet; long, lean, gaunt—not one inch round the shoulders or hips—and such a snout! Look at the illustration.

And so the year went by. People would call, look awhile at the creature and go away. At last a neighbor, having filled his pockets with acorns, threw them into the pen. She eagerly devoured them—the first food taken openly while, in confinement.

The night following she went out of a window eight feet from the floor, by either a standing leap or climbing the wall—a question never settled as to years afterward she went out where there was no hole before or afterward, demonstrating the presumption that she might or could have left by the key-hole or a crack in the boards just as well as by the window. At any rate, out she went and scooted for the nearest woods.

II.

The town of Longmeadow is divided into east and west sections by track of nine or a mile or more in breadth, reaching from Pecowick Brook, near Springfield, to the Shaker Village, in Enfield, Conn. This tract of abandoned land is covered with sand-blows, sloughs, swamps and underbrush chaparral. Here the Hog took up her abode; here she lived three years, and here the Pigeoners first made her acquaintance. She would visit the pigeon stands at night, eat the wheat, disturb things generally, heave the smooth beds into heaps, so that a visit from the owners was necessary in the morning to put things right for the pigeons. This caused great uneasiness—on one side at least—and had the male-dictions been half as effective as they were energetic, the Hog had been annihilated at once. Be that as it may, at the regular meeting the case assumed definite proportions, for they had each the same story to tell. The discussions were animated, the arguments conclusive, and the vote unanimous that this waste of wheat must proceed no further, and "That Hog must be caught."

About this time a mail came up from the Shakers of spoiliations not to be endured. "Ye and Nay" had heard that a "school-mistress was abroad," and now they had positive evidence of her proximity. They would plant potatoes through the day but to find them dug up at night by a creature of voracious appetite, while corn, beans and other "deposits" were removed unceremoniously. With proverbial philosophy they replanted again and again with the same results. Nothing was said aloud, but there were indications that pent-up feelings caused expressions the canons did not allow.

The first plan submitted was Hubbard's. He sunk two sugar "hogheads" (no pun was intended) in his pigeon-bed, one below the other, making a large well some ten feet deep, covering it with a trap to let her fall in while eating the bait placed in the centre, the whole covered with two inches of earth. The Hog came on to the bed, walked around the charmed circle night after night eating the wheat, but not one foot would she place on the trap or over the well, although smoothly covered with earth. At last this was voted "no go" and abandoned.

The next plan was Ruel's and Hubbard's together. They made a net of small cord, attaching it slightly to four poles like quilting frames, and suspended it by ropes to fall squarely upon the Hog's back, when, by a jump, she would carry the whole net with her and roll upon the ground, enveloped like a Sioux baby, and just as helpless. The thing was all figured out and the result certain. The net was set and the Hog went under it and, while eating in the centre, sprung the trap. The net had three feet to fall, while she had more than six feet to jump; but she cleared it in time, striking some ten feet outside. But this was only a slight mistake in figures. The net was raised higher, and, after a little coaxing,

she again ventured under it; then they lowered it a little more and repeated the operation till it almost touched her back. The trap was again set, and the net fell squarely upon her. As though she had from a mortar she went through the net, making a large hole, but without breaking the slender attachments to the poles. What was said on viewing the premises the next morning is not recorded. Hubbard was too thoroughly bred to come to express on all occasions what he felt, and Ruel got relief somehow, for he came

into the next meeting cool and collected.

The following winter an attempt was made to run the creature down with dogs and either capture or kill her; at any rate, to rid the farmers of an outlaw and relieve the Springfield band of disgrace accumulated until the cannon's bark was dreadfully warped. True, parties from Hartford, Worcester and intermediate places had hunted the Hog till fully satisfied. But then, they didn't know much; and how should they? "None of 'em ever seen a wild hog."

Notes from a journal kept at the saloon will best describe the hunt with dogs and the result:

Monday night at Wallace's.—The Hog started early and ran well, but the dogs pressed her so closely that she had hard work to keep ahead.

Tuesday night.—She kept clear of the dogs by doubling on her track, but evidently showed great fatigue.

Wednesday night.—She held out wonderfully, but was left near Pecowick Brook, a mile from Springfield, all beat out.

Thursday night.—Found her ten miles from where they left her the night before. The Doctor said she was getting stiff in the joints from lack of exercise, and had merely taken an evening walk to keep in trim.

Friday night.—"She runs like the devil," was about all that could be got out of them.

Saturday night.—"Damit," said Ruel, "I measured jumps to-day of sixteen to eighteen feet, and the brute runs better than she did Monday."

All hope of running down the Hog with dogs was given up; all plans thus far had proved abortive, and the depredations continued. When corn was green she would enter the fields and "eat like a hog." When the corn was out, not one ear would she eat in the field. She would come out of the woods only in the night, walk straight to a shock of corn, seize a bundle and retrace her tracks to the woods, and there, in a dark corner, eat it. She would mount a fence and walk like a cat upon it. Once only was her track seen around the pen of a domestic hog. One day a pack peddler crossing the woods was horrified to see a large black creature bound into the road behind him. Dropping his pack he "went for his life," and the Hog went for "hern." Looking over his shoulder the pack was mistaken for the Hog in pursuit. At any rate he told a terrible story of his escape.



III.

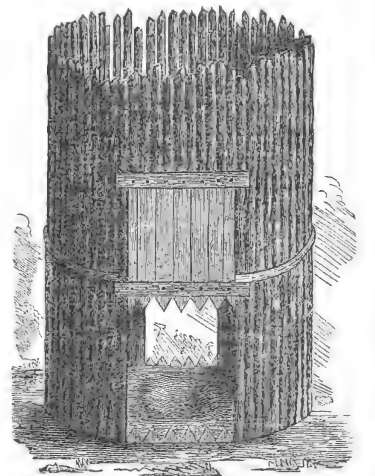
We believe this the only view of the Hog obtained in the three years of constant warfare in which she lived. Invisible to human eyes she would make tracks just as long as men or dogs chose to follow. She would leave the fleetest with laps of twelve to sixteen feet by actual measurement; she would double on her tracks, and then by a tremendous leap sidetrack the surest hound.

The next effort to capture the Hog was the third summer after her escape. This plan was to stockade around a depression in the ground made by digging out rabbits. She was decoyed to the place by scattering buckwheat from a pigeon-bird close by to a small heap in the hole at the bottom. Leaving a space for entrance, they began a stockade, right and left, of hard pine trees to six inches in diameter around this depression, adding to it daily, and setting them over two feet deep in the earth. The plan captivated the Doctor in the outset, who said, "There is science in it and you will certainly catch her, because her hips while eating are full forty-five degrees higher than her head; consequently she must bring her hind feet down to her nose, then raise her head forty-five degrees before she can jump, which will be most certainly a little late to reach the opening. And another thing, when you close the stockade on the other side she won't go in"—as it proved. The opposite side opened, she again went in to feed.

They then closed the stockade some six feet high, and the entrance in the same manner, then hooped the whole and spiked all together. The Hog entered fearlessly so long as the way seemed clear beyond. The trap was so made that moving a little stick in the pile of wheat while eating would let fall both gates at once. A gun was lashed to the stockade which the fall of the gates would fire off.

Having got all things fixed, the friends took their station half a mile away and waited—waited—all night. But she would be hungry, and the next night would surely bring her. This sprung the Doctor, and the second night he lay in the woods with them, but no signal nor sign was heard.

The third night proved that she knew all the time "somebody was round," so the fourth night they all stayed at home. Between nine and ten the next morning, the friends having overslept from broken rest, approached the palisades, and seeing the gates down sprang forward with a shout, and mounting the palisades looked in, and then at each other. Ruel looked at Rufus and Rufus at Ruel. To say that they were astonished is a failure; blank amazement is a failure, and we doubt whether any language short of Feejee could



express their looks—there was no Hog there! Language failed entirely, wrath refused to explode.

Not so thought the Hog a few hours before. She was undoubtedly surprised to see a gate shut in her face just as she was going through it, and more surprised to find one shut behind her at the same time. She probable took in the whole scope of the question at once. Caught at last; now to get out, and that immediately. Palisades fifteen feet high—no hope in that direction. The gates looked like Saurian teeth—no hope there. She went round the pen with a ditch two feet deep, throwing the earth to the centre and laying bare the stockades nearly to the bottom; then taking the weakest and only possible spot, drove her nose between the posts and literally "following her nose" forced her body out, the stockade closing entirely behind her.

The next meeting at Wallace's was "so solemn as a court of justice." Little was said, no speeches were made, and the usual vote was brought out only by peremptory demand of ayes and noes—and feeble at that. The truth was, a general demoralization had fallen upon them all. They even doubted the Doctor's philosophy, because he only said they would catch her, implying doubt of their ability to keep her when caught. They doubted everything. But sorrow and disappointment wear off in time, and the cause remaining still fresh and vigorous courage and hope again revived. "That Hog must be caught!"

In the southern part of the Hog country toward the Shaker village was what was called the Big Swamp. On its eastern borders there was a tavern or public house where the comforts of life were always obtainable and where foreign parties made their headquarters and recruited strength after the fatigues of a chase.

IV.

As the hunt continued year in and year out, the unbelieving and profane began to point in derision at the place with the remark that a "stripped pig" in the barn was the only Hog in the neighborhood, and that the hunt was never off the premises; a vile slander as every one testified who hunted the Hog. But through evil as well as good report the Springfield band held to their first love and first resolution. The Hog lived, and, dead or alive, "we shall fetch her at last." The Doctor said as if he didn't know, who does? And, besides, there was a terrible weight of responsibility resting on them; their reputation as hunters was at stake. And then the "championship of America" rested entirely on their shoulders, and as men of principle, having a good hold of the plow handles, looking back wasn't there.

There was in all this time occasionally a man to be found "fighting on his own hook," and slyly endeavoring to bear off the honor of capturing or killing the Hog while the regulars were beating the bush. One hunter found himself in front of a switch-up which would have slung a dog or dog "higher'n a kite" had a foot been put in it. There was also exhibition of three bristles and a piece which Eskrine carried in his wallet and often displayed to the less fortunate, and which he said he cut from her side at less than forty yards. Much of this credit, however, was due to the gun. Wasn't it a-rusher? "I saw him put into that iron a handful of powder, then a plug or wad, then sixteen buckshot, then another plug, then sixteen more buckshot, then another plug, making thirty-two fine rifle balls." Now if "unlatching" the crank in the breech, the Hog brought only the trophies mentioned, it was nothing to brag of much. If any man doubts the truth of this last assertion, we give him the full benefit of the doubts. We simply state what was stated to us; we would add, however, that it was and is considered derogatory to doubt each other's word. Isn't the man's word who "saw it done," more reliable than any number of men who didn't "saw" it? In this connection we must not pass lightly over an important part carried by a man in the edge of Somers in Connecticut. He was a thorough sportsman, drove a good horse, kept the best hounds in the state, and if his purse had a bottom, we think he never saw it. It was fitting, therefore, that Sol should be elected general-in-chief, and as the "puss" afore-said was the only one in the company, the election virtually made him quarter-master, sutler, surgeon-general and head of the sanitary commission.

The last plan was matured with deliberation. They met on it; they "sot" on it; they slept on it, so that when unfolked to the public it was such an exhibition of generalship, human skill, and human endurance combined, as is only met in a century. When the plans were laid out, "the standard of the prophet" was raised, and a hundred stalwart men raised their arms. We do not mean guns, for a three-years' war had pretty conclusively shown that in hunting this Hog fire-arms were an incubance. True, a good many shots had been fired into the swamps where the Hog might or might not have been, in the early years of the hunt; but now it had come to be believed that a man on a smart horse might traverse the Hog country with tolerable safety.

It was about the time that a member of a party from Hartford to find, seeing the bushes more, "used a gun" and had the Hog been where his dog was, he might have been hurt. As it resulted, he told at night how his dog seized the Hog and was quickly dismembered in the contest.

But this is a digression. The hotel on the confines of the big swamp was turned into a camp and filled with men eager to do or die, as might be necessary. Two men were to start the Hog from her lair and pursue with "expedition," stamping out every track as they went. Parallel roads cross'd the Hog country, and the hunters, and in these roads sleighs were plying back and forth with fresh teams. Where the tracks crossed the road two fresh men were let loose and when the pursuers came up they were taken up to be dropped again or unbalanced up to camp for repairs or exchange. You will see that by this method she was driven as no dogs could do it, and soon found there was trouble behind. She would shoot from pursuers but to find them close at her heels. She would double, twist, and repeat on her tracks but lost every time, while the call for tracks was incessant. At dark, the hunters which were lighted, were ordered to clear through the trees, with an occasional "wo!" for encouragement, a horn-added terror to the fight. Tuesday and Tuesday night, Wednesday and Wednesday night, and Thursday, passed in this way—and Thursday, just at night, the pursuers caught a fair view of the Hog, the first, with one or two exceptions, in the three years preceding.

That night she made the most desperate efforts to confuse her pursuers—and she lost every time. Friday morning opened with the Hog in the fire, and the pursuit grew intense. If it had from a woman she would fall as if shot, and then bound forward as the pursuers came up. Friday afternoon the final struggle came on and also off. Sol with a fellow craft took two heavy Newfoundland dogs into a sleigh, and they were driven to the woods for the death struggle. The Hog went reeling across the road just in front of the horse; the men, coats and hats off, sprang from the sleigh; the dogs fastened one on her hind quarter, the other on her opposite foreleg. She dragged them into the woods with the seeming power of a locomotive. The men came up, and Sol, plunging in between the dogs, seized one hind leg which he took to the other side of a tree in passing; this brought all up and siding; the assistant seized the other hind leg on the opposite side, and the Hog was thus resting on her forefeet, her hindfeet high up, and astride of a tree, in the hands of two men not likely to let go. Then, not a yell but a "hollo!" went through the woods for miles. The irruption of a volcano would not have told more surely where to run, the men in sleighs, "the cattle lot," by high ways and by-ways, cross-ways and all ways. In a few minutes all were there. A noise was first thrown over that pair of jaws, then the feet securely tied, then the Hog was hoisted into a sleigh, and the cavalcade—twenty-five teams, slightly demonstrative—strated for Springfield. There was "music on the breeze" a mile in advance of the line; the shouts, not abating, soon degenerated into sounds hoarse and uncouthly, which brought every household out of doors, in fear and wonder as to the uproar. The said powder mill was blowing up; some thought and thought they knew.

Arrived in Springfield and remembering the stockade, a stall in a horse stable was boarded up and the Hog placed in it, with a double guard outside—a modest insinuation that you don't catch us napping again.

The poor Hog had now no place to hide. She squatted on a little pile of straw in the middle of the stall, and, shivering with fear, seemed only striving to sink from human sight. The Doctor came in, and looking through a crevice not half an inch wide noticed that she had her eye on that side the instant that his own was fastened upon it; he went to the

opposite side, and she closed that in the same manner. This was several times repeated, to substantiate a rare phenomenon in natural history—the effect of hopeless terror. The dogs did not tear her flesh badly, in no case touching the functions of life; the exhausting chase could not have done so, but to these add fear, the most powerful emotion known to organic life, and you have an intelligent solution of the "why" she thus squatted on a handful of straw, closed her eyes—and in a few hours was dead. She was really scared to death.

Thus perished the Wild Hog of Hampden. The wrath of the Springfield band was assuaged.

The skin of the Hog was set up by the writer, and the stuffed effigy, grim, savage and threatening, was preserved in a glass case in Springfield for many years. Afterward it was taken to Boston, where it graced a private museum, until the great fire came; and it was destroyed in the flames.

There is a truth, broad and deep, underlying this story of life, which the doctor wishes may never be separated from it. It is the progenitor of our domestic hog at first, the most untamable creature on the earth, just as the Creator blocked it out and left us to finish up. An article of food suited to men as wild and savage as itself, they seem to have followed down the course of time and progress of humanity, merging at last into the creature we now possess; just as we have passed from savage to civilized life. Six thousand years, more or less, was required in either case. The type is not lost, but we have made substantially a new creature. The red-headed woodpecker in all our domestic animals and fowls. By domestication we enlarge, enoble, beautify and increase capacity of usefulness the orders of life below us. It is our part of the work of creation, just as active and efficient today as in the beginning, and successful just in proportion as we study and follow the immutable laws which in every case govern and regulate organic life.

Natural History.

HOW TO PREPARE BIRD SKINS.

A TEXAS correspondent writes: "Can you direct me how to remove and preserve the skins of birds so that they may be mounted by a taxidermist?" We can certainly give directions which will enable our correspondent, if he has patience and perseverance, to make skins which a taxidermist can mount, but we venture to say that his first essays at skin making will not be satisfactory. To unpracticed fingers a bird skin is a very delicate thing to handle, but use will soon give the requisite dexterity. Our method of making skins is as follows:

Fill the bird's throat with cotton, and plug nostrils and any large shot holes with the same. Place the specimen on its back on a table with the tail toward you. Break both wings close to the body. Separate feathers along the median line of lower breast and belly, and make an incision from the posterior extremity of the sternum to a little beyond the vent, taking care not to cut through the walls of the abdomen. Push the skin aside and raise it on one side until the knee joint is visible, using the handle of your knife and your fingers, and avoiding cutting as much as possible. Do the same on the other side. Cut off the legs at the knee, skin down carefully as near to the tail as possible, and then divide the vertebrae, taking great care not to cut through the skin. Stand the bird on the point of its breast, and push the skin down toward the shoulders, working it down evenly and using the knife little or not at all. Cut off wings at break, and continue to work the skin down until it has passed over the head, and is thus turned inside out. Pull out the delicate ear membrane with the finger nails and cut that behind the eye, taking care not to injure the eyelid. Remove the eyes, taking care not to puncture them; and having cut off the head, cut away the tongue and all the flesh from the skull. Break away the base of the skull and remove the brain. Cut away the broken end of the humerus, and the flesh lying between the radius and ulna, loosening with the thumb nail the quill feathers from the latter. Skin legs down to tibio-tarsal joint, and remove the flesh. Powder the inside of the skin everywhere with white arsenic. Use plenty. Place a pellet of cotton large enough to fill it in each orbit, and with large birds wrap a little cotton around the legs. Turn the skin right side out again and draw out legs and wings into proper position. Give the skin a few shakings and the feathers will fall into their proper places. Take the bird by the neck about as thick as the bird's neck and carefully introduce it into the neck, making sure that it passes up into the skull and does not catch the skin and push that into the brain cavity. See that the neck is short and thick rather than long and slender. Introduce another little bit of cotton into the throat from below, to give that the requisite fullness. Fill the body with cotton until it is about the size of the bird in life. Do not get it too large. (Close the opening in the belly by two or three stitches, or by a pin or two. Open the eyelids and pull the skin about the head up or down, as may be necessary to give the head and neck a natural appearance.)

To fix the wings in position is the most difficult part of the whole process. They must be placed close to the sides of the body, as the bird holds them when alive, and to get them in just the right position will take considerable practice. The wing must be pulled upward and backward, that is, toward the head and back of the bird, and the scapular feathers be brought forward over it. It should then be bent and placed close to the side, the feathers of the breast covering its border. If its position is right there will be no feathers standing on end near it; if wrong, the feathers will point half a dozen ways. It must be made right, or as nearly so as possible; for as it is left so it will dry, and then, after the other wing has been arranged, and any stray feathers that are out of place have been lifted into their proper position, the specimen should be placed on its back in a half cylinder of paper, pasteboard or tin, in such a way that its back will be properly rounded, and left to dry. Before leaving it, however, the feet should be crossed and tied together, the bill prevented from opening by a pin or a thread run through one nostril and the throat and tied. A label giving age, sex, locality, date of capture, collector's name, and any other items of interest, should be tied to the feet. Some collectors place the birds to dry in paper cones, others put a wide band of paper about the shoulders, and others still merely support the shoulders and wings by wads of cotton. A little attention paid to the skin while drying will pay for the trouble attending it.

BEECHNUTS AND WOODPECKERS.

LOOMIS GROVE, Lewis Co., N.Y., Nov. 20, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the issue of your paper, dated Nov. 17, 1891 (p. 307), is a brief note, headed "Habits of Red-headed Woodpeckers." Its author, "S. Sialis," a writing from Bradford, Pa., speaks with the air of finding the red-headed woodpecker (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*) engaged in picking beechnuts, and says that he was told by a wood-chopper that they were gathering winter's supplies. After some remarks upon the habits of a Western congener you append a note from Ned Buntline to the effect that he shot one of these birds in the act of picking beechnuts from the tree. Now, I am not aware that our species lays up provisions for winter's use, but I have long known that it fed extensively up in nuts, and finally by the middle of the year. In my "Re-view of the Birds of Connecticut" (p. 66) you will find the following: "In Northern New York (Lewis Co.) during certain seasons, 'they' subsist almost exclusively on beechnuts, of which they evidently are extremely fond, eating them apparently with equal relish, whether green or fully matured. It is truly a beautiful sight to watch these magnificent birds, together with their equally-abundant cousins, the yellow-bellied woodpeckers (*Sphyrapicus varius*), creeping about after the manner of the warblers among the small branches and twigs, which bend low with their weight, while picking and husking the tender nuts, the bright crimson of the head, neck and breast, the glossy blue-black back and creamy-white belly, together with the scarcely less striking colors of their yellow-bellied companions, contrasting handsomely with the deep-green foliage."

My field notes during the past ten years prove beyond question that the presence or absence of the red-headed woodpecker in Northern New York in winter is governed almost by the abundance of the beechnut crop, and is in no way dependent upon the severity of the winter. There is not a large yield of mast every year, but with us a full crop "happens round" pretty uniformly every other fall, at least such has been the case during the period (10 years) covered by my notes. It is also a fact that mild winters are apt to follow good beech-nut years.

According to notes kept by Dr. C. L. Bagz and myself, the species under consideration was abundant here during the winters of 1871-72, 1873-74, 1875-76, 1877-78, 1879-80, and 1881-82. The beginning of the winter of 1881-82, they are still here in numbers, and will doubtless remain throughout the winter. Each of these winters followed a bountiful supply of nuts. During the alternate winters—1872-73, 1874-75, 1876-77, 1878-79 and 1880-81—they were either rare or did not occur at all. Hence with us a good squirrel year is synonymous with a good year for *Melanerpes*, and *vice versa*. Of course by far the greater portion of the beechnut crop falls to the ground and is buried beneath the snow, where it is inaccessible to the woodpeckers; yet enough nuts hang on the trees to furnish abundant subsistence to those species that fed upon them. Besides the red-headed and yellow-bellied, the hairy woodpecker (*Picus villosus*) and the downy (*P. pubescens*) eat largely of mast and are most numerous during beech-nut years.

C. HART MERRIAM, M. D.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since I wrote you last about the red-headed woodpecker eating nuts, an old woodchopper of this county has told me that he has often found the holes and nests of these birds, which winter here, full of beechnuts and seeds. He says the extreme cold so freezes rotten wood, grubs and all, that the woodpecker, like the squirrel, would starve but for the stores they lay up. They do not bud, as the ruffed grouse will, in cold weather, keeping in good condition on birch buds, etc. In regard to the damage the red-headed does to birds, etc., your other correspondent is right. The little cussies are regular pirates. They kill and destroy everything in their way, and where they are plenty will drive grays squirrels away, though the latter are their size. The gray is no fighter. The red is all for fight.

Yours truly,

NED. BUNTLINE.

Engle's Nest, Nov. 19, 1891.

* Why many of your correspondents still persist in publishing natural history notes over some outlandish non de phrase is to me as incomprehensible as it is deplorable. Such notes are often of scientific interest, but they are not worth the space they occupy in your paper, if accompanied by the author's name, while as they are utterly worthless.

THE DIVINING ROD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Polytechnic Association, a branch of the American Institute, meets Thursday evenings, from September to June, room 34, Cooper Union Building, New York City, at the request of the Board of Trustees. On November 17, an excerpt was read from a Western newspaper, to the effect that so practical business men as the engineers of a large railroad were using a divining rod, presumably the ancient forked twig of witch hazel, to aid in determining where to dig for water along the line of the road.

The President thought it within the province of the association to compare notes on this matter. He did not know of any candid efforts to determine the efficiency or the fraud of these fabulous modes of finding running water. It was not easy to subject the matter to rigorous experiment. It was alleged that only certain persons, perhaps morbidly sensitive persons, could make the stick perform, and that only the witch hazel, *Hamamelis virginica*, or the *Ulmus montana*, would serve.

Dr. P. H. Vanderweyde had seen experiments made with wire bent and twisted together to form a corresponding fork, which had been alleged, and probably correctly, to produce the same effect as witch hazel. The magical dinner failed completely in attempting with his limber spring to find water pipes in a house. By its aid he located them confidently in the wrong place. It was a mere guess.

Two gentlemen said they had known instances where what was called a divining rod had been used, and abundant underground currents found. They could not give particulars. The general result appeared to sustain the ancient notion.

Professor Keith had seen experiments in Colorado with a split stick of the required slenderness. They were not particular what wood was used, or its condition as to dryness. A skillful operator could make it point downward or upward at will, without any apparent change of his muscles.

Mr. Sutherland believed, with the last speaker, that all the magic about the alleged finding of water by the divining rod lay simply in the fact that some men, otherwise ignorant, bad, by intuition or by practice, acquired excellently at judgment in locating wells. They used the forked hazel simply as a blind.

Mr. J. W. Sutton had known an expert in this line in the Seneca River valley in this State, an ignorant, intemperate man, whose success was remarkable. The wells in that district were from fifteen to thirty feet deep, with great differences in the depth and productiveness. It was particularly important to strike one of the strong underground streams. In some formations it is of little consequence where we dig. We would get water from sand on Long Island or Cape Cod, with about the same liability in all situations.

That man had a great local fame. He used a slender crotched twig of green wood, alleged to be witch hazel, about three feet long, the butt about one foot and the arms about two feet each. He held it by the small ends, one in each hand. It was sufficiently flexible to describe about a quarter circle by its weight. He walked solemnly and as steadily as his condition would allow, holding the simple twig before him with one fork in each hand, the butt end depending by its weight so as to hold about, say six inches lower than his hands. It was not easy to be certain that there was any marked increase in the descents or plunges of the free end at the place he would light on, but the operator seemed to feel or believe there was a difference, and he usually, and he believed universally, selected favorable places. A remarkably copious well near the public square in Waterloo, N. Y., was located by that man, using the forked twig and professing to be aided thereby.

ELK HORNS IMBEDDED IN WOOD.

PINEY FALLS, NOV. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The skull of a bighorn imbedded in the trunk of a tree, as illustrated in your issue of November 3, reminds me of a somewhat similar circumstance, which was related to me in my younger days by an old Indian chief, who was one of the few wise counsellors of the Seneca Nation. Although an Indian, he was a man of rare qualities, and great perceptive faculties, and I may say possessed all the virtues of an Indian, with but few vices of the white man. He stood six feet in his moccasins, and was considered the best shot and one of the best hunters in all that region. When in his communicative moods I have listened with eager attention to his graphic and matter of fact descriptions of many exciting incidents which occurred during the eventful life of this old veteran of the forest. I shall not attempt to note down the particulars of a very interesting elk hunt, as related by the Indian, except so much as relates to a pair of horns, the substance of which was about as follows: He, with several other Indians, had killed a large elk with uncommonly large antlers, and having packed the meat, which they had to carry a long distance, each one having a heavy load, they were compelled to leave the horns, which were taken off with the upper part of the head, and placed or wedged in the forks of a stout sapling, four or five feet from the ground. Here they remained fourteen years, as he ascertained when passing that way again for the first time since they had left them. The tree had grown to more than double its former size, and still larger where the forks joined. The wood had grown entirely over the skull and had closed up around the butts of the horns, which gave them the appearance of having grown out of the solid timber. They were apparently sound, but were bleached out nearly to the whiteness of chalk. ANTLER.

NOTES ON FELICA AMERICANA—Vicksburg, Miss., Nov. 17, 1881.—The bird called "mud hen" at the north "pull doo" here, and "Indian hen" at New Orleans, must be very prolific, or else their wonderful increase must be attributed to the fact that, being nearly worthless as an article of food, they are not killed off by hunters. Webster describes them as "a bluish-black vading bird (*Felica Americana*), common in the United States—the *Rallus crepitans* of the south." Just before leaving Lincoln, Nebraska, in the latter part of October, in a small lake or marsh near Ashland, I think I saw at least ten thousand of these birds. They were so numerous and restless that they interfered materially with the shooting by our party at ducks. I came down here by river from St. Louis about the 1st of November, and found great flocks of them in the water the entire distance. Here the darkeys find them an easy prey to their old muzzle-loaders, and take them in out of the wet on all occasions as a sweet morsel. Last week a commission merchant here received a mud-hen in a coop of chickens that had been shipped him by Mr. Goforth of St. Charles, a little town out in the pine woods on the railroad east of here. It being quite a curiosity several called to see the stranger. It seemed to be quite gentle, but had a warlike disposition, and delighted in pecking at any one who came near it. I wrote Mr. Goforth asking him to give me its history. He replied saying that it had been picked up on the roadside by a little boy, that it made no effort to get out of the way, that his son kept it in a coop three or four days, and then, as nobody out there would eat it, he thought it would make a nice dish for Vicksburg, winding up by saying that as I seemed to like the bird he would try to send me some more. He said they were known out there by the name of "thumb-pinchers," the name no doubt originating from the habit of the bird of pecking at every finger pointed near its sharp white beak. What was this bird doing out among the pines on dry land, away from its watery element?—BRIAN H. POLK.

MICHIGAN NOTES—Cadillac, Michigan, November 17, 1881.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Deer hunting in this part of the State cannot be called a success so far this season on account of too much rain. A party of three of us spent three days in the woods, and succeeded in getting three the last day, two does and a buck. One of the does was a crotch horn and weighed about 100 pounds. I should judge about four years old and had apparently been dry for the last season. The first snow fell November 3, and was all gone by the 17th. A small flock of snow buntings was observed October 15; a fine snowy owl, October 28. The redpoll limits came November 2, and the 4th of the morning of the 2d the first English sparrow reached Cadillac. If the rain would only hold up this sport could be had here, for there is plenty of deer, ruffed grouse, geese and duck shooting. The black-backed woodpecker (*Picoides arcticus*) is a resident here, as is also the pilated woodpecker (*Lygobates pilatus*). I have secured one specimen of the banded-backed woodpecker (*Picoides maculatus*). The pine limnet (*Chrysomitris pinus*) is now very common here. Last summer I found the snow bird (*Juncus hyemalis*) and the white-throated sparrow (*Zonotrichia albicollis*) breeding here. Taking into consideration I think this a fine field for the ornithologist sportsman. A. B. COVART.

Game Bag and Gun.

DEER AND PARTRIDGE.

NEAR THE ADIRONDACKS, NOV. 23, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is only a short time since I returned from my yearly trip to the South-woods, as we call the Adirondacks here, where I have been since the first of August, most of the time in camp on the Sixteen-mile Level, above Blue Mountain, in the St. Regis district.

Owing to the uncertainty of getting my mail, I did not leave orders for the *FOREST AND STREAM* to be forwarded to me. I was nearly repaid for the loss, however, by having such a large quantity of good reading on hand at one time. I have been greatly interested in reading the reminiscences of hunting and fishing trips that have appeared in the late numbers. Nearly all in some part of them remind one of like experiences they themselves have gone through at one time or another in times gone by. I have been interested on the subject of rust spots in gun barrels. There seems to be a great variety of opinion as to the cause as well as to the best preventive. If I think, as you first suggested, to be careful not to get the barrels perfectly clean, and then use nothing but the best of oils as a preservative as any recommended.

Deer were plenty all over the St. Regis district when I came away. Any one wishing for a locality to still-hunt could not find, I think, within the Adirondacks, a better place to go the remainder of the season than to Blue Mt., and hunt in the tract of country south and west of there. There is a great tract of unbroken wilderness there which has been but very little hunted. It is the home of deer and other large animals found within the Adirondack region, and is a sort of reservoir of game, from which the districts on its borders, which are easy of access, keep up their supply. It is also a place of refuge for the game when hunted to excess with dogs in those localities.

Those who may wish to go there to hunt will find as good and cheap accommodations at the Blue Mt. House as can be found anywhere at any establishment of the kind within the Adirondacks. The house is just on the northern border of the above tract of wilderness; and one could hunt over the northern part of it and keep the districts on its borders. There is also a splendid tract of country for still hunting several miles in extent, bordering on the river to the east of the Blue Mt. House, beginning only about three-quarters of a mile away, and reaching to Meacham Lake, some eight or ten miles across it. Partridges and squirrels are plenty near the house in any direction one may choose to go.

I was intending to say something about the fishing on the Level in August and also about the slaughter of deer there, through the early part of the summer, but I shall reserve that for another time.

Here in Northern New York, in Franklin county, at least, for the last two years, partridges have been unusually plenty. And we have all these agencies that have been mentioned as destructive—the pot-hunters, foxes, squirrels, hawks, owls, breech-loading shot-guns, etc., all except the "snare." During the forty years I have resided and hunted in Northern New York I have never yet seen a snare set for bird or animal. We have as cold winters as they do almost anywhere within the United States, and plenty of winter that prey upon the ruffed grouse with the number of pot-hunters, fox-hunters, men and boys also; yet partridges are plenty, as the following figures will show:—There is a man here in Franklin county, who has been buying partridges for market ever since the season opened. (He tells me he has bought and shipped already this season 2,000 partridges, and expects before the season is over to get as many more. He had bought on the day I saw him (last Friday) thirty-two. He has promised to let me know how many he has received when he is done buying. A man living near his village has shot at odd spots now and then upward of seventy this season with the help of a little cur dog he has. During the past month several partridges have been seen in the yards and gardens within the village. I scoured one up myself the other morning out of a yard in front of the school house here, as I was passing by. About a week ago, as a young man living in the village was dressing himself one morning, he saw a partridge sitting in an apple tree near his bedroom window. There happened to be a gun in the room already loaded, and when he got up and opened the window, he shot the bird and had it cooked for his breakfast.

The 2,000 partridges bought up by the person referred to above were nearly all killed in the northwest portion of the county, over a territory about twenty by eight miles in extent. He has boys and young men shooting for him all over this part of the county, and goes round once in so often and picks them up. Out of the 2,000 bought, I don't think twenty-five were shot on the wing. We have shooters here who can cut off the head of a partridge four times out of five shots, but I know of none that can drop one on the wing twice out of five shots. No one about here thinks it is unwise to shoot to shoot a partridge when sitting or in any position they can get the chance. And I find all sportsmen that come here from abroad think the same after they get here.

I shall not attempt to account for the scarcity of partridges in many localities where they formerly have been plenty. But here I have always noticed, that if we had a cold and rainy season during the hatching time of the partridge, that they would always be scarce the following fall. On the other hand, if the weather is warm and dry, they are always plenty, as has been the case here the last two seasons. Although the partridge, like the goose, when grown is a hardy bird, there is no bird more tender when first hatched, except the gosling.

Of course many partridges are destroyed every year as well as other birds by animals and birds of prey. But no more so of late years than formerly, when the country was first settled. So I don't think the trouble can be charged to them. It may be, as you suggest, that the partridge fly that troubles them in some localities. I have examined a number of partridges here, and have only found one that had the fly on it.

The red squirrels were very plenty here last season and are so this year. There is one thing I don't understand, and which is, that last year I found on the Sixteen-mile Level more spruce partridges than any other kind, but this year I have not seen the first one. What has become of them all I don't know; but they have either left for other parts, or have been destroyed in some manner. I found the boxes and leathers last season of several near my camp that had been killed by minks, as I suppose. The mink tracks were plentiful around some I found on soft ground. But I cannot think the mink destroyed

them all. Good partridge hunting can be found now in the woods south of here, where they have not been hunted so much. Those near the settlements have become very wild, and when flushed fly a long distance before alighting. And I doubt very much that the man who is buying them here will get the 2,000 more he expects to this season.

ADRIAN ONDACK.

THE HURLING GROUSE AGAIN.

NEW YORK, NOV. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If your correspondent "L. I. F.," who writes from McDonald's Corner, N. B., will practice on ruffed grouse in the way that all of us who can hit them have done, he will soon learn to kill birds in such a style that his tutors in shooting will open their eyes to a new revelation of possibilities. Let me suggest to L. I. F. that the way to kill ruffed grouse is to shoot at them on sight and not to wait for a straightaway open shot.

When I first began to shoot them, it was in company with an old-shooter, who averaged one ruffed grouse to every two shots, day in and day out, and he fired at every grouse that he saw, too, no matter whether the bird was just dodging behind a tree, or describing a corkscrew around a bunch of alders, or exhausting Euclid in geometrical curves. My instructions were to "always aim at a bird on sight, no matter where he was, or whether there was any chance of my hitting him or not." Those instructions I carefully followed, and now a good many years having elapsed, and a good many ruffed grouse having come to grief, it is a positive pleasure to me to have a grouse do his worst when he bursts forth from the brush. A good many shooters have seen your humble servant in the brush, and although they have often seen much better shots, they can nevertheless tell you that something is liable to happen to a grouse when he gets up within gunshot of

MARK WEST.

LORD DUNRAVEN AND NOVA SCOTIA GAME LAWS.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, NOV. 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has been called to an article in the *New York World* on the above subject, purporting to give the result of an interview with Earl Dunraven, which contains so many gross misstatements of facts, and misrepresentations as to the nature of the game laws of this Province, as to demand a reply. Lord Dunraven is reported to have stated that he was arrested for hunting without a license "under a law of one of the counties of Nova Scotia, and on the ground that he had failed to take out a county license, though he had applied for a general license for shooting in the Province." This is not correct. There are no game laws in this Province applicable to one county more than another, and there are no "county licenses," as Lord Dunraven well knows; for he is perfectly well posted in our game laws, and on a former occasion had to pay a fine for their breach. Our system of game laws is a very simple one, and easily understood by those who wish to do so. Game licenses are granted to persons not having their domicile in Nova Scotia who may wish to hunt therein, for which a fee of thirty dollars is charged for one year. This is a general license for the whole Province, and they are issued in Halifax, but for the convenience of sportsmen, who may enter the Province for sporting purposes at outlying districts, a number of licenses are deposited with the clerk of the peace of different counties in which the game districts lie, who are authorized to issue them. Under these licenses a sportsman can kill two moose and four caribou in any one year, and if he shall not have killed the prescribed number in any one district he can do so in any other, upon making affidavit before the game commissioner of the number he had previously shot. You will observe that Lord Dunraven says that he had "applied" for a general license, but he does not pretend to say that he had received it before he commenced to hunt, and his Lordship is a magistrate, ought to know, that he had no more right to hunt without having a license in his possession than a liquor dealer has to sell, after he has applied for, but before a license has been granted to him. The truth is that Earl Dunraven had no license to hunt whatever, until after he had left the county and gone to another, and was consequently liable to the penalty.

Now, as regards the mode of the collection of the fine, there was a blunder made in this case, by the game warden of the district who had his writish arrested, and arrested a *capias*, instead of following the very simple provisions of the law, and suing him as for an ordinary debt. But the mistake of the official doesn't alter the fact that his lordship was guilty of a breach of the game laws, for which he was, and still is, liable to a penalty. The story about his having initiated proceedings in Halifax for false imprisonment is all rubbish. The noble earl gave Halifax a wide berth on his return, and if he had come here he would have found the proper legal papers awaiting him.

Now, a word to the *New York World*, whose editor (without probably ever having seen them), undertakes to assert "that the Nova Scotia game laws" (a copy of which I send you) "seem to be made less for the purpose of protecting the game of that interesting region than with an eye to making it impossible, for the stranger and the wayfaring sportsman to shoot anywhere in Nova Scotia without paying at every turn for the privilege." I would beg to inform the erudite individual, whose head appears to have been so much by the wrong end of an interviewing "live bird," that the Nova Scotia game laws were framed by a body of gentlemen who are true sportsmen, whose sole desire was to devise means to preserve our game from threatened destruction, and not to make money out of strangers or anybody else; and I think, Mr. Editor, that upon reading them, you will agree with me that they will compare favorably with those of any of your States. As there is now no grant from the Legislature for the protection of game, the game system was adopted for the purpose of raising a fund to recompense in part the commissioners and wardens for their services, and to delay the expense of protecting the game generally, and I am sure no true sportsman would object to paying the small fee imposed, when he knows the purposes to which it is applied.

Thanking you for the space you have given me, I am,

A MEMBER OF THE

NOVA SCOTIA GAME PROTECTION SOCIETY.

CALIFORNIA.—Gilroy, Cal., Nov. 16.—Game is booming in our country at the present time, and it is a very common occurrence for an amateur bag from four to six dozen quails every day. I have also seen a few pheasants at the present time, and I have heard of bags ranging from one to five dozen per day near here. As for myself I have not had a turn at the snipe yet, but expect to within the next week.—H. M. B.

WILD FOWL SHOOTING ON LONG ISLAND.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.

IT may not be interesting in view of your article of November 17, entitled "Wild Fowl on Long Island," to give you a few of the thoughts prompted by reading that article, and of my experience in search of sport near the locality mentioned. I spent a few days duck-shooting at a place between Great South Bay and Shinnecock Bay. In reference to this subject it will be necessary to state the condition of things existing in August last, when snipe shooting was in order on the "meadows." These meadows just out into the bay from the sand-hilled beach that protects the shoals of the south coast of Long Island from old Carolina's incursions. These shoals, which are the same as they have existed for centuries, though salish, their shallowness affords an excellent bed for the growth of grass—duck-grass—as it is called, upon which, as is well known to every shooter, the ducks in their spring and fall flights feed so greedily. This grass has a more luxuriant growth this year than is usual, ergo, the ducks are unusually numerous. It became evident to those experienced gunners living adjacent to this body of water, that there would be good shooting this fall, so, when August was ushered in, flocks of black and teal, and wild ducks were arriving, also large bunches of teal, and while sniping parties were ostensibly shooting snipe, they did not disdain a shot at any duck that ventured within the range of their guns; and long before the duck law was "off" many a flagrant act of violating the game law was committed, and many a day witnessed a bunch of black ducks, teal or gray ducks as the result of the day's "snipe shooting." This shooting of wild fowl, before the season opens, I surmise, is indulged in wherever the ducks congregate, be it Long Island, New Jersey, Virginia or North Carolina, and the question is: Are sportsmen, as a rule, so nicely adjusted in their moral attributes when engaged in the pursuit of bay birds, as to resist the temptation to knock a black duck over, if he comes within range? I do not offer this as an excuse for violating the law, but isn't it characteristic of a follower of the gun, when arrayed in his panoply of war, so to speak, to blaze away at anything that comes to his "blind"? The fact is, that so far as the waters confined in the shallow bays along the coast of Long Island are concerned, there will always be shooting; there will be "off years," as there are in crops, but so long as there is good "feed" in these bays, you cannot drive the ducks away. Shooting uninterrupted will make them wild, which is wise provision of nature, for if these birds were to remain gentle, and obligingly offer to come within easy gun-shot range, fly slowly, balance themselves in the air, or stand on their tails, while the sportsman takes aim, all the resorts of wild fowl would be thronged with ardent shooters, and the wild duck would soon be a dreamy reminiscence—a halloved memory.

It is a mistaken idea to make the breach-loader responsible for the scarcity of game. As well charge the multiplying reel with the destruction of trout or black bass. It is true one can get more shots with one breach-loader than with one muzzle-loader. But the bayman I am in the habit of engaging, when going duck-shooting (and he is not an exception in this respect) uses always two muzzle-loaders, and not infrequently three, and I know he gets as many shots as I do with my one breach-loader.

And now, in rounding up, I beg to present to you for your consideration, the following facts: Within a few hours' journey from this city is a spot I have been in the habit of visiting regularly every spring and fall for some years. Last fall the bayman referred to did not use five pounds of shot, and thought somewhat of selling his surplus stock of guns; this fall he has used nearly 100 pounds of shot, and is bound to have a breach-loader.

Last spring I went two days with a friend, and we brought back but six birds apiece; this fall I have seen more birds and got more, and I have brought back almost sixty ducks, mostly black ducks, with some teal, and among them being three canvas-backs, two redheads, and four teal.

I missed the big day's score mentioned above, in the one instance by nearly a week, and in the other, I was a day "behind the fair," but I had royal sport, a healthful recreation, and returned both times rejuvenated, and while firmly believing in the wisdom of making close seasons for all kinds of game I maintain that legislation protects the wild fowl very little as the law now stands.

And now, only sensible legislation would be to enact laws abolishing "spring shooting," and the beneficial results would amply repay the temporary disappointment, so that when the wild ducks and geese take their annual flight south in the fall of the year, the prospects for sport would certainly be increased, some forty fold, and some a hundred fold.

VAN.

PHILADELPHIA SHOOTING NOTES.—Nov. 26.—Owing to the great scarcity of upland game this autumn many of the Philadelphia sportsmen are devoting their entire leisure time to duck shooting; and we find at the leading gun stores the demand for large caliber guns has been very materially increased. At Havre de Grace canvas-back ducks which had not put in their appearance in very great numbers, have shown themselves in larger bodies since the rain of the 23d and 24th inst., and during the following cold clear up. Brant, black ducks, blue bills, and a sprinkling of the other varieties of wild fowl are increasing in numbers in the bays along the New Jersey coast, but the continued south-easterly and easterly winds of last week made shooting in those waters poor, as it influenced the flight of all traveling flocks at great distances away from the best islands and points of ambush and decoying. Thus far this fall Canada geese seem to have left Barncott and Tuckerton bays, N. J., in the lurch, for great bodies have passed "right along," very high in the air, not even answering a hawk," said a native to me. Just now your correspondent thinks he could, with Capt. Coffin, of Berlin, Md., find and foot these very geese in Sinepuxent Sound, using the Captain's surken boxes on the beach as a hiding place, and having his live wild geese decoys or lookers as persuaders.—Hoxo.

ILLINOIS.—Charleston, Nov. 22.—(Tabiti shooting is good. C. Calhoun and George Thrall bagged 18 the other day.—J. B. D.

"MAINE WARDENS AND VISITING SPORTSMEN."

Monson, Me., Nov. 22, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with a great deal of interest both of the recent letters from two different gentlemen upon these subjects.

As I have the honor of an acquaintance with both writers, I can testify to the honor and integrity of each of them.

And although to some there may appear to be a conflict in regard to the facts which both have borne witness of, yet I believe the two statements are substantially true.

There are many visiting sportsmen who are not as conscientious and honorable as is our esteemed friend, L. L. Hubbard, Esq.

There is a class of these men who are flagrant violators of all our game and fish laws. Their influence is bad. Their operations are often no more nor less than outright poaching. And yet they help swell the vast amount of revenue which so many of our interior towns and villages annually receive by virtue of "sporting" in general.

But this should not be considered a mitigation of their bold infractions of the law, nor as a reason why their acts should be tolerated.

There are many men of Maine who entertain an honest desire that all of our laws relating to these important matters should be impartially enforced.

But we have a strong local public sentiment in nearly every county (so far as my knowledge extends) which is directly opposed to our laws, and the one great argument which they continually present, that in their enforcement the "sportsmen" are not prosecuted with the same ardor and to the same extent that our own citizens are.

They claim that there is an unfair discrimination made between these gentlemen and the Maine "recreant," which smells a little of the ancient "Forest Laws" of Old England.

I do not now, and never have, espoused the cause of these complainants. Every line that I have, in my humble way, written, and every word that I have ever uttered upon this subject has been such as in my judgment would aid in promoting a healthy public sentiment in favor of the enforcement of the laws with equal and exact justice to all, and I only refer to these facts now to show the reason why wardens and other officers of our State labor under difficulties.

Public sentiment is not yet up to the proper standard, and this demoralization is partly owing to the very facts set out in Hon. E. M. Stilwell's letter.

On the other hand, there are many disgraceful cases of willful negligence on the part of wardens and other public officers, just exactly as stated by Mr. Hubbard.

I rejoice that some of our best writers and one of your valuable journal have commenced a discussion of this question which is of such vital importance to the "Pine Tree State," as well as to the sporting world.

These evils exist. They are glaring. The doers of them seem to defy and scorn law and justice, and taunt and sneer at those who have the courage to advocate sentiments and opinions adverse to poaching.

The fact is that any poacher of game and fish who infringes upon the law of the State or who, in the words of one of the Forester and Stream's editorial writers, "takes trout or venison out of season, except to supply his necessities when beyond civilization, is a thief." This is true whether he comes from a far city with all of the rich paraphernalia of a "lord of the manor" or whether he be the most humble "native," who, with his cheap "set lines," catches his "pung load" of trout and hauls them to the village market to swap with the merchant for the barter and truck of the country store.

Neither class is above the law. Both should be so severely punished for the commission of these sins that future generations shall find out that poaching in Maine is a crime.

But what is the remedy most needed to day?

I leave this question to be answered by others of your readers more able than myself.

J. F. SPRAGUE.

BANGOR, ME., NOV. 27, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I departed from my usual custom when I replied to what I deemed a wholesale aspersion of the wardens of Maine, several of whom I have had in my employ, and whose friendship and respect I am proud of. My departure from my habit has met with that result which my experience had taught me to expect—personalities and unsustained assertions. I am again impelled to break away from my resolve, but my statement shall be short, and will be the last from me in response to any attack.

Two years since the Commissioners of Fisheries, with their wardens, had the honor extended by legislative act to include the game of the State, but no provision was made to enable them to execute the laws of their increased duties. The wardens are appointed by the Governor and Council, the law not even requiring a reference to us of their qualifications. The law directs that their pay shall be fixed by the Governor and Council, and adds "provided that the whole sum paid to all the wardens shall not exceed \$1,500." My list of wardens from the Secretary of State's office at Augusta, a year since, contained fifty-three names. Many have since been added, whose names even we are ignorant of. I have referred above to fish wardens, whose powers have now been extended to game. The game wardens as such have no salary by statute, their pay being one-half of the penalties when a party is convicted.

It is almost impossible to make out a case of hunting deer with dogs. The dogs can be, and are, killed to great extent, but whence is to come the pay of the faithful warden for that duty? Men go into the forests with packs of hounds; we know they intend to hunt our deer, but what then? Men go into our forests, during the close time of our game, armed with both shot-gun and rifle. The "unimus" is there the same as in the case of the hounds, and yet we are powerless in both cases. Occasionally one of our wardens is fortunate enough to obtain evidence upon which a conviction takes place, but never, we sincerely believe, with any discrimination as to summer tourists or citizens. Our native poachers, as a rule, kill only when they can market their game. They do not kill for the pleasure of the chase, but do so for sale, such as the killing of a muskrat, which is sold to all the fur traders, or the killing of a marten, which is sold to the same parties. They are caught they do not run into print. Most of our poaching is done in cold weather by pot hunters. At other seasons they are employed as guides, or are illegally taking salmon, spearing or netting trout in spawning time, rarely, if ever, in any honest labor.

The oft quoted cases of "Mapong Lake," "Lead Mountain," "Citizens of Bangor," etc., have been answered again and again in several papers by complaints of loss of dogs. Faithful wardens have been sent to the State Prison for other crimes, and our work is being done. Must we advertise all our

movements, and thus defeat them, to protect ourselves from charges of partiality emanating from those whom our wardens have convicted? We do not think our Bangor citizens referred to credit us with much forbearance toward them. We know no personality in arrests made. They are made entirely by the wardens, who are only accountable to us when charges are made and substantiated against them. There is no law by which we can compel a warden to do work when there is no provision made for his payment. Our instructions by statute are "to examine into the working of the law." We have no power of arrest. The wardens have. They are expected, without a salary, to leave their occupations at home, and go into the forest at their own expense, and try and make out a case of hunting deer with dogs, in anticipation of the rich reward of one-half the penalty in case of conviction, and the very remunerative privilege of killing at sight any dogs found running deer.

We cannot admit the right of persons traveling strictly for their own amusement armed with shot-gun and rifle during the close time for our game, "to cke out the scant fare of camp table," by killing either our birds or our venison. For what other purpose do sportsmen ever take down their shot-guns or rifles? Surely not to shoot for market. We do hold all persons responsible for the acts of their guides and employees. Every one, however exalted his position, owes to society the moral tax of a worthy example for all those that look up to him; and there are none in this world so low down that they are not guides to some one humbler or weaker.

The Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have found it not only necessary to protect their game from the utter extermination by stringent laws, but also by requiring a license fee of \$30 in the former, and \$25 in the latter Province, for the right of any visitor to hunt, trap or shoot. The result has been to precipitate upon us all those who formerly sought their amusement or profit there. We require increased means to employ and pay efficient officers. This will all come in time. We are steadily progressing to a better system of fish and game laws. Are we expecting too much in looking to sportsmen, without distinction of residence, for aid and sympathy? We shall ever believe that with every true sportsman the law of *noblesse oblige* will prove the only true and reliable guide wherever he may go.

E. M. STILLWELL.

A NEW JERSEY PARTY IN THE SOUTH.

NRE's, Van Slyke's Landing, Nov. 23.

WELL, here we are; and yegods! how it does rain! The fountains of the great deep are broken up, and it verily pours down in sheets. The gunners, and there are some eighteen here including our party from Jersey, are disconsolate. With lugubrious countenances they severally and resolutely shut their umbrellas and pray for a let up. Several have donned their rubbers and oil-skins and essayed an attempt to cross the bay. But it is too moist, and the fowl will not fly well in a dead rain and no wind. There seems to be plenty of fowl here; and for several days the bay has echoed to the boom of the breach-loaders in every direction. There are a goodly number of geese and many canvas-backs. All are waiting for a cold snap they say. Two members of the Society Club on Friday last bagged to their two guns 100 geese. Seventy red-heads and a number of ducks in a boat is about the thing (they say) for the Circuit Club. They certainly have done shooting enough, or did yesterday.

We left Gotham on Saturday last, Al Heritage, Dr. Burdett, Capt. Johnson, Ben Payne, Thos. Hall and your humble servant, on the "Old Dominion" of the Old Dominion Line, where we were joined by Mr. Laucke, an old plover shot of Long Island. We had a delightful trip, though we had some rough water and considerable wind, especially crossing the Delaware—the good ship was as steady as a clock. The Old Dominion is the largest we believe in the line, a side-wheeler and rolls very little. Capt. Geo. M. Walker, commodore of the line, is too well known to be complimented by us. An old sea-dog from his boyhood, every inch a sailor and for nine years master of the SS. Fulton plying with the Aragon between New York and Havre, he made many friends. He has been captain of the line since she was launched, some ten years ago, and has been in the line since then. He is a fine old fellow, courteous and attentive to his passengers, they all feel safe when he is in command. Jas. M. Gallagher (also a commodore, purser, has been with the line since its organization, fifteen years ago. We found him a gentleman and well posted in the duties pertaining to his position. How from small things great ones grow. The Old Dominion Line now has nine steamships running to Lewes, West Point, Norfolk and Richmond, besides five steamboats plying between Portsmouth and West Point, and six between New York and the Pacific Sounds of North Carolina. In Mr. O'Brien's another commodore, commodore steward, we found that personage so necessary to the comfort, good feeling of passengers, the right man for the place, and all were more than satisfied with the good things he provided and in the way it was done.

The Old Dominion has an electric light on her bow, which is used when cutting or leaving harbor or running up the river to Richmond. This is of 5,000 candle power, and takes a six-horse power engine to run. The first time the Old Dominion first came into one-half with the light on in full force, there was somewhat of a commotion, especially among the drskeys. They thought they millennium had come, and they fell on their knees, many in the bottom of their boats, calling on the Lord to save them and take them to glory.

We reached Norfolk about 6 p. m. Sunday eve. Had a splendid trip throughout Sunday. We found George, the "boss" porter, awaiting us at the wharf, and we were met by Purcell House. Of course we had a good time there. Mr. R. T. James knows how to run a hotel, as his guest's always come a second time if traveling that way. Six a. m. found us on the Cygnet. With all the freight to carry, and at this time of the year the large number of passengers, it is astonishing to us that they don't put on a larger boat with some kind of accommodation. The Cygnet is a dirty little tub, about the size of a bathtub, with a few bunks, no state-room, but little room on deck, besides a small cabin, we believe, down below. As there were some twenty-five passengers, among them several ladies, and it proved a rainy day, you can imagine what a tedious time we had crawling through the canal and down the canal. We were j. j. ned at Norfolk by Mr. E. E. Pray, of the Kitty Hawk Club. He, with his friend Biel, took the same dose with us, and they both over the next time they come they will come by cars and take the steamship Harlaner at Norfolk and get off at Cain Dock, and then six miles across. So say we all of us.

Monday eve at 7 o'clock found us here at Mrs. Nye's; and in a few minutes I was surrounded by a crowd of business every inch of her, and there are several inches (weight about 180), with an eye like a hawk, and a tongue—well, Heaven help the man she "objects at," when she is aroused. The Kitty Hawk Club found that out. And she says she is not through with them yet. But she does keep a good hostelry; sets a good table, and is attentive personally to the wants of her guests. Looks after everything herself and is emphatically "boss of the rancho."

We made a short call at the Kitty Hawk Club. They are very pleasantly situated temporarily, some 400 yards from here. They expect to build a club house further south. We found Major Bailey in charge, backed up by Ed. Gray, who came down with us and made those wonderful shots with his new Scott gun. We saw him kill a grouse that we thought was fully 130 yards, and two crows at 80 and 100 yards. He used the threaded cartridges. He is one of the enthusiasts in the shooting line, as good shot and good company as all true sportsmen should be. Bailey, the Major Dowd of the club, is a fine, soldier looking gentleman of education, and evidently enjoys the situation of which he is master. We were most courteous and invited to go down with him on Saturday over the grounds of the club, which extend some 250 miles south, embracing some of the best shooting points in the United States. More of this soon.

JACOBSTAFF.

HINTS ON HANDLING A GUN.

SHOOTING on the wing is a mechanical art like billiard playing, boxing or fencing. There will, of course, be degrees of excellence, but any one with the full use of his faculties and the ambition necessary to success in anything can acquire it.

The secret lies in the hand becoming subservient to the eye. The two must be connected as by electricity. The eye is never at fault; if it were there would be little hope of improvement, but any one may improve the quickness of the muscles of the arm. Look at the expertness of professional card players and conjurers in the art of manipulation. The same practice applied to the gun will make the brilliant shot.

One often hears it said "to be a good shot requires a quick eye." It matters not how quick the eye is unless the muscles are educated to act in unison with it. Every one can see quick enough. Let one bird out of a trap before five hundred people and they will all see it at the same time, but only the practiced shot can throw up a gun to his shoulder with accurate aim and simultaneously pull trigger before the bird has flown ten feet. Take the adroit fencer or boxer; he sees an opening and his practiced muscles obey the eye and send the thrust or blow home quicker than the unpracticed eye can follow.

Of what use then is the sight on a gun? Very little, as is seen by the successful way gunners kill ducks when it is too dark to see the sight or scarcely to see the barrels.

A sportsman should not game the same as an Indian shoots his arrow, by looking at the object with both eyes open. It may be done by closing one eye, but there is nothing gained by this.

There are two ways of shooting on the wing. One to throw up the gun to the shoulder and pull the trigger at the same time. This is termed "aim shooting." The other, equally good and better to begin with, and more certain upon the whole, particularly in open shooting, is to follow the bird and when covered fire while the gun is in motion. When you pull the trigger the other hand has a tendency to stop. That misses the bird, but education will teach it not to stop, the same as we teach both hands a different action while playing on the piano.

E. B.

MUZZLE LOADER VS. BREECH LOADER.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., Nov. 8.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to hear from some one who can give me a little bit of information through the columns of your much esteemed paper, if it is not asking too much. I will try to state the case so as to make it as plain as possible.

When a boy I had a small muzzle loading rifle with which, after some practice, I learned to pick a squirrel's head for a dead certainty. In loading, I always used a round ball and a greased linen patch. Whenever I pulled the trigger I knew (whether I looked at the target or not) where the bullet had gone. This I mean for distances short of fifty yards.

Well, about a year ago I purchased a new thirty-calibre breech-loading rifle, thirty-inch barrel and about eight pounds weight, and as I think a well-made one. It was rim-fire at the time that I bought it, chambered for the regular thirty-two long cartridge. Well, I commenced practice with it, and found that I could not depend upon it for close-shooting, as it would, perhaps, pick out three spots of a playing-card and then a ball would go three inches wide of the mark, or over or under. I was told that rim-fire cartridges were uncertain, so I sent to the factory where the gun was made and obtained a central-fire breech-loading rifle. I then bought some central-fire thirty-two cartridges and went to shooting with them, with the same result. Both kinds of cartridges were made by the Union Metallic Co., of Bridgeport, Conn.

Then I gave up for a while, and thought that the fault was in myself, and that close-shooting was one of the lost arts with me. But remembering that when I used to shoot well, I met a muzzle-loader and a round ball, I went to William Read & Sons, and obtained some No. 1 buckshot (which just fits a thirty-two calibre for muzzle-loading, with a linen patch) and went at it again. After getting my sights "tuned," I found that by first putting in a central-fire shell and loading from the muzzle I could cut a spot on a card almost every time, and I did "pull the gun off the mark." I knew it when I pulled.

I determined to test the matter thoroughly. I arranged a vice so that I could turn it on a pivot, and then clamped the rifle between the jaws in such a manner that I could load it from either the muzzle or breech, and proceed to make my test. The following is the result of ten shots each, rim-fire and central-fire, breech-loading, and loading from the muzzle with round ball and patch, distance, twenty-five yards:

Breech-loading.—Rim-fire. Seven balls inside inch ring, one three inches away to the left, and two about two inches high, close together. Central-fire.—Six balls cut each other out, one one inch below the others, one two inches above, and the other two about half an inch to the right and close together.

Muzzle-loading, with round ball and patch, the ten shots cut out a hole about as large as my thumb-nail.

I would add that the gun was not removed from he vice and was swabbed clean after each discharge.

Now, what I would like to ask is this: Is a muzzle-loading with a round ball and patch, in its shooting, as good as loading with a slug or conical bullet? Or is it the fault of the cartridges made by the U. M. C. Co.? If the fault is in the rifle, why is it accurate with round balls loaded from the muzzle? Of course I refer to the naked cannelured bullet in breech-loading, and not to the patched ones such as are used in long-range rifle matches.

IRON RAMROD.

REELFoot LAKE.

THE number of gentlemen sportsmen who have gone to Reelfoot this year from Nashville, Columbia, Franklin, Bowling Green, and other parts of Tennessee, exceeds any ever known before.

German Binkhous and Tom Waterman led the van from Nashville; then followed Messrs. Burt Bray, T. Morris, J. Cook and Bill Winans, from Bowling Green. On Saturday, the 19th, the aristocratic club of this city started, consisting of Col. V. L. Kirkman, Clarke Pritchett, Geo. W. Darrien, J. P. Dronellard and John Thompson, Jr. Maj. Bun, Felix Mitchell, J. Palmer and John Nicholson leave on Saturday next. From Columbia and Franklin the list has been augmented by Alf. Hersely, Tom Perkins, Mr. Cliffe, Ed. Wheat, and several others. These gentlemen go fully equipped for both shooting and fishing.

Col. Kirkman's party got to his shooting box on the Lake, where every comfort and luxury that good taste and money can procure is provided. The other gentlemen have their boats, private stores and servants, though they stop at Carpenter's, where they can be cared for in better than ordinary country style. The weather is now favorable for sport, and doubtless large bags and creels will reward them for the hard work they will have to perform.

Partridges (quail) are now plentiful in market, though the price, fifteen cents each, is high for this market.

General Smedes has opened a restaurant in this city at which woodcock, snipe, ducks, choice fish, frog legs, venison and "prissum" appear on the bill of fare daily. The woodcock come from Cincinnati, and command one dollar each.

Geese in the Cumberland River are more numerous than usual at this season, but they are so wild as to evade the most skillful hunter.

Squirrels have almost entirely disappeared from the State; like the darkeys, they have exodus for a more genial climate.

J. D. H.

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 17, 1881.

VALUE OF FIELD SPORTS.—The will of the late Inslee A. Hopper, of Newark, N. J., who, for many years, was President of the Singer Manufacturing Company, gives all his property to his wife excepting his fishing-tackle, guns and other sporting implements. These he bequeathed to his sons, expressing his desire that they will cultivate a love for fishing and field sports. Of the intrinsic value of the outfit we are not told; but the advice we know to be worth thousands of dollars to young men. There are hosts of gray-haired veterans to-day who would not exchange pleasures found in field sports for a very valuable money consideration.

—FOREST AND STREAM.

And those old "gray-haired veterans" are the healthiest men in the world. Some people have very curious ideas about field sports. They think if a man owns a gun and a dog, he is of no account. If he goes fishing once in a while, he is "neglecting his business," and "will never amount to anything." We can remember when, in this city, it was considered by some of the old fogies almost a crime to own a dog. We believe in hunting and fishing, and a breath of the glorious free country air. We believe that the Lord never made man to spend their whole lives cooped up in close, musty stores, and dingy little offices, so absorbed in the business of money making, that they absolutely shrivel up. Their sons come on; they keep them in school till their poor heads are literally stuffed with knowledge, then put them at some confining work, and then wonder why they are not healthy. If the youth asks for a gun, and says that he would like to go out sometimes and shoot a little, his father holds up his hands in horror, and tells him that he will never make a business man, and, referring him to some old, yellow, dried-up business man, who knows no God but money, and whose soul is so small that it would rattle around in a gnat's ear like a pea in a filled balloon, says: "Look at Mr. Skidmore, he never hunted a day in his life." If ever we have a boy, we intend to get him a gun as soon as he is old enough to know how to load it properly, and a dog too if he wants it, and if he don't die and leave a vast estate for his children to wrangle over, he will have the satisfaction of having had some real pleasures. We know of some men who actually are afraid to let it be known that they hunt, "for fear that the business men will think less of them." Let the business men think what they please. If a man supports his family and pays his honest debts, whose business is it? If he wants to hunt, let him hunt, and the same in regard to fishing. We love both, and we don't care who knows it, and if we go shooting every day for the next seventeen years, it's nobody's business but our own. There are a lot of wooden-headed fellows sitting around this town who unless somebody aimed it and put it in a vice for them, and yet they play billiards, pool, cards and even throw dice, in an airy and graceful manner. Get one, when he is loquacious of fishes, loaded up with beer, and ask him if he ever hunts or fishes, and he will tell you "Oh no, pa says a man who hunts is no account." If some of the "pa's" around town would instill a little more love of honest manual sport, and of exercise in the good country air into the minds of their boys, they wouldn't wake up so often at midnight, and go down and find the night-gear still set, and then "wonder where Johnny is."—*Evansville Argus.*

CROWS FOR THE TRAP.—Camden, Nov. 26.—I notice in last week's paper an article by "Colin" in which he suggests crows as a substitute for pigeons for trap shooting, and says to his knowledge it has never been tried. I have a friend who became a crack shot by shooting them from a trap. He lived on a farm where crows were plenty in winter, and caught them in a pigeon net, baited with offal. When he commenced shooting he would shoot the bird to the trap by long cord, and if he scored a 10, would pull him in and try long cord. Sometimes he would have as many as 150 or 200 crows confined in an old chicken-house, where they were fed and taken out as wanted.

A. A. B.

AN OLD TIME REPRISAL.

OUR little party, hungry, tired and thirsty, stopped at the door of a small farm-house, which was beautifully painted by many a fiercer winter snow and blow, tempered and blended on the palette of time. We walked in, and while we were sipping the colder something is said of old guns, when our host at once joined in the conversation with spirit. He "had a rifle—not one of your new-fangled things, open at each end or broken in the middle—to let in a charge, but a good sensible gun one could load to suit themselves, and could tell at which end the charge would come out." He disappeared in an adjoining room, and we await his return. At the first sound of approaching footsteps the end of a small round wooden rod appears at the door at which our old friend had disappeared. Following the same along with our staring eyes, we discover a black octagon barrel into which the rod runs. As the sound of steps draw nearer the end of the rod and barrel first discovered disappear somewhere in the opposite direction, and soon our worthy farmer appears grasping this line of octagon pipe as if to steady himself as he walks. A hasty examination of the gun convinced us that it had been made by some of the past generations for a rifle. It was in a wonderful good state of preservation, and seemed to be all unimpaired working order, which led us to inquire if it could be fired now. Well, he "guessed it was, and if they had had such rifles in the war, there would have been more killed. It had been ruled out of such and such shooting matches," owing to its never-missing qualities. In fact, we were led to suppose it was one of the mysterious pieces described in Nick Whiffles' yellow-covered novels. The writer was seized with a great desire to see it work, and, procuring some loose powder and removing the gun to a safe place, a few grains of powder were placed in the "pan" and the flint drawn back. A pull at the trigger gave a snap, a spark, then a flash, much to our surprise as well as amusement. But this only fan-d the spatter of curiosity into a flame, and nothing was now to be but a match with this ancient rifle. After much searching in old and dust-covered boxes, a quantity of bullets were found securely tied up in a time-worn, rusty bag, and, guided by the owner of the rifle, we proceeded to an open, level field backed by thick woods, against which he proposed to shoot. We agreed to shoot once each and to be governed by the farmer's rules. He proceeded to step off one hundred yards or paces, we following with boards and timber for a target, which was quickly put up so as to present a face of about three feet wide by five feet high, with a white chalk mark in the centre. Our instructor loads the gun after his own fashion, which is accomplished after some delay, such as flaking the flint, making a priming pin, etc. Then the rifle was pronounced ready to shoot, and one of our number quickly faced the butts and prepared to shoot from a pile of timber, according to instructions from our leader, who wished us to shoot first. All ready—snap, dash, bang! and away sped the ball to some unknown, and, we hope, uninhabitable quarter of the globe; ditto the next shot, and so on until all our party had shot, and it came the owner's turn. He took a long, deliberate aim, but an examination of the target failed to reveal any trace of where the ball had gone. Then he "knewed by the sound of that gun that something was wrong with it." As no one had yet hit the whole face of the target, and every one claimed to have sent the ball the nearest to it, a second round had to be called, when some very lucky hits were made. It is not at all likely that any more shooting can be done in this vicinity, owing to the enraged farmers in the surrounding towns, who were badly frightened by bullets whistling over their heads, and until they heard of the match they thought that the Washington assassin had escaped from prison and gone up in a balloon and was being shot at by the whole nation.

North Andover.

"GORGES AND SWINDLE"—University Club, 370 Fifth Avenue, New York, November 1, 1881.—Editor Forest and Stream:—Some of the many of my fellow-sportsmen contemplate a trip to High Point, N. C., for quail shooting this season, perhaps the experience of myself and friend might be useful. We decided to visit that locality a short time since upon the mis-representations of a New Jersey man, who is now keeping the Bellevue Hotel at that point. We were assured by this person that he had arranged to secure us the shooting over a large extent of country, whereas, on the contrary, we found nearly every farm "posted," and in every case, every man we were "warned" not to go, and the owner in the end made some insulting remark. Had it not been for the courtesy of one or two residents of the village we would have had no shooting at all. As a specimen of the innkeepers' rapacity, permit me to quote a few items from our bill: Board, 44 days for two, \$22.50; board for 3 dogs, \$4.50; fires in room, \$2; 3 lunches (when we did not dine at the hotel), \$4.50; corkage on wine, which we sent down from New York city and opened ourselves, 75 cents per bottle, etc., etc. Comment is unnecessary.—W. E. C. M.

GENKING ACCIDENT AT SPESBIA ISLAND.—Dr. Jos. W. A. Clarkson, a prominent Baltimore sportsman, met with quite a serious accident, while duck shooting at Simon's fishing grounds, Spesbia Island, Harford county, Md., on the 23d inst. He and Mr. Adam, of Adams Bros., Baltimore, were companions on the shooting trip. Dr. Clarkson was in a blind alone about fifty or sixty yards from the shore. Mr. Adams was in another blind on a point about 300 yards distant. Having two guns with him Dr. C. discharged the first at a flock of redheads that darted at his decoys, and laying it down took up the large one for a second shot when it fell from his hand and exploded, both barrels going off. Part of his clothing was torn off, his ribs scratched and his right arm badly wounded. The blind was set on fire by the discharge, and thus attracted attention and brought relief. It is believed that Dr. Clarkson's arm can be saved, though at first it was feared amputation would be necessary. Strange to relate, this same arm blind where the accident occurred was the very one in which Mr. R. Q. Taylor, of Baltimore, lost an arm by the premature discharge of his gun some years ago.—Hoxo.

"THE OREGON TRAIL."—Did you ever read a little book entitled "The Oregon Trail"? My boy not it out of our school library. It contained an interesting and instructive account of the killing, by the author and his friends, of numerous buffaloes for their tongues. It is very instructive and valuable reading for our boys, a good thing for our school libraries, and, if properly recommended, may train up a generation of pot hunters.

W. H. L.

["The Oregon Trail," if we mistake not, is by a distinguished historian, Francis Parkman, who would doubtless be amazed at the criticism offered by our correspondent.]

CHESAPEAKE BAY DECKS.—Mr. Pierre Lorillard is on a duck shooting excursion in the Chesapeake Bay with a select party of friends in his steam yacht Radha. Fowl are in abundance in the Chesapeake Bay and adjacent waters.—Hoxo.

DEER AND BEARS.—Hornellville, N. Y., Nov. 27.—A great many deer have been killed near here this season. Eleven killed in one day at Cedar Run. Five were waiting all day yesterday to be shipped. Geo. Humphrey and Will Harris killed two in one hour, both fine specimens, only a few miles from here. One deer was killed last week inside the corporation limits. Hugh Jordan recently killed a monster bear which weighed 560 pounds. It is said this makes the twenty-ninth bear killed by him in this section. Mr. Jordan is a noted hunter and trapper.—J. OTIS FELLOWS

CORRIDOR FOR SHOOTING SUIT.—Northbridge, Mass., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you tell me where I can get the genuine Irish corridor of dead grass color. My tailor says he has looked over Boston and New York and cannot find it. I want to have a suit made by my own tailor after my own ideas.—H. T. W.

[We have been unable to find the goods.]

ADIRONDACKS.—The deer shooting at Upper Chauteaugy Lake, Ralph's hotel, has been very fine, it is reported. We understand that Ralph's house is to be enlarged for next season.

LIVE QUAIL.—Ad Hall, Milam County, Texas.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I can supply live quail to order for stocking purposes. My address is as above.—G. A. VINCENT.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN DECEMBER.

FRESH WATER.
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. pituitus*.
Masouline, *Bozo nobilis*.
Pike, *Esox lucius*.
Pike or Pickers, *Esox lucius*.
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostedion americanum*, *S. griseum*, etc.

SALT WATER.
Smelt, *Osmerus mordax*.
Sea Bass, *Centropristis striata*.
Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Morone saxatilis*.
White Perch, *Morone americana*.

With very few exceptions, the game fish are those which do not confine themselves either to salt or fresh water, throughout the year, but visit one or the other, as their habits and taste, but principally the propagation of their species, direct them. These migratory fishes are, without any exception, the strongest, the boldest, and, as such, afford the best sport of their tribe; nor are they, for the most part, to be surpassed by any in excellence, firmness, and flavor, when in their best condition. Those fish which never visit the salt water at all, are unquestionably so much inferior to others of their own family which run periodically to the sea, that they are with difficulty recognized as belonging to the same order with their roving brethren; while of those which do not leave the fresh water, but are but two or three kinds, are worth taking at all; and even these are not to be compared with the migratory, or the pure sea fish.—HENRY WILLIAM HERRICK.

PIKE FISHING ON THE LEHIGH.

THE Lehigh River at Bethlehem, Pa., affords excellent sport for the lovers of bass fishing, and quite a number of nice bass have been taken at this place during the present season, the largest weighing, I think, four pounds. But for a good day's sport and a fair string of fish (pike), Chain Dam, a station on the L. V. R. R., nine miles below Bethlehem, is no doubt the fishing place, par excellence, of the Lehigh. On that river we spent a day with the pike, the result (8 lbs.) is considered good for this part of the country.

At 9:45 A. M. we embarked at B. and started on our nine-mile trip, "Jim" seated in the bow and myself wielding the paddle. All went smoothly until we came to what is known as "Jones' Island," where we prepared to meet our first difficulty in the shape of a quarter of a mile of rapids, and ugly ones at that, the water being very shallow, and running like a mill-race; but, nothing fearing, we pushed bravely on. When half-way through and while congratulating ourselves on our good luck in not getting stuck, we saw just in front of us an immense rock, partly submerged, and vain I tried to pass it, the current proved too strong, and with a bump and a scratch we were high and dry. After half an hour's work we were once more afloat and speeding onward. Having covered myself with glory in delaying the expedition half an hour, I resigned the paddle and changed places with "Jim," in the bow, and once more we glided on.

In nearing Freemansburg, we struck what we thought would prove a busy place, so, casting the troll and letting out about twenty feet of line, we paddled silently past the place, waiting patiently for a rise. Suddenly we felt one, and with a quick twist we hooked, as we supposed, a pike. Our supposition proved correct, for on landing him, he proved to be a splendid specimen of this gamey fish and measured seventeen inches. We fished this spot for half an hour, catching two smaller pike, and left it, well satisfied, as we depended mainly on "filling our creel" at Chain Dam our destination.

Passing Freemansburg we reached our second rapids, which, although worse than the first, we passed without a scratch, owing, no doubt, to the skillful manipulation of the paddle in "Jim's" hands. From this place to our third and last rapids, it was plain sailing, and the journey was passed in silence, excepting now and then, certain uncomplimentary remarks concerning the rain, which had begun falling on our entering Freemansburg, and which was still falling "as though it had never rained before," as Jim remarked.

The last obstruction consisted of a dam about three feet high, through the center of which was an opening eight feet wide. Through this the water rushed in one large volume, curving up at the bottom into a wave two feet high. Through this chute we passed in great style, and our old tub would not ride over the aforesaid wave, we took the next best course and went through it, shipping, in the passage through, considerable water. After a mile of shallow water and aggravating ripples, we struck smooth water, and, passing Reddington, we ran about three miles over the placid surface of the Lehigh at its finest point, from Reddington to Chain Dam.

At three o'clock, exactly, we arrived at Chain Dam, having stopped to dine on "Turkey Island," a beautiful spot in the river midway between the two last named places. From 3 to 5 P. M. we fished with good results; and as we glided swiftly by the rocks, our trout, in the smoking car of the 6:15 train, we had no reason to complain of our "luck." The eight-pound string of pike more than compensating us for our work in getting them; for it was work—not fun—in paddling a heavy flat boat nine miles through rapids and over long stretches of still water, in a driving rain storm, on a cold day, with the section of a broken car for a paddle.

PIKE-FISH.—I was very anxious to obtain a specimen of the pike-fish (*Naustrates ductor*). Dr. Günther quotes with approval Dr. Meyen's opinion that the pike feeds on the shark's excrements, but adds also that it obtains a great part of its food directly from the shark, in feeding on the parasitic crustaceans with which sharks and other large fish are infested, and on the smaller pieces of flesh which are left untouched by the shark when it tears its prey. On seeing a solitary pike-fish near the vessel one day I attached a small gut-hook to a trout-fish line, and tried various baits, such as dried cod, herring and beef, without success. I, however, succeeded in hooking him with a small piece of pork fat, but unfortunately the point of the hook afterward gave way. Mr. Moseley, in his interesting book, "Notes by a Naturalist on the Challenger," says: "The pike-fish often mistakes a ship for a large shark, and swims for days just before the bows, which it takes for the shark's snout." This, however, is not, I think, always the explanation of the pike's appearance without its mesquite. Sharks are often known to accompany a vessel for days together swimming unobserved beneath when the vessel is in motion, and only appearing during a calm. This I have been assured is the case by many sea-faring men and competent observers, and it may account for the pike's apparently solitary appearance.—*The London Field.*

DESTROYING NEW JERSEY FISHERIES.—Seabright, N. J., Nov. 21.—The wholesale destruction of moss-bunkers by the crews of steam fishing-boats sent out along the northern New Jersey sea-coast by the owners of fish-oil and fertilizer factories caused a heavy loss to Monmouth county this year. It has been claimed by eminent lawyers that the State authorities had no right to enact laws prohibiting fishing in New Jersey waters by boats owned in other States, even if they did destroy fish that attract bass, cod and bluefish to the shore of New Jersey. A letter upon this subject, signed by J. Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, says: "It is generally believed that the United States has the right to regulate the sea fisheries off its coast within three miles, but the said right has not been acted upon by the general government, and it is probably within the power of New Jersey to enact reasonable legislation on the subject. The State of Maine has assumed this right by limiting purse-seining for menhaden, etc., within a two-mile line." At the coming session of the State Legislature the question will be brought up for action. All fish prohibiting fishing for menhaden by the crews of steam vessels within two miles of the beach is being drafted for presentation to the Legislature.—R.

THE ANGLER'S NOTE BOOK.—A publication but little known on this side of the water is the "Angler's Note Book and Naturalist's Record" and yet it is of the highest order of merit. The book is a quarto issued monthly until twelve numbers are given, and then it is stopped until convenient to begin another volume. The Green S. Press, so called, from its cover, ceased with 1880, and we now see that another will be begun. The prospectus says: "The distinctive feature of this series will be the reproduction of the angling matter, ungarbled, from old, scarce and valuable books, and more especially from such as only deal incidentally with fishing, and which, though necessarily included in the libraries of great collectors, are forbidden, by consideration of space and expense, to those who content themselves with a modest gathering. Of the more important reprints copies will be taken separately and sold as 'The Angler's Note Book.' The price not given, but that of the last was six shillings, post free. It is published by W. Satchell & Co., 12 Tavistock St., Covent Garden, London, W. C."

MAINE FISHING NOTES.—Portland has packed about 100,000 barrels of mackerel this season, an increase of twenty-five per cent. over last year. The mackerel recently landed at Eastport within ten days with sardines and other fish. The Eastport Sardine factories are busy; one week recently the workmen's pay-roll amounted to between \$12,000 and \$15,000; one boy earned over \$14 cutting fish, and several others \$4 to \$10. Small fishing is lively at Damariscotta.\$3,300 has been paid this season at Bangor as duties on cans containing lobsters from the provinces; the fish come in free, and the cans only pay a small duty. Persons are now employed in Rockland harbor trapping lobsters for the New York market; the fish are worth from \$3 to \$4 a barrel in New York.Some of the Maine fishermen are employed in the waters of Virginia.

A NEW REEL SEAT.—We have recently seen a new reel seat which we think is an improvement on the old-fashioned sliding reel. The reel is held in place by a flat, stiff brass double ring, which is held in place and held in place by a screw in the center. Each end of this spring bears against a ring which is fast in its place at either end of the reel seat, and to put the reel in position it is slipped under the forward one first and then moved back under the other. The spring is stiff enough to keep the reel in place at all times, and will allow reel-plates of different thickness to be used. It is patented by Mr. C. F. Orvis, of Manchester, Vermont, who will add it to all his rods in future.

WHERE THE TROUT HID.—I notice in my letter to Judge Caton, published by you Oct. 20, in one place where I said, this sediment is softer and not so white as the more solid part. You had it, not so white and the more solid part. Again, where I wrote I took an eight-pound white-fish near the ore dock, you have it one hour and one day. There was but one dock at that time; there are three now. I think you were right about the trout hiding in the sediment as there is nothing else for cover in Trout Lake.—A. F. YOUNG.

THAT NINE-POUND FLY.—Escanaba, Mich., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* That captions critic, "D," in FOREST AND STREAM, Nov. 10, must be off his feed. I think the rule of telling fish stories is not to fail below the mark. I have only weighed twelve pounds and ten ounces and nine hundred miles from the truth. He says, "one of your correspondents says, etc." I say it was not one of your correspondents.—A. F. Y.

Fishculture.

THE GOLDEN ORFIE OR IDE.

RECENTLY Mr. George Eckardt, Jr., now engaged in carp live golden orfe in a large scale near Cincinnati, O., received twelve live golden orfe from his father, who is a noted carp culturist in Germany. This we believe to be the second importation of this fish into America, the former lot having been received by Professor Baird and sent to the ponds of the Maryland Fish Commission, at Druid Hill Park, Baltimore.

This fish is a purely ornamental one. It surpasses the gold fish in the depth of its golden redness, which shades off to white on the abdomen. It has been afflicted with almost as many names as it has scales. It is a cyprinoid fish related to the tench of England and to the "shiner" of New York, *Leuciscus*. To begin with its systematic nomenclature, the Germans usually call Hechel and call it *Ibus melanotus*. It is the *Leuciscus idus* of Gmelin; *Cyprinus idus* and *G. orfus* of Linnaeus, etc. For common names it has in different parts of Germany the following: Gold-orfe, nerding, rollings, wies, urf, eilt, and erfel. In France it is "orfe" and in England golden tench, as the *Tinca vulgaris* resembles the fish in question somewhat. In America it has been called "golden ide" and "gold orfe." The former name has misled by its sound and it has been thought to be golden-eyed, therefore the name of orfe would seem to be preferred. The golden orfe is an active fish, and from what we have seen of them in the aquaria of Germany, a smarter, handsomer fish than the gold fish for all purposes of ornament. It is said to bear confinement in a small tank better than the gold fish, which is much abused in that respect. Looking into an aquarium school of golden orfe in a fountain they present a gorgeous sight. We were also informed that the orfe obtains its golden color soon after leaving the egg, which makes it more valuable to those who know how to display the gold fish in the matter of coloring, few obtaining a golden hue before the second year, many not until the third, and some never assuming it.

We have no doubt of the complete success of this hardy fish in our ponds, and in fact these Baltimore have thriven in the ponds of the park, and are so numerous that they are now becoming a general favorite. We think that Mr. Eckardt is associated in business with Mr. Hugo Mulert, the dealer in aquaria, etc., of Cincinnati, who lately contributed a valuable article to our columns on the subject of "Pond Culture," in which he has bred last year from an imported pair. Truly this is the only country can keep all its good things within its borders, especially if it be a fish which a fish-culturist of another land has considered a desirable acquisition to the fauna of his own.

HOW MISSOURI CARP FEED AND GROW.

THE following is a specimen of many letters received by the U. S. Fish Commission from the distributors of carp. It was written by a gentleman in Missouri and, not being intended for publication, we do not give his name. He is evidently enthusiastic enough to make his whole farm into a carp pond, if it could be done. We give it as it was written:

AUGUST 24, 1881.

Prof. S. F. Baird:

Dear Sir—After many months of hope and fear I am ready now to rise and explain. The carp which I received from you a year ago in June, I allowed no sign until late this spring, when I saw one of them that appeared to be a carp, and I immediately supposed that the rest of them had "gone up the spout;" so a friend went to the station to get ten young ones for himself and also as many for me. These latter were about four inches long, and in the evening, when I saw them, I was very much pleased. I had heard from the water, hoping to see them again after many days. That was about the first of June. On the 16th of June, while taking my usual walk around the pond, the water seemed to be moved in some mysterious way, and on looking, I saw a great multitude of little carp, so great that no man could contain them; the surface of the water was literally black with them.

O! Mr. Baird; no pen can write, no tongue express the joy and happiness I felt. Like the little negro, in telling his experience, he said it was as happy as when the angels were pouring "lasses on his head." Well, I saw them three days in succession, and then knew it was no idle dream, so I told the neighbors the pleasing story, and they came to see the fish and rejoice a while with me, but many fish we saw! Day after day and night after night I could not get my mind away from them. When I was alone, I thought of happiness I had enjoyed? Was it all a delusion, a fraud, a snare? I got the ague (you have done had 'em, hint you?) and after going through those beautiful, healthy, life-restoring gymnastics of shaking, etc., I walked one day, pensive and alone, around the pond, and I saw the bank again, and I saw the fish. I had no more. The placid water became like a huge boiling cauldron, lashed into foam by—shall I say it?—by the fish.

They were floating so high that their heads, tails and fins were visible chasing one another around like little balls. I believe the least of them to be two inches long, and I think the first twelve are all alive and fully two feet long. Three of them swam at my feet. I could have reached them with my hand, the head of one at the tail of another. They looked like some great sea-serpent. Yesterday I took some dry bread and cast it into the pond, and one of the big ones flapping out from the bank, where he was rooting, I dropped some crumbs. He came out and began to eat, and in less than ten minutes (I guess, because I could not count) I could see the head of forty of them with a two-foot stick. There is no deception in this! I have never before seen them float and play and are more astonished at them than I.

The carp have rooted out the flags, or cat-tail, as thick as your wrist, and flaps six feet tall are chawed off as though a calf had done it. Some of the neighbors say that the fish splash in the water so at night that they can't lead their mules up to the trough, and I would not be surprised to find the carp out in the cornfield some morning. Where did they come from? Are not those ten and twelve inches of last year's hatch? One-fourth of them are covered with scales, and I have seen one fish of ten feet on a thousand hills. I will add six or eight ears to the pond this fall. What more can I do? Advise me, lest they eat me up, as they have the moss.

CARP FOR EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA AND SOUTHERN NEW JERSEY.

WENONAH, N. J.
Editor Forest and Stream:
I have established a rendezvous at 607 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., from which I am now distributing Government Carp in Eastern Pennsylvania and Southern New Jersey. I am personally in attendance at the rendezvous on Wednesdays and Saturdays of each week. The demands for carp are numerous, but the supply will be equal to it. A large percentage of those receiving carp, however, might as well wait until the fish are grown up as into the places where they place them—drip ravine ponds, mill-ponds, etc., devoid of suitable vegetation and already stocked with catfish, pike, bass and other predatory varieties. Commendable preparations are being made throughout South Jersey for engaging in carp culture, and numerous ponds have been constructed according to scientific principles and employing all the latest improvements. In carp culture, as in any other business, perfect system is necessary in order to insure success. Without system failure will be the result. Success is assured.

[While we agree with our correspondent so far as to believe that mill-ponds may not be the best places for carp, we must say that they usually contain vegetation, and we find that gold-fish not only live in them, but that the latter abound in lakes where all the fish are taken aside. I have seen where the gold-fish are taken, the carp will also, even though many of the young are devoured.]

There were twenty-one starters for this event, which were drawn to run in the following order:

side the stem, and a jib of 70 ft. on the foot is such a preposterous idea and such a mechanical incongruity that, whether we like it or not, we will have to conform to British experience and build a square-headed cutter for the occasion. It may not be flattering to our national vanity, but, unless we pocket blunder and look things square in the face, we may as well make up our minds to as sound a thrashing from a foreigner next year as Scheiner, Mistral, Wavo and others received at the hands of the little ten ton Madge this fall. To depend upon Grace in a hard fought match with a cutter is simply to invite grotesque failure. To depend upon a new sport of ridiculous dimensions emanating from some "practical" genius, is absolutely hopeless in view of recent experiences with the Pocahontas. We are glad, therefore, to find that the leading members of the New York Yacht Club are alive to the occasion, and propose to lay down a grand ship of the cutter type (14-winter and to have her in the best of trim in the hands of a well-drilled crew in time to meet an invasion from abroad. Her success will only help to tell us if we wish to retain the International trophy on this side of the Atlantic.

THE STATESMAN ANSWERS COMMODORE AND COOK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that both the "Commodore" and the "Cook" have written to *FOREST AND STREAM*, giving more or less praise to the Rice Lake canoe. Allow me to say that in Canada these canoes are considered to be greatly inferior to the Sterner open canoes, and that at the Lake George meeting last year there were twenty-one Rice Lakes among the fifty canoes there present. The "Alderman" uses a "shadow," and will never see anything else. No higher testimony to the superiority of the shadow to all other canoes could be given. The Rice Lake canoe is practically obsolete. THE STATESMAN.

HAPPY BOSTON.

THOSE who thought cutters would not become popular in America will water run uphill are discovering how poorly they judged the pulse of the yachting community. Lawley & Son, of South Boston, are to build a regular out-and-out Madge, 40 ft. on load line, 8 ft. beam, 9 ft. draft of water. The air is full of new cutters, and we hear already of nearly twenty such craft in contemplation for next season. The good cause is bounding!

YACHTING NEWS.

AMERICAN MODELS IN FRANCE.—Among the best yachts at Argenteuil, near Paris, belonging to the C. V. P., are: Miss Helen, five tons yawl, by Texler, 32.5 ft. by 6.4 ft. by 5.9 ft., all lead ballast, built 1879, belonging to M. Paul Leroy d'Étalle; Houtpelle, six tons schooner, by Le Marchand, 37 ft. by 5.2 ft. by 5.9 ft., belonging to M. de Salinville. Besides the above French built keel boats are the two English built cutters, Para, ten tons, and Tine, ten tons, also the Jersey built Hec, six tons, and Yacht, thirty-five ton schooner. There are numerous French built centerboards, besides two Americans—viz., the steam Yankee, five tons, recently imported and considered a failure, and the long years ago. The Paris boats are now consid-

ered far superior to either the old or new American models, as it seems that nearly all the sail boats can beat the newly imported Yankee. Among the best centerboards are the cruising cutter Amaran, ten tons, 34 ft. by 13.1 ft., built 1876 by Texler, and the racing sloop Tine, ten tons, 36 ft. by 14.1 ft. by 5.4 ft., considered the fastest centerboard of her size in Europe; the Albator sloop, seven tons, 30 ft. by 13.5 ft. by 5.4 ft., by Texler, 1880, a racer; Turquoise, ten ton sloop, 34 ft. by 13.5 ft. by 5.4 ft., by Texler, and the Commodore four and one-half ton sloop, 36.5 ft. by 8.1 ft. by 2 ft., built 1880—perhaps the fastest of the whole fleet. Ows her success to her ingenious owner, M. Caribotte, who had sloop sails made on purpose for her at Lyons, and who by means of that light material has been enabled to snow an extraordinary amount of canvas. The only defect seems to be the extraordinary expense and the great care necessary to preserve the canvas. —London Yachting Record.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB.—A very successful season was spent to a close with a dance and lunch at the club house, San Francisco, Nov. 5, and a cold sail with the guests. Owing to the want of wind, only the Annie, Fred and Aggie got under way for the cruise. As the winter months, with long calms and easterly winds, have settled in upon the Pacific coast, most craft have been laid up and stripped. Four new schooners, about 50 ft. are building, and will be shipped in time for next season. Yachting has become the leading sport in San Francisco, and is growing space every year. In proportion to population the fleet of the Pacific is more numerous than that of any port of the country, New York and Boston excepted. There is Chicago, with half a million inhabitants, and scarce half a dozen craft fit to be termed yachts; there is Philadelphia and Baltimore with more than a score between them, and a dozen lesser cities where a yacht has never been seen, and all as advantageously located for the sport as the fleet of the Pacific is more numerous than that of any port of the country, New York and Boston excepted. Dr. Merritt, of the schooner Casco, has recently spent some time in the East, and, with his fondness for the sea, did not lose the chance to inspect some of the best of our metropolitan yachts. He is strongly in favor of keels, and thinks our small craft too much of the butterfly order. When he first saw a few tons of lead on the Casco's keel, the project was derided. Now, experience has taught him that the only mistake made was in not putting on just twice as much. The Casco has made a cruise of more than 10,000 miles down the Mexican coast and among the South Sea Islands, during which the schooner behaved admirably and gained the good will of a number of young ladies who had taken passage with the Doctor.

PRESERVING SAILS.—Several inquiries are informed that there is no royal road to the preservation of sails. They require careful attention all the year round, plenty of airing, and should never be stored in a damp place. There is nothing which will effectually remove mildew, and yet none of them showing the life and by steeping in the well-known mixture of one pound sugar of lead dissolved in one gallon of soft water, then allowing the canvas to drain and again steeping in a solution of one pound of finely powdered alum dissolved in one gallon of soft water. For large areas use more in like proportions. Fents, bags and canvas coats may be made fairly water-proof by the same process. The articles should not be rinsed, but allowed to dry by exposing to the atmosphere. All methods of cleaning sails should be discouraged. The least hurtful is a light scrubbing with soft brush, fresh water and castile soap, then sprinkling with dilute lime water and drying in the sun. Every

time sails are scrubbed the face of the canvas is worn down. It is better to use a soft brush and take time to the work than apply hard bristles and quickly ruin the sails. Our own plan is to have a row of gunboats, made of canvas with rubber soles, assorted sizes, ready in the gangway for the guests on a cruise, who are requested to step the nearest ft. and tumble their longshore freight cars down below upon coming over the side. Blackened shoes can generally be charged with more injury and dirt to sails, paint-work and mouldings than all other causes combined.

CUTTERS.—No better evidence of the increasing popularity of cutters could be asked than that the New York Herald deems it advisable to give its readers a column and one-half on the subject. The article which appeared in the Herald Thursday last was fairly well written, and as a lesson in cutters, what they are and why they are superior to sloops, deserves a word of praise. *FOREST AND STREAM* has for years been a champion of the cutter, and it was only a question of time when our provincial prejudice would wear away against a type and in much superior to the craft of home waters. We therefore welcome the great help the good cause of honest boats has received through the medium of the Herald's article, which will do much to taboos from our waters far too long through the narrow-minded prejudices of the old school which cannot see beyond its own little rind paid gate.

SEAWANAKA YACHT CLUB.—At the general meeting, held at Belmont's, Nov. 23, the following members were elected: Leopold Eldridge, Jr., Wm. Hall, Thos. B. Brown, H. S. Latrobe, E. F. Post, Philip Little, Wm. Whitlock, W. W. Tompkins and Paul Tuckerman. The Commodore reported the season's work, and the following success, as seventeen yachts already avail themselves of the moorings inside the club breakwater. The following very able committees were appointed to consider the details of the arrangements for the season: Dr. H. G. Pittard, John Hyslop, M. L. Schuyler, A. Cary Smith and W. E. Iselin. Notice was also given that, in view of the rapid increase in cutters, sections of the club were to be struck from the regulations. The section refers to keeping boatswains and jib laces fast.

OSHKOSH YACHT CLUB.—The fourth annual hop of the club was held Thanksgiving Night at Turner Hall, and proved a brilliant success. The arrangements were perfect, and the gathering included with prominent members of the neighborhood and their ladies. After the dancing an elegant supper served to bring to a close a very enjoyable evening, which has resulted in material benefit and moral support to the yacht club. The Commodore reported the arrangements in charge was composed of Commodore G. W. Hurrell, Vice Com. G. F. Stroud, Capt. A. H. Woodworth and Messrs. Frank Heilig, Charles Emery, W. B. Folger and Adolph Von Kaas.

MIXED.—Our French cousins, who have been tumbling so headlong into the adoption of American models of late, now find themselves suddenly brought up with a round turn. Since the Madge took down our vanity a trifle our French admirers are decidedly mixed, and their cherished belief that by copying our light drafts they were slyly getting the weather gauge of the British has given away to a feeling of doubt, and they are now upon the ragged edge awaiting further developments and amusing themselves with a side show in sharpies in the meantime.

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Stocks Bent to any Crook.
GUNS BORED TO SHOOT CLOSE.
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Patentees and Manufacturers,
Pioneer Works, Birmingham, England.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Second edition, now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson-Rangley lakes. It treats of "camp life" indoors and out, is amusing, instructive and interesting; 82 pages, 4 illustrations. Price 35 cents. By mail, postpaid, 35 cents. CHARLES A. J. FAIRBANK, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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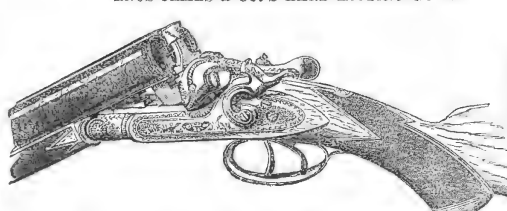
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The conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM point with much pride and satisfaction to the past and the present of the paper, and pledge their readers that the same high standard of excellence will be maintained in the future. The FOREST AND STREAM will preserve the reputation it has earned for being:

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The "Sportsman Tourist," "Game Bag and Gun," and "Sea and River Fishing" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc., etc.

"Natural History" will be so conducted as to stimulate observation, investigation and research. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and fishculture; Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarrow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"Fishculture," edited by a practical and well-known fishculturist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "Kennel" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "Rifle and Trap Shooting" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "Yachting and Canoeing" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

II.—HIGH IN TONE.

The tone of the FOREST AND STREAM is exceptionally high. It is edited for men of healthy minds in healthy bodies. Its reading and advertising columns will be clean. Its pages will sparkle like the mountain stream in the sunlight, and its contents will be redolent of the exhilarating fragrance of the forest. Primarily intended for gentlemen, it is also a paper for the family circle, and one which the entire family, old and young, read with pleasure and profit. The best guarantee of its thoroughly high character is afforded by a reference to a list of those who write for it.

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Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

We beg to suggest to the friends of the FOREST AND STREAM that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

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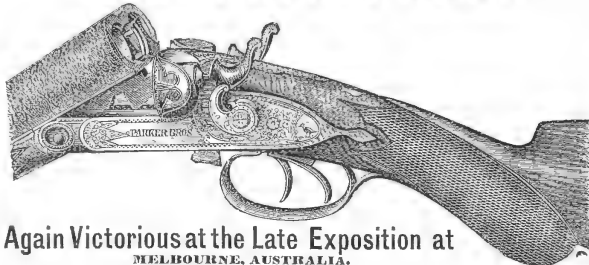
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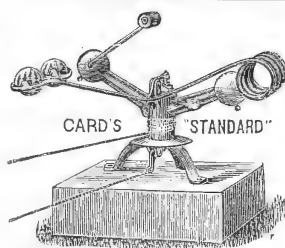
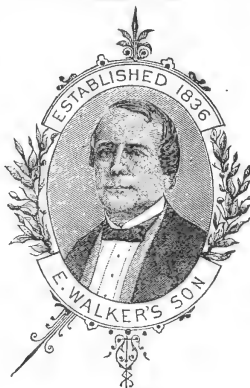
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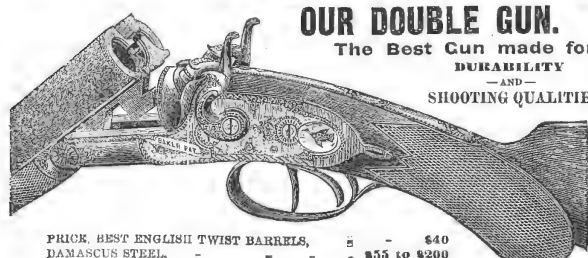
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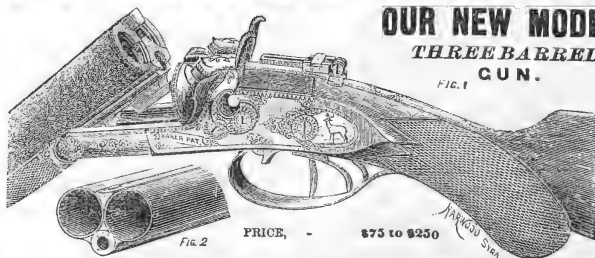


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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondence will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address: Forest and Stream Publishing Co., Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York City.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, December 8.

THE MICHIGAN NON-EXPORT LAW, which provides that venison shall not be shipped out of the State, is said to be a dead letter. It is reported that the law is systematically evaded by parties who take the venison to small towns near the line and carry it thence in wagons out of the State, and there re-ship it. The law, if it can only be enforced, is an admirable one; we hope to see it carried out. There ought to be a like provision against exporting game from this country to Europe.

SPORTSMEN have always been legitimate game for the punsters. Joe Miller (England, 1684-1738), had his crack at them: "A gentleman who had been a shooting brought home a small bird with him, and having an Irish servant, he asked him if he had shot that little bird? 'Yes,' he told him. 'Arrah, by my faith,' replied the Irishman, 'It was not worth the powder and shot, for this little thing would have died in the fall.'"

THE ATTENTION OF SPORTSMEN is just now largely directed to the field trials of sporting dogs. We have spared no expense nor pains to present to our readers accurate and intelligible reports of these meetings.

HAIR-SNAKES AND THEIR EGGS.

IN the middle of September last Mr. F. W. H. Hahn brought us a hair-snake, *Gordius aquaticus*, which he found in a New Jersey brook. The animal was placed in a jar of water on our desk and began laying its eggs on the 19th, finishing on the 24th. The "snake" was seven inches in length and the knot which its eggs were tied in would if straightened out appear like a fine thread four or five yards in length.

This is the worm which is believed by many to come from a horse's or other hair, but in reality is a parasite of grasshoppers, crickets and water beetles. This worm is quite plentiful but escapes observation by its small size. Trout culturists find numbers of them knotted together on the screens of their ponds at the close of summer. No doubt these little animals destroy many noxious insects, for they are exceedingly prolific, and the insect in which they take up their abode is said to die without increasing its species; and Prof. Riley says that all the *Orthoptera* (grasshoppers, crickets, etc.) which came under his observation which contained a Gordius, nine in all, were females.

Prof. Leidy, in speaking of the variable Gordius, says: "I observed one nine inches in length by two-fifths of a line in thickness, commence laying eggs and continue the process very slowly and gradually during two weeks. They were extended in a delicate cylindrical cord, resembling a thread of sewing-cotton. At first it broke off, as extruded, in pieces about a foot in length, but toward the end of the process the cord appeared to be less tenacious, and broke off in pieces a few inches, and even a few lines in length. The pieces in the aggregate measured ninety-one inches; the thickness of the cord was about one-tenth of a line. The eggs are very minute, and in the cord were compressed together so as to be polyhedral. In a transverse section of the cord I counted about seventy eggs, and in the length of one-fortieth of an inch twenty-six eggs, which, by calculation, gives 6,624,800 as the whole number of eggs in the cord. The eggs, when isolated, assume an oval shape, and measure about the 1-750th of an inch long by the 1-1,000th of an inch broad. The development of the young from the egg is readily observed from day to day, and it takes about a month before the process is completed. * * * In about four weeks the Gordius reaches maturity, and escapes from the egg totally different in appearance from the parent."

Undoubtedly many of the young perish and fail to find a "host," but an animal which lays over six million eggs does not seem liable to become extinct soon. The eggs which were laid by our specimen have failed to hatch, and now, near Dec. 1, they are covered with a fungoid growth, resembling that which comes upon a dead fish egg. According to Dr. Meissner, the young Gordii enter their hosts at the joints of their legs and abdomens and become encysted in the muscular system instead of being intestinal parasites. They have also been found in the muscular portions of fishes, where they have probably obtained entrance through the destruction of some insect by the fish.

THE ANGLER IN WINTER.

THE Northern angler, whose business and whose purse allow it, practically knows no winter. He goes South. The Southern angler keeps it up all winter, in fact that is his best season, for the combined effect of heat and insects renders his summer fishing a most questionable enjoyment.

With these two classes our present article has naught to do. We write of the angler of the North whose lakes and streams are frozen and who, for various reasons, cannot spend two or three months in Florida. What can he do? Many of the hardier sort fish through the ice for the ever-hungry pike. Holes are cut, fires are built and the angler, well swathed in woollens, keeps his blood in brisk circulation by running from one hole to another to take out the fish which has notified him of its readiness to be so taken by hoisting the flag attached to the "toggie" at the upper end of the line; or he goes to see that the hole has not frozen over and that the line will run free. If the ice be free from snow he does this on skates and, although many attempt to despise it as "hand-line fishing with no chance to play a fish," it is a good and a hardy sport, and we have enjoyed it many a time and oft, from Minnesota to New York. The cold air is exhilarating,

and the appetite is enormous. After a week of such fishing, in ordinary fair winter weather, a man returns "like a giant refreshed with wine."

This and smelt angling near the sea coast are about all that the Northern angler gets, unless he takes the lake trout in much the same manner; but the lake trout is not often found in the smaller lakes and is usually taken by professionals, in winter. The black bass in the North hibernates and so do most Northern anglers. Winter is the time that the tackle is overhauled, rods varnished, reels repaired and lines tested. The tackle maker receives orders for new rods, made to a specified length and weight, not to exceed a hair's breadth in the former nor a feather's avoirdupois in the latter, and the old lines are examined foot by foot for flaws that might lose the largest fish of the coming season. Flies are inspected and laid away in camphor or, better yet, in tightly corked bottles, to keep the moths away. The gut is looked at with a critical eye, and the trayed parts cut out or rubbed smooth with India rubber.

What anticipations of glorious sport the care of fine tackle brings! What memories of past achievements its contemplation conjures up! The cleaning and oiling of the smooth-running reel is a pleasure. Its sharp click recalls the struggle with a two-pound trout in the pool under the roots of the old sycamore; or the silent whirl of the multiplier suggests the fierce fight with the great bass, which was the envy of the local fishermen and the talk of the town for days after, and which was finally recorded in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

The Northern angler in his hibernation has these enjoyments, and others besides. He now looks back over the printed record of angling in all parts of the country in the pages above referred to, which he only had time to hurriedly scan in summer. He reads the angling books which he has bought during the summer, especially to be read during these long winter evenings; for your enthusiastic angler loves fishing books next to fishing, and always has a corner in his library where a goodly collection of them is to be found. With his slippers on, before a cheerful fire, pipe in mouth, the liberating angler of the North takes in a world of quiet pleasure and learning from his books and his FOREST AND STREAM—pleasures which those who can fish all the year round know little of.

THE COST OF STUPIDITY.—A Boston correspondent sends us a newspaper slip recounting some thirteen accidents with fire-arms; and our friend suggests that few people are aware of the numerous exhibitions of carelessness in the handling of firearms, or the result of the injuries resulting therefrom. The cases mentioned in the newspaper cutting include the bursting of guns, the shooting of companions in the field, and fatal accidents caused by pulling the guns out of boats and over fences, with muzzles pointed toward the unfortunate victims. As we have pointed out before, these casualties are in almost every instance due simply to the sheerest stupidity and criminal carelessness of the handlers of guns. Every fall the diligent exchange editors of our esteemed daily contemporaries collect a long string of such accidents under the heading of "Sportsmen's Perils." This fall and winter will prove more than usually productive of such items, owing to the flooding of the country with cheap guns, which find their way into the hands of men and boys who are about as fit to handle guns as a two-year-old baby is to play with a can of nitro-glycerine. We may always expect that men will kill themselves by their own stupidity with guns, just as they manage to be run over by railroad trains, blown up by kerosene fire-kindling; or contrive to fall off from precipices, and down into wells; or are kicked by mules; or have their hands taken off by buzz-saws and threshing machines. When the millennium comes, and the lion lies down with the lamb, perhaps the shot-gun and the didn't-know-it-was-loaded idiot can lie down in safety together, too; and both get up again. But it must be remembered, as we have said before, that the number of persons who are injured by gunning accidents compared with the whole number of persons who use firearms is exceedingly small. The list of these accidents which do not result from sheer carelessness is still less important.

THE BEST HOLIDAY GIFT for a gentleman is a year's subscription to this journal.

THEODATUS GARLICK.

THE FATHER OF AMERICAN FISHCULTURE.

THE name of Theodatus Garlick, physician, surgeon, artist and scientist, is a familiar one to most readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM*. It affords us much pleasure to present this week a portrait of the Doctor. It has been engraved from an ambrotype, taken when he was fifty-one years of age, and shows him as he appeared when at the busiest period of a well-occupied life. Before advertising to Dr. Garlick's work in fishculture, the following brief mention of his life will be welcomed.

Theodatus Garlick was born March 30, 1805, in Middlebury, Addison County, Vermont. His father was Daniel Garlick, a farmer, who married Sabra Starkweather Kirby, daughter of Abraham Kirby, of Litchfield, Connecticut, and sister of the Hon. Ephraim Kirby, who in 1804 was appointed by President Jefferson United States Judge for the Territorial District of Louisiana.

In 1816, young Garlick, then but a mere boy, eleven years old, left his home for the West, trudging on foot and carrying a knapsack. At Elk Creek, now Girard, in Erie County, Pennsylvania, he tarried two years, and then went on to Cleveland, Ohio, where he had a brother who was by trade a stone-cutter. Here he spent some years and became proficient in the art of carving and lettering on stone, afterward going back to his Vermont home to finish his education, which had been irregularly received at the common schools and under private tutors. In 1823 he again returned to Ohio, accompanied by his father and family.

In 1829, when at the age of 24, he entered the office of Dr. Ezra W. Glezen as a medical student, afterward continuing these studies under the direction of Dr. Elijah Flower, then a prominent physician and surgeon at Brookfield. After some years of assiduous study, and after attending full courses of medical and clinical lectures, he graduated at the University of Maryland, in the city of Baltimore, in 1834. For many months thereafter he had the benefit of close social and professional relations with Professor N. R. Smith, who at that date occupied the chair of Surgery in the Maryland University. Declining flattering inducements to remain in Baltimore, Dr. Garlick returned to Ohio and settled in what became the city of Youngstown, where he engaged in the practice of medicine and surgery; and following his tastes and talents he made of the latter a specialty. He spent eighteen years here, his fame as a skillful surgeon growing all this while, and then removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where he formed a partnership with Professor Horace A. Ackley. Here he was elected a member of the Board of Censors of the Cleveland Academy of Natural Sciences.

As a surgeon Dr. Garlick soon took high rank among the profession in that city, and of the country. He probably had no superior in that most superior branch of the art, plastic surgery. He performed numerous and most skillful operations of this class, both in the Cleveland and Medical College and elsewhere. One of the most important of these was in the case of a young lady who had lost nearly all of one side of her face and two-thirds of the upper and lower lips by "sloughing" of the parts. The whole side of the face was restored and the deformity removed by the perfect fitting of flaps which were cut up to supply the lost parts. Professor John Delemster declared that there was not a more difficult or a more successful case of plastic surgery on record, and placed its value in money at \$10,000. He performed the operation of lithotomy with unusual skill and success, in one case fracturing first and then extracting a stone which measured three and a half by four and a half inches; in shape like a coconut. He successfully removed the half of the under jaw twice, disarticulating in each case, and twice tied successfully the carotid artery. He made some valuable improvements in the methods of operation for harelip, and for fistula in ano; introduced new splints and dressings for fractures, and applied the principle of anatomical models to animals and parts of animals, and especially to fishes.

Dr. Garlick had early developed a taste for art, and possessed much talent for sculpture. He began his work in this while in college, and subsequently made most creditable additions to this branch of American art. While at the Maryland Medical University he produced bas-reliefs in wax of five of the professors of the college, which were pronounced excellent likenesses. The statuettes in baso-relievo of General Jackson and Henry Clay, both of whom gave him sittings, were soon after completed. A life-size bust of Judge George Tod, of Ohio, was another of his productions, admired for accuracy and artistic merit.

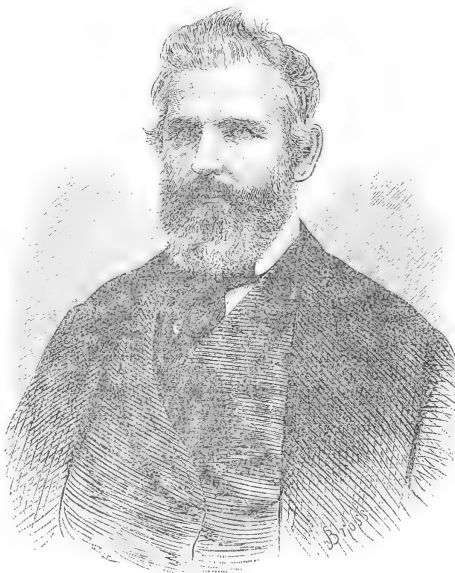
His last work of art is probably his masterpiece, and has a peculiar interest because of the circumstances under which it was completed. It is a life-size bust of Professor J. Kirkland at the age of sixty, made in 1874. A disease of the spinal nerves of more than ten years duration, and which incapacitated him from standing without the aid of crutches, kept him closely confined to a lounge, and in a recumbent position, and while suffering acute pain, he modelled this ad-

mirable bust. The bust was modelled partly from an alto-relievo which he produced in 1850, and partly from sittings by the Professor. It was most truly a labor of love. No pecuniary recompense would have induced Dr. Garlick to undertake it. His deep affection for Professor Kirkland enabled him to persevere in it until its completion. Dr. Garlick made the first daguerrotype picture (a landscape) taken in the United States, and himself constructed the instrument and apparatus to take it in December, 1839; besides making in 1840 the first daguerrotype likeness ever taken anywhere without requiring the rays of the sun to fall directly upon the sitter's face—in other words, in the shade.

This talent as a sculptor was applied in a most useful way to the construction of anatomical models. He also made many valuable pathological models, which represented rare forms of disease. These models were duplicated, and are to be found in the medical colleges of Cleveland, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Charleston, Toronto and elsewhere. They are considered to be superior to the works of the celebrated Anzoux of Paris.

THE PIONEER IN AMERICAN FISHCULTURE.

It is as the pioneer in American fishculture that Dr. Garlick's name will have the most enduring fame. Attracted by the reports of the experiments of Gehen and Remy in France, he at once recognized the practicability of artificially increasing some of our more valuable species; and, being an angler, naturally selected the brook trout to begin with. Associ-



THEODATUS GARLICK.

From an ambrotype taken at the age of fifty-one.

ating himself in this enterprise with Prof. H. A. Ackley, Dr. Garlick started for the Saut Ste. Marie to obtain adult fish for this purpose, in the month of August, 1853, while Prof. Ackley prepared a pond for their reception by making a dam below a spring on his farm, which was some two miles from Cleveland. The first attempt at transporting fish from the Saut Ste. Marie, nearly 500 miles, was a failure; but three subsequent attempts resulted in placing 150 trout in the pond. In September he made a trip to Port Stanley, Canada, and brought more. It was supposed that the journey would interfere with their spawning the same year, but in this the experimenters were agreeably mistaken. On the 20th of November the fish had so far progressed in nest making as to be ready to occupy the beds scooped in the gravel; and on the following day the Doctor caught and stripped the first pair of fishes so treated on the continent of North America. All the details of development, which are now so familiar to fish-culturists, were then veiled and unknown. Were the little eggs impregnated? Would they hatch?

It was forty-eight days, or not until Jan. 9, 1854, when the Doctor placed one of the eggs under the microscope and saw an unmistakable embryo. Thirteen days later a fish emerged from the egg, and the triumph was complete.

On the 14th of February Dr. Garlick described these experiments and their success in a paper read before the Academy of Natural Sciences of Cleveland, O., which was published in its proceedings, and from which the above facts are taken. In December, 1856, he exhibited microscopic views of the embryo trout before the same Academy at three different meetings, and showed the changes in the structure of the embryo at different ages.

In 1857 he published a book entitled "Fish Culture," which was for years the standard authority on the subject; a second edition, revised and enlarged, appeared last year,

and was reviewed in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Sept. 16, 1890.

Dr. Garlick's early experiments in fishculture were published in the *Ohio Farmer* and at that time did not attract much attention outside of his own circle of acquaintance, nor did his experiments and successes strike the public as having any practical bearing upon the every-day concerns of life in the way of increasing the food supply, which was for no way scant in his State. Indeed they were rather viewed as a curious recreation of a gentleman addicted to scientific experiments, and as a harmless way of spending his time and money. Unfortunately for trout culture the Doctor was possessed of an ample income and therefore felt no necessity to enter into the breeding of fish as a business venture, nor to push it. He had demonstrated the fact that it was practicable to breed fish and proved it his own satisfaction, as well as that of his neighbors; he had published the result of his work in both scientific and popular papers; and there the matter rested. If he had been a poor man his natural enthusiasm, added to his native energy, which in other things showed his great powers of pushing things to their farthest limits, would, even in that early day, have awakened an interest in the culture of fish which would have given it a start that it did not acquire until fifteen years later.

Although he saw in the artificial breeding of fish a rare and important industry he had no conception of the preparations that he has been spared to see it assume. He has seen it pass from the stage of scientific experiment to an industrial pursuit, and from that to become an important department in the internal economy of nearly every State in the Union by the appointment of Fishery Commissioners with State and National appropriations more or less ample for the propagation of food fishes. He has watched the interchange of fish eggs with foreign countries and the safe shipment of ova to the antipodes. He has seen the salmon restored to the Connecticut River; the chad successfully planted and grown on the Pacific coast, where they were unknown, until fresh shad are so novelty in the markets of San Francisco. He has seen the fishes of the West firmly established in the East, until the trout of California has been perfectly acclimated there. He has noted the fact that the sea-fishes also have been propagated and that the cod and the Spanish mackerel can be increased by artificial means. Truly a grand retrospect for the pioneer in American fishculture, and a glorious record with which to close a busy and useful life.

During the past years of physical suffering with which Dr. Garlick has been prostrated, his mind has been clear; and now in his seventy-sixth year, he watches the *FOREST AND STREAM* for new movements in fishculture. He has been an occasional contributor to its columns and has lately been much interested in the culture of carp, of which he has a pond and hopes to see them increase. He was a diligent student of natural history and other kindred sciences. Professor J. P. Kirkland was his first and only preceptor in natural history, and was his intimate friend and associate for more than forty years. In 1857 the Doctor described the large-mouthed black bass of Ohio waters as *Oryzias luytoma*, its specific name being his own and descriptive of its large mouth, a name so appropriate that it is unfortunate that it has to give way to the law of priority and be passed into the realms of synonymy.

When in health Dr. Garlick stood six feet two inches in his bare feet, and weighed 235 pounds. His magnificent physique and even, genial temperament enabled him to perform an unusual amount of work requiring endurance and patience. The brief outline of his life given above is the record of a busy, well-spent career, well rounded by notable achievements in different spheres of work; it is the sketch of a remarkable man.

Dr. Garlick has been married three times. His first and second wives were sisters and daughters of Dr. Elijah Flower, his medical preceptor. He had two children by his second wife, one son, Dr. Wilmot H. Garlick, and one daughter. In 1846 he married Mary M. Chittenden, his third wife, by whom he had one daughter.

WE ARE INDEBTED to the courtesy of Prof. Alfred M. Mayer, of Stevens' Institute, for the data respecting the relative velocities of a rifle bullet and of sound. The subject was brought up by the reported circumstances attending a target marker's death, it being asserted that the marker heard the sound of the rifle when fired, and then stepped out and was killed by the ball.

THE WIDE CORRESPONDENCE printed in our columns, to-day, is suggestive of the great variety of American game, and of the extensive territory open to sportsmen in this country. December is in many States the last month for general shooting; with the first of January comes the close of the season.

INVALIDS IN THE WOODS.—We are promised by our correspondent Nesmink some pertinent facts about the Adirondacks and the people who go there to get well. The subject is of grave importance, and its discussion in our columns will be followed with interest.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE "MASH."

LEAVES FROM A LOG-BOOK—III.

CAYUGA LAKE gives a straight course for the canoeist of thirty-eight miles. On both sides, for nearly its whole length, are high cliffs and wooded hills, with numerous cascades and tumbling streams dividing them by ravines and gorges of a hundred or more feet in depth. The only winds experienced are either due north or south, and are seldom fierce enough to endanger the voyager in the most diminutive craft. The hunter can bag a reasonable number of ruffed grouse or quail on its shores in season; ducks are quite plentiful, and fly-fishing for black bass or trolling for lake-trout is excellent.

At the foot of the lake, where its waters are emptied into Seneca River, begin the Montezuma Marshes, extending along the river for two miles and varying in width from one-half mile to two or three miles. Myriads of wild-fowl make these marshes their spring and fall resting-place a few years ago, and black and summer ducks found it a safe breeding-ground; but railroads and city sportsmen, sink-bombs and batteries, and the native, whose water-spaniels are trained to catch the young ducks before they are able to fly, have so decimated the numbers of birds that a whole day's work now will scarcely bring a score of ducks to bag.

The inhabitants of the marshes are a peculiar class of people—illiterate, poor, shiftless and lazy—and are isolated from the rest of the world as if dwelling on an island afar out in the ocean. Their employments consist in "frying" fish in summer, and shooting ducks and cutting "flag" in fall, with perhaps the cultivation of a small garden to supply them with enough "sters and "turnicks" to last through the winter. Few of them possess horses, the greater part of their going and coming being done by water; but on this element they are accustomed to.

It was nearly dark on the 10th, October night when the canoe Gypsy, with Captain and Judy aboard, crossed the bay from Cayuga village to Mud Lock, and entered the sluggish current of the Seneca. The thirty odd miles that had been traversed from Bushy Point had been accomplished without fatigue, a friendly south wind having borne the little boat along at a good rate; but now the sail had to be lowered and slowed, and the feet and back braced for a steady paddle for two or three hours. There is a sort of tired-and-easy delight in traveling thus along, not knowing where fate will call a halt for the night's rest, a delight only experienced by two of the human kind—the canoeist and the tramp. The former has rather the better lot of the two, for he has a comfortable shelter to rest in, no matter where darkness overtakes him, while the tramp must needs make the best of it as he can, now in a barn, next under a haystack, or, perhaps, beneath the blue vault of heaven, with no shelter but the lee-side of a stump fence.

While the Captain is moralizing as above, the sun has withdrawn its large, friendly face, and the horizon, and the noisy cackle of the mud-hens belokening with an infallible certainty the speedy approach of darkness. Soon the outlines of the grassy shores become blurred and indistinct, and the stars and the new moon show brightly against the dark blue of the nocturnal sky. There are many cuts and channels through the morass, dividing it in every direction, but the Captain has hunted the marsh through many times and knows the channel well, so, whistling a gay tune in time with the paddle stroke, he threads the winding passages, turning here to avoid a shoal and there to escape the three poles of a fisherman's fyke as he skims along. No trees break the monotony of the dim vista, only here and there a tall stake—driven into the mud to indicate the whereabouts of some "fish-car"—rises grim and ghost-like, nodding its head with the surge of the current.

By and by the roar of falling water and a steersman's long-drawn "Go-o-o-on, Johnny," tell the Captain that he is nearing the Aqueduct, where the Erie Canal is taken across the river by a massive structure of concrete masonry. The river flows beneath this structure through a number of arches, passable for a skiff except at high water, but unpleasant on account of the continual leakage and overflow from the canal above. For a moment the Captain pauses to don his waterproof coat and button the apron around the well, and then strikes out boldly for the most easterly arch, where there is less overflow than at any of the others. The water gurgles and whirls as it dashes through the passage, which looms up black and uncanny ahead. The Captain hesitates to trust himself in the dark, but it is too late now, and with one stroke of the paddle to direct the canoe aright, he bows his head and shoots into the dismal cavern. The paddle is of no use here, and he can only direct the canoe by pushing with his hands on the slimy wall above. A sheet of falling water seems as if it would burst through the light deck of the boat, and indeed nearly takes the Captain's breath with its force, but after what seems an age, but is really only a minute, the canoe dashes through on the other side, and the Aqueduct is passed.

Now a dim light, like a will-o'-the-wisp, is seen to glimmer faintly ahead, right in the centre of the marsh, and toward this the Captain makes his way. If his surmise be true, this light comes from the shanty boat of old John, the Hermit of the Marsh, who lives alone the year around in his old ark, fishing, hunting, trapping and battling with the mosquitoes and the "fever-n'-ager." To all mankind this old recluse is a surly, uncommunicative soul, allowing no one to set foot within his strange domicile, and his two dogs are effective aids in keeping him free from intruders; but the Captain knows him better than do the rest of the world, and recognizes under his rough and repelling exterior the instincts of a true lover and worshiper of nature, and a heart as noble and kind as ever throbbled in human breast. There must have been a bond of union felt between this old hermit and the young Captain, in that each loved the solitude of nature—the one partaking of it in his canoe, paddling whither he would through lake and stream, and the other floating here and there in his awkward craft, back and forth through the great, bleak marsh. At any rate, the Captain was the only one known to have crossed the hermit's threshold, and even to him the hermit was rarely communicative, and never demonstrative. Perhaps he had some secret romance in his strange choice of life, but the Captain never invaded the sanctity of his inner self, and his secret, if secret he had, died with him when he was buried in the Potters' Field, with none to mourn him but his two faithful dogs.

As the canoe approached the light, one of the dogs began bark a warning, and the light suddenly disappeared. The

Captain knew the hermit would not show himself, trusting to the dogs to keep intruders away, so he was compelled to hullo to make his identity known. Instantly the glimmer of the light re-appeared, and in a moment the door of the cabin was opened and the bronzed face and grizzled locks of the old man were illuminated by the lantern he held aloft in his hand.

"Down, Jim! down! Is that you, Cap'n?"

"Ay, ay, John."

"Pull up alongside the little boat and hitch to the stake to your left. Don't get tangled in the fykes."

Now a word of greeting nor a shake of the hand did the Captain receive as he stepped into the low-roofed cabin, but the hermit quietly placed a shining tin tea-pot on the little round stove, the while intently scanning his visitor from head to foot. At last the Captain spoke:

"I see, John, you have hauled your house out on land."

"Yes, I've hauled her out. She leaks at every seam, and all the pitchin' and patchin' I can do won't make her float again, so I've jist laid her up here, and here I guess she'll stay."

"But next spring's freshet will lift her off."

"She'll stay as long as I do, Cap'n, and we won't neither us last till the ice breaks up."

The lantern, hanging from a hook in the roof of the cabin, gave light enough to show the scrupulous neatness that pervaded the hermit's quarters. Everything, from the mattresses of dried marsh grass in the one end of the cabin to the old-fashioned wood stove in the other, showed the painstaking care of the old man. The finished stock of a ten-pound muzzle-loader, made by William Greener, reflected the light of the lantern with dazzling brilliancy, as it hung on its wooden pegs. The simple articles of tin and earthenware necessary for the hermit's cookery shone on their shelf as if just from the shop, and bottles of root extracts and oils of his own collecting were ranged neatly in order on another shelf. A pair of flat-irons on the stove and some damp underclothing on the table showed that the old man was just about to do his week's ironing.

"Cap'n, you can get your own supper, for the irons is hot and the clo's sprinkled, and I must 'tend to 'em. There's bread, grease and pickles in the chest, and pork in the bar'l outside, so you can help yourself."

"All right, John," and the Captain proceeded to prepare the meal. While searching outside for the pork barrel he saw that the hermit had a number of wild ducks—winged or wounded birds that he had carefully nursed to recovery—peeped in an inclosure. He also discovered a fat pig on the farthest point of the grassy island, whose obesity was due to a liberal diet of fish, which he devoured with the greatest avidity.

"John," said the Captain, returning with his pork, and noticing a pair of mallards hanging near the door, "are many ducks about yet?"

"Not many," answered the hermit; "there's too many sportsmen for an honest man to bag any."

"What do you call a sportsman, John?"

"A sportsman is a city feller, Cap'n, who lives all his life in a brick house and knows nothing about a wild duck and less about a gun; who calls every man that shoots a muzzle-loader and don't wear coroduroys with brass buttons a 'pot-lunter,' and who fires at a bird forty rods away, not to kill it, but jist to hear his britch-load bang; a man who wants a stove put up in his hush-house to keep his dainty feet warm, and who ends up his trip by gittin' drunk, rippin' up a fisherman's fyke nets and settin' fire to the mash with his Heavny cigar."

"Your idea of him is partly correct, John, I've no doubt."

"Correct? I know it's correct, Cap'n. Before them fellers begin comin' here there was ducks and geese in plenty, and now they fly two miles high to pass over the mash. I've seen 'em, Cap'n."

"Then there's no use putting my gun together?"

"Well, I've baited 'em pretty well jist below in the cove, and mebbe we can get one or two in the mornin'."

The supper over, preparations were made for an early start for the ducks next morning, and at a late hour the two men retired to rest on the hermit's cushions. SENeca.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CRUISE OF "THE NIPPER."

IN THREE PARTS—PART I.

SHE met me, by appointment, at Booneville. With praiseworthy punctuality—considering her sex—she had arrived several hours before me. The express agent assured me that her conduct had been most exemplary.

The tourist, male and female, were just then thronging into the Wilderness from either side. Everything on the Northern road brought its quota of seekers for pleasure, recreation or health. The Nipper was interviewed remorselessly. Well-dressed ladies, neat young girls, and even children approached her irreverently. They examined her graceful lines. They made comments on her unknown owner, and invariably ended with lifting her gently by the nose, with exclamations quite irrelevant. No gentleman tourist passed her by without critical examination and comments. As they raised her carefully, they said: "I've my wrappings." "Holy Moses! who's going to paddle that eggshell?" "Clergymen said: 'I do declare! Is that intended to go on the lakes?' The ladies remarked, "Oh, my!" "Did you ever?" "Dear me!" "What a beauty!" etc.

None noticed the little gray-haired fellow, who, dressed in coarse blue flannels, smoking a clay pipe, dangling his short legs off the platform, and reading the last number of *Forest and Stream*, was quietly taking in the thing—until the agent pointed him out as the Skipper of the light craft they were admiring. He was immediately interviewed, and questions were frequent and fast.

"Do you expect to live in her on Raquette Lake?"

"Can you stand rough water?"

"Can you throw a line from her, and handle a good-sized fish?"

"Isn't she too frail?"

"And what is that little green canoe in the corner? She looks just smaller."

The Skipper answered the last question first. The little green canoe is the Nessmuk that was paddled last summer over 550 miles, came out tonight and staunch, was taken 230 miles to northern Pennsylvania by rail, paddled on the rocky altitudes of the upper Susquehanna, and is going back to the wilderness, still tight and seaworthy. The second question, Yes; she is frail. She is intended, both by her owner and builder, to be the lightest canoe of her dimensions ever built of oak, elm and cedar, with light spruce gunwale. (Here the Skipper showed a letter from her maker, Hushion, ex-

pressing doubts as to her strength, and giving pen and ink diagrams of the way she might be strengthened by bracing, thwarting, etc.)

"But," said the Skipper, growing enthusiastic, "she don't need strengthening. The two pairs of strips nearest the keel are of full thickness—3.16 of an inch. The third pair taper a little toward the gunwale, and the three upper pairs run light, very light. Her weight is sixteen pounds; length, ten feet, six inches; beam, twenty-eight inches; rise at centre, eight inches; at stem, thirteen inches; ribs, forty-five inches. Gentlemen, if any of you are canoeists, you know that you have no business to put weight on the upper strips of the gunwale. All weight in a light canoe must come on the keelson, and the first two, possibly three, pairs of strips. The Nipper is strong enough for me. As to throwing a line from her, she is the very best trout tow you in any direction you please, until she floats helpless. I have done it in the Nessmuk.

As to rough water and squalls, I expect to stay as long as the average guide boat of the Adirondacks, and ride more steadily than a salt-ramp."

With expressions of sympathy and hopes that they might see the light canoe and her Skipper on the lakes, the tourists went off on the inevitable buckboards, and the Skipper began to organize for a cruise. It was necessary to make the first twelve miles of it overland, and the route was not pleasant. Hills, hollows, sand up to the hub, boulders, and six miles of coroduroy road. Such was the first twelve miles—as every man knows who has made the route from Booneville to Moose River.

The trip was made in and on a lumber wagon, with the canoes packed in straw and guyed with heavy twine, the Skipper kneeling on the port side and keeping a death-grip on the gunwale of the *The Nipper*, unmindful of the hemlock lee-board that was steadily abrading his spinal column. The charge for the tow was four dollars, with a stipulation that the horses should walk all the way. When the latter clause of the contract was enforced by the Skipper the disgusted driver relieved his feelings by a twelve-mile string of oaths that would have struck a Missouri bullwhacker with paralysis.

It is a weary trip that road from Booneville to the "Tantery." But it has an end; and both driver and canoeist felt better when the two canoes made a landing on Tom Nightingale's porch, without crack or scratch. A double nip of whisky quieted the driver, while the hearty greeting of Jolly Tom, St. Holliday, Charley Phelps, Colonel Claskin, and a dozen others, made the Skipper feel as though he had gone home.

Moose River is not by any means a bad place to stop at. The hotel is well kept, fairly very pleasant, and charges reasonable, let alone that pretty fair trout fishing may be had in several spring brooks, easily reached in an hour's walk. It took four days to work these brooks and a few spring-holes in the river, the result being a reasonable supply of fine brook trout, saving none under six inches.

The road from the "Tantery" to foot of the Fulton Chain is so rough that no prudent tourist will send a light canoe in the worst side, as a Joe's Camp, on the point of guides. And even in this way they do not always get through safe. There was a fine new boat sent in that way last July, in which the guide contrived to knock an ugly hole. So the Skipper decided to send his dulle by buck-board to the Forge House, make the nine-mile carry through the woods to Jones', and paddle the twelve-mile stillwater to the lakes, which he did. In fact, he overdid it by taking the right-hand trail when within three miles of Jones', and carrying The Nipper over to Little Fall Lake. This lengthened the carry to twelve miles, but the visit to this lonely, beautiful lake almost compensated for the extra labor. It was late in the afternoon when Jones' Camp was finally reached and the Skipper learned that the camp was bare of trout. Pork, potatoes and tea were indulged in to a moderate extent, and the night's rest which followed was of the soundest. The next day was spent in a faithful but vain attempt to inveigle a mess of speckled trout from their old haunts in the Moose; and as he remembered with regret that these same haunts gave a daily supply of trout on the previous season, Everywhere, so far, trout had been found less plenty than in the summer of '80.

A second night of sound sleep at Jones' Camp, and The Nipper was put afloat for the first time, her owner boarding her rather cautiously for a canoeist who had faith in himself and his craft. She proved marvelously steady, however, and a paddle up-stream of three and a half miles in one hour brought her to the carry around the foot-rail, and gave the Skipper a moment's rest in her steadiness. The lower lake landing was easily made inside of four hours, and, once in the boat-house at Barrett's, the cruise of the Fulton Chain was finally commenced.

And here let us drop the third person singular, and pick up the eternal *Ego*, that I am as sadly weary of as my readers possibly can be.

At the Forge I met very many whom I knew last season; also, many who were visiting Brown's Tract for the first time. Among the latter were the invalids of the Lower Ossipee type, who did not seem very favorably affected by the damp, chilly weather, which prevailed during July and well into August of the past summer. As to the brigade of consumptives who came to the Northern Wilderness last summer in search of health, which they were destined not to find, I shall have something to say further on. Many were induced to come through reading a magazine article entitled "Camp Lou," and the disappointment felt by most of them was sad and bitter.

Evening of the 16th of July when I paddled out from the Forge House for a native extended cruise through the Fulton Chain, Raquette Lake, Forked and Long Lakes, the Raquette River, Tupper Lakes, and, by a circuitous route, back to the Fulton Chain. It was a very pretty programme, destined to be carried out only in part.

The afternoon was gusty and stormy. Black, wind-laden clouds went whirling across the sky with ominous speed, and I heard a guide remark, "Uncle Nessmuk ain't anxious to take this in." So I laid my gun case into a cushion and struck out. For a mile and a half up the channel the canoe flew along smoothly with the wind dead ast. Then came the open water of First Lake, white and spumy, with short, sharp seas, that I must take fairly abeam to the inlet, where I could see the waves dashing white over the large boulder at its mouth. I hesitated for a minute about trying for the inlet. But it was the trial trip of The Nipper. If she would swamp in a blow, better do it on one of the smaller lakes, and I pulled out. When fairly out of the roughest water her behavior surprised and delighted me ex-

ceedingly. She rose and settled on an even keel with a steady head. I should have correctly looked for a boat of twice her size, and threw off the steep, sharp seas like a duck. I thought then, and still think, that for a light, comfortable cruising canoe, under paddle, her model cannot be improved.

When about half way across the lake a low, ugly looking black cloud came up from the southwest, and when just over the lake let go a torrent of water that drenched me to the skin in three minutes. It was no time nor place for struggling into a gun coat, and I went both hands on the paddle, as I took it as philosophically as possible. It ceased as I rounded the rock at the inlet, and I went flying up Second Lake with the wind astern, only dipping the paddle for seaerage way; and again there came a thunder gust, with a down-pour of rain. But, as I could be no wetter, I rather enjoyed it.

Running the Eagle's Nest, I ran under the lee of the forest-crowned point and sponged out the canoe, for she was getting loggy with the water that had fallen into her, and then paddled across to Third Lake camp. Perrie, with several old acquaintances, met me at the landing and gave me a woodland welcome, besides lending me dry clothes that I greatly needed.

I and the camp charged to thrice its former capacity, and filled to overflowing with boarders and tourists. Four of the inmates were suffering from pulmonary troubles, and did not seem to be getting much benefit from "balsamic breezes" or "ozone." Each one had his or her peculiar cough: the season had been wet and cold, and the bright, open air here, that should be inseparable from a camp in the wilderness, was, for the most part, lacking. On the night of my arrival the wind shifted to the northeast with a cold, drizzling rain, and in less than forty-eight hours after landing I had joined the little band of coughers, coughing oftener and louder than any of them. As I had made the trip to the woods for health mainly, this was most provoking. I thought it was only a surface cough, so to speak, but it was constant, hard and irritating. There were plenty of cough remedies in the house, and I tried them all, with little or no effect until I resorted to balsam, taken directly from the little blister on the blisterer's finger, sealed tight and allowed to percolate slowly down the throat. This gave relief, and I mention it for the benefit of any future tourist who may get lashed upon a cruise by a cough and cold.

By the 23d I was sufficiently recovered to assist at a dinner given at Dunakin's Camp, on Fourth Lake, by Messrs. F. J. Nott, S. F. Fish and L. M. Crowell. The dinner was entrusted to Sam Dunakin as cook and purveyor, and it was a neat affair. The guests, estimated at six, turned out thirteen strong at the table. State Game Constable Dodge being one of the number, and I thought he looked a little glum as he tasted the "mutton," which had a rather gamy flavor, as though it "had lain in the roses, and fed on the lilies of life" (or of the lakes.) Whatever he thought, he said nothing, and the dinner was one of the pleasant episodes one never forgets. Our hosts were capable of good red wine, with a bottle of Martell at the finish. The trout were excellent and well cooked, and all three of our hosts sang glees in capital voice and good taste, aided by the game constable, who, by the way, struck me as being the right man in this third place. Just at dark I paddled leisurely down to Third Lake with an impression that the 23d of July, 1881, would be a good day to mark with a white stone.

Next day I tried salmon trout at the buoys, and brook trout at all the spring holes, with no success. In fact, the fishing on Third Lake, after the first of July, was not worth the trouble of putting a rod together or wetting a buoy-line.

NESMUK.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENTS.—III.

"NESMUK."

* * * And I remain yours sincerely, NESMUK, which means in the Narragansett tongue, or did mean, as long as there were any Narragansetts to give tongue, Wood-duck, or rather, Wood-drake.

Also, it was the name of the athletic young brave, who was wont to steal me away from home before I was ten years old, and carry me round Nepmug and Juncamaug lakes, day after day, until I imbued much of his woodcraft, all his love for forest life, and alas, much of his goodnatured shiftlessness.

Even now my blood flows faster as I think of the rides I had on his well-formed shoulders, a little leg on either side of his neck, and a death-grip on his strong, black mane. Or rode, "belly-bumps," on his back across old Juncamaug, hugging him tightly around the neck, like the s-lish little Eg-nist that I was. He thr? He drown? I would as soon have thought to ride a wolf or drown a whale. At first, these excursions were not fairly concluded without a final settlement at home—said settlement consisting of a head-raking with a fine-toothed comb that left my scalp raw, and a subsequent interview, of a private nature, with "Par," behind the barn, at which a yearling apple tree sprout was always a leading topic. (My blood tingles a little at that recollection too.)

Gradually they came to understand that I was incorrigible, or, as a modern way of the old school put it, "I was too good for myself, so that I did not run away from school, I was allowed to 'run with them dirty Infjuns,' as the aunt afore-said expressed it.

But I did run away from school, and books of the dry sort, to study the great look of nature. Did I lose by it? I cannot tell, even now.

As the world goes, perhaps yes.

No man can transcend his possibilities.

I am no leviathan in the supernatural; mesmerism, spiritualism, and a dozen other things are to me, but as feists. But, I can times and times myself, did the strong, healthy, magnetic nature of that Indian pass into my boyish life, as I rode on his powerful shoulders, or slept in his strong arms beneath the soft whispering pines of "Duglas Woods."

Poor Nesmuk! Poor L! Fifty years ago the remnant of that tribe numbered thirty-six, housed, fed and clothed by the State. The same number of Dutchmen, under the same conditions, would have over-run the State ere this.

The Indians have passed away forever; and when I tried to find the resting place of my old friend, with the view of putting a plain stone above his grave, no one could point out the spot.

And this is how I happen to write over the name by which he was known among his people, and the reason why a favorite dog or canoe is quite likely to be called

NESMUK.

Natural History.

THE ENEMIES OF GAME BIRDS.

CADILLAC, Mich., Nov. 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reference to your inquiry as to whether the nests of the ruffed grouse are destroyed by the red squirrel, I offer the following remarks. In the spring of 1883 I found the nest of a ruffed grouse, containing four eggs, and as I wished to obtain a set for my oological cabinet, I left the nest undisturbed for the mother bird to complete her laying. I used to visit this nest quite regularly, sometimes finding the mother bird absent, but frequently flushing her from the nest. She would allow me to approach within a few feet of her, and then with a whirr, she would leave the nest and in some way generally manage to cover her eggs with the fallen leaves. I never came to a sure conclusion as to how this was done, but think it was accomplished by the use of both wings and feet.

On visiting the nest one day, I found it deserted, and the eggs, seven in number, showed plainly that they had been bitten into by some animal, not one egg had escaped being mangled.

Some few weeks after, and within a short distance of the former nest, I discovered a second, which I have no doubt belonged to the same bird. This nest contained seventeen eggs, and from their weight I knew that incubation was somewhat advanced, and I therefore left them undisturbed.

In visiting this nest about a week after, I caught a red squirrel in the act of destroying the eggs. On my near approach the "imp" took refuge in a tree close by, and with a chirp and a chatter seemed to defy me to stop his destructive work; but with a charge of No. 8 shot I brought him to the ground and put an end to his misdoings. On examining the nest I found that but four eggs had been broken. These I removed, and found that the young birds were nearly ready to leave the shell. My next visit a few days after, found the young hatched and gone. The red squirrel has also, for some reason, a decided dislike to the nests of the humming bird (*Trochilus colubris*) and the blue-gray gnatcatcher (*Polypterus ceruleus*). At my old home at Ann Arbor, the gnatcatcher is one of the most common birds of the woodlands, and I generally found from a dozen to twenty nests every season, and often as soon as the nest was completed, I would find it destroyed. One day or two the birds would again be at work, generally on the same tree; perhaps the nest would again be destroyed and then a new tree would be selected and a third nest built. I have known a single pair of birds to keep on this way until seven nests had been built. At first I referred this to various causes, thinking that perhaps the site chosen had not proved satisfactory, or that it was the work of the cowbird (*Molothrus peccator*), but at last, in the case of the seven nests, I discovered the cause and put a stop to it. It was the red squirrel.

In conclusion, I would say with Mr. Bishop, if there is any good done by the red squirrel let us hear of it.

ADOLPH B. COVERT.

Ferrisburgh, Vt., Nov. 22.—Editor Forest and Stream.—Mr. Bishop's theory of the scarcity of ruffed grouse is novel and ingenious, but it seems to me that the same objection which "Verde Mont" makes to the hawk, fox and owl theory squelches this. There have always been red squirrels since any of us were born, and they were plentier twenty years ago than now, and so were grouse. Have the squirrels all at once turned their attention to the destruction of young grouse? Almost every one who has seen a nest of young grouse in the young of small tree nesting birds, but has any one ever seen them killing ground nesting birds? If they would kill young grouse, why not young chickens? They have been plenty about our house ever since I can remember, but we never lost a chicken by them that we knew of, though they have destroyed the young robins and blackbirds at a great rate.

I am glad that the FOREST AND STREAM has drawn the attention of sportsmen to this matter of the increasing scarcity of ruffed grouse, and I do not doubt that some one will get at the true cause, but do doubt that any one has hit it yet.

Meanwhile, I will stick to my theory of partial migration, a theory which is strengthened by the stories I hear of the plentiness of grouse among the back hills.

R. E. R.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 20, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inquiries in your paper regarding the gradual disappearance of the ruffed grouse, make any light thrown upon the subject of general interest to sportsmen and others. The enclosed item, copied from the Concord (N.H.) Monitor, may account for the scarcity in some localities. It is as follows:

"To sportsmen and ornithologists there have been several strange circumstances of late in regard to that favorite target for the hunter's aim—the partridge. A large decrease in their numbers has been manifest this season, but very few being shot, and those that have been secured have been scarcely more than skin and bones, and far from being the commonly delicious article to eat. A large number have been found dead which have no doubt suffered from the hunter's greed, something very unusual, and especially at this time of the year. A gentleman of this city, a few days since, carefully examining one which was found dead, found an explanation in the shape of three small ulcers upon the sides and top of the head, in each one of which was a small tick, which had made its way through the skull into the brain, causing death. An explanation of this singular pest by scientific gentlemen will be awaited with interest."

Being myself in Oxford and Andover Counties, in Maine, the past summer and fall, and having seen several being found dead, their heads upon examination disclosing ticks. One old resident and hunter had found quite a number, and attributed the diminution in numbers entirely to that cause. Last year it was the same, he said, and he, being a very observing man, and something of a naturalist, I think his observations in that direction of some value.

Mr. Bishop's letter in the last number of your paper mentions what is to me a new enemy of the grouse. Squirrels, however, are very scarce in the localities mentioned above, and I do not think they destroy the birds, though probably eat destroy more or less.—J. N. D.

much harm was satisfactorily identified and its habits described in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Since many of our present readers may not have seen the information then printed, we give a brief abstract of it. Any further observations which may have been made on this pest should be reported at once. There is no doubt that it is the most destructive enemy, except man, against which the ruffed grouse has to contend.

The so-called ticks are the larvae of a fly, which we have called the partridge fly. It has no other English name but its scientific appellation is *Olfersia (Perosia) Americana*, Leach. It belongs to the family *Hippoboscidae*, a group of flies usually found in or near forests and woods, of which the common small brown horse fly is one of the most familiar examples. The species included in this group are most of them very troublesome to horses and cattle, and feed on blood. The young of this insect are produced alive, and in their general appearance resemble ticks, but any one who closely examines one will see that it has but six legs instead of eight, which the ticks, as belonging to the *Arachnida*, all possess. These larvae are provided with a very fine delicate proboscis, through which they suck the blood of their unfortunate victims. They are produced alive, and it seems probable that the adult fly deposits the young on the neck or heads of the newly hatched grouse. Instances where young grouse, too weak to fly, have been caught with many of these parasites clinging to them are on record in FOREST AND STREAM, vol. XII, p. 25, Mr. Charles Baylies says:

"Some time in the fore part of June (1878) my dog started a flock of young partridges, perhaps one third grown, one of which seemed to lag as though it were wounded. The dog caught it and brought it to me. I noticed several ticks (sic) on the side of its head, about as large as a No. 4 shot and about the same color."

We have ourselves seen one young grouse which had no less than thirty of the parasites on its head and neck. These varied in size from a pin's head to a No. 2 shot, and were plump, round and full of blood. It can readily be seen that no young bird could long survive such a dire calamity. The one just referred to was picked up from before the dog's nose, the vermin removed, and the bird was then freed. Several times afterward we saw him, for he was readily to be distinguished from his brethren by his small size, and the last time he came under our eye he seemed, though small, as strong and well as any of the family.

Allied species of flies, which resemble *Americana* quite closely, have been taken on many hawks, owls and herons. The red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*) is infested with a similar fly belonging to the genus *Alindanus*, and I have found some resembling the partridge fly on the osprey, barred owl, long eared owl, marsh hawk, night heron and great blue heron. It does not seem probable that this parasite destroys the adult grouse, and if not, the damage that it does must be confined to the summer months when the young birds are its especial prey. That it destroys considerable numbers of birds can scarcely be doubted, but at the same time it must be remembered that it is no new thing and that the birds have always been subject to its attacks. When, however, the old birds from their age or any other cause, fail to rear their broods during summer, and are then killed off in fall, the prospects for much grouse shooting in that locality in the future cannot be said to be encouraging.

The adult form of the same or a similar fly we have often found on quail, although we have never seen the young birds with the larvae attached to them. It is scarcely necessary to say that the death of the bird is caused by loss of blood, and not by the insect boring into the brain, as is stated in the newspaper clipping quoted by Mr. Bishop. To our knowledge more fully will find frequent references to it in FOREST AND STREAM from Volume XI. to the present time.

DEATH OF THE TAME PARTRIDGE.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 1, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The item which appeared in your last number dated Oakham, Mass., and signed "E.," concerning the tame partridge at Coldbrook Springs gives a very wrong impression. One would get the idea that the party who did the killing knew the bird and wantonly slaughtered it, notwithstanding he was urged not to do so by a "passer by." It was one of the first, if not the first, of the many deaths of this remarkable bird, and I give the facts as they were told me by one of the party who did the mischief, and who then did not know that such a thing as a tame partridge ever existed. A real estate broker, whose office is in Worcester, took two men, who are residents of the adjoining town of Shrewsbury, to Coldbrook Springs to look at the wood-lot at Parker's mills which has for the past three years been the home of this wonderful bird, when and in the immediate companionship of Mr. Parker in our own town.

The three men were looking over the lot when the bird appeared to them running about their feet. One of the party knocked the bird over with a stick, but, probably, it was not fatally injured. Just then it occurred to the broker that it might be the mother of a late brood of young who was trying to attract their attention while the clicks could hide, and for that reason begged him to try to save the bird alive, but no young ones could be found, and fearing the bird was injured past recovery, he rapped its head on the trunk of a tree. His broker has been a personal acquaintance for many years, and on meeting me after their return to Worcester, and, knowing me to be a sportsman, told me of their adventure with the bird with much eagerness, and then asked me if I had ever known anything like it or could give any explanation of the bird's actions. Before the story was through it was all plain to me, and I told him of the mischief they had done and what a sad loss it would be to Mr. Parker. And here let me say that I no more believe any one of that party would have killed Mr. Parker's pet, knowing it to be such, than that he himself would have killed his stable and killed his best horse. There is, however, too much for which I think them worthy of censure. Several days afterward these men asked Mr. Parker to show them the bounds of this wood-lot, and while out with them he spoke of his pet, and desired to show it to them and tried to call it for that purpose, and failing to do so expressed fears that something had befallen it. Under such circumstances not every one would have come out with the story. Still, to my mind, that would have been an honorable thing to do, and I do not wonder that you have not begun to hear they now ask Mr. Parker for the loss of his pet very keenly, and also, that the men treated him very unkindly, in not telling him frankly of the mistake they had made. So much has been said of this bird in the papers and, so remarkable seemed the case that a great many people have visited it, especially the past year, many going a great dis-

tance. While Mr. Parker made no charge for showing the bird, hardly any one would allow him to leave his work without compensation, and in some cases parties paid him liberally. I am told that he has taken as high as nine dollars in a single day, so that his loss is not only that of a highly prized pet but a pecuniary one as well. Mr. Parker has the sympathy of sportsmen, and I might say of everybody. It has, however, been a common remark that it was a wonder that the bird had never met with any mishap. It had become so tame that it would sit on the shoulder and take bits of food from the mouth of a stranger, and sometimes he was almost an annoyance to Mr. Parker when about his work. Subject as he was to fall a victim to some stranger at any time it seems really wonderful that he should have existed so long.

[We are glad to receive the above letter. It seemed hard to believe in the existence of any miscreant, who, knowing the facts, would have wantonly killed Mr. Parker's bird. All that has been published since the bird's death has, however, conveyed the impression that advantage was taken of his tameness to kill the partridge. We are glad that it was not.]

FISH AND FROG SHOWERS.

I INDORSE fully your editorial note relative to the above. What "people say" or believe has but little weight in scientific reasoning. It is generally "believed" that a hair from the tail of a horse, put in water, though merely an empty tube, can become endowed with life and have conveyed to it, in some mystic way, all the organs necessary to the life and existence of an animal of its class. But who has yet met with the man who can state that he has with his own hands accomplished or brought about this miraculous transformation? That has himself plucked the hair, and watched it as it lay inanimate on the bottom of the vessel for days; that has seen its first wriggle, its subsequent general motion or locomotion, and its first meal? No! No! It is only another "Barnacle Goose" story; and how firmly this latter was believed in by "the people" at the time!

There is, however, more truth in the matter of "Fish and Frog showers," but here, likewise, "the people" have added their proportion of the mysterious and ridiculous. If a whirlwind has been known to catch up and carry heavy objects for considerable distances, we can readily believe that smaller and less weighty objects might in like manner be carried to very much greater distances. The red ashes of volcanic districts have been known to have been carried off many miles from their original location; so also the pollen of plants. In like manner small frogs and fishes have been so snatched up by a swirling wind, and distributed along the coast of the storm. But such events are rare and local and hardly worth discussing. They are not "showers," for they do not come from the clouds, but are rather drifts, similar to sand and dust drifts. Small toads come up out of the ground thickly during showers, so do earth-worms, but these creatures come out to meet the rain and do not come down with it. In fine, sir, I am every day experiencing the little dependence that is to be placed in "popular belief," which is an argument as unsound as it is unscientific.

Montreal, Nov. 23th, 1881.

HENRY G. VERNON.

SUGGESTION ABOUT ACCLIMATION.

The following letters explain themselves:

To J. M. LE MOINE, Esq., President Literary and Historical Society, Quebec:

DEAR SIR—As President of a Society owning an extensive collection of birds as well as on account of the efforts you have made to increase and protect the game of Canada and to popularize the study of Natural History, I beg to draw your attention to the capercailzie specimen of the English pheasant, black-cock and capercailzie, which I now send to your rooms for exhibition. You are no doubt aware that the capercailzie is a northern species, a denizen of Norway, living on the top of pine and spruces as lofty as our own; you are no doubt also cognizant of this fact that the Duke of Sutherland and the Earl of Fife have succeeded in adding to the Scotch fauna these magnificent birds, which are now re-introduced and breed abundantly in Scotland. Will no sportsman take the lead in a movement to introduce this bird and naturalize him in Canada? Awaiting for an expression of your views,

I remain, dear sir, yours respectfully,

A. WATTERS.

Quebec, 4th November, 1881.

To MR. A. WATTERS, Quebec:

DEAR SIR—I have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your letter of this date, advising me that you have sent on exhibition to our rooms some remarkably handsome English pheasants, black-cock and capercailzie, as specimens of the art of Scotch taxidermists, and asking my opinion as to the probability of adding to our fauna, the splendid game bird known as the capercailzie. It is now some time since I pressed this very subject on the attention of some of my sporting friends. The efforts of Col. Rhodes to introduce here the European house sparrow, show what energy and hard cash can do, and I trust the same success will attend the Colonel's praiseworthy efforts and expenditure to add the Messina quail to our Canadian moors and forests.

I have a dozen of the Colonel's Sicilian quail at present in my aviary. The breeding season being over when I got them, and am awaiting for April to let them loose, in order to test Col. Rhodes' theory about this migratory species.

The capercailzie, without being as delicate a bird to eat as our ruffed grouse, from its size, would be a very welcome addition to our fauna. In Canada he would find a climate, haunts, food and protection similar to what he meets with in the pine forests of the north—in Denmark. It is worth while trying, if he can be naturalized here. I hope yet to learn that some well-spirited sportsman will undertake the introduction of this noble bird, the capercailzie, and succeed here, as has happened in Scotland.

I remain, dear sir, yours most obediently,

J. M. LE MOINE.

Rooms of the Literary and Historical Society, Quebec, 4th November, 1881.

With respect to the above, Colonel Rhodes, of Quebec, writes to the FOREST AND STREAM that the importation of Messina quail has not been an entire success. He has turned them loose at Quebec and at Tadoussac, and they have been freed at Sherbrooke. He has seen two nests of quail, with nine eggs each, and one nest hatched eight young birds, which he saw just as they were born, but he never saw the young

birds again, so he concludes that they perished in the wet weather which followed. The Colonel is of opinion unless Messina quail can be turned out to hatch about the same time as the Canadian grouse (*Centurus*), viz., the first week in June—they will not raise a brood in Canada; and unless young birds can be raised, migration into the country in the spring need not be expected.

There is no doubt that these quail migrate in the autumn, as they remain about the farm until the first of September. The birds, when accidentally killed, are full of eggs, so the plan appears to be to place them in a climate where the young birds can grow to maturity, or to winter over a lot of quail and turn loose in the spring. This experiment Mr. Le Moine is now following, and we must hope he will succeed.

Colonel Rhodes is under the impression about 15,000 Messina quail have been turned loose in the North, and no person has caught or killed one of these birds in the spring.

Gauze Bag and Gun.

A NEW JERSEY PARTY IN THE SOUTH.

CONCLUDED.

THANKSGIVING DAY proved misty in the forenoon, but it stopped raining about 1 P. M., and some fair shooting was done.

Friday was a better day. Mr. Pray, of the Kitty Hawk, on Rattlesnake Island, bagged 71 red-heads to his own gun, but he was largely helped by a double battery lying to the southwest about three-quarters of a mile, and the red-heads were driven toward him in large numbers. Capt. Bill Henry Walker and his partner Dixie in the battery gathered 102 brace red-heads, and 4 brace of wigwags. The undersigned and partner on the same day killed a couple of geese, besides a score of common ducks. They style everything common, with the exception of canvas-back and teal. Wigwag, sprigtail, mallard, black-neck and teal with us are considered ducks, but here they are of little account, some of the market men even refusing to shoot at them, especially when the other two are around. To tell the truth we (who is the subscriber) were glad to bag any of the above variety.

We had out five of Nye's wild geese decoys, but as they had not been used for a year they were very tractions, clattering and pulling at their straps continually, and when geese were in the air, instead of hooking and pulling their fellow decoys down, like the trained geese of Bill Lane at Shinnecock Bay, they shut up as tight as the fastenings and were no more use. After a while we took the old gander and staked him down around a point out of sight of his fellows, and immediately we had noise enough, and had it been as good a day as the day before (they always say that, you know), we would have made a big bag.

Previous to this little arrangement of the big gander Dr. Burdett had killed a wigwag flying over our stools, and it had dropped behind us about fifteen yards and lodged in the grass. Some seven or eight geese were seen approaching to the westward, where our live decoys were working and flopping their wings that almost deafened us. Ah! that is the thing, they'll fetch them this time. The long line of distended necks stretched out, and seemed to be lowering to us. Now they are dropping. We'll get a shot, sure. Just then the increased furor among our decoys caused me to turn my eyes toward them, and I saw that they were indeed in a terrible state, their necks stretched out even with the water, cackling and thrashing about in what seemed to be an extremity of terror. A moment there was a rush of wings and a dark cloud seemed passing over our heads. Upon looking up a monstrous gray eagle was seen swooping across our decoys. It was but the work of a moment for the doctor and your subscriber to raise, and let him have a couple of barrels (No. 5), and another one No. 2, with no perceptible effect, as he only went off screaming, but as he left we noticed something drop and strike the water just outside our decoys. "The scoundrel has dropped a duck," I said. "Yes," replied the doctor, as he glanced backward, the blasted pirate had just shot. The third and fourth birds he had us close to our backs and scooped up the bird. If we had only seen him at it, a seven-foot bird from tip to tip would be long, have graced the table of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club.

Saturday found the wind still in the north-east, the bay low and the weather warm. Great rafts of wild-fool, geese, swan and ducks of various varieties lay out on the bars. A south wind would fill up the bay and drive these birds for food around and along the points on shore. Several more gunners had arrived at Nye's, making some 30 in all (19 more arrived, we learned, on Monday evening), showing the effect of a short "A" of Mrs. N. in the FOREST AND STREAM, and there was a scramble every morning for the best points. Nye missed it largely when he allowed the Kitty Hawk Club to get possession of Long Point and Rattlesnake Island. They are really good points, and the best the Kitty Hawk have here, but Nye has yet several points equally as good, and better, perhaps, when colder weather comes; but he ought to have held them.

We have heard that some of the clubs in New York were very much exercised lest some of the J. C. H. boys should shoot over some of their points. Let them rest their souls in peace, the J. C. H. don't propose to intrude themselves on any one's premises, and while your correspondent was there, Major B., with E. P., the secretary of the club, to back him, were too well posted in their duties to the club to extend any invitations to foreigners, no matter what the previous promises or indebtedness may have been. The Kitty Hawk Club have laid out a large amount of money in this section and further down, and they are entitled to all it is worth.

In the neighborhood of Van Slyke's are other clubs known more or less to fame. The well-known Currick Club (Gen. Hancock, who was a guest here, had some good shooting at a point opposite us last week), "The Light House Club," "The Crow Island Club," "The Palmer Island Club" and "The Monkey Island Club," all were bounding power in larger or smaller quantities, and the bay echoed and re-echoed to the 10,000 ruffs that ran to sun.

Sunday we were down at the landing (no gunning here on this day) listening to Capt. Bill H. Walker's stories—he is the big shot and best gunner in the bay, so said—when a large canoe was discovered coming across the sound. It proved to contain, besides the boatman, Judge Tufis and Mr. Keeler, of Boston, members of the Monkey Island Club.

Being Sunday they had come visiting, also, I believe, to get a little corn for baiting their canvas-back gunners. As we wished to see what of the country we could and we learned that Monkey Island was only about four miles from Jasper White, another famous shooting resort, like unto Nye's, we made a bargain with the boatman, with the very courteous consent of Messrs. Tufis and Keeler, to take us over with them. So after dinner we bade good-bye to Mrs. Nye (dear her dear heart "there are far worse nor she"—if you don't cross her) and Thos. Hall and your humblest embarked. We left big-hearted, as well as big-bodied, Ben Payne, Capt. Johnson, Dr. Burdett and that practical joker, A. Heritage, waving their hats on the wharf as we sped across the bay. We found Messrs. Tufis and Keeler most pleasant fellow voyagers. Upon reaching Monkey Island we were cordially invited to land and visit their club house, while the boatman changed our things to a lighter craft. We entered the club house. Ah! what a sportsman's home was here. We were introduced to the other two members of the club, Mr. Ricker and Mr. R. H. Bishop, of New York. The club has but four members, all bachelors, we believe, and men of ample means. They have an ample club house, large gun-room in the centre, with old fashioned wood fire-places; four bedrooms at the four corners. Only four persons are ever allowed at the club at one time. If one member is sick or cannot come, he telegraphs or lets the others know somehow and they cast lots who shall take a friend. They have ample out-buildings, dining-room, kitchen, cellars, etc., etc., and the best points for canvas-backs in the whole bay. And don't they take comfort, those four jolly souls! The club keep a record of all their day's shooting during the season or year, and it is a paying investment financially it seems. We were kindly allowed to look over their last year's work. We do not remember the number of swans, geese and canvas-backs they brought to bag, but each man's count for each day was faithfully kept; and besides the large number they sent North to their friends, the number they allowed their steward to send to market brought them \$651, while their expenses in all were but \$430, leaving a net gain of \$221; and they live well too. They are gentlemen who, we hope, may live long to enjoy it all well-earned good things.

We reached White's in due time, found the water here as good as anywhere, and very pure. Several gentlemen have no land waiting for a south wind and a cold snap to fill up the bay and set the fowl flying. Mr. Sanders, Collector of the Port of Albany, with his friend, ex-District Attorney for Albany County, Mr. Hotaling, had been there several days, but with the exception of one day, when they bagged 130 ducks, they had poor shooting, getting only some fifteen or twenty birds each day, which is killed there poor business. We tried the snipe one day, but found it hard work. Looked over the several fine points of White's when there is shooting, and six o'clock Tuesday morning found us howling across the bay for Nott's Island, where we took the dirty little "Cygnets" again for Norfolk, at which place, after that tedious ride through the canal, we arrived in time to take the steamer Virginia, of the Bay Line, for Baltimore. We regretted very much there was no Old Dominion Line boat until the evening of the next day, Wednesday. We had half a mind to stay over in Norfolk; but as the weather was yet warm, and we had a box of ducks, besides some game, that we wished to present to our friends, we were fain to go home as soon as possible.

There are three desirable routes to the shooting grounds of Currick, I. C. Old Dominion Line to Norfolk, then little "Cygnets" through canal and bay to Nott's Island, where if you send word in advance John White will meet you and carry you across four miles to his place; or go in Cygnets ten miles further to Van Slyke's. 2. After arriving in Norfolk by steamer you can take cars to Elizabeth City, then steamer Harbinger, a nice by-pont very pleasant trip to Cogan Creek (that keeps a good hostelry here), then across country six miles to Nye's. 3. Or you can go by cars to Baltimore and then by Bay Line to Norfolk, or continue on through the State by cars to Snowden Station and then across country seventeen miles to Nye's. This trip can be made, they say, from New York to Nye's in twenty-four hours, but I reckon it a rather hard thing across the sand seventeen miles. Many of the Currick Club take this route. Our next venture shall be the Old Dominion to Norfolk, cars to Elizabeth City, Harbinger to Cogan Creek, or Canal Bridge, as it is sometimes called, then for a dollar across country six miles to Nye's. The Harbinger is pleasant boat; the living is good, and the Captain is said to be "one of them." May we meet him next year.

JACOB STAFF.

THE MELLOW HORN.

THERE is nothing so sweet, soft and graceful to me, as the notes of a fine fox-horn, when sound-d by one who knows what he is about. There is as much individuality in the notes given by different horns as there is in the human voice. This is very much the case, also, with the report of shot-guns and rifles. I can tell the report in an instant of any gun I ever owned. This I have done upon a wager. The horns purchased from the shops are generally an abomination from their inception. The best horns are homemade. Procure a fine taper horn, as straight as you can get it naturally; do not have it scraped too much; and do not have the mouth-piece too sharp, nor the hole in it too large. The best horns are not over ten or eleven inches long. They can be heard further when squealed; are mellow and sweeter every way. I have found that the sheep-skin bag, in a deer with the horn removed, and drawn over the mouth-piece, down one-third of the horn and neatly fitted, keeps the horn from jarring, and is a good thing, and need not be unsightly. Hunting dogs and horses, either of them, can have a beautiful gloss put upon their coats very quickly, when not in work, and otherwise in fine condition (when fitting for the bench or prize ring) if mixed with generous feed in quality and quantity (combined with accurate grooming) a small quantity of flax-seed, or better, flax-seed meal be given. The latter must not be rusty. R. M. CONWAY.

ONE-ARMED GUNNERS.—Several one-armed gunners have made themselves famous. Some time ago we recorded a pigeon-shooting man who had been shot the right arm. Visitors to the Fair de Grace are familiar with the exploits of Wm. E. Moore, who has but one arm, and is among the finest duck shots of that locality.

TEXAS.—HOUSTON, Nov. 23.—Ducks and snipe are plentiful, quail and chickens very scarce in this locality, but water and mud make it unpleasant sporting. Out of twenty-three days of this month about nineteen of them have been rainy.—WANDERER.

tion, and from there shoot and kill the game within reach. Cleveland, Newburg and Royalton were to form on the north line, Brecksville and Richfield on the east line, Bath and Granger on the south, and Medina, Brunswick and Grouseville on the west. Preparations on an extensive scale at once commenced throughout the entire region and the excitement for the impending chase began to run high. The 24th day of December came. It was a clear, brisk day. A slight crust of snow covered the ground and the hills. The ground was frozen hard. Before the morning sun had risen the forest was covered with the ice and shivering trees, the noise and laughter of men, and the sharp ring of rifle shots re-echoed through the woods from far and near. Startled and alarmed, the deer started from their lair and bounded in long strides for refuge in the wild confines of the central township. Many of these animals are overhauled in their flight by the swift bullet before the fun of the day has really commenced. The wolves and bears just returning from their night's raids in the settlements sneak off in precipitous flight before the ungodly noise, and hide in the thick swamps and cavernous recesses of Hinkley.

Soon the large hunting host is in line on the four sides of the battle-ground. The men take their positions and form the square is perfect. The north line, composed of the settlers of Cuyahoga county, numbers about 130 men, many of them from the then infant settlement of Cleveland. It is under command of T. N. Ferris, of Royalton. The west line has about 125 men, of Brecksville. The south line, under command of James Hamilton, numbers about 100 men, and the west line, under Abram Freeze, of Brunswick, numbers about 120 men. These five captains form the Board of Managers and the whole affair is under their immediate control and direction.

The hunters stand alert and anxiously wait for the signal to pass. Then a long-drawn blast from a horn comes from the high hills in the north and echoes down the valley. It is answered on the west and down it passes along its line, then it comes east and back it goes to the north. As the bugle sound dies away the word "all ready" passes from mouth to mouth, and with it the advance begins. Steadily the columns press on, silently at first; then comes a wild shout and soon the echoing roll of musketry as the wild game dashes through the woods and the thick underbrush before the advancing host. The north column is the first to close in the square on the center; then follows east and west and south. It was now almost a solid phalanx of men staring close to one another.

Driven into madness by utter despair by the terrible confusion and slaughter, the deer, led by the stag, rushes against the lines; many are shot, others are forked and clubbed, and some, the larger and deer, escape—bounding over the heads of the hunters. The frightened animals, quivering and foaming, with their large eyeballs extended, rush back and forth, from side to side, and the massacre continues. The orders are strict that all firing must be done low and towards the centre, to prevent injury to the men. In one of the rushes made by the deer against the north column, Lethrop Seymour accidentally receives a bullet in his shoulder and one in his left arm. He is disarmed, and is conveyed back to the rear to have his wounds dressed. It is now past noon, and the carcasses of several hundred deer lie strewn on the ground through the woods. One or two bears and several wolves had been killed up to this time. It soon became apparent to the captains that it would be impossible to kill all the game closed in the square—especially the bears and wolves, the extermination of which was really the purpose of the hunt—without another advance being made from the four sides. This could not be done without endangering the life and limbs of the hunters. A council of war was called, and it was decided that the lines should hold their positions, and that no further long range firing be done, and the killing of deer and small game be prohibited. William Cogswell, of Bath, Me., the prince of huntmen in his day in Ohio, and "Riley the Tover," another famous hunter, who was located at Cleveland, and whose proper name has slipped the memory of the old sportsmen, Lethrop Seymour more men, to advance toward the centre, and "sit" up the wolves and bears and have them come out. The men on the lines were to keep watch, and kill the animals as they came out from their retreats. The men entered the arena, and their experience is best told in the words of Cogswell, who started in in advance of the little squad.

"I soon came in contact with plenty of wolves and bears, and shot several of them, when I saw near the centre a very anxious man, thinking the largest I ever saw of that species. He wound round him twice, so that he dropped each time, then he retreated toward the south line, and I followed in hot pursuit. About this time the north line advanced about forty rods; they had become so enthusiastic in the hunt that they could be restrained no longer, and this brought them within a short distance of the bear and myself. My dog, whom I had left in the rear, seeing me after the bear, broke away from the young man who had him in charge, and came running to my assistance. I met the bear just as he was crossing a little creek on the west line. The bear was about twenty-five or thirty feet from the creek, and stood several feet above him. About this time the men on the south line commenced shooting at the bear, apparently regardless of me and my dog. There were probably 100 guns fired within a very short space of time, and the bullets sounded to me very much like a hail storm. As soon as old Bruin got his head still so I dare shoot I laid him out. While they were firing so many guns, a great many people allowed to me to come out or I would be shot; but, as it happened, neither myself nor dog was hurt. The bear soon scrambled to the high land that was being poured into his bow. When the monster had been killed the south line broke, regardless of all orders, and they were soon joined by the three other lines."

Now a general search commenced in the centre and through the haunts and caves in the sides of the hills. Several more bears and wolves were found killed, the last one being a wounded wolf which had secreted itself in the top of a fallen tree. Firing now closed; darkness was coming on. The men were now in the thick of the woods, and were ordered to discharge their guns and then stack them. Then the labor of discharging the game commenced. First the wolves were drawn out, and there were just seventeen.

It was then decided that the bounty money—then paid by the State for wolf scalps—should be expended in refreshments for the hunting host. Accordingly two men were dis-

patched to the settlement of Richfield, several miles on the east, there to procure what the hunters and return with it to the scene of the day's action. Within a few hours the men returned, bringing a barrel of whisky, drawn in a sled by a yoke of oxen. In the meantime the other game had been gathered, and it was found that there were over 200 deer and twenty-one bears. A rousing big fire was built, and the scene which had recently been a vast slaughter pen had now turned into one of boisterous jubilation and merriment. A roll call was made, and it was found that there were four hundred and fifty-four men on the ground. And then, as "Riley the Tover," of Cleveland, the bard of the occasion, describes it in his lines on this hunt, composed some years after:

"They set the barrel on one end,
And tore the cork out;
They dug for tapers to attend
A ladie made of tin.
"The whisky, made by honest men,
Was drank by men upright;
And none would deem it hurtful then
To drink on such a night.
"Then every man drank what he chose,
And all were men of spirit;
But not a fighting warrior of force,
And not a man got drunk."

The word was now passed that the whole squad camp here for the night. A half dozen men soon jerked off the big bear and, drawing him up by the hind legs, jerked off the skin and the fat. The greasy carcass was soon roasted and spiced before the large camp fire. But few of the hunters had brought a little "Johnny cake," and a slice of bacon or venison, and they all evinced a sharp appetite for something to eat. When the roasting had been completed an onslaught was made with bowie knives on the body. But as there was no salt in the camp the food served became nauseating. From this it went to song, then speeches, and finally the night wound up with anecdotes of adventure and pioneer life. As morning came a division of the game was made. A committee consisting of Henry Hoyt, of Liverpool; John Bigelow, of Richfield; and William Cogswell, of Bath, was elected to make the division. After the proportionate shares had been allotted to the different companies the journey homeward was commenced, some of the hunters living twenty and thirty miles away.

Many of the men who had congregated here on the wonderful occasion had been entire strangers to one another, but after the night's strange and unusual festivities they had grown from terms of brotherly friendship. It had been a joy and pleasure to all these sturdy pioneers who were the first to unfold the beauties of the "Adirondack" to meet some of their kind here, isolated and alone as their days had to be spent then in battling with the forest and clearing their farms. The game was tied on sticks, and then away the hunters wandered up the hills and down the valley, north, east, west and south in twos, with the end of a stick on their shoulders, the trusty rifle under their arms and a deer, wolf or bear hanging between, its bloody head dragging over the frozen, snowy ground.

Then this "valley of death," with its quiet little stream, which had many centuries ago been a powerful torrent, and for many, many years had filled this broad expanse with a mass of rushing and scolding waters, grew still again and remained so for several years, until in 1822 the settler came with his axe and plow, and it is now a land of fruitful fields and pleasant homes and fine houses. C. N.

HOW HE GOT HIS DUCKS.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 28, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream.
There is, and has been for some time, good shooting on the Gunpowder Bridge, about nineteen miles from this city, on the P. W. & B. R. R. Fair accommodations may be had at the bridge for \$1 per day. I have been out twice, but, being only a tolerable shot at ducks, I did not bring many to bag. At a low estimate, I should say from seventy-five to one hundred men were on the bridge this morning, armed with every description of firearm, from an old army musket to a No. 4 breech-loader.

I left at noon with six in bag and double that number which fell to my gun in the possession of other runners. There are a lot of fellows who make a practice of claiming every duck that falls in their neighborhood. Some of these fellows claim to be gentlemen. There was one of this description on the bridge this forenoon, armed with a W. & C. Scott & Sons' No. 10 and an 8-bore by Green, who actually claimed every duck that he fired at (although I saw him make countless palpable misses), and his man was rapidly picking up ducks until he had a bag of a bat when I left. I suppose he had about sixty to his credit (?). It was so polite when he claimed his bird that no one seemed to dispute the point.

On my return home I casually related my experiences of the forenoon and happened to mention this fellow's name to a gentleman who knows him well. "Why," said he, "that man is one of the poorest shots I ever knew, but he always manages to get more ducks than any one else. He was so notorious for catching ducks that did not belong to him that no one would shoot with him when he was a member of the Carroll Island Club, some years ago." If it should meet the eye of the party in question he will learn that at least one of his victims knew he was being duped at the time.

You will, perhaps, wonder why some one did not "kick." What good would it have done? His man picked up all the ducks he claimed and remained out in the stream in his boat. I shall organize a clique that can outclaim him when next I go ducking. CHAS. A. PEASE.

VIRGINIA—Abingdon, Nov. 30, 1881.—Our quail shooting began Nov. 1, and birds are not abundant anywhere near town. Some five or six miles east of town they are reported to be numerous and but little disturbed. Quails have been unusually plentiful this fall, and have been hawked about the streets for 5 cents each. Stuffed grouse, in local prices, pheasants, are said to be found in fairly large numbers on the "knobs," from two to three miles from town. The rugged character of the country they frequent prevents their being hunted to any extent. Two bears were killed on the mountain twelve miles south of town, two weeks ago. Mast, while scarce in most localities this season, is abundant here, hence the prevalence of squirrels and other rodents. Some deer and turkeys are reported on the mountain, but there are very few within easy reach of town. I am planning a short excursion in a day or two, and will report results.—WILL.

VELOCITIES OF RIFLE BULLET AND OF SOUND.

STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
Hoboken, New Jersey, Dec. 2, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You have desired me to state the facts relating to the relative velocities of rifle bullets and of sound. They are as follows: The velocity of sound in air at the temperature of 32° Fahrenheit is 1090 feet per second. This velocity increases exactly one foot for each degree Fahr. above 32°, and decreases by the same amount for each degree below 32° Fahr. Thus, at 50° Fahr., which is 63° above 32° the velocity of sound equals 1153 feet per second; while if the air has the temperature of 0° F., the velocity falls to 1038 feet per second. Taking the above range of temperature (50°) as that of the air in this latitude, we have for the corresponding range of velocity of sound the difference between 1153 and 1038, or 115 feet.

The various velocities of rifle balls, depending as they do on the calibre of the piece, and on the relative weights of powder and ball, extend through a considerable range. Without much error the range of velocities may be put down at from 1000 to about 2000 feet per second.

Thus, the United States Government cartridge is of .45 calibre, and contains a ball weighing 70 grains, with 405 grains of powder. The writer has made a series of careful experiments of the velocity of this ball when projected with the above charge of 405 grains of powder from a double-barrel Express rifle made by the Colt's Arms Manufacturing Company. The determinations were made with the same chronoscope which the writer used in his experiments on the velocity of fowling-piece shot which were published in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Oct. 28, 1880.

Five measures were made, with the following results:

No. of Expt.	Velocity of Ball.
1.....	1521 ft. per second
2.....	1529
3.....	1529
4.....	1564
5.....	1558

Average velocity.....1540

If this ball be fired at a target on a 500 yard range it will take 1-10 seconds for it to go from the rifle to the target. Sound will go over the same distance in 1-3-10 seconds if the temperature of the air is at 62° Fahr. Thus we see that the marker at the target will receive the sound of the discharge of the rifle 2-10 of a second after the impact of the ball on the target.

The highest velocity given of a rifle ball is that found in Greener's recent work on "The Gun." He states 1928 feet per second as the velocity given by a .45 cal. Express rifle carrying a hollow ball weighing 270 grains, and driven by 150 grains of powder. If we suppose this ball fired at a target on a 1,000 yard range, it will take it 1-3 seconds to go over the range. Sound at the temp. of 62° Fahr. has a velocity of only 1120 feet per second, hence it will take 2-6-10 seconds for the sound of the discharge of the rifle to reach the marker at the target. He will, therefore, hear the impact of the ball on the target one and a half seconds before the sound of the discharge of the rifle reaches him.

From the above you will see that it is impossible for a marker to be apprised, by the sound, of the discharge of the rifle, then go out and be struck by the ball. Indeed, if death should be instantaneous he would die without hearing the discharge of the piece which killed him.

ALFRED M. MAVER.

EIGHT RULES FOR "TREEING GROUSE."

TREEING VS. WING SHOOTING AGAIN.

Montreal, Nov. 26, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream.

At this late date I will redeem the promise made over twelve months ago, and give a few facts regarding "treeing" grouse, that may be of service to some sportsmen who have not advanced far enough into the science of "wing shooting" to be able to bring down this most difficult of game birds to shoot, when bounding away at full flight.

I expect that this letter will be condemned by many old sportsmen, but when we consider the difficulty in hitting this bird while on the wing, and that but a portion of the birds that are struck are brought to bag, we must allow our younger brothers the liberty of shooting at this game wherever they can see it. Elsewhere "crack shots" (so called by our friends on our "off" days who would come home with but scant bags if we did not occasionally "put him" these birds after they had "treed," and on our "on" days we all make many misses, notwithstanding that certain correspondents claim to kill every bird flushed. Wonderful shots "on paper" are those fellows. When a bird gets up they, in a cool, calm manner, simply pitch their gun toward the game and bring it down, and sometimes also cut down a large tree that happened to be in line, winning the admiration and an excessive wage-of-the-hill from their intelligent dog, who is pleased to thus be provided with a stump, as he passes by to retrieve the quarry that lies riddled with shot some distance further on.

The habits of ruffed grouse vary greatly according to locality and season; for instance, in our Canadian wilderness where the timber is mostly hemlock and spruce, with an ordinary dog they can be readily "treed," while in the settled districts, if flushed in second growth hardwood timber, they but seldom "tree," unless early in the season, when the leaves are thick on the bushes, where the timber is of larger growth and a mixture of hardwood and evergreen. They "tree" more readily in September than later on in the season, and also "tree" better when beechnuts are plentiful, which fattens them, than when food is scarce and they are poor in flesh. In sections of the country where their natural enemies—foxes—are plentiful, they become accustomed to "tree" for safety, and will, when flushed with a dog, usually take to the nearest hemlock.

There is a great difference in dogs that are used for these sports. A light-footed fox-colored dog, who understands his business, will steal close on the birds, and make them take to the nearest trees, where a heavy, clumsy-footed spaniel would flush them before he came near, which would cause them to fly some distance before stopping.

The following rules in sections of the country where the timber is of large growth, and a mixture of hardwood and evergreen, will be found by those who observe the habits of the ruffed grouse, to be in the main correct:

1. When this bird is flushed on level ground, should he fly swift and low out of sight, he will usually swing to the left, and alight on the ground.

2. Should the bird, when flushed, gradually rise and suddenly drop upward, look for him on the nearest evergreen to where you saw him start; but if he at once rises to the top of the tree and then shoots off like an arrow, don't waste time looking after him, for he is a strong flyer and is away to some distant cover.

3. Should the bird fly up to a steep hillside it will alight on the ground.

4. But if from a hill to the level below, then look for your game well up in some tall hemlock or spruce, standing straight and immovable, on a limb near the body of the tree.

5. If the bird flies from one hill or knoll across a ravine to another hill, it will alight on the ground.

6. When flushed on a side hill and it flies off to the left, it will alight on the ground; but if it flies away to the right, it will, when near the end of its flight, either turn to the left up into a tree-top, or to the right into a low evergreen or dark covert.

7. If it flies down a ravine and you observe it turn to the left, look for it in a low thicket on the bank; but if it turns to the right, look for it in a low evergreen.

8. If it flies by the point of a knoll it will usually double around it, if to the left, will seek some covert under the bank; but should the point be to the right, it will alight in some evergreen not high up.

Remember, the shorter the distance the bird flies before alighting the more ready he is again to take to flight. If he trees immediately after being flushed he will take the most prominent limb in view, and, unless your dog holds his attention, will be away when he perceives you approaching; but should he fly some distance and be well followed up by your dog at once jump and cry, he will select some large hemlock or spruce and alight on a limb near the body of the tree, hug its feathers close and stand as motionless as a knot.

Why to get a side shot at him, as it is sure than a frontal one. When approaching, if possible get a tree between you and your bird. If there is no cover, walk along in a careless manner as though you did not see him and intended passing by, and when within range shoot the instant you stop or he will be off like a bullet, unless your dog is keeping his attention fixed on him by incessant barking.

I do not claim the above rules to be infallible, but have found them to be generally correct in the settled districts that I have shot over in Northern Vermont and the Canadas. The gun used should be one of the best, and a large caliber, for ruffed grouse are, late in the season, very tenacious of life and often, after they are shot through and through, will fly a long distance before dropping. As to the breed of dogs for this sport, I would recommend the red collie; they are very intelligent, with good voice and fair nose, with light, foxy movements, which make them well adapted for this work—treeing grouse. The young sportsman should try all fair wing shots, and as he occasionally is successful in bringing his bird down he will gain confidence and become a more expert shot, and as he grows older will quite likely deny shooting ruffed grouse otherwise than when on the wing.

STANSTEAD.

SHOOTING GROUSE ON THE WING.

SOMERVILLE, MASS., DEC. 7, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mark West, of Dec. 1, is as "sound as a nut" on the subject of shooting grouse on the wing, and I repeat it. Shoot at them on sight; let them have it, hit or miss. It seems as if this noble bird was possessed of something more than instinct, for if it is a possible thing for him to surely put something between you and himself when he starts on his electrical trip through the brush. A bunch of grouse, the top of a pine, hemlock, spruce, or a large rock, or even the butt of a large tree will answer his purpose; for I suppose he thinks that if he is out of sight he is out of mind. Now, my experience has taught me that it is almost useless to attempt to follow him with a "beat," for long before I can take sight on him he has landed in Canada or some other place; and especially if it is a quattering shot to the right. When a partridge starts, I look to see which way he is going, and as they generally rise from the ground I throw my gun up to my face (instead of dropping it to the line of aim) and keeping both eyes open, shoot in ahead of where I last saw him. I am governed by the distance that he is from me as to how far ahead I shoot; but perhaps two or three feet, if a quattering shot, and he has just started. His going behind a tree-top or bunch of bushes is just what suits me, for when I see him going I know just what to shoot at. Now, although this manner may not be the best for open field shooting, I have faith to believe that there is none better for partridges in thick cover. What kept me back in the dark a long time was the use of fine shot. I used to shoot No. 8 and No. 10 at them, and in a while I would kill one when an open, straight-away shot offered; but how many, many times I have fired at them just as they were going behind a tree-top, and would see the leaves and twigs fall. The shot struck just where I intended to have it, but the grouse would go on as unconcerned as though there had been no shot in the gun; that is, apparently, but I have sometimes found them dead afterward. It is a self-evident fact that to cut down fifteen or twenty feet of bushes or tree-top, you must use heavy shot and plenty of powder besides. In the next place, it wants shot heavy enough to smash any bone in the bird after going through the brush, so as to drop them then and there, and not let them go away and die after long suffering, or to be caught by vermin. After using fine shot a long time, I commenced using No. 4. The result was, that the first day I used it I killed four single birds dead in succession, and winged the sixth bird so that I soon got him, making five out of six. That converted me from fine shot for covert shooting. I now use a nine-pound, ten-gauge breech-loader, with 44 drams charge Lightning powder, and 1½ oz. No. 5 chilled shot, and thenceforward, to use the current slang, often literally "tumble to the racket" of IRON RAMBON.

HAVRE DE GRACE DUCKING—Christiana, Pa., Nov. 28.—Since the 1st of November I have made many strolls for rabbits. Find them very scarce. Not one bird have I seen. I spent four of the first days of ducking at Havre de Grace with Broomfield and Collary. We bagged over seven hundred ducks, most all were of the red-head species. Black-heads were not shot. That is why "Homo" found them so scarce in market. They do not bring the price that the good variety bring, and gunners do not shoot for them. They were, in fact, so few that bald-pate and blue wings. Black ducks were also very plenty. Canvasbacks would not dart to the boxes. The bushwhackers got some, and stole lots of red-heads from the box-shooters. They should have a law passed to prevent its occurrence another season.—G. P.

DEER IN MASSACHUSETTS.

ALLEN'S, POCKETT, MASS., NOV. 30.

THE open season for deer hunting closes with us to-day, and for the last three days little rest has been given to either dogs or game. As yet I have heard no estimate of the number killed, but I think it falls below the amount of last season. One man last year bought two hundred fresh hides, and he could not have got near all of the deer killed, as many are sent off whole.

A great many have been shot this season that could hardly have seen a snow storm in their lives, they were so small. It seems to me that a law which prohibited the killing of fawns, might tend to preserve the deer. Among the deer stalkers of Scotland the aim was not for hinds and fawns, but for stags. Killing these did not lessen the number of fawns in a season, and deer did not decrease as fast as where all are shot that are within range. Of the large number killed this fall very few are found with more than two or three points on their horns. A large number have no horns whatever; for does, and fawns too small to have any, are killed oftener than bucks. Fawns are often killed with the mothers, and one was shot near this village, the live weight of which was twenty pounds—no larger than a turkey cock. Sportsmen, while quailing, lower their gun without firing when the old bird rises from the cover followed by a half-fledged brood of young, the product of a second or third nesting. Why not spare the fawns as well? The hunter whose first deer weighs but twenty pounds has little to be proud of in the way of game.

The deer in this State are found mostly in the towns of Sandwich, Falmouth and Marshpee; a few may be found in Plymouth and Barnstable. Should the Cape Cod Canal be built, those in Plymouth would be isolated from those on the Cape. They used to be plenty in Plymouth woods till the fires burned over so much territory that neither food nor cover was left.

The question of hunting with hounds has been ably discussed in the *Pockett and Stream*. Here hunting seems to be the only method. I have never heard of any jacking or torching. Still hunting is out of the question on account of the dense thickets of shrub oak. The way with us is to surround one of these thickets and send in the dogs. I have known as many as nineteen men in one party, whose shares in a twenty pound deer would be a mouthful apiece.

[We heartily second the suggestions of our correspondent that the killing of these fawns should be stopped. Such business is simply disgraceful.]

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

NEW YORK, NOV. 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I not only agree with you fully in your views as to the pigeon tournaments of State Game Protective Societies, but I foresee the disruption of the association in this State if the present programme at its convention is continued. The idea of an association for the protection of game seems to me a simple of slaughter for game for wagers is an absurdity that will disgust legislators, and thus destroy the very instrument by which it is prepared to attain their ends.

I was one of the dozen men who instituted the association, and was its president, but I retired in consequence of the abandonment of its purpose of organization.

CHAS. H. HANWELL.

A STILL-HUNTER'S ADVENTURE—Moirs, Franklin county, N. Y., Nov. 29.—Editor Forest and Stream: A report has reached here that a man by the name of William Merrick, of the town of Brandon of this county, was, while still hunting deer, on the 17th, in the vicinity of Deer River, shot at by some person and slightly wounded. Merrick's account of the affair is that he was following the track of a deer when he found struck in on the same trail he was following, which he shot. A moment after he heard a noise in the woods to a little one side from where he was standing. He went to find out the cause, and came to a ledge of rocks having a cliff-like face on one side, and leaning forward to peer over he had hardly put his face where it could be seen from the base of the cliff, when a gun was discharged from that point, the ball passing along his cheek and through the rim of his hat, without doing any more serious injury than to make a slight scratch on his cheek. The muzzle of the gun was so near his face that the powder blackened and burned it considerably. The discharge came so sudden Merrick was dazed or stunned by it, so that before he could recover to pursue or even observe his assailant the latter had disappeared and eluded detection. It is reported that the owner of the dog is known and conjectures are made as to the man who fired the shot. But as nothing that is reliable is known as yet, the name is withheld. Some of Merrick's neighbors, it is reported, think that the story was fabricated by Merrick himself, and that he was accidentally wounded by the discharge of his own gun, and that he made up the above story to create a sensation. I am not personally acquainted with Merrick; therefore, will not express an opinion as to the truth of his story. I have only heard of him as being one of a number of still-hunters that hunt deer in that vicinity and make a practice of shooting all dogs that they find chasing deer.—ADRIAN ONDACK.

GETTING OVER THE FENCES.—The movements of a young city sportsman never fail to furnish amusement for his older and more sedate companions. His fineness and vigor in the morning create a laugh, and when he crawls along and wants to lie down after a few hours' hunting, smiles are exchanged at his expense. His manner in taking fences is characteristic. The first yearling with one hand on the top rail, while the gun is held high in the air. The second fence falls out a leap which shows considerable less spring. The third is taken with one foot on the lower rail. The next is climbed over with a lively sort of a scramble. He sedately climbs the fifth, lies upon the next and rolls over it, sits a little while on the seventh, crawls under the top rail of the eighth, the middle rail of the ninth, the bottom rail of the tenth, hunts for an opening in the eleventh, and positively refuses to take the next until he has rested his gun against it and stretched himself full length on the ground for a while. His hunting, which commenced with a bold dash through all the rose-brier patches and thickets in the first few fields, is now confined to the cow-paths and open places, and he is willing to let his companions start all the game, or even to second any motion to give up and take to the roads, shame alone preventing him from making the proposition. His

shoes are cut through at the toes and the bottoms of his trousers worn to fringe in the contact with the briars and twigs in his early rushes; his hands are bleeding, and the back parts of his knees feel very much like giving in; but he a rabbit start or a quail flush, and all the troubles are instantly forgotten, and he is as alert as his oldest and most seasoned companion, but as soon as the excitement is over he relaxes again and shudders at the thought of the next fence.—NEWARK CALL.

RANGERLY NOTES—Rangleley, Nov. 25.—Still hunting thus far has not been satisfactory, the light falls of snow wholly disappearing or forming a crust, making it too noisy. Soon after the first snow, some four weeks ago, D. T. Haines and Rufus Crosby, not-d guides and hunters, who had been trapping near Arnold's Bog, started a caribou which one of the first named hunter wounded, but failed to get, owing to melting of snow. Since then they have shot a large buck with unusually fine antlers. Haines got in the first shot with a Winchester rather high in the shoulder. The buck ran and Crosby who gave him a charge of buckshot, one of which entered the eye and brain, bringing him down dead. Last Tuesday Elmer Snowman, while hunting in company with the above named parties near the same place, shot a two-year-old caribou, shooting twice with a light sporting eighteen-inch .32 calibre rifle, hitting at each shot, grassing him while on the run. As I write the air is redolent of drollish steaks of said caribou. Thanks to the generous hunter who also brought me a share of the one shot by Messrs. Haines and Crosby. Last Wednesday was enjoyed by the local gunners in a grand hunt with seven on each side, captained by A. J. Haley and Charles Neal, Haley's side winning by thirty points in a total count of nearly five thousand. Sharp practice was charged by the defeated party, nevertheless enjoyed a capital supper at the expense of the latter at the Oquossoc House. On the day preceding the grand hunt a party of a dozen or more with several dogs chased a three-footed bear till dark unsuccessfully. Brin, though heavily handicapped, could take care of himself on a long chase. He had been hunted the two preceding days by a party of three and a dog.—WARFIELD.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES—Nov. 30.—The season thus far for upland shooting has been a total failure, as was prophesied. All our sportsmen going out from Philadelphia and choosing their grounds in New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, report quail scarce. Those who happened to strike the flight of woodcock had sport, but this was but of short duration. We had a few days of a few quail to start in December for North Carolina, where birds suffered less in winter. Duck shooting at Havre de Grace is moderately good. The fowl are fast learning the difference between a body of their own kind and a flock of stools or decoys, and do not give the shooting they did earlier in the month. Ten brant were killed at Burnegat and Tuckerton Bays last week.—HOMO.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN—Washington, D. C., Dec. 1.—Have just returned from my month's trip to Northern Michigan. Found game plenty in neighborhood of Reed City and to the northward. Had only one slight tracking snow up to Nov. 22, which lasted two days and was duly improved, about thirty deer being killed in that vicinity. The new Michigan law in regard to not shipping game out of the State is a dead letter, as venison is shipped to the little towns near the State line and taken across the line in wagons and re-shipped to all parts of the country.—T. F. E.

MASSACHUSETTS—Lynn, December 3, 1881.—Birds are quite plenty along all the shores of Massachusetts now; mostly coot and old wives, some widgeon, and now and then a broad-bill. One of our gunners shot fifteen last Wednesday in an hour. An unknown man shot a white-winged teal on the marshes a few days since. I never saw one, but take the word of older gunners than myself. The geese are flying this week quite plenty, but fly too high.—S. M. S.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.—Dear, "pheasants" (ruffed grouse) and turkeys are more abundant this year in the Shenandoah Valley than for a long time. It will really pay those of your readers who are lovers of deer and turkey hunting to seek their ground somewhere in this valley. Your correspondent saw a letter from Wilcox Mills, Va., to-day, in which it is stated that quail were comparatively plenty there, notwithstanding the snows of last winter.—HOMO.

WOODCOCK NEAR HARTFORD—Hartford, Conn., Nov. 29.—On Tuesday, Nov. 29, a friend and myself killed seven woodcock, all within ten miles of Hartford. They were large, fat birds, and in better condition than any I have seen this season. While I have occasionally shot a straggler later than this, I have never in twenty years' experience known so many woodcock so late as Nov. 29.—WM. M. HUNSON.

A CORRECTION—New York, Dec. 5, 1881.—Editor Forest and Stream: In issues of Dec. 3 and 7 I advertised Greener Hammerless, No. 208, as winner of Anybody Cup at the Western Kennel Club reception. I am informed it was mistaken as to the gun, and that it was a gun of another maker. I desire the correction to be made.—HENRY C. SQUIRES.

MISSOURI—Columbia, Dec. 2.—Our game is usually plentiful, i.e., the smaller varieties—turkeys, prairie chickens, quails, grouse, etc., and to be prevented from killing the same in season or out of season, our sportsmen (?) would look upon as a restriction of their rights, and inconsistent with the freedom of an American citizen.—C. B. R.

A WHITE DEER.—Number Four, Nov. 23.—A white deer was brought out of the woods after a few days ago. It was all white but the head, which was the ordinary color. It was caught in the water after being driven by hounds.—MRSSIT.

NEW BRUNSWICK—St. Martins, Nov. 23.—Game is very scarce here. Ruffed grouse nearly all gone. Caribou very scarce. Ducks have been plenty, but are now all gone south.—H. V. S.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY—Fort Walla-Walla, Nov. 9.—Sharp-tailed grouse are more plentiful than I expected to find them, and fair bags have been made.—C. BENDIRE.

NEW JERSEY—Wenonah, Nov. 21.—As I reported to you last spring, the destruction of quails was almost universal in this region.—MILTON P. PRIOR.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN DECEMBER.

FRESH WATER.

Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides*, and *M. dolomieu*.
Mudminnow, *Umbra limba*.
Pike, *Esox lucius*.
Rock Bass, *Ambloplites*. (Two species).
Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*.
Striped Bass, *Morone chrysops*.
White Bass, *Morone americana*.
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigricaudatus*.
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis*.
Chub, *Semotilus corporalis*.

SAIT WATER.

Smelt, *Osmerus mordax*.
Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarum*.
Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Morone chrysops*.
White Perch, *Morone americana*.

SAIT WATER.

Volok, *Polyactis carbonaria*.
Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis*.
Weakfish or Squetaque, *Cynoscion regalis*.
Channel Bass, Spot or Redfish, *Sciaenops ocellatus*.

ANGLING IN CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nothing as an art is fast increasing on this coast, and where one man indulges in the tackle, and practiced legitimate angling five years ago, there are twenty now. There is less of the "get 'em anyhow" feeling, which always pervaded the settlers in a new country, and more attention paid to the delicacies of scientific angling. Of this class of anglers of course San Francisco is the centre, and your old correspondents—B. B. Redding and E. J. Hooper—did much to bring this about, both by precept in FOREST AND STREAM and example at home.

There is excellent angling in our bay for smelts, perch, tomcod, etc., and it is a favorite amusement of clerks and others who cannot go to the salmon rivers of the north, nor to the nearest trout streams. These latter have been greatly depleted, owing to illegal and wasteful modes of fishing, and there are few good trout streams to be found within less than six or eight hours' ride from the city. Our Fish Commissioners are doing nobly in stocking our streams, and in trying to educate the people to appreciate their labors, and to protect the fish which they furnish. More enthusiasm is needed among our angling clubs, and more public spirit in extending protective laws to waters not controlled by them. The fact that the clubs so far have been content with protecting only the waters where they fish causes our protective laws to be looked upon as of a somewhat selfish production.

Trout fishing in San Mateo County, in the Pescadero and Purisima creeks has not been good for some years, and the fishing in the Lagoon, in Marin county, is almost a thing of the past, and we must go further north for fishing of the old kind.

Bourne.

WORM AND FLY-FISHING BY NIGHT.

WE take the following stories from "My Life as an Angler," by William Henderson, a book published by W. Satchell & Co., London, which we noticed in our issue of May 5.

One evening in June, when seated by the fireside of the inn at Wotton Bridge, Charlie and I fell into a discussion on night fishing, with worm for trout in warm weather, and we agreed that it would be well to give it a trial and ascertain how far our views were correct. "Well, then," said I, "no time like the present;" but Charlie was too comfortable and sleepy to respond to my summons. So, preparing my rod and line, I started to a stream half a mile down the river. The night was very dark, and I found my way with difficulty. Arriving at the intended spot, I waded across the deep stream to reach one still deeper near to the further bank. Standing in the water, I placed a lively job on the hook and cast my line up stream; the worm scarcely touched the water when I felt a tug and succeeded in drawing a large trout toward me. Having basked this I threw again with the same result; and now astonishment awaited me. There was not a breath of wind—the water was flowing gently and caused but little sound—when all at once my ears were assailed by such a tumult of fish splashing and splashing as I never before heard; the river seemed alive with large fish. My heart beat, for there seemed something uncanny in the affair; still I persevered, and succeeded in securing four more fish. Suddenly all was still; not a fish was heard to move, and not another bite was to be had. I could neither see nor hear anything to account for the sudden change, so I started, proud of my prize of six fish, considerably larger than any we had taken in the river by daylight. The unpleasantness of angling with worms in the dark is so great that I have never tried the experiment again, but of its success there can be no doubt.

One night when at Gersnach, in the Black Forest, a strange fancy took such strong possession of me that I felt constrained to bow to it. The night was pitch dark, and distant thunder gave the proverbial warning that all fishing was out of the question; still, mad as the idea seemed, I determined to make one essay in front of the hotel. So black was the night that a lighted lantern was necessary to guide me in arranging my rod and tackle at the door. This done, I sought the edge of the lawn, by the side of which rushed a rough, rapid stream, which sped from a mill immediately above. Scarcely had I taken my position near the top of the stream when the lightning blazed forth, illuminating the pine-clad hills and making a sudden glare far exceeding that of the brightest sun-bite. Each tree of the forest might be distinguished while the lightning quivered in the sky, and then followed a darkness so intense that I could not see the rod, and could scarcely distinguish my hand. The dark intervals between the flashes might be five minutes, and it was during these that I cast my flies straight across the rushing mill-stream. The instant the flies fell on the water I felt a tug, then a rush, and all was quiet. I was amazed, but at length con-

cluded that a passing shaft had struck my hook. Another cast of the line, and here was no room for doubt, a heavy fish was pulling violently. It was long before the strength of the current allowed me to land my prize, indeed it was only by the lightning's flash that I could judge where or how to do this. I fished the stream steadily downward for about a hundred yards; the lightning showed me where to throw my flies; all around was inky blackness. I cast and rarely failed either to hook or take a fish. The strength of the current enabled many a fish to break away, but at the end of half an hour my basket held eight fish, and when these were landed at the hotel they proved to be three trout, three grayling, and two fish resembling chub. The least was three-quarters of a pound in weight, and the largest a pound and a half; altogether a beautiful dish, and the fish by far the largest in size that I had captured during my week's angling. * * * What speculations these two experiments forced upon the angler's mind, as to the feeding of fish on dark nights, when they are commonly supposed to be at rest! I am compelled to the conclusion that in these night banquets is frequently to be found the true answer to the fisherman's too common question, "Why do not the fish take? The water is in good order, the wind is right, and everything bespeaks a good day's sport, but they won't take." The response should be: "Dined already, and require time for digestion."

ANGLING LITERATURE.—Should any one be inclined to wonder at the fascination which this literature exercises over its votaries we would have him reflect that in the plain, almost rustic simplicity of the best books on the subject those charms of wood-land and river scenery which are so dear to the wandering fly-fisher are faithfully reflected. The songs of the birds to which he listens, and the flowers which he marks as he passes down the brook, remind him of their scent and echoes, as preserved in many a quaint little volume of the seventeenth century by some angler whose tastes were similar to his own. The directions such manuals give for making the angler's "harness" or the flies they prescribe for trout may long since have become antiquated, but the "one touch of nature" which is sure to show itself amid the duldest disquisitions on rods and lines redeems the book from oblivion. Hence the difficulty which the world-be collector of angling books finds. Black-letter volumes on angling he may as well at once despair of procuring, save after devoting a life-time to the search. The early manuals—say those of the seventeenth century—are now rare. Facsimiles, at least, so-called facsimiles—have been published of many, and these are in most instances as unattractive as originals. Any good modern book on angling speedily goes out of print. Thus Ephemer's "Book of the Salmon" and Mr. Wetwood's "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," of the respective dates 1850 and 1861, have long been rare, owing to no new editions being published. One or two well-known collectors possess unrivalled libraries of angling literature, but every angler with the least tincture of scholarship or love for his art has a shelf full of favorite authors, whom he values equally with the implements used by him at the water-side.—*The Athenaeum*.

WHITEFISH TAKE THE FLY.—MIRA, N. Y., Nov. 30.—I noticed an article some time ago in the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to whitefish taking the fly or bait. We have a fish in the lakes in the Adirondacks that is called whitefish. I have never seen one and the whitefish of the Great Lakes together, but, as far as I can see, they look alike. I have caught them in Chaumaux Lake many a time with a fly hook, and have frequently caught them with angle-worms when fishing for trout there. About the last of August, I think it was, they used to take the fly which we called the "shad fly," and we could take large numbers of them in this way.—ADRIAN ONDAK.

THE CARP AS A FOOD FISH.—PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Richard Holliday, of Queens Co., Md., has presented to Col. Hughlett, State Fish Commissioner, thirty-two German carp, raised by him for distribution to the Potomac and Wisconsin rivers. The carp were shipped last week in car of an agent of Col. Hughlett, and were turned out at Snow Hill and Salisbury—sixteen at each place. They weigh from 2½ to 3 pounds, and are about two years old. Mr. Holliday has been a very successful propagator of these fish, and he thinks them delicate, and as finely flavored a fish as any he ever ate.—Homo.

THE LATE S. A. KILBOURNE.—In the window of the publishing house of Charles Scribner's Sons, on Broadway, we have noticed a fine crayon portrait of the late Mr. S. A. Kilbourne, the celebrated artist, whose delineations of our game fishes have so often been noticed in our columns. The likeness is a most perfect one, and to those who had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Kilbourne it will be a satisfaction to see this most perfect counterfeited.

Fishculture.

FISH DISTRIBUTION IN NEW YORK.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 25.
The N. Y. State Fish Commission are now ready to receive orders from any parties in this State wishing to stock public waters with salmon trout, brook trout, California mountain trout, black bass, rock bass, Oswego bass, yellow perch and bullheads. Parties applying will please give description and names of water and where located. Applications will be received until March 1, 1882. Address, SEYMOUR GREEN, Supt. N. Y. Fish Com., Rochester, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA SALMON IN NORTH CAROLINA.

MORGANTON, N. C., Nov. 28.
It would appear that a California salmon, arrived at maturity, has been taken in this State. Major J. W. Wilson, former President, now Chief Engineer of the Western N. C. Railroad, informs me in a letter of Nov. 25 that he enjoyed one on Thanksgiving Day, which was over twenty inches long, and weighed about five pounds. The fish was taken near Marshall, west of the Blue Ridge, from the French Broad River, on a trap. Other smaller specimens have been taken. The fish contained a roe, so nearly ripe that it was fit for use.
A few land-locked salmon and California trout were sent to tributaries of this stream in the spring of 1880, but they could not have grown so large in so short a time, and we are obliged to credit the specimen to the brood of twenty-seven thousand California salmon made there in Dec. 1877.

I have other evidence of the presence of salmon in that stream, as they were taken and eaten last year. Major Wilson, however, is better acquainted with the salmon in a fresh state than most of our citizens, and his statement is more conclusive. Whether this specimen had ever left the headwaters to seek the gulf of Mexico is a question. S. G. WORTH, Supt. Fisheries.

CARP IN TENNESSEE.—Nashville, Nov. 24.—Within the limited confines of a double bath-room your humble correspondent is reluctantly waiting the delivery of 1,500 German carp, received here this morning by Col. Geo. E. Akers, from the National ponds at Washington, D. C. The fish were brought here by Mr. F. L. Donnelly, and as an evidence of his careful watching not one died while en route. That the fish are eminently adapted to this climate the inmates of the ponds at those already mentioned here is incontrovertible proof. Last week one was caught in the Asylum canal, which weighed, after being killed, six pounds. Captain Frank Green has assured me he knows of one in his pond that is even larger. Col. Akers, with his usual enthusiasm, hired a German to plant the fish, and was invited as well as a number of gentlemen of the press, to partake of the delicious morsel the following day, but a much-abled "Jew" got in his work first, and devoured the dainty, but, through the mistake of a careless boy, with whom it had been left in the plunge during the night. Dr. Callender, however, promised to repair the damage by sending in a couple of "whoppers" next week.—J. D. H.

CARP FOR MASSACHUSETTS.—The result of the experiment of the Rod and Gun Club of Webster to stock the ponds in that town with carp will be watched with interest. The five cars received from the United States Fish Commission arrived safely, and the Young carp will be kept in the ponds until they are large enough not to be eaten by the picker and bass, when they will be transferred to "Chaubungungamony," or "Big Pond."

IMPORTATION OF TENCH.—On the 2d of this month Capt. Auguste Briand, of the French steamship St. Germain, presented to Mr. W. A. Conklin, Superintendent of the Menagerie at Central Park, New York city, twenty tench—*Tinca vulgaris*. The fish had been twenty-five days in the ponds at France, and the passage had been stormy, yet they were in good condition. This fish is a cyprinoid, and, like the carp, loves warm, still waters. It has very small scales, is of a dark olive color, and seldom exceeds two pounds in weight. In Europe it is quite a favorite food fish, especially on the Continent, but in England it is not much valued. It is one of those which we have eaten was rather mild in flavor and not equal to the carp. Captain Briand has brought over many fish, as well as taken some of our catfish and other species to France, and takes great interest in the interchange of valuable species.

MORE CARP FOR NEW YORK.—Commissioner Blackford has received from Washington the second thousand carp fry for distribution in the vicinities of New York. The fry, now nearly exhausted, Mr. Wm. L. Allen, of Newark, N. J., has received from Mr. Blackford several lots for ponds in Morris county, N. J., which he has forwarded to those owning them. Excuse me for saying that the fry of this pond at the Neck, L. I., with them, and Mr. Blackford expresses the opinion that within two years there will begin to be a moderate supply of German carp in the market. This will no doubt increase, as when the German residents find that they can obtain the real article, in place of the "half-bred," "half-breed," and other things that they now buy for carp, the demand will grow with the supply.

DEATH OF A FRENCH FISH CULTURIST.—Mr. A. Colombe, Administrateur-Directeur of the Societe Anonyme Francaise, died a few weeks ago. The S. city is largely interested in fish culture in both France and Belgium and has a capital of 200,000 francs. It was to this society that Prof. Baird sent 100,000 eggs of the trout, which he had received from the Societe d'Acclimation, Mr. Colombe is succeeded by Mr. Osiris Mendes, France, who will now fill the office of Director. The Paris office is 17 rue Chateaux d'au.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

December 14, 15 and 16, at Lowell, Mass., Lowell Dog Show. Entries close December 12. Chas. A. Andrew, West Boston, Mass., Superintendent.

December 18, 14, 15 and 16, Atlanta, Ga., Dog Show. Entries close Dec. 5. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent. Office at Heinz & Berkeley's, Atlanta, Ga.

FIELD TRIALS.

December 10 (or immediately after the close of the National Trials at Grand Junction, Tenn.)—Pennsylvania Field Trials. Entries close Dec. 5 at 9 A. M. J. R. Stanton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa. Address will be Grand Junction, Tenn., after Dec. 1.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—II.

(A full report of the Trials last week contained a summary of the running up to Tuesday night and the result of the first heat. We will now give a more detailed account of the running on WEDNESDAY.)

When the morning broke everything was enshrouded in dense fog, but as we left the dock, the sun broke through, and just before we reached the island, a nice breeze sprang up from the southwest, cheering us with prospects of a fine day.

LIZZIE LEE AND DASHING MOSARBY.
We landed at 9:45, and Monarch and Lizzie were at once sent off in the lot just east of the Club House. Monarch had been very sick the night before, but appeared to be better, although his work showed that he was far from being himself. Working east, he pointed just in the edge of the cover, then roading and feeling the birds out, he located them nicely, although he did not appear to be perfectly sure. Lizzie had been beating in the stubble, but swung into the cover, and almost simultaneously fluzed on them a few yards to his left. This was very good, and scored a point for both. Martin flushed and killed to order, and both were steady. Monarch ordered the birds to the cover, and the birds were on the edge of the cornfield, Lizzie pointed a fresh berry, and Monarch backed. Haight flushed and killed to order, and Lizzie retrieved fairly. Beating the cornfield to the west, Lizzie half pointed, and Monarch backed grandly. The bird was flushed, and Lizzie dropped the bird, and the bird was on the edge of the stubble, and Monarch backed, but the former discovered her error and moved on. Monarch swung into the cover at the northwest corner, pointed, and Lizzie backed. He moved on to order and again pointed, but soon moved on. Nothing was found and he scored a false point. Beating round the island, Lizzie was on the edge of the stubble, and pointed very nicely. They were ordered up and Lizzie Lee awarded the heat at 10:10. Down altogether nearly two hours. This was a good heat, and well won by Lizzie, who demonstrated that the dog was a good one, and was a judge, although not in good form, ran gamely and gave her a good race.

CROXTETH AND BELLE.

Croxteth and Belle were at once put out in the sprouts, and circled round to get at the wind, when they were worked back without a find, although there were birds in there, as one was flushed by the steward. The cornfield was then drawn blank, and the dogs were on the edge of the stubble, where a judge carried a flush. Croxteth challenged once, but nothing was found, and a break was made for the brier lot on the east shore. This was well worked, but nothing was found. Then passing through the Club House to the sprouts, we again turned east to the gully at the south end of the brier lot, where Croxteth going down wind scored

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

(Special Telegrams to FOREST AND STREAM.)

GRAND JUNCTION, TENN., Dec. 6, 1881.

The meeting of the National American Kennel Club now being held here promises to be a great success. Large numbers of sportsmen, representing almost every section of the country, have assembled here, and the greatest interest in the coming contests is manifested on all sides. The place is admirably chosen for the running of the trials, and there seems no likelihood that, as was the case last year, the elements will interfere with the successful carrying out of the programme of the meeting. At present the weather is delightful, and from all that we can learn birds are to be found in great abundance on grounds chosen as the scene of the contests.

Many leading dog lovers are here, and all those assembled here look forward with high hopes to an agreeable meeting.

We have examined many of the dogs which are to compete, and certainly a finer-looking lot it was never our good fortune to inspect. Many of the cracks have made records for themselves in one place or another, and it is expected that when they meet, some marvellously fine work will be done.

THE DERBY.

Of the forty-eight entries for the second annual Derby of the National American Kennel Club, which closed April 31, fifteen qualified. These were as follows:

Captain Pat, Henry's Adair, black and white setter bitch, whelped July 1, 1880, by Pride of the South out of Cammie.

Mr. P. H. Bryson's London, blue Belton setter dog, whelped July 22, 1880, by Gladstone out of Cisp.

Mr. D. Bryson's Bessie T., black, white and tan setter bitch, whelped April 7, 1880, by Gladstone out of Floy.

Mr. J. H. Dew's Glida, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped April 7, 1880, by Gladstone out of Floy.

Mr. D. O. Sarnon's Gertrude, white, black and tan setter bitch, whelped June 4, 1880, by Gladstone out of Nellie.

Mr. David McK. Lloyd's Mack Laverack, lemon Belton setter dog, whelped April 2, 1880, by Thunder out of Peers.

Mr. Jos. J. Snellenburg's Lu Laverack, lemon Belton setter bitch, whelped April 2, 1880, by Thunder out of Peers.

Mr. Jos. J. Snellenburg's Pet Laverack, black and white setter bitch, whelped April 2, 1880, by Thunder out of Peers.

Mr. Edward E. Hardy's Clair, black and white setter dog, whelped May 15, 1880, by Dash III. out of Diana.

Mr. Edward E. Hardy's Pollux, black and white setter dog, whelped May 15, 1880, by Dash III. out of Diana.

Mr. Clarence K. Drane's Dashing Novice, white, black and tan setter bitch by Dash II. out of Novel, whelped July, 1880.

Mr. E. F. Stoddard's Lady Friend, red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 7, 1880, by Bob out of Friend.

Harvard Kennel Club's Bess, black and white setter bitch, whelped May 24, 1880, by Dash III. out of Countess II.

Mr. W. B. Gates' Tom Paine, white, black and ticked setter dog, whelped June 4, 1880, by Gladstone out of Sarnon's Nellie.

Mr. Ed. J. Carr's Shadow, black, white and tan setter bitch, whelped Sept. 11, 1880, by Lincoln out of Daisy Dean.

These are a fine lot of dogs and promise to make the Derby of 1881 an extremely interesting event.

The drawing for the running resulted in the placing of the dogs in the order given below:

Mr. Clarence K. Drane's Dashing Novice against Mr. Jos. J. Snellenburg's Pet Laverack.

Mr. E. F. Stoddard's Lady Friend against Mr. R. H. Bryson's London.

The Howard Kennel Club's Bess against Mr. J. H. Daw's Glida.

Mr. Ed. J. Carr's Shadow against Mr. Jos. J. Snellenburg's Lu Laverack.

Mr. Edward E. Hardy's Clair against Captain Patrick Henry's Adair.

Mr. David McK. Lloyd's Mack Laverack against Ed. D. Bryson's Bessie.

Mr. D. O. Sarnon's Gertrude against Mr. W. B. Gates' Tom Paine.

Mr. Edward E. Hardy's Pollux a bye.

FIRST SERIES.

The attendance on Monday, the first day of the trials, was swelled by the addition of a large number of late arrivals, so that the number of spectators on the ground when the first brace was put down was large.

DASHING NOVICE AND PET LAVERACK.

The contest between Dashing Novice, sixteen months old, and Pet Laverack, twenty months old, was very interesting, and beautiful work was done by both dogs. Dashing Novice, however, lost the best of it, and was finally declared the winner of the heat.

LONDON AND LADY FRIEND.

The next brace put down were London, about eighteen months old, and Lady Friend, sixteen months old, London being declared the winner.

BESS AND GLIDA.

The contest between Bess and Glida was a superb piece of work, and excited a fervor of enthusiasm in the hearts of all present. The two bitches were very evenly matched, and the contest was a close one, resulting finally in a well-earned victory for Bess.

SHADOW AND LU LAVERACK.

Shadow not yet fifteen months old, and Lu Laverack twenty months old, were now put down. This heat was not particularly noteworthy, though fair work was done, Shadow winning.

ADAIR AND CLAIR.

When Adair, seventeen months old, met Clair, eighteen months old, we were given another exhibition of most excellent work. The contest was a close one, but the victory at the last remained with Adair.

GERTRUDE AND TOM PAINE.

Gertrude, eighteen months old, and Mr. W. B. Gates' Tom Paine, her litter brother, were next cast off. The heat resulted in favor of the bitch, who won without much trouble.

SUMMARY FIRST SERIES OF HEATS.

Dashing Novice beat Pet Laverack.
London beat Lady Friend.
Bess beat Glida.
Shadow beat Lu Laverack.
Adair beat Clair.
Gertrude beat Tom Paine.
Pollux a bye.

SECOND SERIES.

The running of the first series of heats had proved so interesting that great things were expected when the winners of the previous heats should come together.

DASHING NOVICE AND POLLUX.

The race between these two cracks, it was thought, would be a grand struggle. Dashing Novice had already shown on this ground what stuff he was made of, while behind Pollux was his record just made as winner at the Eastern Field Trial Derby. The expectations of those present were not disappointed, for the heat was a good one. Both dogs seemed to feel that much was expected of them, and their work was worth taking a long journey to see. Both showed good speed and style, but Dashing Novice won, though his victory was by no means an easy one.

BESS AND LONDON.

were now cast off, and after a short heat, the former won.

SHADOW AND ADAIR.

were then put down, the former winning.

SUMMARY OF SECOND SERIES OF HEATS.

Dashing Novice beat Pollux.
Bess beat London.
Shadow beat Adair.
Gertrude.

THIRD SERIES.

The list had now narrowed down to four and the heats were run with the following result:

SUMMARY THIRD SERIES OF HEATS.

Dashing Novice beat Bess.
Shadow beat Gertrude.

FOURTH SERIES.

Dashing Novice beat Shadow without much difficulty, and therefore won first prize. After some consultation the judges concluded to let Bess and Pollux run in order to decide which should compete with Shadow for second place. Bess won.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

The following are the contestants in the All-Aged Stakes: Harvard Kennel Club, Bessie by Dash III., out of Countess II.

Mr. C. B. McGinnis' Gordon, by Rupert, out of Whip. Harvard Kennel Club's Dash III.

Mr. J. J. Snellenburg's May Laverack, by Thunder, out of Cisp.

Mr. L. L. Martin's Maxwell, by Luke, out of Rena. Harvard Kennel Club's Countess May.

Capt. Patrick Henry's Breckenridge.

Mr. George Knowles, Jr.'s Kinnikinnick, by Reed's Druid, out of Bessie Lee.

Mr. J. C. Higgins's Dashing Monarch.

Mr. Geo. G. Ward's Maud W., by Gladstone, out of Juno.

Mr. A. M. Waddell's Maid, by Lincoln, out of Daisy Dean.

Capt. C. E. McMurdo's Pindee, by Dash III., out of Doll II.

Mr. Wm. C. West's Leta.

Mr. E. A. Givens' Minerva, by Lincoln, out of Nellie.

Mr. J. R. Stayton's Nellie III., by Belton, out of Floss.

Mr. D. C. Sarnon's Belton, by Belton, out of Dimple.

Mr. McIntosh's Biz, by Dash, out of Florence.

Mr. D. C. Sarnon's Count Noble, by Count Windeem, out of Nora.

Mr. J. R. Hendrick's King Dash, by Belton, out of Floss.

Mr. E. Orgill's Kush, by Flake, out of Lilly.

Mr. Wm. A. Buckner's Grouse Dale.

Mr. R. T. Vanderwort's Don by Bang out of Peg.

Mr. D. Bryson's Peep o' Day, by Gladstone, out of Clip.

Mr. T. F. Taylor's Dashing Rover by Dash II., out of Norna.

Mr. J. O. Green's Trix, by Birkley, out of Ruby.

These were drawn so run in the following order:

DRAWN TO RUN.

Bessie against Gordon.
Dash III. against May Laverack.

Maxwell against Countess May.
Breckenridge against Kinnikinnick.

Dashing Monarch against Maud W.
Lad against Pindee.

Leta against Minerva.
Belton III. against Nellie.

Biz against Count Noble.
King Dash against Leta.

Grouse Dale against Don.
Peep o' Day against Dashing Rover.

Trix a bye.

BRACE STAKES DRAWING.

The result of the drawing for the Brace Stakes was as follows:

Count Noble and Nellie.
King Dash and Belton III.
Dashing Monarch and Grouse Dale.
Countess May and Dash III.

There is a very large attendance of sportsmen, representing different parts of the country. Birds are scarce, but the work done is fair. The weather is raw to-day, with a rain storm threatening. The Pennsylvania Field Trials Stakes are filling well.

At a meeting of the National American Kennel Club in the evening, Capt. Patrick Henry was chosen President, with Messrs. Luther Adams and J. J. Snellenburg, Vice-Presidents; Mr. D. Bryson, Secretary and Treasurer. Executive Committee, Messrs. Theodore Morford, D. C. Burghental, E. C. Nichols, M. C. Campbell, and Major J. M. Taylor; Board of Appeals, Messrs. C. H. Raymond, Anthony Higgins, T. C. Martin and Dr. Jno. Fottler, Jr. Committee on Rules, Messrs. J. J. Snellenburg, C. B. Whitford, and Patrick Henry.

It was voted to hold the trials of the Club here next year if the birds are then plenty.

GOOD DOG STORY.—The following clipping is from the Boston Journal of Nov. 30. If true, the story is most remarkable: "Mr. C. D. Daggett, of this city, is the owner of a little Scotch terrier about ten years old, which has given proof of the possession of something greater than instinct. On Monday morning the dog disappeared and nothing was heard of it until yesterday morning, when Mr. Daggett received a postal card from the Homeopathic Hospital on West Concord street informing him that on the previous evening the dog, which wore a collar bearing the owner's name, had presented itself at the dispensary with a broken leg. On calling for his dog Mr. Daggett learned that the little creature had got to the hospital at about five o'clock and barked at the door until admitted. When it was found that he had a broken limb the matter was taken in charge and proper surgical attention was given, the dog quickly subsiding. The question arises as to how the dog, which is not known to have been at the hospital at any previous time, happened to go there on this particular occasion."

TRAINING VERSUS BREAKING.

IN TEN CHAPTERS—CHAP. V.

WHAT is more pleasing to the eye of the sportsman than the evolutions of a well-trained dog as he systematically quarters his ground? With what satisfaction and pleasure we gaze upon his graceful motions as with head high in air he gallops across the wind, ever turning at the signal or the promptings of his own good judgment, and crossing just in front covers the whole ground! Pardonable, indeed, is the pride of the sportsman who possesses such an animal, for well we know how rare it is to see this performance in perfection.

Many dogs seem to possess a sort of instinct for this, and without any special training will quarter their ground very fairly; while others appear to have no inherent sense of the matter, but will beat straight ahead in whatever direction they are started, and neither turn to the right nor left, nor stop until they find scent, or are recalled by the whistle. Should your pup prove to be of the former class, thank your lucky stars for the kindly fortune; but relax not your efforts so to train him that his performance shall be faultless. On the other hand, should he display no aptitude for this, do not despair, for with proper training he can be taught to acquit himself very fairly, so well, in fact, that his performances will compare favorably with those of a large majority of other dogs that he may meet in the field.

Before commencing his lessons in quartering our pupil should fully understand the meaning of the word "On," and readily move forward on hearing it. He will also have acquired some knowledge of the meaning of the motion of your hand as indicating the direction that you wish him to take from the practice that you have given him at "To ho." For when you have thrown the piece of meat for him to point, he has noticed that this motion is invariably in the direction that he saw the meat thrown, and as he is possessed of reasoning faculties of no mean order, he has figured it all out and has arrived at correct conclusions in the matter, and you will find upon trial that he will readily start in the direction you wish him to take at the first wave of your hand.

While instructing him in this branch of his education we may as well improve the opportunity to get his head in the air where it belongs, for when we get in the field with him we shall find this accomplishment to be very desirable; indeed, I always adopt this plan from the first in his practice at "To ho" unless he is naturally high-headed; and even then it can do no harm. You must be sure that he is well adapted to the trial, and if he is taught before you attempt to teach him this. Then when he is very hungry take him into a large yard, or still better into some open field where you will be free from interruption by any one, and having provided yourself with two kinds of meat (as mentioned in his first lesson at "To ho") and also with two or three sticks about two feet long and as thick as your finger and sharpened at each end, you are ready to commence operations. You should always enter the field from the leeward side as in actual hunting; and after making your pupil charge, you will walk away from him about twenty yards. Do not go directly up wind but diagonally across; thus if the wind is west you will go to the northwest or southwest, as you may prefer; and after impaling a piece of meat upon the end of one of the sticks, set the other end in the ground just firm enough to remain in position. I think that it is better to set it in a bunch of grass or low bushes, that it may be hid from his sight, as it is time to teach him that he must depend upon his nose. If there are no bushes, and you can easily carry with you a few leafy twigs, or if in wintered time you have a few bare sticks, one or two in front to hide it from view. In this way place one or two more pieces at some little distance from the first one and also from each other, taking care to put them so that you can work up wind toward them, and be sure that you do not forget their location.

Now return to your pupil and praise and pet him for his good behavior in remaining quiet, and reward him with a bit of the same kind of meat that is on the stick. After he has eaten it, and is intently watching for more, take another piece of the same kind and let him smell of it; and then make him lieve throw it in the direction that you wish him to go, which should be at an angle from the meat upon the stick; thus, if the stick is northwest from you, make the motion toward the north, which will take him across the wind and also bring him near enough to the meat to smell it when he gets opposite it. Carefully watch him and the very instant that he strikes the scent you must make him "To ho"; then walk up to him and praise and pat him, make him hold his position while you advance and pick up the stick and take the meat therefrom and put it in your pocket, taking good care that he has a good view of the whole performance. Now abundantly reward him with praise and give him a piece of the other kind of meat to eat.

After a few moments' rest you can proceed to give him the next piece in the same manner, and if he shows no sign of weariness you can continue to the third. Beyond this I do not think it advisable to go at the first lesson, nor even so far if he shows the least sign of having had enough of it. Indeed, in all his lessons and practice it is much better to stop far short of satiety than to weary and perhaps disgust him with too long continued application. Your own good judgment will generally tell you when to stop, and you will find that five minutes', or even one minute's practice, that leaves your pupil in a happy frame of mind induced by the bestowal of your well merited praise is much better than an hour's that finds you both fagged out and disheartened by the failure to accomplish satisfactory results. We have learned by experience that the shorter the time devoted to his lessons the better, provided that he is practised every day, several times if you like, and a satisfactory performance of his task obtained.

After a few lessons of this kind, if he goes through the performance in a satisfactory manner, you can venture a little further and try him with a turn by making the motion in the wrong direction. Be very easy and go careful now, for much depends upon starting right. When all is ready wave your hand in just the opposite direction from the one that you have been accustomed to, and when he has taken two or three strides, sound the two short notes with your whistle, and at the instant he turns his head toward you, wave your hand in the other direction and proceed as in former lessons. Should he be loth to turn, you must use good judgment and get him used to it without getting him discouraged; perhaps by making him "To ho" when he refuses to turn, and then sending him in the new direction you will get safely over the difficulty. But it is seldom that you will have any trouble if you have followed the proper course in his earlier lessons and thoroughly instilled into his mind that he must obey. We have been often surprised to see how readily our pup would

at the first trial turn and take the direction indicated, thus showing that our efforts to make him feel confidence in us and that he could implicitly trust us, were crowned with success, and that instinctively as it were he obeyed the motion of our hand, although thinking that the meat was in the opposite direction.

After you once get this first turn accomplished the rest is comparatively easy, but do not hurry him as nothing is gained, and much may be lost by undue haste; and you will find that if you drill him in this he will be reasonably perfect before going any farther, that when you come to try him with the second turn, he will all the more rapidly comprehend and obey. If at the successive steps in these lessons you are through with each one before attempting the next, you are sure to find your reward for your patient labor in the great satisfaction that you will experience when you cast him loose among the birds and witness the practical illustration of your wisdom and success as a teacher that he will be sure to afford you.

It is better to confine his beat to quite narrow limits at first, as this will keep him near you and make it easier for you to check him if necessary, should his performance be faulty. Three or four strides will generally be found sufficient, and in some cases even less will be found enough, and occasionally we may have a pupil whose natural aptitude for this may be indulged from the first and a still wider range allowed him: but in either case the range should be circumscribed until he appears to understand what is required, and to readily and cheerfully obey your signals and the different motions of your hand. This is very important accomplishment cannot be taught in a week or a month, indeed you will do very well if you succeed in obtaining fair work out of him in a year; my but long before this time he will beat his ground in a manner that will cause even old sportsmen to pronounce him a prodigy, but as we are striving for perfection, we will not be satisfied with a mediocre performance, but continue perseveringly to practice our pupil until he will not only regularly quarter his ground in front of us and instantly obey each signal, but will wheel of his own accord when he reaches a proper distance from us, comes to fence, hedge, or stream that he should not cross. This knowledge that he must not cross a fence or hedge without orders is of great importance and easily imparted by working him along a fence after he has learned to beat his ground and turn at the signal. He will, after a few lessons, understand what you desire and readily keep within bounds. Should he at any time transgress and go through or over the fence, care must be taken that he returns at once, and at the precise spot where he went through. This is of great importance, for if he is allowed to return at any point, the same mistakes are made, that he will fail to realize that he has done wrong, but if you insist on his returning at the exact place, he will at once understand that something is wrong and will be more careful in the future.

While our pup is yet young he should become accustomed to the water; most young dogs will take to it readily; but should he appear to have any fear of it he must be handled with care and gradually made acquainted with it in such a manner as shall not frighten him. When he has acquired some little knowledge and you begin to take him out for a walk, you should visit with him some small stream, or shallow pond, and sit down on the bank and give him time to get acquainted with it. If he shows no inclination to wet his feet you will find it a very good plan to hold a piece of water where the water where it is but an inch or two deep, and where he cannot get it without putting his feet in it. By carefully working him in this way he will soon learn that it will not hurt him; and in a short time he will fearlessly wade across the shallow stream with you and soon, if the right course is pursued, he will venture anywhere. You should never think of him, no matter how much you may feel disposed to do so, but rather as a creature for himself that water will not hurt him, and he will soon lose all fear.

THE HORNELLVILLE KENNEL.—Mr. Geo. H. Wicks, of Peterson, N. J., has recently paid a visit to the kennels of Burr Ellis, and J. O. Fellows, Hornellville, N. Y., breeders of cocker spaniels, and has been highly pleased with the work which he says looks finely. The dogs are in fact a grand lot.

MR. FARNUM'S SHOT.—We have received from Mr. Clarence Farnum a fine photograph of his pointer dog shot. Shot by Finkney's Diamond out of same owner's Juno (both now dead), is liver and white in color, and was trained by his owner. Mr. Farnum writes that she has a long nose, is staunch, retrieves nicely and has no faults, that she is a grand lot.

ATLANTA DOG SHOW.—Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The committee of this show have concluded to keep the gates open until the 12th instant, the day before the opening of the show. The judges are as follows: For English, Irish and Gordon setters and for pointers, Major J. W. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky.; for German pointers, Major J. H. Hogg, of Atlanta, and Major Taylor; for spaniels, box hounds, beagles and Scotch deerhounds, Capt. W. J. Heyward, of Atlanta, and Major Taylor; for fox terriers and all non-sporting dogs, Capt. W. J. Heyward.—GEO. LINCOLN, Superintendent.

A CHALLENGE.—Charlestown, Mass. Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As there are several gentlemen, whose names I will not mention, residing in Boston and vicinity who are constantly talking of their wonderful pointers and setters, and asserting that they can beat everything and anything, I now make the following proposition to induce them to try their dogs on trial before the season is closed: I will hunt my black setter bitch (Finkney's) against any pointer, setter, or any other dog, on any day, for three to six consecutive days on the Cape, on quail, for from one hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars aside. May, money and dog ready at any time. LEOXARD.

No. 140 Medford, Charlestown, Mass.

A PROLIFIC CANINE.—Mr. Nelson E. Angus, Amherst, Mass., is the proud owner of a bitch which has been the subject of records by bringing forth 18 puppies, alive and healthy, at one litter. The mother is black, a cross between a Newfoundland and St. Bernard, weighs 60 pounds, and is but ten months old, and has been bred to a black and white pointer, the father is an English, black dog, yellow with white breast, is three years old, and weighs about 35 lbs. The litter consisted of 11 dogs and 7 bitches, but the latter were killed by the owner after they had lived 24 hours. The eleven remaining are all smart and active and are doing well. The mother was excited considerable curiosity among local dog men, none of whom ever heard of so large a litter before.—B.

[This is a very large litter, but our correspondent is mistaken in calling it the largest on record, as some years ago Mr. Frank Fairbank reared a litter of 21 puppies, 19 of which were pointers, 2 of which were whelps, 19 the first and 21 the next. We have also recorded in these columns other instances where the number equals or exceeds the litter of Mr. Angus' bitch.]

IMPORTATION OF SMALL COCKERS.—We understand that Mr. J. H. Winslow, of Baltimore, has recently received from England a brace of black and tan cocker spaniels. They are said to be of the old-fashioned breed, and are very pretty and attractive.

The dog, Sontag, is black and tan with white on brislet, and weighs about 16 lbs., while the bitch, Gink Baby, is black and tan and weighs 12 lbs. The dogs are full of heart, and it will be interesting to see whether they are two small for work. We shall hope to hear from their owner on this point.

KENNEL NOTES.

We wish to impress upon the minds of those who send us items for our Kennel Notes, that to avoid mistakes all names should be printed in **PLAIN LETTERS**, as we find it very easy to make mistakes where this is not done. We also would like to be informed whether the animal is male or female, and to know the date of birth and the breed to which it belongs, whether pointer, setter, or bulldog. A careful study of the notes in this number of the paper will show just what is wanted. Our aim is to have everything correct; but until contributors will take the necessary trouble to conform to the above request we cannot answer for the mistakes that may occur.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Sontag—By Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., for small imported black and tan cocker dog by litter out of Gypsy.
Gink Baby—By Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., for small imported black and tan cocker bitch by Nip out of Whisky.
Norfolk Jack—By Mr. J. H. Winslow for imported liver and white Norfolk spaniel; pedigree unknown.
Blacky—By Mr. J. H. Winslow for liver and white field spaniel dog puppy by Norfolk out of Hazel Kike.
Madison, **Blair**, **White**—By Mr. J. H. Winslow for liver and white field spaniel bitch puppy by Norfolk Jack out of Hazel Kike; also claim for liver and white bitch puppy, same parentage; also Linda for liver and white bitch puppy, same parentage.
Princess Fan—By Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, for red Irish setter bitch puppy by J. H. Stromeberg's Heia (Elcho)—Lady Palmerston out of Reckless (Elcho's Duke)—Tailor's Filly. Fan was whelped May 14, 1881.
Grouse—Claimed by Mr. E. A. Dawson, of Moshannon, Pa., for his Gordon setter pup, whelped March 19, 1881, by Aileen's Glen out of S. C. Hester's girl.
Burt Royal—Claimed by Mr. Henry Grafton, Rosendale, Wis., for his Bully pointer, whelped July 4, 1881, by Champion Ranger (Elcho's) out of Gypsy (St. Louis Kennel Club's Champion boy-Duke's) counties Royal.
Dan—Claimed by G. T. Wells, Faulkner's, Mass., for red Irish setter dog, whelped June 23, 1881, by imported Max out of owner's Fannie (Druck Hatterick's) Bridget Queen.
Fritz—Claimed by Mr. Geo. H. Woodbury, Newport, N. H., for liver and white cocker dog pup out of Champion Feather by Bragg.
Boys—By Wm. E. Louden, Reading, Mass., for his Gordon setter dog puppy, whelped Oct. 13, 1881, by Mr. W. B. Long's Billy (Reed's Duke Snow's) Sadio out of Mr. M. Labeley's Minnie (Barry's Captain—Shirley Maroon).
Glenn—By Mr. W. L. Jarvis, Jamaica, L. I., N. Y., for black and white Gordon setter dog, whelped Jan. 6, 1881, by Edward Johnson's Leah, out of Stephen's girl.
Scott—Claimed by Mr. H. D. Chauncey, Midland Park, N. J., for black and white ticked setter dog pup, whelped July 23, 1881, by Mr. J. H. Atwell's girl (Elcho's) out of S. C. Hester's girl, and Rogers, Bridge Hampton, L. I., out of Mr. E. L. Miles' Topsy (Hodman's) Dash and J. P. Jones' imported Nellie strains.
Scotty—By Mr. J. H. Russell, New York City, for his liver and white pointer dog pup, by Mr. A. C. Blunt's 1, out of Mr. W. S. Albert's Blanche.
Clara—Claimed by Mr. J. A. Middlebrook, Bridgeport, Connecticut, for brown and white pointer dog, whelped June, 1880.
Ray—Claimed by Mr. L. Reynolds, New York City, for black, white and tan setter bitch, by Mr. H. H. Raymond's Guy Manning, out of same owner's girl.

BRED.

Queen—Mr. Edward Odell's (New Orleans, La.) pointer bitch Queen, formerly known as Munson's Queen, was bred October 16, 1881, to St. Louis Kennel Club's boy.
Daisy—By Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., for liver and white setter bitch (Mason's) Dora—Copeland's (Sue) to F. B. Fay's champion, Coin (Hose)—Leicester.
Henrietta—By Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., for liver and white setter bitch (Mason's) Dora—Copeland's (Sue) to F. B. Fay's champion, Coin (Hose)—Leicester.
Gink Baby—By Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., for small imported black and tan cocker dog Sontag.
Juno—By Mr. A. S. Agar, of New York, on Nov. 4, his black and white bitch Juno, imported July 23, 1881, to his imported Nelson (E. K. C. S. B. 943).
Rays—By Mr. W. B. Wells's (Orange, N. J.) imported pointer bitch, Ray, to Wm. E. Louden's (Reading, Mass.) girl, whelped July 23, 1881, to his imported Nelson (E. K. C. S. B. 943).
Toronto Bess—By Mr. W. B. Wells's (Orange, N. J.) imported pointer bitch, Bess, to Wm. E. Louden's (Reading, Mass.) girl, whelped July 23, 1881, to his imported Nelson (E. K. C. S. B. 943).
Clara—By Mr. J. A. Middlebrook, Bridgeport, Conn., for brown and white pointer dog, whelped June, 1880.
Ray—By Mr. L. Reynolds, New York City, for black, white and tan setter bitch, by Mr. H. H. Raymond's Guy Manning, out of same owner's girl.

PRESENTATIONS.

Tribe—By Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., to Hon. Ossian Ray, Lancaster, N. H., the liver and white field spaniel dog puppy Trix (Norfolk Jack)—Hazel Kike.
Elcho—By Mr. J. H. Winslow to Mr. John Lytle, Waverly, Md., the field spaniel bitch puppy Elaine (Norfolk Jack)—Hazel Kike.
Elcho—By Mr. J. H. Winslow to Mr. John Lytle, Waverly, Md., the field spaniel bitch puppy Elaine (Norfolk Jack)—Hazel Kike.
Linda—By Mr. J. H. Winslow to Mr. Carlos Fox, Baltimore, the field spaniel puppy Linda (Norfolk Jack)—Hazel Kike.

WHIPPED.

Daisy—By Mr. J. A. Agar's (New York) imported bitch Daisy, whelped July 23, 1881, by Mr. W. B. Wells's (Orange, N. J.) imported pointer bitch, Ray, to Wm. E. Louden's (Reading, Mass.) girl, whelped July 23, 1881, to his imported Nelson (E. K. C. S. B. 943).
Toronto Bess—By Mr. W. B. Wells's (Orange, N. J.) imported pointer bitch, Bess, to Wm. E. Louden's (Reading, Mass.) girl, whelped July 23, 1881, to his imported Nelson (E. K. C. S. B. 943).
Clara—By Mr. J. A. Middlebrook, Bridgeport, Conn., for brown and white pointer dog, whelped June, 1880.
Ray—By Mr. L. Reynolds, New York City, for black, white and tan setter bitch, by Mr. H. H. Raymond's Guy Manning, out of same owner's girl.

SALKS.

Champion—By Mr. W. T. Morgan, of Bellows Falls, Vt., was purchased of the Riverside Cocker Kennel, Charlestown, N. H., a liver and white field spaniel dog, whelped July 23, out of Champion Feather, by Champion Bragg.
Leah—By Mr. P. A. Dufferend, Lancaster, Pa., to the Congesta Kennel Club's (Lancaster, Pa.) imported black and tan setter bitch Leah (Ray)—Lily H. aged 2 years and 9 months.
Kate Dawson—By Mr. L. H. Smith, of Stratford, Ontario, to the Congesta Kennel Club's (Lancaster, Pa.) imported black and tan setter bitch Leah (Ray)—Lily H. aged 2 years and 9 months.
The Sun—By Mr. J. H. Smith, of Stratford, Ontario, Canada, to the Congesta Kennel Club's (Lancaster, Pa.) imported black and tan setter bitch Leah (Ray)—Lily H. aged 2 years and 9 months.
Lady Glen—By Mr. T. H. Allen, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mr. K. H. Bielefeld, of the same city, his black and tan setter bitch Lady Glen (Athen's Glen)—Lily H. aged 2 years and 9 months.
Tribe—By Mr. J. A. Agar's (New York) imported bitch Daisy, whelped July 23, 1881, by Mr. W. B. Wells's (Orange, N. J.) imported pointer bitch, Ray, to Wm. E. Louden's (Reading, Mass.) girl, whelped July 23, 1881, to his imported Nelson (E. K. C. S. B. 943).
Toronto Bess—By Mr. W. B. Wells's (Orange, N. J.) imported pointer bitch, Bess, to Wm. E. Louden's (Reading, Mass.) girl, whelped July 23, 1881, to his imported Nelson (E. K. C. S. B. 943).
Clara—By Mr. J. A. Middlebrook, Bridgeport, Conn., for brown and white pointer dog, whelped June, 1880.
Ray—By Mr. L. Reynolds, New York City, for black, white and tan setter bitch, by Mr. H. H. Raymond's Guy Manning, out of same owner's girl.

Ayrshire Laddie—By Mr. J. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to T. F. Durant, Esq., New York, a Scotch collie dog pup, 3 months old, out of Mooney, by Ayrshire Laddie.
Leicester—By Mr. J. W. Foster, of New York, to Mr. F. H. Andrews, Charlotte, N. C., the lemon and white Li-whell setter bitch Leila (Leicester)—Kitty in whelp to champion (Lancaster).
Heia—By Mr. J. H. Stromeberg's (Heia) Elcho—Lady Palmerston out of Mr. F. H. Herbert's (Howard county) Reckless (Elcho's Duke)—Lily H. aged 2 years and 9 months.
Sport—By Mr. W. H. Reede, of Lynn, Mass., has sold his black, white and tan beagle dog, Sport, to Mr. F. H. Stromeberg, of the same city.
Princess Fan—By Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., to Mr. W. M. Boutwell, Chelsea, Mass., a red Irish setter bitch puppy, whelped June 23, 1881, by imported Max out of Fannie (Druck Hatterick's) Bridget Queen; also Mr. C. P. Wells, Boston, Mass., red Irish setter bitch, whelped June 23, 1881, same litter; also to Mr. George B. Walker, Chicago, Ill., red Irish setter dog, whelped June 23, 1881, same litter; also to Mr. H. J. Jones, Medford, Mass., red Irish setter dog, whelped June 23, 1881, same litter; and to Mr. H. Amers, Chittenden, Mass., red Irish setter bitch, whelped June 23, 1881, same litter.

DEATHS.

Billy—Dr. L. S. Nevill's imported black cocker spaniel Billy, Cause, after a long illness. Autopsy proved no lesion, nothing abnormal in any of the viscera or brain.

NAMES CHANGED.

Kate Dawson—By Mr. J. W. Foster, of New York, to Mr. F. H. Andrews, Charlotte, N. C., the lemon and white Li-whell setter bitch Leila (Leicester)—Kitty in whelp to champion (Lancaster).
Heia—By Mr. J. H. Stromeberg's (Heia) Elcho—Lady Palmerston out of Mr. F. H. Herbert's (Howard county) Reckless (Elcho's Duke)—Lily H. aged 2 years and 9 months.
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SOME OLD JOKE.—Under the caption "Fraternities" the Baltimore Sun records that "A party of Centerville sportsmen surrounded a flock of geese and shot three of them before they discovered them to be tame geese."

The New York Evening Express records that: "Are the squirrels very thick this year?" asked a New York man of a returned hunter. "Well, yes," said he, reflectively; "the one I got was very fat."

THE NONPAREIL SPORTING CLUB will hold a club shoot at 1 Fitzroy House's Half-Mile track, on Saturday the 16th day of December, 1881, 2 p. m.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

MILITARY GALLERY SHOOTING.

NEW YORK, DEC. 2, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream: I object when you say that a team of four to meet the Irish in a gallery match cannot be gotten together to shoot "off-hand." Now, am a member of Company B, 12th Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and have participated in both Forest and Stream tournaments, and shot off-hand in both. Now, I don't profess to be a duffer, but a fair off-hand shot, and I can bring six men (four are better) who can shoot as well as I can. They think I am a good shot, and I think I am. I believe in a match the four men can make 900 points in 1,000, maybe more. They are used to the globe and peep and six-pound pull. I forward condition of a match now being shot by us.

The range is 151 ft. from the target to the firing point; the target reduced from 300 Greenhead to 50 yds., 2 inch bull. The rules used are: 25 shots, 25 yds., 25 shots, 25 yds., 25 shots, 25 yds., and 6 yds. 10 in. Considering the light is not of the best, the scores of from 30 to 35, are very truly out of a no-shoot 25, are not bad. The majority of the company shoot off-hand. We are not ready for any company of the National Guard, with the Gallery rule.

Lottery Match.

To be shot every Friday evening on conclusion of company drill by members of Company B, 12th Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., commencing October 1, and closing January 1, 1882. The conditions made the match open to all members of Company B, 12th Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., who were present at the company drill on any Friday evening, and who were not permitted, but only the best score of any competitor for any night to count, but 5 best scores of 5 nights to form aggregate to pin handicap of the company. All who have since the first day of Oct., 1881, made the following score:

25 shots is handicapped 5 points.

24 in 1 shots or 25 in 5 shots is handicapped 4 points.

23 in 1 shots or 24 in 5 shots is handicapped 3 points.

22 in 1 shots or 23 in 5 shots is handicapped 2 points.

21 in 1 shots or 22 in 5 shots is handicapped 1 point.

20 in 1 shots or 21 in 5 shots is handicapped nothing.

19 in 1 shots or 18 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

18 in 1 shots or 17 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

17 in 1 shots or 16 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

16 in 1 shots or 15 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

15 in 1 shots or 14 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

14 in 1 shots or 13 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

13 in 1 shots or 12 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

12 in 1 shots or 11 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

11 in 1 shots or 10 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

10 in 1 shots or 9 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

9 in 1 shots or 8 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

8 in 1 shots or 7 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

7 in 1 shots or 6 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

6 in 1 shots or 5 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

5 in 1 shots or 4 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

4 in 1 shots or 3 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

3 in 1 shots or 2 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

2 in 1 shots or 1 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

1 in 1 shots or 0 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

0 in 1 shots or 0 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

0 in 1 shots or 0 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

0 in 1 shots or 0 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

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0 in 1 shots or 0 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

0 in 1 shots or 0 in 5 shots is allowed 1 point.

taking plenty of water over the bows yet the crew, perched to windward, remained perfectly dry. In such weather a sloop would not only drown every one on it, but she could not begin to sail with her easier sister, and would soon give up an attempt to make a passage in disgust or from sheer inability to earn anything to windward.

MAKE IT TONS.

THE New York Yacht Club has the most rational measurement rule of any club in America or abroad. No exception can be taken to its basis, which is sound from a scientific point of view. The rule gives great satisfaction, and is now accepted as the best and most logical yet put into practice even by those who were inclined to be skeptical of its lasting qualities. We hear no complaints among the members about unfair workings of the "cubical contents" rule, and all seem satisfied to abide by the results of the club matches without believing them unfairly affected by allowances granted on differences of bulk. As is generally known, the club measures the actual size of its yachts to the outside of the skin, everything included, and expresses this bulk in cubic feet.

We now desire to call the club's attention to the advisability of adopting the ton as the unit instead. Theoretically it is the same thing: the sound basis is not touched by the alteration counseled, but much simplicity of expression is attained, serving to make the rule more popular in its scope, and therefore more acceptable in every day use.

It is next to impossible for any but the most studious to remember the cubical contents of a fleet when the figures run up into four places and thousands, hundreds, tens, etc., form an avalanche of numerals enough to make the casual observer quail at the attempt of ever obtaining the run of the sizes of yachts engaged in the matches or cruises. Most owners cannot swear to the contents of their own boats, and often consult the club pamphlet for information about competing flyers they have sailed a score of races with. As the rule now stands, the results lack sufficient tangibility to commend it for adoption by sister clubs as readily as its merits really warrant. To make the results of the measurer's work more clearly defined—to give quicker identity to the sizes obtained—the "ton" should be adopted as the unit. This can be easily done by dividing the number of cubic feet by 100, and counting fractions by quarters only. As an illustration, consider the *Gracie Mather*, Fanny, Hildegarde and the *Atlanta*. In cubic feet they rate 4,692, 3,252, 4,200, 3,836 and 3,568 respectively. In tons they would come to the start as simply 47, 32, 42, 38, 35 and 35, respectively. Not only are the latter easily committed to memory, but their relative magnitude is seen at a glance, while the first long-

winded string needs paper and pencil or a lightning calculator's head to perform the divisions leading to the same end. With tons as the standard a clearer conception of the merits of a race will force itself intuitively upon the chronic and the spectator, who now too often lose sight of difference in size because the figures in which it is put convey no distinct meaning without more effort of the brain than they care to bestow. From a sentimental point, also, preference should be given to the ton. It is a nautical unit, sanctified by the halo of ages, while cubical contents smacks of the landsman's laboratory or the youngster's class-room.

YACHTING NEWS.

PORT JEFFERSON.—We give below a complete list of the yachts now laid up in this port—Their names, tonnage, measurements, owner's name, the clubs to which they belong, and the names of their sailing-masters: *Sloop Rambler*, 137, H. W. Thomas, N. Y. Y. C. Geo. M. Dayton; *sloop Dreadnought*, 125, A. W. Nickerson, Eastern, John H. Smith; *sloop Fleeting*, 124, R. S. Elliot, N. Y. Y. C., J. R. Picher; *sloop Wanderer*, 91, E. D. Morgan, Jr., Atlantic, H. E. Vreney; *sloop Vega*, 92, H. C. Lea, Eastern, S. T. Davis; *sloop Albion*, 56, E. W. Humphreys, N. Y. Y. C., Geo. W. Dayton; *sloop Syria*, 55, Geo. H. Chase, no club, Chaucery Edwards; *sloop Tigra*, 28, J. F. Nickels, N. Y. Y. C., P. Klinger; *sloop Osprey*, C. A. Stevens, N. Y. Y. C., Jas. Horton; *cutter Vander*, 25, Arthur W. Blake, N. Y. and Eastern, S. H. Davis; *cutter Muriel*, 9, E. D. Morgan, Jr., N. Y. Y. C., H. Creve; *sloop Alice*, 33, Thos. G. Appleton, Eastern, Wm. Lockwood; *sloop Orion*, 22, Edward Cooper, N. Y. and Atlantic, C. W. Darling; *sloop Triant*, 24, F. C. Fleming, Larchmont, Jas. Darling; *sloop Weona*, 25, Jerome Silvers, Atlantic, R. J. Darling; *sloop Clurey*, 10, Oscar B. Smith, Larchmont, Chas. Rogers; *sloop Whirl*, 10, — Smith, C. Rogers; *sloop Syron*, 8, P. B. Hawkins; *steamer Promise*, 43, Daris Johnson, no club, John Hulst. It will be seen that the importance of this harbor as a place for winter quarters of this class of vessels is beginning to be understood and appreciated. Each winter increases the number brought here, as the advantages become more widely known. The increased depth of water in the entrance has enabled yachts drawing fourteen feet of water to enter with safety. Once inside, is a land-locked basin nearly two miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide, of excellent holding bottom, free from rocks and shoals, of ample depth, so that vessels may lie at anchor at all times of tide with no liability from collisions, and entirely free from running the gauntlet of the adverse winds and waves, and, by the way, the convenience for making repairs and fitting up in the spring. All

classes of artisans necessary to do the work are here, to be had at reasonable prices, so that the yachts may go from their anchorage in complete order for the use of their owners.—*Port Jefferson (N. Y.) Leader*.

BULK MEASUREMENT AND SKIMMING DISHES.—One argument against bulk measurement has been its supposed tendency to produce flat skimming dishes, the assumption having been that, bulk for bulk, such forms had been demonstrated to be much faster than any other. This assumption arose from the current belief that our wide and shoal American yachts were, as a class, faster than the deep and narrow boats of British origin. This presumption has ended in smoke, however, for the Mads have given us living proof that deep boats of proper form are every bit as fast as those of shoal hull, besides being invulnerable in other ways.

Bulk measurement need not be feared on this score. Deep, safe ships will flourish under a bulk rule for time allowance as soon as their merits are understood and appreciated.

ARE RICE LAKES OBSOLETE?—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The owners of Rice Lake boats are very glad to learn from your issue for Dec. 1 that the distinguished canoeist, "The Statesman," gives the public data whereby the popularity of canoe types may be judged. If, out of sixty canoes, twenty-one were Rice Lakers, and if this figure demonstrates that the type is "practically obsolete," I would like to know how many "Shadows" were present at Lake George, so that I may learn what percent represents unquestionable popularity for a canoe type. Probably a typographical error will be pleaded in extenuation, but that everybody knows is a lame excuse where personal interest comes in, as in the case of "The Statesman." Certainly two-thirds of the canoes present at a general Congress are tolerably fair showing for an "obsolete" type. THE COMMODORE.

PERSONAL.—Mr. John Harvey, of Harvey & Prior, London, England, has arrived in this city on a visit for his health. His partner, Mr. Prior, will attend to affairs during Mr. Harvey's stay in America. Mr. Harvey thinks Englishmen care too little about the America Cup to risk a match under our rules. In this we hope he is mistaken. It proves, however, the folly of tinkering with the deed, thereby producing a feeling about that a fair match cannot be obtained.

CUTTERS.—The New York *Herald* has followed up its first article on cutters by another excellent one last Monday. For a clear and impartial review of the question of type the *Herald's* article is worth a study by all its contemporaries.

CANOES.—WILL BE INTERESTED.—In the "Chapters from a Book" which are now running in the Sportsman Tourist columns of the *Forster and Straus*.

FINE HAND-MADE REELS.

All these reels are made with best quality screws, so that they can be taken apart if necessary. Any of these reels may have either clicks or drags added, or be nicked at 50 cents for each addition:

Capacity of reel in yards.....	20 YARDS.	25 YARDS.	30 YARDS.	40 YARDS.	60 YARDS.	80 YARDS.	100 YARDS.	150 YARDS
Polished brass, crank handle, with stop.....	.60	.65	.70	.75	.85	.90	—	—
" " balance " no " 	—	.75	—	.90	1.00	1.15	—	—
" " crank " with click.....	.90	.95	1.00	1.10	1.20	—	—	—
" " hard rubber, crank handle, " 	—	—	—	2.25	2.50	2.75	—	—
" " (Abbey pattern) " 	—	—	—	8.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00
" " 2d qual- " 	—	—	—	4.00	4.50	5.00	—	—
" " ity, with click.....	—	—	—	1.20	1.40	1.60	—	—
Polished brass, crank handle, with drag.....	—	1.20	1.40	1.50	1.60	1.80	—	—
" " balance " 	—	1.70	1.80	1.90	2.00	2.25	2.50	—
" " " extra quality, " 	—	—	—	2.25	2.40	2.60	3.25	4.00
" " (if with drag an extra charge).....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Polished G. silver, balance handle, extra " 	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
" quality, (if with drag an extra charge).....	—	4.50	—	5.00	5.75	6.50	7.25	9.00
Polished hard rubber handle, extra quality, " 	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
" (the celebrated Imbrie pattern).....	—	—	—	—	11.00	12.00	14.00	—

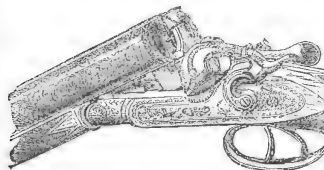
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Muzzle-Loaders Altered to Breech-Loaders. Pin-Fire Guns Altered to Central-Fire. Stocks Bent to Any Crook.

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STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES,
MINING STOCKS.
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COMPOSED OF TURKISH VIRGINIA and a small portion of choice PERIQUE—a mixture not found in any other cigarette.

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GOOD'S OIL TANNED MOCCASINS.
The best thing in the market for hunting, fishing, canoeing, snow-shoeing, etc. They are easy to the feet, and very durable. Made to order in a variety of styles, and warranted the genuine article. Send for price list. MARTIN S. HUTCHINGS, P. O. Box 565, Dover, N. H. (Successor to Frank Good). BRADFORD & ANTHONY, Boston Agents.

J. & W. TOLLEY,
PATENTERS of the "PERFECTION" HAMMERLESS GUN.
PATENTERS of the "GIANT-GRIP" ACTION.

Makers of high-class guns only to the individual orders of gentlemen who can appreciate a gun with a take down from the shelf of a gun-store.

Illustrated lists, photos and directions for measurement sent on application.

J. & W. TOLLEY,
Patentees and Manufacturers,
Pioneer Works, Birmingham, England.

We now offer a full line of ENOS JAMES & CO.'S Superb Breech-Loaders. What is the use of paying an absurd price for a gun made by some old maker when you can get a JAMES' Gun as good or better for half the money? Or what is the use of buying a gun bearing either a fictitious name or no name at all, when you can get one of ENOS JAMES & CO.'s guns with their name and guaranty for the same price?

We are sole agents at New York for the Colt Club Gun.

We offer a small JOB LOT of the famous Webley guns of all sorts at about half price.

Also a few choice Parker guns of latest style at special rates. Address
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MILD, FRAGRANT, HIGH WROUGHT, AND Particularly Agreeable.

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GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, ETC., ETC., ETC.

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Dwellings, Factories or Towns supplied with water by Hippo Wells or Deep Hook Wells. Dug wells that have gone dry may be produced.

MANHATTAN ARTESIAN WELL CO.,
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STIMULANCE ON THE DOG.
Price \$3.50.

For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

The Kennel.

FASHION KENNELS.—Wishing to reduce stock, I offer for sale the following dogs and bitches at half value if taken at once: *Gilroy*, chestnut and tan cocker spaniel, 2 years old, bred in America; *Hollis Belle*, price, \$20. *Sontag*, small imported black and tan cocker dog, 2 years old, about 16 lbs., by *Brier*, out of *Expat*, price, \$20. *Expat*, 2 years old, liver and white ticked, about 2 years old, by *Blot*, out of *Fin*. *Siro* and *long* won prizes at Montreal 1880. *Siro* is a good, true, and well bred bitch, but one condition; price, \$15. *Fontain*, long and low cocker bitch, white, with even marked liver head and patch on the side of the neck, price, \$10. *Help* to my Norfolk Jack the 24th of this month. *For* liver will more than pay for her; price, \$30. *Will* sell the lot for \$75. For particulars and full pedigrees address J. H. WINSLOW, Baltimore, P. O. box 472. Dec. 21

FOR SALE CHEAP.—Very handsome cocker spaniel bitch, six months old, bred in America, liver color and from the very choicest of stock; has flat coat and beautiful long ears. LOCK BOX 231, Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Dec. 11

WANTED.—A good foxhound; one to run alone to gun, from 2 to 4 years old. A good stayer; do not want a dog that will run a few hours and then tire. Price \$50. Apply to W. J. MORTON, Portsmouth, Va. Dec. 11

WANTED.—In exchange for my red setter dog, 2 1/2 years old and thoroughly broken, a good breed—long shot-gun, 10 or 12 gauge and 8 to 10 lbs. ALLEN, P. O. 121, Station 4, N. Y. Dec. 11

MASTIFF PUP FOR SALE.—For particulars address E. H. H., 26 Grove St., N. Y. city. Dec. 11

FOR SALE.—A fine red Irish setter dog, 9 months old; will stand and retrieve and is a stayer in the field. Price, \$25. W. J. MORTON, Portsmouth, Va. Dec. 11

FOR SALE. my liver and white dog, 2 years old, very staunch on any game and as good a retriever as is in the country. Price \$50. Apply to W. J. MORTON, Portsmouth, Va. Dec. 11

FOR SALE. thoroughbred Laverack setter dog; liver and white; six years old; broken by Vammaker. Price \$80. Sold for want of use. Address H. C. C. Ellis, New York. Dec. 11

GREAT BARGAINS.—A fine, choice field dog at cost of training. A fine, choice field dog at cost of training. A fine, choice field dog at cost of training. CHAS. F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y. Dec. 11

POINTER PUPS. two months old, for sale; male and female, by Speck out of Widge. Pedigree on application. J. H. STEVENS, 311 Madison, Conn. Dec. 11

FOR SALE CHEAP. two setter dogs; good stock; native stock; uncommonly strong and healthy; natural retrievers, and not bitingly whipped June 10, 1881; \$30 for the pair. Address NATSIE, this office. Dec. 11

FOR SALE. a number of well bred and broken pointers and setters, also dogs boarded and broken, satisfaction guaranteed. Address H. B. RICHMOND, Lakeville, Me. Sept. 14

FOR RED IRISH SETTERS and Cocker Spaniels of the most fashionable blood address CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Ct. Sept. 14

1882. FOR FIELD, CAMP AND HOME! 1882.



THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SPORTSMEN, AND THE INSTRUCTION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A WHOLESOME INTEREST IN

OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

The conductors of the *FOREST AND STREAM* point with much pride and satisfaction to the past and the present of the paper, and pledge their readers that the same high standard of excellence will be maintained in the future. The *FOREST AND STREAM* will preserve the reputation it has earned for being:

I.—ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The "*Sportsman Tourist*," "*Game Bag and Gun*," and "*Sea and River Fishing*" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc., etc.

"*Natural History*" will be so conducted as to stimulate observation, investigation and research. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and ichthyology; Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarrow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"*Fishculture*," edited by a practical and well-known fish culturist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "*Kennel*" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "*Rifle and Trap Shooting*" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "*Yachting and Canoeing*" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

II.—HIGH IN TONE.

The tone of the *FOREST AND STREAM* is exceptionally high. It is edited for men of healthy minds in healthy bodies. Its reading and advertising columns will be clean. Its pages will sparkle like the mountain stream in the sunlight, and its contents will be redolent of the exhilarating fragrance of the forest. Primarily intended for gentlemen, it is also a paper for the family circle, and one which the entire family, old and young, read with pleasure and profit. The best guarantee of its thoroughly high character is afforded by a reference to a list of those who write for it.

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE FOREST AND STREAM.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Its editors aim to make the *FOREST AND STREAM* a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

We beg to suggest to the friends of the *FOREST AND STREAM* that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

BOUND VOLUMES.

The weekly issues of the *FOREST AND STREAM* form two volumes each year, of twenty-six numbers, or 500 pages each. Seventeen such volumes have already been published. We furnish handsome file binders (price \$1.35) which hold twenty-six numbers. Each volume when completed may be returned to us for binding, the cost per volume being \$1.50. At this slight additional expense each reader may preserve an unique library of substantial and permanent value.

SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BEGIN AT ANY TIME.

Per year, \$4; \$2 for six months. Remit by post-office money order, draft or registered letter. Give name, town, county and State. To clubs of three or more, \$3 each.

Address FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 39 Park Row, N. Y. City.

III.—ADAPTED TO THE TASTES OF ALL.

Among the hundreds of correspondents of the *FOREST AND STREAM* are Business Men, Lawyers, Physicians, Clergymen, Army and Navy Officers, Naturalists, Pioneers, Trappers, Prospectors, College Professors, Tourists, Civil Engineers, Artists, Editors of other papers; young men who have not yet struck out for themselves, and old men who have retired; in short, members of every trade, profession, and occupation.

Farmers and Farmers' Boys constitute a large class of our readers. They will find the *FOREST AND STREAM* ever disposed to reconcile the seemingly conflicting but really identical interests of respectable sportsmen and reasonable land-owners.

IV.—INDEPENDENT.

The position of influence now occupied by the *FOREST AND STREAM* imposes upon the paper responsibilities which it has no wish to shirk. The organ of no clique, it will be perfectly free to criticize everything inimical to the interests of the highest and manliest sportsmanship. Its attitude on all important questions within its field is well understood. For the benefit of advertisers and readers alike, it will also, as in the past, expose and denounce all dangerous frauds. Advertisements of doubtful character will not be admitted to its columns on any terms.

V.—COURTEOUS.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* will have no room in its columns for personalities and bickerings. Its editors have neither taste nor time for "mud throwing." They do not share the opinion, held by some other journals, that blackguardisms and indecencies are essential characteristics of a sportsman's paper. Readers who want that sort of thing must look for it somewhere else than in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. *Verbum sap.*

VI.—BROAD IN SYMPATHY.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* will ask for, and strive to win, the continued support of readers in every part of the country. It never has been narrow in spirit; nor has it ever held itself up as the organ of any one "section." The paper is, and will be, *American*, in the broadest, highest and best meaning of that term. Every State, Territory and Province on the Continent, with many foreign countries beyond, are represented in our list of contributors and subscribers. The very wide geographical distribution of the friends and correspondents of the *FOREST AND STREAM* is a sufficient guarantee of the variety and excellence of its contents.

Literally and figuratively it is true that

Wanted.

WANTED.—An experienced business man who is thoroughly posted in guns, fishing tackle and sporting goods to take a responsible position in a large Western house. Address, with full particulars as to experience, salary required, etc., HENRY J. WILLIAMS, care Norwalk Lock Co., New York city. Decs,11

WANTED a few hundred live quail. Apply to FRANK HEYAN, Manager of Conestoga Kennel, Lancaster, Pa. Nov17,11

For Sale

IMPORTED breech-loading duck gun, No. 4, of finest laminated steel, rebounding lock, etc., absolutely without blemish, cost \$5 guineas in London; in every respect as good as new. Will sell or exchange for a 14-bore double gun (choked) of approved make. Address CHAS. BANCROFT, 129 W. Baltimore st., Baltimore, Md. Decs,11

FOR SALE.—D. B. L. gun, 10x58x9, in good order with loading tools; price, \$40. Also D. B. L. gun, 12x58x9, in good order; price, \$25. Both good guns. Sell as have no time to use them. Can be seen in New York. Address G, this office. Decs,11

FOR SALE, 300,000 brook trout eggs. Apply to F. W. EDDY, Randolph, N. Y. Nov17,11

FOR SALE.—A beautifully located country residence. Price, \$7,000. Pure air; fine views; plenty of fruit. Apply to T. C. B., this office. Nov24,11

FOR SALE VERY CHEAP, near Germantown, Pa., 130 acre farm (14 heavy chestnut timber), 2 sets stone buildings; excellent spring water. ADAMS & BAKER, 101 Walnut st., Philadelphia. Dec13,11

The Kennel.

FLEAS! FLEAS! WORMS! WORMS!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs

A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.

THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding popper-box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and effective. Also

Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

Areca Nut for Worms in Dogs.

A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per box by mail.

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Black Spaniels.

BOB III., imported, black; First, Strabane, Portadown, Kilmarnock, Belfast, and London, Ont. Special, Franklin, Pa. Stud fee, \$15.

BENEDICT, imported, black; first and special, New York, 1891, only time shown. \$20.

Puppies by above also by Brang, first and special, New York, 1891, for sale. Price from \$10 upward.

HORNELL SPANIEL CLUB, Hornellsville, N. Y. Nov24,11

Cameron Kennel.

Beagle Hounds bred for bench and field purposes.

RALLY (Sam-Deilly); stud fee, \$25.

ROCKET (Rally-Ross); stud fee, \$10.

COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Pa.

GORDON KENNEL, Locust Valley, Long Island. We have on sale young dogs and bitches of the purest strains, combining the blood of Toledo Kennel Club, now Willard's, Grouse, Munro's Duke, Goldsmith Kennel, Rupert, Steady, and the best of Mr. Malcom's Malcom, Col. Sloc's Reine, Mr. Willard's Dream II. Were all bred at this kennel.

Address GORDON KENNEL CLUB, Brevoort P. O., Brooklyn, New York. Oct14,11

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Any gentleman in want of a single dog or a brace of well-broken and well-bred setters will find the article by addressing I. W., Box 4260, New York city. These are not worthless curs said to be broken, but are perfect in the field, and a fair price is therefore asked. Nov24,11

ELM GROVE KENNELS.—Send your dogs to the Elm Grove Kennels to board. They will get the best of care and plenty of exercise. Terms easy, can give best of references. For price, etc., address HORACE A. SAUNDERS, South Norwalk, Conn., P. O. Box 551. Nov24,11

FOR SALE.—Nine well-trained foxhounds; fast and reliable; 7 dogs, 2 bitches; all young. Address, LOCK BOX 16, Rome, Ga. Nov24,11

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial winners of 1890, printed on tinted paper, with each sent post-paid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec20,11

\$12 will buy a pure dark red Irish bitch, 12 months old, having one cross of Echo at 1/2 of Plunket. Address, E. J. ROBBINS, Webster, N. Y. Nov24,11

—See Kennel Advertisements next page.

The Kennel.

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Author of the

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exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed. Send for
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 Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of principal English breeders.

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Thoroughbred red Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion Rory O'More out of North O'More, Magnolia and Pearl. Full pedigree. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. Aug 11/91

OUTRIGGER COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS.—For Cocker of all ages and colors, dogs, bitches and puppies, address with stamp, ROBT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. July 21/91

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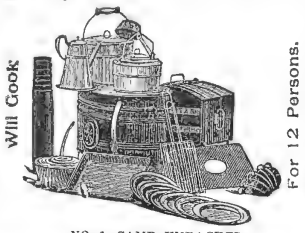
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Train 51. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:55 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 4:55 p.m. Danville 7:05 p.m. Charlotte 12:25 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars Danville to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Train 52. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Philadelphia 7:35 a.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Richmond 11:15 p.m. Danville 7:55 a.m. There connects with No. 53 below. Pullman cars from Richmond to Danville. This train connects Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from Baltimore at 4:00 p.m. direct via York River Line for West Point and Richmond and connecting with Train 50.

Train 53. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:45 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives at Lynchburg 4:14 a.m. Danville 7:40 p.m. Charlotte 12:25 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. Macon 6:50 p.m. Montgomery 7:55 a.m. New Orleans 10:05 p.m. 54 hours from New York. Pullman cars New York to Washington, Washington to Charlotte and Augusta. Arrives at Columbia 7:40 p.m. and Augusta 10:20 p.m. Savannah 3:45 p.m. Jacksonville 7:00 a.m.

Train 50. Leaves New York 9:00 p.m. Philadelphia 9:30 a.m. Baltimore 4:35 a.m. Arrives at Lynchburg 11:35 p.m. Danville 7:40 p.m. Charlotte 12:25 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. Macon 6:55 p.m. Montgomery 7:00 p.m. Mobile 5:14 a.m. New Orleans 10:05 p.m. There connects with Train 51 at Lynchburg and Danville and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Atlantic Coast Line.

Train 10. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Philadelphia 7:35 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 7:25 p.m. Wilmington 10:30 p.m. Charleston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 10:30 a.m. Jacksonville 11:30 p.m. Pullman Sleepers Washington to Jacksonville.

Train 15. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. W. Philadelphia 7:45 p.m. Baltimore 7:55 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 7:25 p.m. Wilmington 10:30 p.m. Charleston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 10:30 a.m. Jacksonville 11:30 p.m. Columbia 7:40 a.m. Augusta 10:20 a.m. Macon 7:45 p.m. Savannah 7:20 a.m. Jacksonville via Augusta 7:50 p.m. Pullman Sleeping Cars New York to Savannah.

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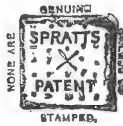
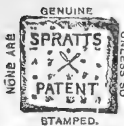
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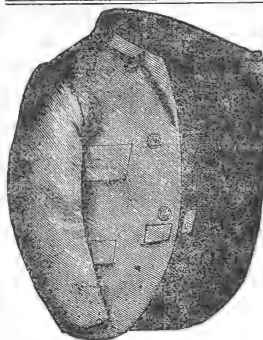
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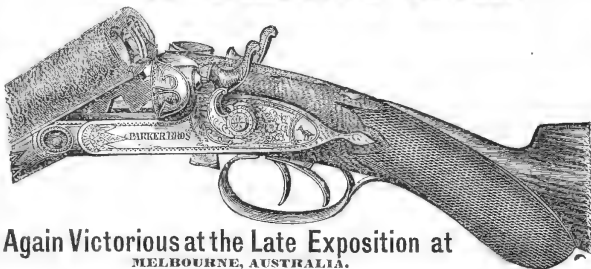
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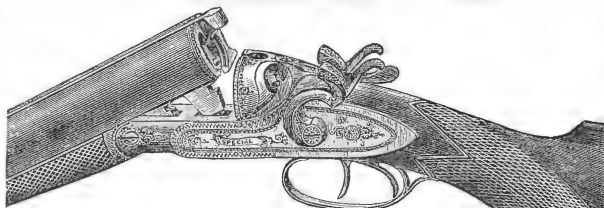
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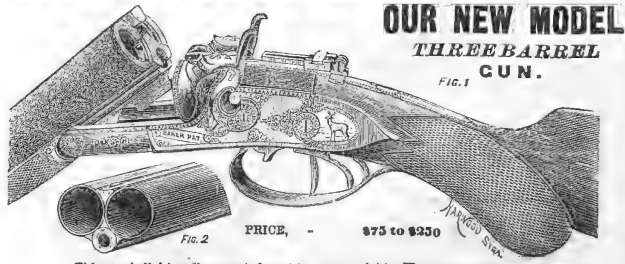


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ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions.

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Advertisements.

Inside pages, nonpareil type, 25 cents per line. Special rates for three, six and twelve months. Reading notices 50 cents per line—eight words to the line, and twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by the Saturday of each week previous to the issue in which they are to be inserted.

Address: Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York City.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, December 15.

A DISGRACE TO JOURNALISM.—We have never felt called upon to notice the malicious attacks, which certain journals have from time to time made upon the FOREST AND STREAM, or upon individuals connected with the paper. This course has proved so satisfactory that we propose to continue it. We are impelled to make a single exception to it now by our indignation, which all who know the facts share with us, at the nature of certain articles, published as leading editorials, in a New York sporting paper. These articles have been onslaughts upon the character of one individual—he a sick man, on his dying bed. We make this simple statement, that the facts may be understood by the friends of the assailed man and by the public. There is no need of comment. If their own consciences have not already told them, we shall not attempt the unwelcome task of showing the authors of these gross attacks that their impotent attempts to blacken the reputation of a dying man have been outrageously indecent, as brutal as indecent, and as cowardly as brutal—a disgrace at once to journalism and to mankind.

AN ADDED INTEREST attaches to the story of the "Hinkley Hunt of 1818," given last week, from the fact that Garfield's birthplace was just eighteen miles east of the hunting ground; and at the time of his birth the country was still a howling wilderness.

THADDEUS CRANE BANKS.

AFTER a lingering illness, Thaddeus Crane Banks, Business Manager of this journal, died of consumption at his residence in Brooklyn, Wednesday morning, December 14.

It is with the profoundest sorrow and a sense of personal bereavement that we make this announcement. To all in this office, Mr. Banks was much more than a business associate; he was an intimate personal friend, for whom, during the years of our business connection with him, we had come to feel the warmest affection. This feeling had become deepened and intensified by our solicitude for him during the past weeks, after it had become only too evident that his death could not be long averted.

Thaddeus Crane Banks was born at Danbury, Conn., January 5, 1829; and was therefore at the time of his death almost fifty-three years of age. Like so many other successful newspaper men, he had, before entering the publishing world, already achieved a decided success in other fields of labor. He was by profession a dentist, and for more than twenty years held a very high place in his profession in this city. With the unremitting devotion to his work, which was characteristic of the man through all his life, he applied himself so closely that his over-taxed constitution gave way, and his failing health obliged him to surrender the place of distinction which he had attained, and to abandon for the time his office work. He removed to Wallingford, Conn., where he soon won the respect of his fellow-citizens by the public spirit which he displayed; and he was twice sent as representative of his district to the State Legislature.

In 1871 he undertook the business management of the *American Sportsman*, and began its publication at West Meriden, Conn., the editor being the late Wilbur F. Parker. Mr. Banks remained with the paper after its removal to New York, where it was published as the *ROD AND GUN*. In 1877 when the *ROD AND GUN* and the *FOREST AND STREAM* were combined, he continued in business control of the paper; and held the position up to the time of his death. He brought to the exacting demands of newspaper life great business energy, with an unwavering devotion and enthusiasm, which compelled success in whatever he undertook. It is very largely to the untiring labors and the business ability of T. C. Banks that the present position of the *FOREST AND STREAM* is due. His whole thought was given to the paper and its welfare. During the last months of his life, although wholly unfitted for any work, he came daily to the *FOREST AND STREAM* office, overcoming by his determined will-power the weakness of his condition, and through his interest in the paper keeping up his strength and courage. His patient face and silent, gentle bearing among us, touched the hearts of all who saw him, and prompted, almost unconsciously on our part, a feeling of tenderness for our friend.

Mr. Banks had traveled extensively over this country and abroad; and was widely known in newspaper circles, and among public men. He had hundreds of warm personal friends who will mourn his death.

The funeral will be held from his late residence, 453 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, next Sunday, Dec. 17, at 2 P. M.

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY (George J. Coe, treasurer, No. 123 Broadway) has issued its annual appeal for Christmas-time contributions. The appeal deserves, and we trust may receive, a hearty response.

DOG TRAINING.—The sixth chapter of the regular series of articles on this subject now running in our Kennel department is unavoidably deferred until next week.

THE FIELD TRIALS.

LAST week we gave our readers a synopsis of the running at Robbins' Island, from Wednesday morning to the finish. The weather was all that could be desired, and much better than the most sanguine dared to hope for. The attendance, while not so large as we had expected, was very fair, and composed of well known sportsmen from all parts of the country. The character of the work performed by the dogs was, in many instances, superior to anything of the kind that has ever been witnessed at Field Trials in this country. The handlers, with one or two exceptions, worked their dogs in an artistic, as well as sportsmanlike manner; in fact, to our eyes, they were ideal sportsmen, who appeared to be not only conscious of the faults as well as the merits of their own dogs, but who could also see, and were quick to acknowledge, superior merits when shown by their competitors. In very many instances the one who lost the heat would be the first to indorse the decision of the judges.

The Derby brought out a rare lot, and never before, in this country, were so many young dogs shown whose performances would show so high an average. The All-Aged Stakes had many starters who had before appeared in public, as well as a number of new aspirants for fame, and the quality of the work shown would in many instances compare favorably with that of any previous meeting. The judges were particularly fitted for the position, and more competent and fair minded gentlemen it has never been our good fortune to meet. Upon the whole, the meeting was a very successful one, and we congratulate the Eastern Field Trials Club upon the abundant success that has crowned their efforts. We were not a little disappointed that the Members Stake—which should have been the prominent feature of the meeting—did not bring out a larger number of competitors, and after witnessing the magnificent heat between Brock and Bessie, we were more than ever convinced that this event—if properly supported—would do more to popularize these Trials than all the other stakes combined, and we trust that the next meeting will show at least twenty-five starters to compete for the honor of winning the Members Stake.

Of the Louisiana Field Trials not so much can be said. It was the first meeting and the entries were but few in number, and the character of the work was as a whole by no means remarkable. With two or three notable exceptions, the dogs run failed to distinguish themselves. Gordon, however, owned by Mr. McGinnis, has since made for himself an honorable record as the National Trials, and there were other good dogs shown at Amite and Arcola.

The National Trials have brought out what we may call the very best canine talent in the country, and the work done at Grand Junction appears to have been in all respects worthy of praise. Dashing Novice, Boss and Shadow in the Derby, Peep o' Day, Nellie, Breckenridge and Lad in the All-Aged Stakes are all good ones. King Dash has not now to make his reputation as a field dog, nor has Belton III. The Pennsylvania Trials opened on Monday, and with every prospect of being successful. We refer our readers to our Kennel columns for details of the running, which is still in progress. Next week we shall give details of the heats throughout.

REAL OFF-HAND SHOOTING.—The letter from a Worcester rifleman, published last week, represents very fairly the opinion on this whole question of short cuts to high scores. There is too great an ambition to see high figures, and not enough care to see that these stand for excellent personal endeavor. The Englishman who shoots at 200 yards lying on the ground has no right to compare his score with those made on our rifle ranges, where the men stand erect; and so, in only a smaller degree, the score of a man who shoots with the left arm free of the body should take precedence over a record made with the hip-rest. We want a test of men in rifle shooting, and not a gauge of how far clever trickery has been made available.

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN IN NOVA SCOTIA.—We have received from the Earl of Dunraven a communication in reference to his experience with the Nova Scotia game laws. The letter reaches us too late for insertion this week; it will be published in our next issue.

VICIOUS MILITARY PRACTICE.

IN his work of securing a team of American military shots to compete with the English volunteers at Wimbledon, General Wingate is meeting with some difficulty. It does not seem to be one of men nor of means, but of rifles. Under the delusion that big scores in matches meant good marksmanship, those who shoot military rifles have been gradually turning them into mere shooting machines. Chambers have been lengthened to admit cartridges with heavier charges of powder, special ammunition and special bullets have come into play; trigger pulls have been toned down to nearly the hair trigger point, and then to meet the trials of a balling wind, there have been fine foresights and wind gauges added, until the rough and ready military rifle has become admirably adapted to the production of big scores and as thoroughly unadapted to the wear and tear of a camping life. The men have found that the use of a wind gauge on a rifle was a ready way of receiving high scores, and now when they are brought face to face with the English regulations, which require an untampered military sight, there is a disposition to shuffle out of a match with the English Volunteers.

This is not a desirable position for an American rifleman to find himself in, for the proposed match with the Englishmen entirely out of the question, it shows that our system of practice is defective. Such practice as we have been having is of next to no value in giving our men the drill necessary to make them efficient in the varied circumstances of a soldier's life. Of what use is it to stop at the mere permission to alter the sights? Why not permit more weight in the gun? Why not extend the license of tampering into the fixing of telescopic sights? Pistol-grip, too, would help the piece, if the making of good target records were all that was to be required of it. In short, the weapon may be made such an excellent machine for manufacturing bulletseers as to be useless for any purpose in practical warfare. In how many cases would a soldier find himself so circumstanced as to be able to bring his wind gauge into use? The enemy is not a fixed iron slab at a known distance, and sighting shots cannot be had. Snap shooting is required, and unless the practice on the range leads to excellence in that style of marksmanship, it is little more than a sort of useless sport, very entertaining for those engaged in it, very valuable, but very aimless.

The British rifleman has been falling into short cuts to high scores, and the sight of a soldier standing and shooting from the shoulder is something of a rarity on Wimbledon Common; still there is more reason in this innovation on range practice than in our American failing of turning out big scores at the sacrifice of the very foundation purpose of all work before the butt—the making of men able to hit anything at any rifle range, and to do it on call too.

BYE-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

NINTH PAPER.

NEAR the head of Jervis Inlet and hidden by lofty mountains, which on all sides wall it in, lies Princess Louise Inlet, the gem of all the beautiful inlet country. Bate is grand and majestic, Loughborough is picturesque and charming, and Jervis combines the beauties of both, but the scenery of Princess Louise surpasses that of any of the others. Its entrance is but a few yards in width, and, except at high and low water, the tide rushes along between the stern walls of granite in a rapid of great swiftness. The entrance passed, we caught a glimpse, on either side, of towering hills, and then plunged at once into a twilight, rendered more obscure by a thick white mist which hung low over the water. Out in the main inlet the sun had been shining bright and warm, but here we were in a gloom almost like that of night. Although we were passing along close under one of the banks of the inlet we could not see the trees, whose branches stretched out over the water above our heads, but moved blindly along almost within our length of the shore. The sun does not penetrate this narrow gorge until it is high in the heavens, and there was something very solemn in the darkness and utter silence of the place. The men seemed awed by the strangeness of the situation, and only occasionally spoke, and then in suppressed tones. No sound was to be heard except the regular dip of the paddles. For perhaps an hour we moved on through this mist, and at the end of this time a sudden brightening of the sky above us showed that the sun's rays were beginning to dissipate the gloom. The mist rose slowly, and there appeared, first, the trees on the beach, then, immediately back of them, the piled up rocks which formed the talus at the foot of the precipice, and at last, as the clouds of vapor rolled higher and higher, like a gigantic curtain, the black vertical cliffs and the snow-clad peaks of the mountains. Smooth as a polished mirror, and, like a mirror reflecting with unvarying fidelity the towering heights about it, the inlet was suddenly spread out before us, and its wonderful beauties, heightened by contrast with the recent obscurity, were unfolded to our appreciative eyes. No word was spoken for some little time. The Indians stolidly continued the movements of their paddles, but those of the white men were idle. Immediately before us was a wide basin, which we were entering from a channel less than a quarter of a mile in width. An unbroken line of snow, here close at hand and there miles away from us, patched toward its lower border with occasional masses of dark green or gray, surrounded us to the

north, south and east. Nearer the water's level were the sombre grays or browns of the mountain rock, dark and forbidding. Still further down the slope, the scanty and ill-nourished timber grew in scattering clumps, or by single trees, reaching to the verge of the sheer precipices that overhung the water's edge. To the south and to the east the hills rose sharply and continuously, there being no opening between them until the snow level was reached, but toward the north-east this wall had been broken down, and a wide, but precipitous, valley, the ancient bed of a tremendous glacier, stretched away for miles toward the snowy heights of the interior. Down this valley, among, over and under enormous rock masses, whose harsh and rugged outlines were softened by no appearance of verdure, poured, in a series of foaming falls, a large river, the course of which could be traced far back toward the heights. Here it became no more than a delicate white thread, and at length it was impossible to distinguish it from the snow drifts which were to be seen in every ravine. Still further toward the north, the mountains again become precipitous—overhanging precipices rise from the water's edge, and the rocky slopes which surmount them bear a few trees. Above, extensive snowfields stretch away toward Mount Albert, showing here and there through their whiteness the sky-blue color of some ice river slowly plowing its way down the slope. The rugged and massive peaks of Albert stand clearly out against the blue background of sky, and are flanked by others, not so high but equally impressive. A bare needle of granite rises to the east of the main peaks nearly to the same height which they attain, and still further to the east a towerlike mass, its turrets ornamented with dark green spruces, attains an almost equal altitude.

The enormous cliffs, under whose shadow the canoe passes, are patched with lichens of various colors, so that sometimes the granite looks as if it had been painted. One of a vivid canary yellow, seen on the lower side of the overhanging rocks, catches the reflection of the sun from the water, and brightens the rock to a likeness of hammered gold. Trickling from narrow crevices, the water has carried out from its solution, and given to the granite beautifully shaded tints of yellow, red and brown. Here and there a pale green fern has thrust its roots into a seam in the rock and has spread out its feathery frondage before the cold gray background. Mosses of rich brown, gold color, and velvety green grow wherever they can gain a foothold; the brilliantly-colored rock crevices clasp with its tiny rootlets the cold, hard stone, and the delicate *Campylopus*, undismayed by its arctic surroundings, waves its bells cheerily in the passing breeze. Just here at least there was no want of color. But as a whole the scene was one of forbidding harshness. The absence of any considerable masses of vegetation, the cold gray of the mountains, the presence everywhere of ice and snow, gave to the whole an unspeakable sombreness and gravity. Everything is cold, hard and repelling. There is no warmth, no brightness, and but little life—and yet I think Princess Louise Inlet the most beautiful spot in the world, in its own peculiar way.

The inlet is about four and one-half miles in length, by less than one-half in average width, being narrowest near its mouth and widest at its head. In general terms it may be said to resemble more nearly in its essential characters some of the Norwegian fiords than do any of the other inlets of the northwest coast which I have visited; yet it differs from the fiords of Norway in that from it you have constantly in sight snow and ice-covered mountains.

Like all the others, this inlet was formed by glacial action, and the traces of the ice river which cut this deep channel in the solid rock of the mountains are still plainly visible. During the ages which immediately followed the close of the Tertiary period the whole of northern North America was covered with an enormous ice sheet thousands of feet in thickness. The whole of British America, a considerable portion of the Rocky mountains, all New England and a very large portion of the middle States were for ages buried beneath this frozen mass. In the White mountains the upper surface of this stupendous glacier was at least 6,000 feet above the sea level, while still further to the northward, it is estimated that it was not less than 13,000 feet in thickness. This enormous mass had a general slow, but more or less constant, motion southward—a motion permitted by the now well-known plasticity of ice, and due to the constant pressure of the mass behind. The movement was to the southward, because there the ice was constantly melting and disappearing, while to the north it tended constantly to increase in thickness. To the north there was no escape, for its movement in this direction was blocked by an unyielding ice mass which became more and more thick and immovable as the Pole was approached. Urged on by this ever-increasing pressure, the ice sheet moved steadily southward, creeping up high mountain slopes, and then, when their summits were reached, overtopping them, and pushing its way down on the other side. No better illustration of the movement of such a body can be given than the one employed by Professor Dana, who says: "If stiff pitch be gradually dropped over a horizontal surface it will spread and continue so to do, so long as the supply is kept up; and if that surface rises at an angle in one direction, and there is no escape in any other, it will first fill the space to the level of the edge, and then drop over and continue onward its flow. So glaciers, if the accumulation is adequate, may go across valleys and over elevated ridges."

It has been clearly established that ice has a certain degree of plasticity. Thus, it can be made by simple pressure to copy a seal or mould, like wax. Dr. Kane speaks of a table of ice, eight feet thick and twenty wide, supported only at the sides, which in two months became so deeply bent that its centre was depressed five feet, and this while the temperature was constantly below the freezing point. It may also be made to take the shape of a long cylinder, by pressing it through a round hole. In such cases, even if the ice is broken by pressure, it unites into a clear mass by freezing along the fractures, when their sides are in contact. The glaciers of to-day are the remnants of the ancient ice sheet that once covered the northern portions of both continents. They are simply rivers of ice of varying thickness and extent, having their origin above the level of the perpetual snows, by which they are fed. The grandest glaciers of the temperate zone are those of Switzerland, but one must travel to arctic climes to behold the most stupendous exhibitions of these ice rivers. A glacier, in its origin, consists merely of compacted snow, but as it advances down the mountain side it is gradually changed by pressure into an ice-like mass, and as it reaches a point where there is alternate melting and freezing it becomes truly ice. Now, as we know that the glacier tends constantly to move in the direction of least resistance, and as the momentum of such an enormous mass is something almost inconceivably great, we can see that its course will be in a bed not unlike that of a river. A glacier is an enormous plow, which cuts a furrow both wide and deep. In its course it at once scrapes away all the surface soil and the loose stones, reaching down to the bed rock against which it continually grinds, and wears itself away. The glacier, in its course, takes up and carries with it gravel, pebbles and boulders of different sizes; and these, whether torn away from the sides of the bed, or dropping on to the ice from overhanging cliffs, soon sink through the ice to the bottom. Here they are rolled along, crushed beneath the weight of the superincumbent mass, against or into the rock over which it is passing. In this underlying rock long scratches and scorings are thus made, its irregularities of surface smoothed and planed off, and sometimes its surface highly polished. In glacier regions such surfaces are frequently seen, as well as the smoothly rounded knolls of rock, called *roches moutonnées*, or sheep-backs. The debris carried along in and beneath the glacier is constantly being ground up, like the wheat between two mill-stones, and the water of the stream formed by the melting ice, is charged with the pulverized rock. Such streams are, therefore, usually more or less milky in color, and can be recognized by this character far away from their source. The water of Bute Inlet, down to and beyond its mouth, has this peculiar character, and thus warned us of the glaciers near its head long before we came within sight of them. At the lower extremity of the glacier are vast heaps of earth and stone, deposited there by the melting ice. Such heaps are called terminal moraines. Some of the stones in these moraines are of great size, and very many of them bear the scars and scratches, which tell plainly the story of the hard knocks to which they have been subjected since they were first torn from their beds.

Everywhere along the cliffs of the inlets the marks of the erosive force of the old glaciers had been visible, but they were nowhere better seen than on Princess Louise and Jervis Inlets. High upon the rocks the deep scorings appeared: long continuous scratches, which told of the slow passage of some enormous mass of rock, held by the ice close to the wall-like side of the channel, and pressed against it with a force, of the magnitude of which we can form no conception; smooth rounded depressions showing where a mass of granite had been held, and slowly turned over and over until it had excavated a hemispherical cavity eight or ten feet wide, and nearly as deep; and down near the water's edge flattened rounded surfaces, smoothed and polished by the prolonged friction of the ice. At the mouth of Princess Louise is a low rock, rising ten or twelve feet above the water, on which are half a dozen parallel horizontal grooves, two feet or more in depth, and extending along its whole length. The cliffs on the north-west bank of Jervis Inlet, above the mouth of Princess Louise, are everywhere smoothed and ground away by the action of the ice. The scorings, which are constantly seen, are often of great length, and from four to six feet in height. Many of them curve very gradually, and they are often scimitar-shaped, and terminate in a rounded depression. Opposite Moorsam Bluffs is a long, low point, on which the ice markings are admirably shown. The rock rises from the water at rather a steep incline in a series of steps, showing the *roches moutonnées* on a gigantic scale. The granite is blackened with a growth of lichen, and from the crevices in it spring mosses undergrowth and some small pine timber. The enormous masses of rock look like the backs of so many sleeping elephants.

At the head of Jervis Inlet is a small camp of Hanehtchin, or Hanehtsin, Indians. The only man at the village was an old fellow whom we found mending his canoe on the beach with a stone hammer of most primitive type, and who could speak neither Chinook nor any other language at the command of the members of our party. We held animated dialogues with him, in which the burden of our speeches was an inquiry as to whether he had either potatoes or salmon to sell. What he replied will ever remain a mystery. Hanehtsin, who was the orator of the day on our side, would hopelessly reply, after hearing the old man through: "Wake nibe kumtun mika oahwah," (I don't understand your language).

At last, in despair, some one caught up a potato and threw it at the old fellow, and as he picked it up it was beautiful to see his perplexed expression clear away and the light of intelligence and satisfaction irradiate his countenance. He shouted a series of orders to the *Klutchmans* at the houses, and we soon had a lot of excellent vegetables at the cauc. I purchased here a two-pronged salmon spear, which I thought might prove useful later, as the fish were now running up into the fresh-water streams in considerable numbers. We camped a mile or two down the inlet, and as we were about to start next morning, we received a visit from the *Stivashes*, who brought some more potatoes and a lot of salmon just taken from the water. They also brought a *potlatch* of berries, presumably in return for a piece of tobacco that I had given the old fellow the evening before. From here two days run brought us to Twin Falls on Ithoam Sound, near the foot of which we camped. These falls are by measurement of the Professor's aneroid barometer 1,510 feet in height. They are much more impressive when viewed from the water at a distance of a mile or two than when seen from a point nearer at hand. The enormous timber obscures the view when the falls are approached too closely, and although you are deafened by their roar only an occasional glimpse of the water is to be had. The river which supplies them flows from a depression on the top of the mountain, and just as it leaps over the cliff is divided into two streams by a large island. A great body of water passes over the fall, the river being a very considerable stream. We estimated the first leap of the water at 500 feet clear, the succeeding ones being less high, perhaps from 300 down to 150 feet.

The next morning we made a late start, and before moving I spent an hour or two leaning over the side of the canoe and watching the occupations of the different marine animals which were moving about at the bottom of the shoal water near the shore. There were hundreds of little crabs, the largest about the size of a silver half dollar, clambering about like so many goats over the rocks, and apparently feeding on the vegetable matter that grew upon them. They walked slowly about plucking the food with their curiously swollen white claws, using the right and left alternately, so that while one was holding the food to the mouth, the other was gathering a fresh supply. They seemed wholly absorbed in what they were doing, their jaws moved continuously, and altogether they had a most business-like and methodical aspect. The largest of these animals were of a deep purple color, while the smaller ones seemed to be almost always of a dull grayish green, which corresponded very closely with the hue of the rocks on which they fed, and is no doubt in a measure protective. They seemed to get along very peacefully together, though, once in a while, if a small crab came too near a large one, the latter would make a threatening dash at his neighbor, which would at once retreat with many defensive demonstrations of its claws. Then there were the curved white tubes of the marine worms, fixed to the sides of many of the stones; some of them deserted and empty, while from the mouths of others protruded a cluster of deep, crimson tentacles, the whole looking like some beautiful white-stemmed flower. If the red cluster was cautiously approached and touched, it was instantly withdrawn, and the tube appeared empty. Five minutes later, perhaps, a small spot of red would slowly be noticed far down in the tube, the arms would gradually appear, and resume their flower-like appearance. The barnacles which covered the rocks above a certain line were not the least interesting of the living creatures which were to be seen here. At those stages of the tide when the water did not reach them, the shells remained closed and showed no signs of life; but as soon as they were fairly covered, each little pair of valves opened and the tiny arms were extended and swept through the water with a regular motion, which ceased only when they had grasped some morsel of food which was floating by. When this took place, the arms were quickly drawn into the shell, the valves closed and the animal remained quiescent for some little time. It was interesting, too, to watch the sea urchins or, as they are sometimes called, sea eggs, and the star-fishes as they moved about over the bottom. Both progress very slowly, the sea urchins, perhaps, the more so of the two. The latter advanced by a continuous motion of their long ambulacral spines, and can make journeys of considerable length, though apparently so ill-provided with organs of locomotion. If one be turned over on its back on a flat rock, it can readily right itself by means of the same gradual but continuous movement of the spines. If removed from the water they have a continuous motion of the mouth and soft under parts as though striving to obtain air. These sea urchins are eaten by the crows and ravens, which find them uncovered at low water, and, carrying them up into the trees, remove the soft body by breaking away the shell about the ventral aperture. These shells I have found thus broken on the ground in the forest, half a mile from the water's edge, and often covered with the long white Spanish moss. The star-fishes move much more rapidly than the sea urchins. They progress mainly by means of the suckers with which their arms are provided, but also to some extent by hooking their arms around the angles of the rocks and thus pulling themselves forward for short distances. These animals are found along this coast in great abundance and variety. I saw them black, brown, yellow, orange red and purple, and ranging in size from the diameter of a five-cent piece up to ten inches. They seemed to be most abundant just about low water mark, though by

no means confined to any particular depth. They are frequently seen clinging to the rocks where they have been left bare by the tide, and when a great cluster of the large red or purple ones are seen collected in an angle of the rock against the shining black mussels and the brown seaweed, the effect is very pretty. In Princess Louise Inlet we saw in the early morning great numbers of the smaller starfishes clinging by one or at most two arms to the rocks, it being then low water, and these, whether from cold, or whatever other cause, appeared to be half dead and were shrivelled up and stiff. When placed in water, however, they soon revived and became apparently as well as ever.

From our camp at Twin Falls our course for a few miles was southeast, and passing between Captain and Nelson Islands, we entered Agamemnon Channel, and early in the afternoon came out into Malaspina Straits. A fresh breeze was blowing and, as it was fair, we made sail and bowled swiftly along, camping at evening on the mainland a little beyond Merry Island. Our next camp was on Bowen Island, where we were nearly burned out. We had been looking vainly for a good spot to camp and, at last, in default of anything better, had pitched upon a little bay, full of driftwood, but where we could at least be certain of water. The rocks rose steeply from the water's edge and we were obliged to make up our beds on the beach, not feeling at all sure that the rising tide would not disturb us before morning. We found a little level spot where there was barely room enough for four to sleep, and spread our beds here, the camp fire being made against a large drift log near at hand, and as we were all pretty tired after our long day's pull we went to sleep soon after supper. How long afterward it was that I was awakened by the sound of rushing water I do not know, but when I looked out from under my blankets I saw the great log glowing like a furnace, and Charley, very lightly clad, dashing water over it at a great rate. It was soon extinguished and our only loss was some of the kitchen utensils, but had it burned a little longer our blankets would have been scorched and we ourselves would have been thoroughly warmed. Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE "MASH"—CONCLUDED.

WHEN the Captain awoke it was not yet daybreak, but the Hermit of the Marsh was already astir, and the fumes of hot coffee and bacon were borne to the Captain's olfactorys. After a hurried wash at the river the breakfast was dispatched, and preparations were made for a try at the ducks. The Captain found in the pen were shot with a "shot," to which was attached to a cord for anchoring them, and then placed in the bow of the duck-boat; the two men with the guns, accompanied by a single dog, embarked, and the light, shallow craft was pushed off.

"Here we are," said John, after they had poled through the marsh a short distance.

"But where is your blind?"

"I will show you when the stools are out. Put the big one on the outside, so—anchor. First. Now t'other, not so near, or they'll get tangled. Put the mallard drake in the corner and string the others well out. Now for the blind."

The blind was a marvel of architecture, built of marsh flag and large enough for the boat to be drawn within it. The opening at which the entrance was made was closed up by an ingeniously constructed mat of flag, plated together, so that the shooters were wholly concealed, while from without it presented a similar appearance to the surrounding morass.

"There comes a bunch of ducks," said the Captain, as the first gray streaks in the east made the surrounding region visible.

"Them's blue-bills," said the hermit; "they won't stool to live decoys. They alius fly before the other ducks do in the mornin'."

Soon a large flock of black-duck came working up the river. The stool ducks instantly set up a loud calling, and the flock in the air swerved from their course and swooped down to join their supposed friends. As they wheeled up wind to alight two reports came from the blind, and then two more, and seven fine birds floated helplessly in the water, while a cloud of feathers sailed off with the wind over the marsh.

"A lucky shot," said the Captain.

"Humph! ort to get more out o' that bunch. How much lead you shootin'?"

"An ounce and a quarter."

"Better put in half an ounce more. Them on your side carried off all you give 'em."

"But half an ounce more would kick me out of the boat."

"No business to have such a pop-gun, then. You can't shoot ducks with less than ten pound of iron, and no use to try."

Just then a solitary blue-bill skimmed by at a good sixty yards' distance, and the Captain, drawing a quick sight, pulled trigger, and, as if to disprove his companion's words, the duck fell to the water, stone dead.

"Humph!" growled the hermit; "accidents don't prove nothin'! I can drop ten twice that long by puttin' my shot into a linen rag and poundin' it home tight. But I can't do it every time, and the man don't live high Mosquito Pint that can."

Several more difficult shots were accomplished by the lighter gun, however, and the old man finally admitted that it was "a powerful good gun for a pop-gun." At length, with two dozen birds in the boat and several lying wounded among the grass, the latter being afterward brought to bag by the sagacity of the retriever, the Captain declared himself satisfied with the sport, and the boat was poled back to the shanty.

As several miles had to be paddled before a village could be reached where the Captain might ship the ducks to his friends at home, the Gypsy was soon made ready for the voyage, old John was supplied with sufficient tobacco to last him through the winter, a hasty good-bye was said and the canoe resumed its voyage. As he rounded a turn in the channel, the Cap-

tain looked back, and saw the Hermit of the Marsh wielding an axe as he cut the wood to prepare his noonday meal. The dogs sat on their haunches in silence near him, the wonderful pig lay in the mud near the shore and the ducks gabbled as they fought among themselves for a few kernels of corn. This was the last time the Captain was ever to look upon the old man, for before the ice left the river in the following spring he succumbed to the combined efforts of age, rheumatism and old age, and was laid beneath the ground. Kind-hearted, simple old John! May his spirit live forever in the happier land, where the dull vestments of an outer garb are not suffered to conceal the purity and goodness of the heart within.

The canoe now travelled through what was at one time the great hunting ground of the Senecas and Cayugas, situated on each side of the river known to them as *Thiashero*, "River of the Rushes." Many remains of Indian villages and forts are still to be seen, and the whole country around is rich in such relics as arrow-heads and spear-heads, stone tomahawks, kettles, pottery, etc. The branches of the Five Nations dwelling in this region were far advanced, comparatively, in agriculture and domestic arts, before the white man invaded their country. They cultivated maize in abundance, beans and some sort of peas, and their implements for hunting, fishing and cooking were of a superior kind to any used by other tribes. A few miles east of Howland's Island, near what are known as "Hickory Island Riffs," the remains of a well-built stone cel-weir could be seen a few years ago, before the steamer-drift was put at rest to enlarge the channel. This cel-weir was built so carefully and thoroughly that it had withstood the annual spring floods for ages, and its plan of construction was not at all behind that used by fishermen to-day.

Cross Lake (Indian *Te-an-gah-too*), which the Seneca River crosses near its southern end, has many circumstances of interest connected with it. Here have been found stone implements for turning up the ground, carved pottery and pipes, curious spear-heads and other relics in abundance. It was here, according to tradition, that the Indian deity who presided over fish and streams (*Ti-on-ya-wat-ha*) settled after he had relinquished his title of deity, and assumed the name of *Hi-a-wat-ha*, or Wise Mac. It was he who cleared the streams so that cones could pass through them, and he who taught the Hurons to cultivate corn and beans. It was he, too, who advised the union of the original five tribes into that powerful confederacy of the Five Nations, which the whites found so difficult to subdue. The tradition of the formation of this confederacy, as told by the Onondagas, is one of the most beautiful legends of history. Although never in print, to the writer's knowledge, it is well worth embalming in verse, and is a poem even as told in the rough gutturals of the Indian's broken English. Longfellow has taken the wise man of the Senecas for the hero of his well-known poem, "Hiawatha" (which is pronounced *Hee-a-wat-ha*, not, as elocutionists have it, *Hi-a-wat-ha*), but the poet's account of this character differs widely from that of the Indians' tradition, and the writer hopes in the future to publish in this paper to give the version of the latter as it was told to him.

All this has little to do with the voyage of the canoe, Gypsy, although the Captain's thoughts, as he paddled through this historic region, were all upon the traditions and lore of this ancient people, the Romans of the Western Hemisphere. With every dip of the varnished blade a new idea was brought to the mind. On that round hill was a Seneca or Cayuga village. On this eastern shore of Cross Lake, near the cold spring, is where the great Hi-a-wat-ha had his lodge, with his beautiful daughter and his white canoe. At this shallow "riff" the warriors of the confederacy forded the river to confront their enemies from the north, and perhaps even here was fought one of the bloodiest battles of their conflict.

Passing Cross Lake we shot down the rapids of "Jack's Riffs," and eight miles further reach the village of Baldwinsville. Here the voyage of the Gypsy is interrupted for a few days, while the Captain pays a visit to some hunting friends residing near by, and here we will leave the little canoe in the present, ready to resume the voyage, the chronicle of her renewed voyage down the Seneca and Oswego rivers to the Great Lake, and close around the shore of old Ontario to the St. Lawrence River and Canada. SENEOA.

CRUISE OF "THE NIPPER."

IN THREE PARTS—PART II.

THE NIPPER was up for a rather extended cruise, to start July 3. I quote a brief entry from my journal, under date of July 23: "Except later than usual, and on rising found my knapsack missing. The loss is regrettable. Spent the day paddling around the lakes, trying to trace it. It has gone to Blue Mountain in the duffel of Mr. Durant and his guide Moody—taken by mistake." The guides assured me it would come back by the first boat coming from Blue Mountain, or, perhaps, the Raquette. The mistake was a most natural one. The knapsack was of oiled ducking, black, not heary, and easily taken as a part of the oilcloth goods that hung on the same large nail. I was fain to wait with what patience I could.

Days passed, and the knapsack did not come back. I put the time in by climbing the hills—Bald Mountain especially; paddling, botanizing, digging blisters off the fir trees for the few drops of balsam contained in them, and fishing for lake and brook trout—with little success. I interviewed guides and tourists, studied maps of the Wilderness, and strove—in vain—to keep dry. To give an idea of just what the weather was, like at this time, I will give a few brief quotations from a journal kept faithfully on the spot:

14th. July. Gale and heavy rain. Frequent showers wind mainly from the north.

17th. Heavy wind and cold rain from the North, every one shivering with cold. Five people in the house with hard, chronic coughs. Bark, bark, all night.

18th. Rain, rain; blow, blow, from the north, as usual. Cough, cough. Five of us keep it up. Two will most likely never be better.

19th. Like the 18th, cold and rainy. Rained all night.

20th. Put on a gum coat, to k my little bathelet, and went for a walk. Made a mistake about the forest coat, and got nearly dry for—force. Still raining. Rains nearly all the time. "Tisn't the most favorable weather for lung diseases; not the healthiest region, I should say. Parties who come for health are every day going out, disgusted and sick. Still the camp is full.

21st. John D. Fraser visited us. He has been taking views of the scenery in Brown's Tract, and taking them well. But

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENTS.—IV.

BEING EXTRACTS FROM AN EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

* * * I first saw the light in the ancient colony of King George, lying between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, Maryland. In this country is a variety of game, nourished by a good supply of food and protected by a splendid cover.

My fathers before me were lovers of the chase, and I presume that from them I inherited my predilections in that direction. Had I the time I might tell you how my great-grandfather, while struggling in the water, into which he had been drawn by an immense sturgeon which he had just hooked, opened a knife with his teeth, cut the line, and saved his life.

I could tell how my father killed wild ducks with a stone, when he was deprived of a gun by his father, who considered him too fond of hunting.

I could tell you how this same parent of mine begged forty foxes in one season with his faithful hounds, Sportsman, True Boy, Stormer and Countess. How he quizzed a greenhorn who undertook to point out to a disappointed hunting party the exact spot where a fox was to be found. The greenhorn, in fact, knew nothing about it, but the fox was found there, just where he had said it would be.

The gun with which my father performed many notable feats of marksmanship was an old flint-lock. It kicked so hard that it one day knocked out two of his front teeth. Of this untoward event I always had a lively recollection when charging the old piece, and how my heart would flutter when I was about to pull the trigger! Many a miss was due to the snapping of that clumsy flint-lock; and I will remember the wonder excited by my first sight of a percussion-lock.

Were I not admonished by these twinges of pain (for you know how I suffer from insomnia) I should love to relate for the FOREST AND STREAM some of the bright and dark days of my life as a sportsman. I could tell you how a companion once killed an elk at Mare's Island Navy Yard, Cal., with buttons torn from his vest at the moment. There used to be acres of geese and ducks in that same country; and once, at Mare's Island, I killed thirty-four sand-snipe at a shot. * *

Natural History.

THE RABBIT NUISANCE IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE common English rabbit (*Lepus cuniculus*) has for the last seven or eight years increased so alarmingly in certain parts of these islands, as to make the question of their future effect a serious one for the whole colony. Originally introduced by private individuals, and turned out here and there in small numbers, they now promise, unless effectually suppressed within a short time, to work some approaching ruin to the pastoral interest in localities where they have taken hold, if not over the whole country. The question was taken in hand by the Legislature in 1876, and since that time four statutes have been passed, each giving more extended powers to the officers appointed, enabling them to enter property owners to take steps to clear their land of the pest. Until this year, however, no provision was made for the clearance of the vast areas of unoccupied Crown lands and native reserves, which formed perfect hot beds for the propagation of rabbits, and rendered the efforts of adjacent owners and occupiers almost futile. The Rabbit Inspectors have now power to take such steps as they may deem necessary in respect of such land, and the expense is to be met by an annual vote of Parliament. In the case of all other lands, the Government is empowered to levy an annual rate of not more than a farthing an acre within all districts proclaimed under the provisions of the statute, which rates are recoverable in a court of law, and are to be expended in paying the officers appointed under the statute, and other necessary expenses. Owners and occupiers of land are compelled, under a penalty, to take efficient steps to clear their property of rabbits on receiving notice to that effect from the Inspector of their district; and continued neglect of such notices gives the Inspector right to take whatever steps he may deem necessary for the destruction of the rabbits, and to recover the cost summarily from the defaulting owner, in addition to the penalty.

The statute, moreover, exempts from taxation all dogs certified to by an Inspector as kept solely for the purpose of destroying rabbits; and imposes a penalty for the destruction or capture of ferrets, weasels or such other animals as may be officially proclaimed to be the natural enemies of the rabbit. With such a trenchant measure at his heels, we may fairly expect that the hitherto unobtrusive progress of this enterprising little rodent will receive a salutary check.

Various methods have from time to time been adopted for destroying rabbits wholesale. Small armies of men are still employed on many sheep-runs for no other purpose than this. Dogs, guns, and wheat or oats steeped in oil of rhodium and phosphorus, are the most effective means employed; the latter with but little injury to sheep, though a few are occasionally poisoned.

Some idea of the serious aspect which the rabbit question has assumed may be gained from the following particulars, which are taken from the evidence given before a select committee of the House of Representatives appointed for the purpose:

Three sheep runs in the middle island, of 50,000, 40,000 and 19,400 acres respectively, have been totally abandoned.

Ten other runs, with an aggregate area of about 490,000 acres, have been within the last year or two abandoned and since re-let at a gross rental of £219 per annum; whereas their original rental reached close on £2,590. Some of these are now so infested with rabbits that the number of sheep to be found on them. The effect on the sheep-growing capacity of the colony may be gathered from the statement in the official returns for 1878 and 1879, which show that in the latter year the colony possessed only 11,405,389 sheep, as against 13,069,338 for the previous year, being a deficit of 1,663,949. The departmental returns for 1880 and 1881 are not yet compiled; but it is estimated on good authority that the deficiency in numbers will have now reached 2,000,000, and that the loss to the exports of the colony may be calculated at £500,000 per annum. The same official return shows the number of rabbits skin exported from the colony during 1878, 1879, 1880 and the first quarter of 1881, to be 18,250,270, of the value of £159,110; and, as the evidence given before the committee seems to bear out the conclusion that not more than one rabbit is found for every ten killed, some idea may

be formed of the swarms of the little pest with which the colony is infested.

That New Zealand should, notwithstanding this heavy handicap on one of its main industries, continue to flourish and progress, is a striking proof of its natural advantages and resources, and of the energy and enterprise of its population. *Dunedin, N. Z., Nov. 3, 1881.* L. M.

HABITS OF WOODPECKERS.

HOOSIER HALL, Ind., Dec. 1, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a communication touching upon the food, etc., etc., of squirrels, which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of November 10, I stated that the woodpeckers were busily laying up their winter's store of beechnuts, to which statement you put an interrogation point.

That woodpeckers—red-headed kind in particular—do not depend exclusively upon insect food for their subsistence, and that they do lay up stores of nuts in autumn for use in winter's bleak days, is a fact with which I have been familiar for many years, and considered it an accepted fact by all observers of the habits of these birds.

In the early summer time, when the cherries and various kinds of berries are ripe, no bird is found a more persistent frequenter of the trees and vines than the red-headed woodpecker. In the summer and fall, when the apples hang ripe and tempting in the orchards, the woodpecker allows the fat wood-worm to gnaw away beneath the tree-bark in peace and safety, while perched on an apple hanging to some slender bough, swinging in the mellow breezes, he gouges out mouthfuls of the juicy fruit.

Then in autumn, when the acorns, beech nuts and chestnuts ripen, this red-capped forager goes to work with a will, and from rosy morn till dusky eve busily gathers and hides away in holes and crevices in the trees generous stores of nut, on which he feeds during the dreary winter days.

A few days since I examined an old beech-snap or stump some forty feet long, with the sap-wood soft with decay and full of burrows and tunnels made by the wood-worm, which had recently been prostrated to the earth, and found *pints* of beech nuts stowed away in the holes and cracks. From one hole, originally made by a wood-worm, but enlarged by the woodpecker so that at the surface the hole barely admitted a nut, but deeper in widened out sufficiently large to chamber two or three, I extracted six plump nuts, and the circumference of the tree was perforated with hundreds of just such store-houses. In some of the holes I noticed the hull of the nut remaining, the bird having pecked away the seed and removed the sweet kernel. The treasures secreted in this old tree evidently belong to one bird, for, so far as my observations go, each bird selects a tree for its operations, and defends it bravely against all comers.

The cunning squirrel, who loves nuts better than the birds do worms, frequently while in search of provender discovers the hidden treasures of the woodpecker, and in attempting to secure the booty he soon discovers that he has a first-class fight on hand, and after the ferocious bird has rained down on his unprotected peak a shower of fiercely-delivered blows with its ivory-pointed beak, the squirrel suddenly remembers that he has important business elsewhere, and departs on the double quick. This very day I witnessed a fight between a red-headed and a golden-winged woodpecker, caused by the latter bird trying to steal some of his red-headed brother's treasures, and he was compelled to abandon his pillaging operations, and beat a hasty retreat, although much the larger bird of the two.

An inch auger-hole in a gate-post, standing near my house, was visited by an ambitious red-headed woodpecker as a likely place for storing away a few nuts for future reference, and after cramming the hole full of nuts the bird plugged it up with a piece of bark. Wishing to test his watchfulness I removed the bark and the nuts. On the following day the bird discovered his loss, and after considerable fussing and scolding, went to work again, and refilled the hole and sealed it up with a piece of tough bark.

When the beech-nut crop fails, few, if any, red-headed woodpeckers winter over in these parts, but when the crop is abundant, as it is this season, hundreds remain the winter through and brighten and cheer the desolation of the forests with their presence and voices. U. BECKE.

FERMUS, WIS.

I am surprised to learn that the red-headed woodpecker is a winter resident as far north as Lewis Co., N. Y. In all my winter tramps in the woods for the past thirty years I have never once seen him nor any woodpecker but the hairy and downy, which are common, and the pileated, which is not common. One day—since the first of this month—I thought I heard the peculiar tree-toad-like note of a red-headed, and I never before heard it so late in the season.

Thompson, in his "Vermont," puts this bird down as a migrant, and as concerns this State, he certainly is not a winter resident. R. E. R.

VICKSBURG, MISS.

Information is asked for by your correspondent, "Ned Buntline," as to the habits of the red-headed woodpecker. This bird is migratory in its habits; makes its appearance in this section early in the spring, stays the summer and fall months, and disappears in cold weather. Some, however, spend the winter with us, and are seldom seen, as they repair to the dense forest for protection from the cold. Their appearance in the spring needs no herald to introduce them to your notice. The first intimation of their coming will be signalled by a grand hammering on the top of some dead tree, and if the male bird can find a shivered piece of timber to vibrate to his hammering, he is in the height of his glory. This is the season for mating, and there can be witnessed a pantomime of love-making not surpassed on the stage. Should the male bird be successful in winning a companion, they busily engage themselves in building a house for their future abode. In this they never make a mistake; no architect is consulted, no plan is agreed on, no alteration is made in any building they undertake, each being by nature a perfect architect. They raise two to three broods of young a year and generally about five young in each brood. They are great insect feeders, but have a wonderful appetite for fruits, nuts and corn. The first fruit that ripens is the native black mulberry, of which they are exceedingly fond. They are also fond of raspberries, grapes, peaches and apples. As soon as the Indian corn is ripening, and they take to the fields and feed on it. In the fall months they eat black-gum berries, hackberries, beechnuts and acorns. The beech-nuts and acorns they gather and store away for future consumption. Faithfully do they apply themselves to the task of pecking every nook, crack and hole with these fruits, and

when driven from their homes to seek a temporary shelter in a warmer land, they know by instinct that they will still be in store for them on their return. But the blue-jay stays behind, and when the woodpecker is far off in his sunny home, steals from the larder of a more provident bird. The woodpecker, the provider; the peacher, the jay. And often have I, when listening to the receding notes of a pack in full cry, or when listening to the faint strid of a distant gobbler, been vexed by the incessant hammering of these little birds. But yet, "Ned," I love them still. I love them because they are so affectionate to their mates. I love them because they are so kind to their young. I love them because they rid my premises of insect pests. I love them because their incessant noise relieves the monotony of a bachelor's life. LOWNDES.

STANLEY, NEW JERSEY, Dec. 6, 1881.

When returning from school the other day, I noticed a young red-headed woodpecker (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*) on a post, busily pecking at something. He allowed me to approach quite close to him without flying. When I went up to the post I found that he had been eating acorns. He had excavated a small hole in the top of the post, in which he placed the acorns, so they would not slip when he cracked them. There was a crack in the post, in which he had put another acorn. It must have been his habit to eat his food there daily, for the ground was strewn with shells.

HARRY PAGE.

THE COLORING OF RUFFED GROUSE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 8, "Stanstead" gives "Eight Rules for Treating Grouse." It seems to me that if a person who had hunted grouse in any part of the country, except Northern Vermont and Canada, should try to make a set of hints according to the eight rules, he would meet with very poor success. I have hunted grouse more than any other bird, and, as a naturalist, have studied their habits very closely, but should not dare to give any set of rules, because each individual bird is liable to change his mind after he starts, and only a thorough knowledge of the ground, and of the habits of the grouse, will enable one to find birds successfully.

Although "Stanstead's" rules are undoubtedly very good for his locality, they would not answer for Connecticut, where it is a rare thing for a grouse to alight in a tree; nor in parts of Maine where I have hunted, and where it was the exception for a bird to alight on the ground. Most of my shooting has been in New York and Pennsylvania, in localities where grouse were so plentiful that it was not worth while following one up, nor trying to find him if he went into a tree; but "Stanstead's" rule 1st is exactly reversed in these two States. He says: "When this bird has been flushed on level ground, should be by swift and low out of sight, he will usually swing to the left, and alight on the ground." Now, according to my experience, a bird that flies low always alights in a tree at the end of his flight, but a bird that flies high alights on the ground.

Every hunter who has enjoyed a thorough experience with the ruffed grouse knows how the habits of the bird vary in different localities. But now let us bring up a new subject in regard to local variations, and that is the variation in color of ruffed grouse from different sections of the country. This is a subject that I tried to have discussed in the FOREST AND STREAM several years ago, but no one seemed disposed to answer.

In New England I have found the prevailing color of the grouse to be of an ashy gray. In Pennsylvania the color is tawny, almost approaching a red in some specimens. In eastern New York both red and gray birds are found, but gray is the principal color. In western New York this is reversed, and a gray bird is the exception. If we draw a line on the map, then, from New York to Pittsburgh, we will find the ruffed grouse of the Eastern end to be of a decided gray. As the line passes through New York the gray will merge into the tawny type, and at the Pittsburgh end of the line we shall not find any grouse that are not red.

I have not had an opportunity to examine large quantities of grouse from other States than those mentioned, but have examined hundreds of specimens from the States in question. Neither age nor sex seems to have any influence in this color distinction, any more than they have in determining the color of the mottled owl (*Scopio asio*). If correspondents will take up this matter of color in the ruffed grouse, they will find that the tail of the bird displays the type better than any of the other feathers; and if they will carefully notice the birds in their respective sections of the country, and not speak from memory, we shall have contributions on the subject that will be valuable to the naturalist and interesting to the rest of hunting mankind. MARK WEST.

AN EAGLE'S FEAT WITH GEES.—Our correspondent, Jacobshoff, last week related an experience with an eagle, which we supplement here with an extract from the Little Rock, Ark., correspondence of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of Nov. 23. He says: "A gentleman from Stone county gives the particulars of a remarkable incident which he witnessed while cro-ssing White River on the ferry just above the mouth of Sycamore Creek. When nearly half way across the stream an enormous eagle swooped down on a flock of geese which were swimming in the river some eighty rods below the boat. The birds were flying in a single line, and were approaching instinctively dived under the water just as the bird struck the waves. Battered in the first assault, the eagle flew slowly upward, and when the geese came to the surface darted downward again, and burying its talons in one of them attempted to bear it away. The geese struggled violently, while its companions swam around it uttering shrill cries, and the persons on the ferryboat watched the strange scene with keen interest. Once the eagle lifted its prey clear out of the water, and seemed on the point of carrying it to the mountain cliff that rose grandly in the air on the other side of the stream, but the struggles of the geese forced the eagle downward. When water was again reached the geese made a supreme effort and plunged below the surface, dragging the eagle after it, and causing the latter to loosen its hold and rise upward with a fierce scream. The eagle next attacked another goose, but with the same result, being compelled to relinquish its hold when its intended victim plunged beneath the waves. The eagle then came lastly to the thirty minutes, at the end of which time the eagle gave up the fight, and, rising, soared away to the mountain westward, while the flock of geese swam further down the stream. None of the flock were killed, but the water in the vicinity was dyed with blood, and the surface of the stream was covered with feathers for a considerable distance."

GARIBOLDI KILLED WITH A 32-CALIBRE REVOLVER.—Buffalo, Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The *Quebec Daily Telegraph*, under date of November 18, contains a sworn affidavit by Francis Kennedy and Elias McRae, of Douglastown, Province of Quebec, wherein they certify to the killing by a Smith & Wesson 32 calibre revolver, at a distance of forty-two yards, of a caribou of 175 pounds weight after being dressed. The caribou was shot through the heart to the great astonishment of the hunters, who probably never dreamed of the great power of the revolvers of that calibre. The scene of the occurrence was in the most beautiful and fertile of the extensive hunting grounds for caribou, and the country about Gaspe is an immense and almost impenetrable wilderness.—CHARLES J. LINDEN.

REDUCING EXPANDED SHELLS.

SOME time since I had an English breech-loading 12-gauge gun, in which I used paper shells. Being desirous of using brass ones, I got 45 nickel-plated ones, and after firing them in the gun they came out with difficulty; and after closely examining them I found they were not in perfect shape, and upon looking at the chambers of the gun noticed for the first time that they were not bored true. I disposed of this gun and kept the shells; and shortly after bought a "factory-made" American gun, of which the chambers were bored true; but I found these shells would not enter this gun, although I tried in many ways, by dressing down with emery, and subjecting them to the action of acids, but to no purpose, and I found that I had a piece of steel bar, 3-inch thick, put in the face-chuck of a lathe, and a very slightly tapered and polished hole put through the bar of such size that a new shell which had never been fired, would, after being oiled, enter the larger end of the hole about half an inch if introduced with considerable force and with a boring motion. Then, taking the shells and smearing them with oil and driving them in at the larger end of the hole with a mallet of wood up to the flange, I extracted them with a wooden plug (of slightly less diameter than the inside of the shell), in which was bored a 1-inch hole so that it would not strike the arvil seat. I put this in the shell and drive the shell out, using the wooden mallet. Shells which are treated in this way are reduced to their original dimensions. It often happens that a person using brass shells in his gun has allowed them to be fired in another gun, and upon attempting to use them again has found them to be expanded so as to be useless; to all such this communication may have some little value. I would state that the charge made for making this "cure" was twenty-five cents; and as labor is cheaper over on your side it could probably be done for less.

COYOTE.

THE MOBILE GUN CLUB DINNER.

MOBILE, Ala., Dec. 1, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:
The first annual side-hunt of the Mobile Gun Club, Nos. 27 and 28, resulted in a tie, each side scoring 476 points. The dinner was, therefore, a joint affair. The editor of the *Register* has described it so well that I will let him tell the story for me.—J. F. S.
The report inclosed is as follows: Last Wednesday night the spacious and elegant dining-room at the Battle House presented a memorable and not soon-to-be forgotten appearance. On each side and across the head of the room forming three sides of a hollow square, were long lines of tables laden with every variety of game in profusion and served and prepared by masters in the art of gastronomy. There were seats for one hundred and twenty participants, the Gulf City Gun Club and invited guests.
At 9 o'clock sharp, the doors were opened and the seats quickly filled. Attention was first paid to the tempting display spread before them and the manner in which the edibles were served, a memorable and not soon-to-be forgotten appearance. The wants of the inner man having been satisfied, the talking was commenced by Mr. H. P. Vass, whose remarks were noticeable for their exceeding brevity. Judge Semmes came next and roused the first hearty laugh of the evening. Capt. W. J. Brainerd was the next brief speaker, after which Lieut. R. B. Owen spoke in deserved praise of the club and its object in furthering that most important condition, "a sound mind in a sound body." W. B. Holt was next called on, but not being ready, gave place to Dr. T. S. Seales, who spoke in commendable and not soon-to-be forgotten manner, the gratifying success of the scheme of a gun club of which he was one of the originators, who had believed in its ultimate success from the start. He was proud of the Gun Club, and now that its success was an assured fact, he hoped its future would continue as bright and prosperous. He concluded by calling on one of the invited guests, General James Gordon, of Pontotoc, Mississippi. General Gordon responded in eulogistic terms of the members of the Gun Club and the magnificent spread that was served at the first annual hunt, and some incident of reminiscences he called on another invited guest, Mr. Fontaine, of the New Orleans Gun Club. This speaker alluded to the time when some of the members of his club met those of the Gulf City Gun Club, and handsomely acknowledged that they found their foemen worthy of their steel. One of this gentleman's allusions brought up C. J. Semmes, who made a very neat point, and then called on one of the members of the Club, General J. W. Burke, who gave a very interesting description of his last hunt after wild geese and his remarkable success. Some allusion was made to that modern Nimrod, Mr. Joseph Sten, but he bore his blushing honors very meekly, and could not be persuaded to talk. Captain Billy Brainerd took the witness stand, and in glowing words described the adventure of his party on the Spray, how they embarked at 6:30 on Saturday night, bound for Hickory Ridge, and how every hour after that so nothing happened. Near half the night had gone before they reached the bridge, and still they sailed. Next morning, a little before daylight, they were still in the red light, and the vessel was about to avert collision from the coming steamboat. To their great surprise and delight (?) they were at the railroad bridge. Having ailed up the river, turned around and came back again, without knowing it. Then they burst their water gauge, ran the Spray full head on a big sand bank, and still they had not reached that promised land, Hickory Ridge. This was a very sensational narrative and it was greatly appreciated. One of Captain Brainerd's moving allusions brought up Captain Rachenstein, sometimes known as Old Hook, who asked for information on some incident of the trip. Captain H. P. Vass called upon the representative of the *Register*, but that representative was fortunate in securing the assistance of Dr. Seales, who, after a few remarks, called on Mr. Dreisbach for an account of his trip after game and his party, and the trouble they had with a magnificent freight conductor. Mr. Dreisbach narrated their troubles and showed that they had gone further, hunted harder and had more trouble than ever before, all for the glory of the side. Judge Semmes had some questions to ask, and then Dave Leger, gentlemanly caller for. Not heeding the suggestion to "get up and sing," Dave deliberately perpetrated a succession of puns which brought down the house and successfully retarded the cover of the smoke of the explosion. Then Recorder Owen had some questions to ask the tax collector, which were decidedly personal, and which brought Major Sheffield bull p standing. He also narrated some of their troubles

and aggravations in the State of Baldwin. He finally alluded to a game man who was with them, all game, and wanted to hear from Mr. D. H. Lay, who gave another chapter in the adventures of their party and what was done on that memorable occasion. And then allusions were made to the telegraph man and what he did, and this brought up Mr. C. A. Holt, who gave an outline of their trip after game down toward Fort Morgan, of the sand banks down there, and any duck ought to be shot who was fool enough to try to live there. He expressed, confidently, a belief that he would not go in that direction at the next annual hunt. Capt. Wm. H. Williamson was the next speaker, and he spoke of the predicament of the hunters getting where there were signs of game, only to be stopped because there was a church within four miles. And then that march in the swamp, the sight of a bird, the first shot for twenty-three years and the safe escape of the would-be victim.

Under the inspiring influence of the Recorder the talk became more general, and Mr. E. Carr, Captain Williamson, Dr. Seales (who told how Vass shot his deer), H. P. Vass, Judge Semmes, T. H. Dorman, L. H. Kemmerly and Dorman all took part. The entertaining description of Mr. Fontaine's fox hunt, by that gentleman, was one of the most entertaining things of the whole evening, and brought out enthusiastic roars of applause. He certainly deserved to score 500 points for that.

The three hours' session was then adjourned over sincere wishes for many happy returns of the annual hunt of the Gulf City Gun Club.

MENU.

Gum Chik Gumbo.
Tenderloin of Flounder, en Cartouche.
Vol au Vent, a la Mousse.
Roast Wild Turkey, with Water Cresses; Mallard Ducks, stuffed with Olives; Saddle of Venison, Currant Jelly Sauce.
Broiled Squirrel, a la Maitre d'Hotel; Gray Ducks, Poivrade Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes, Baked, a la Villars; Timbale of Macaroni, a la Romaine.
Supreme of Canvas-back Ducks, a la Chevraino.
Partridge en Chausfroid, a la Vert Pres.
Rote of Tenderloin of Black Duck.
Civet of Squirrel, Hunter Style.
Beefsteak of Venison, on Solid.
Prime of Venison, a la Polonoise.
Leg of Duck, a la Colbert.
Duck Liver Pate. Loins Sausage.
Hens and Sausage, Country Omelette.
Lady Fingers, Macaroni, Pound Cake, Fruits, Nuts, Coffee.
Hau-Senternes. Chat. Leoville.
Recorder Carte Blanche.

MORE ABOUT TURKEY CALLING.

WILLIS, Texas, Nov. 18, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I am in camp now in the woods, have a good staunch cabin "hy the lake," probably for the winter. We feast daily on venison, ducks, squirrels and fish. So far I am happy, but I see that your correspondent "Keouk" is not, and he calls on me to help him call his turkey.
In the first place he must make a "caller," or "call," such as I will describe presently; then he must go to school (a turkey school) with the young turkeys, as I did, and grow up with them, and learn to call, otherwise he will not succeed. If he has a lot of tame turkeys about his house let him get up at daybreak and go and sit down a short distance from their roost and watch them. Let him notice everything they do, and he will be much interested, if not edified, with their performances. Wild ones act in precisely the same way.
In the fall and winter, when turkeys are in flocks, they usually roost in the same tree, or in several trees close by. At the dawn of day you will hear them begin by occasional "clucks," then, shortly afterward, frequent yelpings before they fly down. Sometimes the old hen first, and at other times a young one or two, will begin first. This you cannot always tell, for the notes from either are not always the same; however, experience will teach you. But if you will learn the "cluck" note, and begin when they do, it will attract their attention to you, and if kept up more frequently than they do, they will be more apt to pitch down near you, when they come down off the roost. You must "cluck" and yelp, too, at intervals, and at the same time.
The "cluck," when made, is an excellent call note, accompanied with the "yelp," and if you make both well (as I do), and use proper judgment at same time, you cannot fail to meet with success in getting all the turkey roasts you wish.
Some will tell you to yelp once or twice or thrice, but I tell you to yelp and cluck as often as you please, or as loud or low as you like, it makes no difference as to number of times so you do it well, not almost like a turkey, but just like a turkey.
If it be in the spring of the year, in gobbling season, then you have to use the best turkey lore. You must put in your best skill, and if you use good yelping, clucking and plenty of patience, you will out-general the cunningest old gobbler that ever came from an egg.
Use a rifle to shoot him with, a 38 cal. Wesson or Remington or Ballard—all good. Don't shoot an old gobbler with a shot gun. If I thought you would I would not tell you a word about calling him up.
The turkey call, I think, the best turkey call that was ever made. I am, in part, the inventor of the instrument myself, and if you will practice it right and take notice what you want to produce with it, you can soon become expert in the art.
I take the smaller bone of the second joint of the wing of the turkey hen. Cut it off square and smoothly at each end. I use a file in cutting off and in squaring and smoothing the ends. Clean out the inside and outside nicely. Then get a seasoned or dry cane or reed joint, that the round end of the bone will fit over and enter. Push the round end of the cane into three quarters of an inch and wedge it in snugly with white pine wedges, but not tight enough to split the cane. Let this piece of reed be about two inches long, which must then be inserted into another piece of reed just large enough for it to enter. Then begin back from the joint three-quarters of an inch and pare down sipping toward the bone, both joints alike, and wrap nicely with a waxed thread. Let each section of reed be one and a half or two inches long. Then wrap with reed the joined parts strong with air-tight, which is essential to making clear notes. When completed the instrument should be six or seven inches long.
Now if "Keouk" does not understand, then write to me at once and let him give me his name and address and I will make and send him one.

Now, when the call is made after this method, try to yelp and cluck with it. Place the bone end in your lips and "pucker"—and—goodness! I don't know how to tell you to do with the reed, but go to yelping, that's all. Practice as you would a flute or fiddle until you have learned, then you will never forget it. The following is a rough penciling of the "call" as best I can draw it in the woods where I am. It



gives the desired, and it seems that any one could make it. In order to "cluck," place the tip of the tongue on the end of the bone mouth-piece, and by a quick suck and jerk of the tongue you can learn the cluck. I make any note that the turkey does with the use of this instrument. I call like old hen or young hen, young gobbler or old; cluck like either as a call note, or "put" like either as an alarm note. I have used every contrivance that I ever heard of, but I have yet to find anything but the real turkey that can equal this call, and I have yet to find an old gobbler that I cannot bring with it. I will put myself on one side of an old gobbler and let another man with all the "fixes" he ever saw, put himself on the other side, with a live turkey hen to boot, and if the old chap is an hour or two in making up his mind which to go to, I will give my gun if I don't get him. I made one of these things for a friend in Mississippi once and taught him how to use it, and have been sorry ever since. The first spring after I made it he killed nine old gobblers with it, and has been making havoc among them ever since. He broke up my "roostin' ground," so I left the country; but I did the same service for my brother out there, and he is now a stand-off for the other man, and even beats him a little, for my brother can gobble just like a turkey, and Smith, the other fellow, can't—that's all. C. L. JORDAN.

A MISSISSIPPI CAMP HUNT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thinking, perhaps, that some of your many readers might like to hear from this section of the country, I shall try and drop you a few lines which may fall in a fertile spot or land in the waste. A party of some eight or nine of us left on the 13th for our annual camp hunt, and only one who has participated in these jaunts can appreciate the pleasure that each one anticipates, except the commissary, who is the draught-horse of the trip; and unluckily this has fallen to the writer's lot twice in succession.
A merrier or happier party never entered a forest than ours as into the sombre woods we defile, and with blowing of horns and the deep baying of hounds we plod our weary way along, till, near night, we draw up to a deep bayou, where we select a camp ground. After a refreshing night's rest, ere the golden orb of day has begun to tinge the eastern horizon, we rise up, and after a cup of coffee and a few crackers, we are saddled and off. After a short ride through some cane we enter the hunting grounds. Scarce had we debouched ere the thrilling notes of our noble hounds reached far through the stilling aisles, and the heart of many a timid deer beat responsive to its sweet and stirring sounds. Only a few minutes after three or four shots are fired, and we have a beautiful doe stranded on the brown and sere grass. But we have no time to tarry. On we go to a regular fusillade, to find two boys with the buck axe, worse frightened than the noble monarch that they had endeavored to bring down. With the dogs all gone, we try it breasting; and after a little while we see a monster black bear, too fat to run fast, and our bear hunter on horse-back in hot pursuit. After a spirited run of fifteen minutes and after several shots the bear finally succumbs to the inevitable, and lies prostrate and lifeless. He weighed six hundred pounds gross and cut four inches of fat. Some of the boys return to camp with him, while the rest go on. After a ride of an hour we are satisfied to return to camp having bagged three large deer, which were killed like rabbits, jumping from their beds in just twenty minutes after the first break. Not a bad Monday's work.
Tuesday morning breaks upon us, beautiful, calm and cold; and after a hasty breakfast we are off again, and during a most enjoyable day we bag three large bucks and one fine gobbler. On our return at 4 p. m. we find our chief cook, Stephen, "a cullud gemman," ready with dinner. It was undoubtedly, under the circumstances, the best dinner that I ever sat down to. Our menu was as follows:
Bear Steak. Bear Liver Fried.
Venison Steaks. Venison Cakes Breaded.
Venison Croquettes.
Desserts, Corn Cakes. Coffee.
Our dinners and breakfasts were just about the same, with the addition of fried and broiled squirrels and fried turkey. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday passed in much the same way as the above, and after a most pleasant week we had bagged the small number of thirteen deer, two bears, three turkeys, one otter and forty-seven squirrels. We kept an account of game that we saw. There were seen fifty-three deer, five bears and nineteen droves of wild turkeys, with smaller game not counted. We arrived home safe and sound, tired and dirty on Saturday, the 19th. J. R. W.
Como, Miss., Nov. 23, 1891.

TEXAS GAME NOTES.—Nashville, Dec. 4.—Now is the time that the *Forest and Stream* should have chosen to venture the "possum question, as there never were more of them than this winter and of a finer quality. William Hobbs, the champion "possum hunter of this section, gave one to Col. Geo. F. Akers last week which weighed eight and three-quarter pounds dressed. To-morrow he will be served to a select few of our old pencil drivers. Charley Hollester's noted chef, "Rinks Mullens," has been entrusted with the parbillion, pepper, salt and baking of it. The chief reason of the *Amateur* has been fasting for ten days on bread and water in preparation of the savory dish. The tail of the beast was manipulated with a view of making a dog-whistle of it for J. C. Clarke or Jack Darily, whichever succeeds in killing the first bird on the wing. Col. R. M. Edwards lives in a few days for the mountains of East Tennessee in quest of bear and panther. The colonel says that quail shooting is too tame sport for him. All my reports from Redfoot Lake state that ducks and geese are more abundant than ever known; but ducks are scarce in much the same way as the above, I have seen a number of fine, fat deer in market lately, but they come from a gentleman's preserve a few miles from town. Yesterday in the market house was a fine display of quail, squirrels, rabbits, possums and a few wild turkeys. I regret to say that the majority of the quail brought here for sale have been trapped or netted.

MORE ABOUT THOSE RUST SPOTS.

WESTERN RESERVE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That these rust spots do occur in very many guns is a well known fact, but what occasions them is the question. I have always attributed it to lack of proper care, but possibly it is not wholly owing to that. I only know they do not occur in my guns. I never hesitate to use water in cleaning the barrels after a day's shooting. In fact, that has been my practice for something like thirty years, and for the last twenty years I have used a jointed wiper, both points and head of which are of brass. My armory now contains two Parker's of highest grade, one Greener hammerless of first quality, and one Remington rifle. One of the Parker's I have had for about five years, and it has seen "a sight" of service. The other guns are later purchases, though they have seen a good deal of service. As a rule, in prime condition and still retain the original high polish through the entire length so pleasing to the eye of the sportsman. My mode of cleaning gun barrels is to set the muzzle in a bucket partly filled with warm water and wash thoroughly, using patches of Canton flannel, say two and a half inches square, which, when forced into the barrels by the head of the wiper, fold over the head and so are held in place. A few seconds churning in each barrel will do the business. I then remove the wiper and pour a dipper of hot water through the barrels, thus cleaning and warming them up well. Then I wipe the wiper and the barrels outside, after which I force dry patches of Canton flannel through the barrels till thoroughly dried, using scratch brush to remove lead in case barrels are at all leaded. Lastly, I run a patch slightly oiled with Belmont oil or rust preventive up and down a few times through each barrel, using outside chamois skin, slightly oiled with same also on stock except over the wood. I then slide the gun into sack and hang up in dry place, away from all steam of pots and kettles. I make a practice of cleaning my guns every week or so—whether in use or not—to see that they are all right. I have no lasting faith in any rust preventive during damp weather. I use very little oil on my guns, not enough to soil a kid glove, but all that I deem necessary. I use Hazards duck shooting powder No. 3 and 4, latter size in ten-bore, and have for five years past.

FAIR SHOT.

Andover, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This plague has, ever since the introduction of the breech-loader, been the source of much annoyance to almost every owner of a fine gun. I claim that the spots are common rust. For proof I will ask the question, "Is it not a perfectly clean piece of white cloth to the cleaning rod and wipe out the barrels after the gun has been put away a few days, then examine the cloth." 2d. I claim that in ninety-nine times out of one hundred the gun is not "cleaned perfectly clean," as is claimed. For proof I will again ask for an application of the clean white cloth, always using enough cloth to fill the bore of the gun and make the rod draw pretty hard, when the gun has been "cleaned perfectly clean" with the gun oil, etc., and a drop of water, then moisten the cloth with warm water (it will not hurt any gun), put it on the rod and try the familiar old push and pull a few times, when, if your swab does not show any dirt, you certainly must be the one out of the hundred. Any one can convince themselves of the truth of the above by trial; and seeing a thing once is better than all the argument about it in the world. Try it. If the gun is not clean the question is, How can it be made so? And if it is rust that makes the spots, how can it be prevented? If a gun rusts there must be a cause for it, and that cause must be removed before we can effect a permanent cure. Now, in my opinion, the principal cause is to be found in the gun not being properly cleaned, and the moisture, usually called "cold sweat," which is sure to collect on cold metal, glass, crockery, etc. To remove this cause is much easier said than done. If we use water to clean with, some moisture is liable to remain about the workings of the extractor, etc., where it is next to impossible to wipe dry, and to clean after a few days hard shooting, and to clean without water is also no easy matter, and requires a large quantity of clean white cloth of whatever kind it may be. I have tried about every way of cleaning, and I think that water will do the business better than anything else, and by putting the muzzles in a dish of water and using the swab carefully from the breech-end, the water can be drawn up to the chamber without wetting about the extractor at all. The gun should always be immediately wiped dry and oiled with good oil. Our good old muzzle-loaders were almost always cleaned with water and carefully wiped out afterward, and knives, razors, etc., are now cleaned with water without any injury. We should not harm the modern breech-loader? This "cold sweat" or moisture is not so easy to cope with. The best thing I have found to keep it away is to cover two wooden rods with flannel so they will slide inside the barrels and fit closely the whole length, chamber and all, and keep them inside the barrels, after cleaning thoroughly with water and wiping perfectly dry and oiling. In regard to the "brass trimmings" on the cleaning rods, and the various makes of gunpowder, I use a rod made from a piece of hickory, without any metal joints, trimmings, or furnishings whatever, and my gun would show rust in forty-eight hours if put away without being plugged as described. And although I have used about every brand of powder, including the ones named by some of your correspondents as not rusting the gun, I have not found any that would not rust my gun.—E.

Worthington, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have a double-barreled gun, of which one barrel is rust-spotted very badly, while the other is as bright as when it came from the shop. Now, I have shot a rifle for years, and it never had a spot, so I think it is not in the cleaning. I shot this gun over one year with Hazard's powder and no spots came until I was induced to change my powder, and I used Orange F. F. G. in one and Hazard's duck No. 4 in the other, as before; and the one I used the Orange powder in began to rust, while the cleaning was the same in both. Was it the powder?—Fox.

Newark, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 24 I notice an article on rust in guns, barrels, and any metal joints, trimmings, or furnishings whatever, and I told him that his rule works tip-top in the case of my gun. I have a tolerably good breech-loader, that is used by two or three of us at the store. It hangs exposed to the air in all seasons, and never needs a mouthful of water to keep it right inside. We let the old powder stick in, until the gun is needed again. Then we whip out the inside with dry rags on a good stout rod. For the outside of a gun I can

think of nothing better than castor oil. This sticks closer than a brother, even unto the going down of the sun, when it can be renewed again at small expense and with some muss. I have often thought country boys' muzzle-loaders would rot out in a few years, if burned powder left in the barrels would do it.—H. E. W.

Houston, Texas, Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been experimenting for the past year with two guns, treating each in a different way, and my experience leads me to think the best way for this climate is to put them away uncleaned (the inside I mean) till you wish to use them, and then to clean them; and you have bright barrels free from spots. In paper of 17th inst. Marks says water and brass-tipped cleaning rods are the cause. I have never used one drop of water, nor any rod, but a plain hickory, one with notches cut in one end to the rags on, and the gun I cleaned every time after using had the rust spots still; but the gun that was laid away uncleaned till wanted, and then cleaned, looked like new one, and by looking through it you could not tell whether it had ever been shot or not. This climate is bad on all kinds of steel or iron tools. In summer it is hot and causes them to sweat, and in winter to be cool and damp, and powder never becomes dry and caked that is left in a gun. Spots are a nuisance to any man who prides himself on a clean gun, but I do not find them to mar the shooting quality in the least. If we could have seen the inside of our old muzzle-loaders we would have been tempted to throw them away.—WANDERER.

Editor Forest and Stream: A sportsman, living on Chesapeake Bay, tells me he always allows the burned powder to remain in his gun from season to season, and he is never troubled with rust.—TING.

THE HIGH POINT HOTEL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your columns of Dec. 1 appeared a letter bearing the signature "W. E. C. M.," bitterly complaining of my rapacity, and giving what appears to be a statement of my hotel charges; but as truth and fair play have always characterized your efforts in giving information, I venture to hand you all particulars in relation to the persons who visited my hotel for the purpose of shooting quail. First—birds are very plentiful, and farmers and land-owners pleased to see those who are courteous toward them; but birds require sportsmen to kill them, and gentlemen who are really sportsmen may be assured that they should try High Point Hotel. They will find game in abundance. My publicly announced rates of charges are \$2 to \$3 per day, according to location of rooms. My clerk assigned these gentlemen a room at \$2.50 per day, thinking this price would be in keeping with their appearance. They remained 43 days, making nine days for the two, which at \$2.50 per day gives \$22.50, which amount they were charged, plus 43 days board for three dogs at 33¢ cents per day each—\$14.50. These dogs, by particular request, were fed an extra 8 cents per pound; clean straw and good kennels also were furnished, and a man supplied for washing them with carbolic soap. The charge of 43 days firing, \$2—about 45 cents per day—is correctly stated. And now about the lunches. They ordered a special breakfast to be cooked for them at daylight, and an extra-strong luncheon to be cooked each day for three, which included their driver. As they went out three days, this made nine lunches at 50 cents per head—total, \$4.50. The dinner hour in my hotel is from one to three o'clock. They ordered a special dinner cooked for them at six o'clock, and neither for their special dinner nor breakfast were they charged one cent. Before paying their bill they expressed themselves much pleased with the appointments and service of this hotel. They were charged 50 cents per bottle corkage, not 75 cents. I have yet to learn this to be an unusual charge for corkage on champagne. I beg to say I am not a New Jersey man, but an Englishman. For the information of those who are good sportsmen, and who may desire cheap accommodations, I may say that there are other hotels in this town at which board can be obtained at \$1 per day, but I do not seek such patronage, and as I am neither ashamed of my name nor country I beg to subscribe myself in full, yours truly, R. BARNARD, proprietor of the Bellevue Hotel, High Point, N. C.

A SQUIRREL SHOOTING SCORE.—Port Royal, Tenn.—Not long since a writer in the FOREST AND STREAM suggested that sportsmen keep a record of shots fired in the field and send them to FOREST AND STREAM for publication. I have had my royal sport this fall squirrel shooting, and I carried along my score book and kept a correct account of every shot fired. This is the score I made yesterday squirrel shooting: 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0. The eighth shot was fired at a ruffed grouse that rose before me in a dense forest, and scored a clean miss; but I followed rapidly in its wake, and when it rose I cut it down in fine style, and it was a magnificent bird. The above, I know, is a very poor score; but remember I was shooting in a dense forest and tall timber. I find by reference to my score book 46 kills out of 79 shots fired. I still hunt them and use a 7 pound 13 gauge double gun. Yesterday I used 2½ drams powder and ¾ of an ounce No. 4 shot. I can make a better score with smaller shot—5's, 6's, or even 7's. I used to look on large shot—1's and 2's for squirrels, and 7's and 8's for quail. Let me put it down in FOREST AND STREAM that large shot and heavy charges of powder and shot, for small game, are a lump. To me squirrel hunting is very fascinating sport—it beats anything except quail shooting as trout fishing. I did not hunt near all day—can bag 18 or 20 in a whole day's hunt.—BRND.

VELOCITIES OF RIFLE BULLET AND SOUND.—Stevens Institute, Hoboken, N. J., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the article on "Velocities of Rifle Bullet and of Sound," is an error which, though evident to the reader, may as well be corrected. The number of grains of the weights of bullet and powder in the U. S. Government cartridge were transposed. So, instead of "a ball weighing 70 grains, with 405 grains of powder," read, "a ball weighing 405 grains, with 70 grains of powder. And so, for the above charge of 405 grains of powder, read, "a ball weighing 70 grains." In the article referred to above we took as the velocities of the rifle balls their initial velocities. The average velocities of the balls over the ranges of 500 and 1,000 yards will be less than those we have given, and thus bring near to equality the velocities of the balls and of sound. But even with these corrections we do not think that the differences in velocities can ever be so great as to allow of a marker time to hear the discharge of the rifle, and then expose himself to its shot.—A. M. MAYBER.

THE ILLINOIS WOODCOCK BAYLES A NOVICE.—Some time ago, while after squirrels, a friend, who was new, was flushed a woodcock close by the side of the creek. I heard the twitter and saw the bird just as he settled within fair shooting distance and in good view. I failed to shoot, as it required several seconds for me to realize that the bird was a woodcock, I having seen only three before this one. Being a close reader of your paper I had well mastered the art of shooting these birds; therefore my gun was in position for action on short notice, and I moving cautiously forward. Twitter, witter, witter, he went away behind a tree, without giving me the ghost of a chance to shoot. I looked sharp to see him pitch, in which act I again got sight of him some thirty yards ahead. I moved from the place, where I watched him, with teeth set and the determination to shoot the next time, even should he start off behind that five foot standing sycamore, which was not very plainly visible on account of intervening brush, limbs and weeds. Up starts the bird, and I am positive that I shot, but where the charge went is something about which I am in uncertainty. My friend again sees him settle on the edge of a clearing, and after I am on the track I begin to force my way through the thicket once more. Suddenly I hear a fresh start the cock is taking, and catch a glimpse of him the moment he passes behind a standing tree. This time I purposely keep from shooting, because he has taken a direction which will bring him across an opening in the thicket where I think I can get at him. That woodcock must have taken a different course after getting behind the tree, as he never crossed the opening on which I relied.—SUCKER.

TENNESSEE NOTES.—Port Royal, Tenn., Dec. 7, 1881.—We are having lovely weather in this part of the South, and we anglers and shooters are having a glorious time. Yesterday the boys were out among the quail, and the booming of their guns could be heard often. Myself and a party bagged forty quail recently in a day's hunt. We had royal sport, I tell you. I arranged to-day with a friend to give the squirrels a round to-morrow, and arranged to give the quail a trial Saturday. A hunting party from Nashville is expected here next Friday. Several fishing parties from Kentucky paid us a visit this fall. I have had some sport this fall trout and jack snail fishing, some of the finest specimens of the jack snail family I ever saw. Recently learned of the whereabouts of two covets of ruffed grouse. A darkey proposed to guide me to them. He has killed three of them. He says: "I tells you whar da is; but I don't want de white folks to know whar da is." I make a point to treat all classes courteously, and I am repaid by learning where the game is.—BUDCO.

QUAIL IN VIRGINIA.—Washington, D. C., Dec. 10.—In order to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion regarding the quail in Virginia this autumn, I called on Mr. A. J. Bidler, of this city, who is in the commission business, and has correspondents from all parts of the State, who are in the habit of consigning to him their market produce, etc. I learn that in Gage, Warren, Berkeley, Frederick, Shenandoah, Rockingham, Rappahannock and other counties, the local sportsmen are not shooting quail at all owing to their scarcity, preferring to leave uncollected what few birds remain for the purpose of furnishing a stock for next year's supply. This is very remarkable when it is known there is a great demand in Washington for game just now, when the city is crowded and hotels are thronged with officials who are fond of quail on toast. Mr. Bidler has many calls for them, and has written to his correspondents, asking for birds. As I have stated, he can get but very few.—C. S. WADSWORTH.

HOW TO KILL WOUNDED WILDFOWL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the experience of those who have done much sportsman's gunning, it is quite often that a bird struck in the head will lie gasping and struggling with death for many minutes after being shot. When shot in the body they may be quickly put out of misery by a sharp blow on the head; but when wounded in the head they will stand any amount of knocking and still struggle. It is suggested that a knife-blade thrust in at the base of the skull will answer, and many advise twisting or biting the neck. I have seen all of the above tried, but with very indifferent success. Will some of your many readers advise how to put a quick end to the sufferings of the poor thing without spoiling their appearance or unduly mutilating them?—BAY HOOK.

A NEW AIR GUN has been invented by Mr. W. T. Chamberlain, of Norwich, Conn. The gun is described as "of very simple construction, and has no air pump, or pump, or any other complicated parts. Any amount of pressure, from one pound to one thousand pounds, can be used instantly. The peculiar construction of the gun is such that there can be no leakage or loss of the air pressure. The invention can be attached to all kinds of firearms, such as shot-guns, rifles, pistols, revolvers and naval ordnance. It can also be used as a repeating gun, firing any number of desired shots."

MASSACHUSETTS FOX HUNTING.—Worcester.—Foxes are unusually plentiful in this vicinity the present season. The sport, by agreement, begins Oct. 1, and closes with the last day of February. The local hunters are boasting of the following record: John A. Slocum, 11; Nathan S. Harrington and William S. Perry, each 6; Leonard Rand, M. P. Balcom and H. L. Jones, each 5; John C. Thayer, E. H. Smith and A. F. Kenney, each 4; of securing one fox.

REFRIGERATE GROUSE.—A recent shooting the birds, a correspondent says: "Tell me in confidence whether these one-out-of-two ruffed grouse chaps tell the truth? I have always let drive at them on sight, as 'Mark West' directs, but honesty compels me to confess that most of them keep going just as if nothing had happened. And I can't tell why I miss, whether by shooting ahead (which is not a common fault), or behind, or above, or below."

TEXAS, Devil's River, Dec. 3.—Game is abundant here, such as bear, Virginia and black-tail deer, turkey, Messina, scaly and Bob White Quail. Fine black bass fishing in Devil's River. This country will be open to sportsmen from San Antonio and the East next spring, by the completion of the Houston, Harrisburg, and San Antonio R. R.—G. W. POLK.

QUAIL FOR EUROPE.—Boston, Dec. 9.—A small lot of live Western quail was shipped from Boston to-day for Liverpool for acclimatization in Yorkshire, England.

THE MICHIGAN FOREST FIRES are said to have driven many deer over the river St. Clair into Western Ontario.

KANSAS.—Manhattan, Nov. 25.—Game abundant around here.—A. B. J.

THERE is a wild pigeon roost in Benton Co., Tenn., four miles square.

From Grady county came the following:

"Nudeen yar koo I kum mit mine vany p' Denuesee, and m'ner p'ary koo' d'at vere vas p' Nishitai somebody vot is got Cherman gerry far zell, so Hlesee, but run elee too p'ic vellers, by a pok m'ntwot is in, and zond it here on der express gombaino, and I will buy de brico on it."

One applicant, designated, as a citizen of the State, a supply of fish for the creek, I told him that the water was dead and clear, the bottom a solid rock, with sides of flint and gravel, and if not supplied at once would, at the reassembling of Congress, report the Commissioner through his representative to Col. Baird, of the Fish Department.

Two countymen came to the Colonels', and, finding that there were some trifling charges to pay before getting the fish, one of them remarked:

"Til be dog-goned if I'd give a nickel for the cursed things; they can't count, no how. Why, Bill, that's a million jacks like 'em in the creek close to home, and this is nothin' but a put up job on us poor fellows, no how."

The other party was not of the same opinion, however; took his ten pairs and went off rejoicing.

"If you have any carp eggs," writes a party from Sevier county, "send me by express about a pint of them, with full particulars as to how to hatch them out and raise them afterwards."

Only one colored person applied for fish. He said, "Kurnul, if you got 'bout a hundred of 'em, I'll give you a dollar. I'll bound my ole woman, 'Phillis' 'I'll raise millions of 'em. She's de best and at chickens 'n' sich like I eber see; an' ef she do git on 'em, den I see got for say is, kum den and she'll do de best she kin to let 'em equal other dat kat she stewed for you de time she was de best fish in de water."

The last person supplied was one whose orthography caused the Colonel to break through his stereotyped rule of compelling each applicant to call in person or send an authorized agent for the fish. This remarkable postal card reads as follows:

COOKIN CO.

"DEER KUNNEL,

thar ar yoos looking i mites hev a thew of them Phyne carrp. I am out of munney but i am in a Darlin of that is a hie chee an' got 'bout a hundred of 'em, I'll give you a dollar. I'll bound my ole woman, 'Phillis' 'I'll raise millions of 'em. She's de best and at chickens 'n' sich like I eber see; an' ef she do git on 'em, den I see got for say is, kum den and she'll do de best she kin to let 'em equal other dat kat she stewed for you de time she was de best fish in de water."

As a matter of course, the bucket was purchased, the fish put in it, and "Aze" started for home, saying as soon as the fish got there he would get Sam to write to the *American* to notify the United States Fish Commission.

Over forty persons have received carp since the last distribution, and many more have applied and would have been supplied, but Col. Aker could not send the fish, buy buckets and take the chances of loss, hence he only gave to those who called in person. Those who failed to get their fish were disappointed, but much disappointed, as there are thousands of them in several ponds around Nashville, when the Commissioner can dispose of as soon as the winter is over, then every one can get a carp. If the Legislature, when they meet on the 7th proximo, will only supply the fish, and let the Commissioner take care of the distribution, the Commissioner can then send fish and accommodate the citizens of the State in a manner which cannot be expected of them now.

THE RAINBOW TROUT OF CALIFORNIA.

Salmo iriden.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the year 1875 I succeeded in obtaining from a Mr. Newell, of San Francisco, about five hundred eggs of the California mountain trout, which had been lying for some time previous to procure a quantity of the eggs of the species, but was not successful until the year above mentioned.

From the 300 spawn thus obtained, we succeeded in raising 275 fish to the age of three years, at which time they commenced to spawn, and in the spring of 1876 we raised 100 eggs, and distributed all but 17,000 young fry, which we retained as breeders at the New York State Hatchery.

In the spring of 1879 there were of the old fish 260, and on account of their being older and larger, they produced 95,000 eggs; and in the spring of 1880 they produced 100,000 eggs. In the spring of 1880 there remained 250 five-year-olds, from which we obtained 92,000 spawn, and distributed 63,400 young fry.

In the spring of 1881 the 17,000 which we commenced to raise in 1875 were three years old, and there remained of them about 16,000, from which we succeeded in distributing in the waters of New York State over one million two hundred thousand young fry. This season they will be four years old, and the supply will undoubtedly be much larger than last.

The New York State Fish Commission were the first to introduce this fish in the West, and they have proved to be a valuable addition to our better class of food fishes. They are very hardy and gamy, and will thrive in a higher temperature of water than the brook trout, and will also do well in the same waters with them. I am an enthusiast of the rainbow trout, and I can say that I am also of the opinion that they will thrive in our pure water inland lakes, provided they have small spring streams flowing into them, in which to place the young fry.

I am in receipt of the most encouraging reports from the waters in which they have been deposited, and they seem to become easily acclimated to our waters and the percentage that have lived is large, showing that the food and water in this section is wholly adapted to them. They commence spawning about March 1, and continue until about May 15. The eggs are about thirty to thirty-five days in hatching and the fish grow to weigh from two to four pounds.

Taking into consideration the small number of eggs with which we started, I consider this one of the greatest successes in artificial fish-culture.

SETH GREEN.

CARP IN MILL-PONDS.—WENONA, N. J.—In your editorial comments upon my communication in your issue of Dec. 1, you refer to gold-fish, live-bait, etc., and say that the carp is the best. I am in your communication (lastly written) immediately after the words "my fernace." I should have added the words, "so far as profit is concerned." I am fully aware that carp, if not destroyed by predatory fish or other enemies, will live for years, and even to old age, and I am sure that the U. S. Fish Commission is not yet furnishing them for the purpose of stocking such waters, for the reason that paying returns from such sources are impossible, if not impossible. In one-half the instances which come under my notice, however, the young carp might as well be consigned to such waters as to place them in a reservoir. Would-be carp culturists who do not engage in the business systematically, will not attain success, but will bring the promising new industry (here) into disrepute.—MILTON P. PIERCE.

Worcester, Mass., Dec. 2.—The sporting news in this vicinity is at a standstill; the supposed interest awakened by the consolidation of the two clubs has not brought forth much fruit. Individuals have occasionally come to the front with a string of fish, but any general practice has not been announced. Some of the sportsmen in this vicinity have made a raid on the fox, especially to the south and south-east of the city. John M. White, of Millbury, reports ten, while a Grafton man tells of equally as good luck.

At West-grove the Sportsmen's Club had their annual shoot Thanksgiving Day. The two squads were commanded by Capt. Jackson and Winslow. The result was a game supper at which some fifty were present. The veteran fox-hunter, Mr. A. Davenport, was present as a guest.—E.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DENCH SHOWS.

December 17, 18 and 19, at Lowell, Mass., Lowell Dog Show. Entries close December 17. Class A. Andrew, West Abington, Mass., Superintending.

December 13, 14, 15 and 16, at Atlanta, Ga., Dog Show. Entries close Dec. 8. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent. Office at Hotel Berkeley, Atlanta, Ga.

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

THE DERRY.

FIFTY-FIVE of the forty-eight nominations put in an appearance, and were drawn in run in the following order:

Dashing, Novice, black, white and tan English setter bitch whelped July, 1889, by Dash II, out of Novel, owned by Mr. Clarence K. Drake and handled by Mr. D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich., and Met Laverack, black and white Laverack setter bitch whelped April 2, 1890, by Thunder out of Peers, owned by Mr. J. J. Snelbourn, D. and handled by H. H. Short.

London, blue Belton setter dog whelped July 22, 1889, by Gladstone out of Clip, owned by P. H. Bryson, of Memphis, Tenn., and Lady Friend, red Irish setter bitch whelped May 7, 1889, by Bob out of Fripp, owned by Mr. F. E. Stoddard, of Memphis, Tenn.

Black and white setter bitch whelped May 24, 1889, by Dash III, out of Countess II, owned by Harvard Kennel Club and Glida, blue Belton setter bitch whelped April 7, 1889, by Gladstone out of Floy, owned and handled by Mr. J. H. Dew, of Columbia, Tenn.

Shadow, black, white and tan setter bitch whelped Sept. 11, 1889, by Lincoln out of Daisy Dean, owned by Mr. Ed. J. Carr and Lu Laverack, lemon Belton setter bitch whelped April 2, 1889, by Thunder out of Peers, owned by Mr. Jos. J. Snellenburg and handled by H. H. Short.

Clair, black and white setter dog whelped May 15, 1889, by Dash III, out of Diana, owned by Mr. Edward J. Hardy and Adair, black and white setter bitch whelped July 1, 1889, by Pride of the South out of Cammie, owned by Captain Patrick Henry.

Black Laverack, black and white setter dog whelped April 2, 1889, by Thunder out of Peers, owned by Mr. David McK. Lloyd and Bessie T., black, white and tan setter bitch whelped April 7, 1889, by Gladstone out of Floy, owned by Mr. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.

Gertrude, black, white and tan setter bitch whelped June 4, 1889, by Gladstone out of Nellie, owned by Mr. D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich., and Hector, formerly Tom Paine, white, black and ticked setter dog whelped June 4, 1889, by Gladstone out of Sanborn's Nellie, owned by Mr. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.

Polux, black and white setter dog whelped May 15, 1889, by Dash III, out of Diana, owned by Mr. E. E. Hardy, a bye.

MONDAY.

Monday was a beautiful day—clear and calm. A heavy white frost—the first of the season—covered the ground; the scent appeared to be very good after the frost disappeared, and we enjoyed a day of royal sport. At 8 o'clock the dogs were drawn, and at 8:20 a start was made for the ground marked out for the day.

DASHING NOVICE AND PET LAVERACK.

Walking up the railroad about a mile, Dashing Novice and Pet Laverack were cast off at 8:55 in a cotton field to the east of the railroad and worked toward the south a short distance, when they swung round and beat toward the north-west. Both quattered and ranged very well up to the fence, when Novice ran into and flushed a bird. Novice moved on, and Pet followed her. Pet, who had the wind, some of them went only a short distance into a cornfield the other side of the fence, where Novice soon pointed nicely. Pet, brought up to back, dropped on point also. The birds were flushed to order, but not at all, and both dogs were forced to wing. Striking into the timber, Novice again indicated and Pet backed. Sanborn flushed to order a single bird and killed, and Novice retrieved very nicely. Somehow, the dogs failed to find the other birds, although they were seen to go down, and only one more was started, and that one by Mr. Bryson, who was behind. The dogs were now worked back through the corn and cotton fields into another cornfield, where Novice ran into four or five birds and flushed them. Pet, at the same time, dropped to a handsome point 100 yards to the right. Short flushed to order, and missed with both barrels. The birds were now led round, and judges and reporters, as well as many spectators, mounted. Passing through some timber, both dogs challenged near the edge, but nothing was found: then out into a cotton field, where Novice did some fine ranging and quattering, showing the most speed. Some birds had been marked down, and Novice worked very carefully. Sanborn flushed one in the edge, and a little further on both dogs pointed grandly, Novice a trifle sooner than Pet. The birds were flushed to order and both handlers shot, killing one bird, which Pet retrieved. The dogs were then out on the heat awarded to Dashing Novice. Dogs that one hour.

LONDON AND LADY FRIEND.

Lady Friend and London were at once put down, London was the fastest, and worked very well, but carried his tail a little low. Friend was evidently scared at the crowd, and did not appear to be hunting, and was withdrawn by her handler after being down 15 minutes. This was the worst of the day, and the birds were taken transiently injured by keeping her down longer while so excited.

BESS AND GLIDA.

Bess and Glida were cast off at 10:15. Glida at once ran into a hare, which skurried away in plain sight, but she remained perfectly steady. Bess soon found a good berry, which she pointed very nicely. Glida, with her head high in the air, backed in grand style. The birds were not shot at, and Bess, with her head well up, went straight to where they struck and came to a point, but the birds had evidently flown again, as they could not be found. Striking round the point, Bess backed. Down Glida went, and Glida made a very nice point, which Bess backed. They held their positions a long time before the birds were flushed. Mr. Dew shot to order, but failed to kill. This point and back was very fine. A little further on Glida swung round and doubled back, and Bess backed. Dew called to order and both dogs were steady. When sent to retrieve the bird led them a lively chase, but was soon caught by Bess. Moving on north, both dogs came to a point, but the handlers, in going to them, flushed the birds. A little further on Glida dropped a point and Bess backed; the birds were flushed. Moving on, Glida, going down wind, scored a flush. Bess moved very carefully, and rounded up to a point, but Nesbitt got a little too close to her and the birds flushed. She then swung to the west and made a nice point. Glida, at the same time, made a good point, and Bess backed. Bess flushed to order, and the dogs were ordered up and Bess awarded the heat. Down forty minutes. This was a rattling good pair, and showed some grand work. Glida showed a little the most style, but Bess has a grumpy way of feeling for her birds that is very taking.

SHADOW AND LU LAVERACK.

Shadow and Lu Laverack were put down at 11 o'clock in a cornfield. Both ranged well, but we fancied Shadow a little the best. While the dogs were going for water a single bird was flushed, and Shadow, who was on the point, was driven back by the water. The rest of the day. Both challenged, and we thought that Shadow had then, but Dew called her and the bird was flushed between them, Shadow dropping on point just as the bird started. Moving on, Lu made a false point, which Shadow backed. A little further on some miles started a boy, and Shadow dropped on point where

they had been. On a little further Shadow dropped on point and Lu dropped to order, but, catching sight of Shadow, backed. Shadow jumped once or twice when the bird was flushed, but at once dropped to order. On again, two birds flushed near Lu, who pointed at the same instant, whether to scent or wing we could not tell. Both dogs steady to wing. A little further on Lu dropped on a false point, and Shadow was dropped to order, swinging round. Shadow made a nice point on the heat, and Bess was ordered up, and Shadow awarded the heat at 12 o'clock. Down one hour.

CLAIR AND ADAIR.

Clair and Adair were at once cast off, and worked in the weeds along the timber. The spectators started a levy, and while the dogs were working back, another large levy was flushed by the judges. Adair swung to the south and challenged, and did not like to leave when called, and after working clear around the crowd, she went back and ranged very fast and wide trying to work them out, but Capt. Henry went after her, and starting her toward the birds, fired his gun to steady her. She flushed a hard in the trees, and soon after another one got up near her. She then pointed, but soon rounded on and two more flushed close by. Clair then pointed and rounded nicely, but nothing was found and he recoiled false point. On order, Adair pointed in thick briars, and birds were flushed beyond her, but she remained staunch until Capt. Henry flushed another one in front of her. She again pointed under a tree top, and two or three birds flushed all around her. The dogs were soon after taken up and Adair awarded the heat. Down 45 minutes. Both dogs were steady, and will make a good one, as she is very speedy and has a good nose.

MACK LAVERACK AND BESSIE T.

After lunch Mack Laverack and Bessie T. were put down at 1:30. Both dogs moved very nicely. We liked the motion of Bessie the best, but she soon chased a hare in great style clear out of sight, and shortly after she chased a quail and the heat was given to Mack Laverack at 2:15. Down 45 minutes.

GERTRUDE AND HECTOR.

Gertrude and Hector (formerly Tom Paine) were at once cast off. Gertrude went very well. Hector moved rather lazy, and after three-quarters of an hour he was withdrawn, and Gertrude was awarded the heat with a flush and a point as her score. This ended the first series of heats.

SECOND SERIES.

DASHING NOVICE AND POLUX.

Polux, who had the benefit of a bye, and Dashing Novice were cast off at 3 o'clock. Polux challenged in the cornfield, where he was shot to order. The starting gun was fired, and Dashing Novice challenged and rounded up to a levy of birds in some briars, and pointed nicely. Two or three of them flushed wild, but she held the rest handsomely. Polux also pointed on the trail of the same birds, some of them flushed wild, but she held the rest. Polux, who had the wind, some of them went only a short distance into a cornfield the other side of the fence, where Novice soon pointed nicely. Polux, brought up to back, dropped on point also. The birds were flushed to order, but not at all, and both dogs were forced to wing. Striking into the timber, Novice again indicated and Polux backed. Sanborn flushed to order a single bird and killed, and Novice retrieved very nicely. Somehow, the dogs failed to find the other birds, although they were seen to go down, and only one more was started, and that one by Mr. Bryson, who was behind. The dogs were now worked back through the corn and cotton fields into another cornfield, where Novice ran into four or five birds and flushed them. Polux, at the same time, dropped to a handsome point 100 yards to the right. Short flushed to order, and missed with both barrels. The birds were now led round, and judges and reporters, as well as many spectators, mounted. Passing through some timber, both dogs challenged near the edge, but nothing was found: then out into a cotton field, where Novice did some fine ranging and quattering, showing the most speed. Some birds had been marked down, and Novice worked very carefully. Sanborn flushed one in the edge, and a little further on both dogs pointed grandly, Novice a trifle sooner than Polux. The birds were flushed to order and both handlers shot, killing one bird, which Polux retrieved. The dogs were then out on the heat awarded to Dashing Novice. Dogs that one hour.

BESS AND LONDON.

Bess and London were now put down in a cotton field, and worked south. Both went well, but Bess was a little inclined to follow the other dog. Moving on through alternate fields of sedge and corn, Bess challenged, and London dropped to order. Then across the road, London dropped to order, and Bess challenged some distance, apparently catching scent, but nothing was found. They were then sent north to where a large berry had been marked down. Bess dropped on point, but nothing was found, as the birds were running to roost. Hector, who was used, here to roost, and made a good point, which Bess backed. While Polux and Novice were brought up to back, which they both did in grand style. Moving on, Bess dropped on point in a ditch and London backed. Nesbitt killed to order. The spectators were then sent to the south, and Bess and London were ordered up and Bess awarded the heat. Down 45 minutes. Both dogs were steady, and will make a good one, as she is very speedy and has a good nose.

TUESDAY.

Tuesday morning the dogs in the All-Aged Stakes were drawn and a start was made from the hotel at 8:30.

SHADOW AND ADAIR.

After a ride of about a mile, to the north-east, Shadow and Adair were put down in a cornfield, and worked through to a large berry. Shadow was the fastest, and worked very well, but carried his tail a little low. Adair was evidently scared at the crowd, and did not appear to be hunting, and was withdrawn by her handler after being down 15 minutes. This was the worst of the day, and the birds were taken transiently injured by keeping her down longer while so excited.

GERTRUDE AND MACK LAVERACK.

Gertrude and Mack Laverack were cast off in a large field of weeds at 9:10. Gertrude ranged and quattered in capital style; Mack worked busily, but not very fast until he had taken down a while, when he let out a link, and ranged wide and well. Working across the road, Gertrude pointed a berry which was flushed by Sanborn. Taking a turn north and then swinging round back, Gertrude half pointed near a hedge, and Mack, a little to her left, came to a nice point. Gertrude moved up and backed and then, the birds were flushed. Gertrude pointed, and Mack backed. Working on up the hill, Gertrude pointed and Mack backed, when she moved on and flushed the bird. She soon pointed again and Mack backed up in good style. The bird was flushed to order, but the gun missed fire. Two more rose and shot, and Mack backed. Gertrude pointed, and Mack backed. Gertrude awarded the heat. Down 45 minutes.

THIRD SERIES.

DASHING NOVICE AND BESS.

This ended the second series, and Dashing Novice and Bess were cast off to run the first heat of the third series at 10 o'clock. Working through some sedge and into a large berry, Novice challenged, and Bess dropped to order. The starting gun was fired, and Dashing Novice challenged and rounded up to a levy of birds in some briars, and pointed nicely. Two or three of them flushed wild, but she held the rest handsomely. Polux also pointed on the trail of the same birds, some of them flushed wild, but she held the rest. Polux, who had the wind, some of them went only a short distance into a cornfield the other side of the fence, where Novice soon pointed nicely. Polux, brought up to back, dropped on point also. The birds were flushed to order, but not at all, and both dogs were forced to wing. Striking into the timber, Novice again indicated and Polux backed. Sanborn flushed to order a single bird and killed, and Novice retrieved very nicely. Somehow, the dogs failed to find the other birds, although they were seen to go down, and only one more was started, and that one by Mr. Bryson, who was behind. The dogs were now worked back through the corn and cotton fields into another cornfield, where Novice ran into four or five birds and flushed them. Polux, at the same time, dropped to a handsome point 100 yards to the right. Short flushed to order, and missed with both barrels. The birds were now led round, and judges and reporters, as well as many spectators, mounted. Passing through some timber, both dogs challenged near the edge, but nothing was found: then out into a cotton field, where Novice did some fine ranging and quattering, showing the most speed. Some birds had been marked down, and Novice worked very carefully. Sanborn flushed one in the edge, and a little further on both dogs pointed grandly, Novice a trifle sooner than Polux. The birds were flushed to order and both handlers shot, killing one bird, which Polux retrieved. The dogs were then out on the heat awarded to Dashing Novice. Dogs that one hour.

GERTRUDE AND SHADOW.

FOURTH SERIES.

SHADOW AND DASHING NOVICE.

POLLUX AND BESS

ion. The bird v

WEDNESDAY.

BESS AND SHADOW.

SHADOW AND GLIDE.

summary of the main

SECOND SERIES OF HEATS.

THIRD SERIES OF HEATS.

FOURTH SERIES OF HEATS

and wins second prize.

9.15 Bess and Gordon

DASH III, AND MAY LAVERACK.

was sick and withdrawn, and M.

KINNICKINNICK AND BRECKENRIDGE.

WASHINGTON MONARCH AND MAID W

LAD AND FINDIE.

BELTON III. AND NELLIE.

FIRST SERIES—ALL-AGED STAKES.

SECOND SERIES.

SUMMARY SECOND SERIES OF HEATS.

THIRD SERIES.

SUMMARY THIRD SERIES OF HEATS.

FOURTH SERIES.

Nellie and Peop we

BRACE STAKES.

May.

Downloaded At: 11:53 11 September 2009

IT WAS--A Northbridge, Mass., correspondent, "H. T. W." says: "To clear out the fleas from a dog's kennel, go to a cigar-box manufactory and get the cedar shavings and put some in the dog's kennel; it will drive every flea away. My pointer for three years was covered, and Persian Insect Powder, carlinic soap, etc., was fully and thoroughly applied, and in a few days the dog would be again covered; but the odor of the shavings is too much for the fleas. "They git,"

In a match of the nature now contemplated—viz., of simple skill in marksmanship—the tiresome feat of breaking 10,000 glass balls would be out of place and not legitimately compatible with the purport of the occasion, also unworthy of the enormous prolongation of time consumed in its essay. As you have introduced the horse as

NEW NONPAREIL.—Mr. Clapham is to send a 34 ft. nonpareil boat to England, probably for experimental purposes.

GRACIE.—Is to have more lead. At last the so-called practical reason is given to adhesion to the value of weight—something they should have understood long ago. The light-displacement fallacy is well nigh established.

HULL YACHT CLUB.—Has now 150 members and 68 yachts, and last year, for the September matches, distributed \$102 in cash prizes. A new club house is to be erected unless consolidation with the Dorchester Y. C. is effected, which at present does not seem likely. Corinthian ideas are to be encouraged in every way.

SOUTH.—Sloop Pantha has been sold to Mr. Morris Ketchum, Jr., and will hereafter hold the Southern burgee. Rumor has it that Will. Elsworth is clapping out a block for a new schooner for Mr. Pringle; also one for Mr. Lowell, or the Atlantic Y. C.

MAINE.—A new circular has been issued by this well-known and popular yacht agency, giving a long list of yachts of all kinds now in the market. It will be hard to please any one who cannot find in the list just what suits his fancy and his pocket. Send to him for a copy.

TYPE.—The battle of type has got across to France, and it has even been proposed to exclude the French from races altogether. The French yachts, built in imitation of our American boats, have been so roundly beaten by British cutters that French armor in favor of the light-draft machine is cooling off.

EASTERN YACHT CLUB.—The membership is growing fast; the rolls now show 650 names. The club promises are long to become the largest in America. Its clubhouse at Marblehead has proven a great success. Schooner Silvio, steamer Adelfa, sloops Viking and Commodore, and cutter Vantage, have been added to the list since publication of the last club pamphlet.

BOUL.—This is the name of Mr. S. A. Wood's new schooner, now fitting out for 23rd street, South. She is from a new set of plans by Mr. A. Cary Smith. The hull is 42.5 water line, 16 ft. beam and 8 ft. deep, 10 ft. draft. Mast, up to cap, 4-30 ft. topmast, 25 ft.; boom, 14 ft.; jib, 30 ft.; bowsprit, extended, 25 ft.; topmast yard, 35 ft. The length of the gun is noticeable, and, in our opinion, a great advance on the old-fashioned narrow head sails copied from cheaply-placed snuffs.

NEW RIG.—The schooner Dream, of Boston, will come out as a sloop next year, for which purpose the hull has been forwarded by Mr. A. Cary Smith. The hull is 42.5 water line, 16 ft. beam and 8 ft. deep, 10 ft. draft. Mast, up to cap, 4-30 ft. topmast, 25 ft.; boom, 14 ft.; jib, 30 ft.; bowsprit, extended, 25 ft.; topmast yard, 35 ft. The length of the gun is noticeable, and, in our opinion, a great advance on the old-fashioned narrow head sails copied from cheaply-placed snuffs.

SCHOONERS.—Commodore W. A. W. Stewart, S. Y. C., will hoist his broad pennant aboard the schooner Nokomis, which she has purchased from Mr. Fiddickford. Under the latter's ownership she was a topsail schooner, and in due course to the southward last season. Formerly, Mr. Fiddickford, Rev. Mr. Hewitson did some extensive cruising in her to the Labrador coast, and told his story in his book "Starboard and Port." The schooner is 85 ft. over all, 23 ft. on the line, 22 ft. in beam, 5 ft. 6 in. draft and 9 ft. water, as she is a keel boat.

TELEGRAPH POLES AND WILD ANIMALS.

—Some interesting facts are brought out in a paper by M. C. Nielsen, of Christiania, on the impression produced upon animals by the resonance of the vibration of telegraph wires. It is found that the black and green woodpeckers, for example, which hunt for insects in the bark and in the heart of decaying trees, often peck inside the circular holes made transversely through telegraph posts, generally near the top. The phenomenon is attributed to the resonance produced in the post by the vibration of the wire, which the bird mistakes as the result of the operations of worms and insects in the interior of the post. Every one knows the fondness of bears for honey. It has been noticed that in mountain districts they seem to mistake the vibratory sound of telegraph wires for the grateful humming of bees, and, rushing to the post, look about for the hive. Not finding it on the post, they scatter the stones at its base which help to support it, and, disappointed in their search, give the post a parting pat with their paw, thus showing their determination at least to kill any bees that might be about it. Indisputable traces of bears about telegraph posts and scattered stones prove that this really happens. With regard to wolves, again, M. Nielsen states that when a vote was asked at the time for the first great telegraph lines, a member of the Storting said that although his district had no direct interest in the line proposed, he would give his vote in its favor, because he knew the lines would drive the wolves from the districts through which they passed. It is well known that to keep off the ravages of hungry wolves in winter the farmers in Norway set up poles connected together by a line or rope, under which the wolves would not dare to pass. "And it is a fact," M. Nielsen states, "that when, twenty or more years ago, telegraph lines were carried over the mountains and along the valleys, the wolves totally disappeared, and a specimen is now a rarity." Whether the two circumstances are casually connected, M. Nielsen does not venture to say.—*Nature*.

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

YOUR MONCRAM.

On receipt of \$3.00 we will forward to any address, free of charge, 50 delicious cigarettes, in a beautiful tin associated with monogram or name, manufactured from Van Fair tobacco. Also, a small size, with or without monogram, expressly for ladies. Please be careful in giving shipping directions. Address: L. LUCIERNE & CO., 216 and 215 West Seventh st., Cincinnati, O.

FOREST AND STREAM.

DECEMBER 15, 1881

NEW SCHOONER.—Alonso Smith is under way with a fine beamer for Col. Josiah Porter, of New York. She is 31 ft. on deck, 21 ft. beam and 6 ft. hold, with 7 ft. 6 in. water. Smith has produced some of our best yachts, and the Hildage is one of his notably fast ones. His boats are characterized by more depth and body than customary, which we consider a good point. Yachts from his yard are well put together and built in a stronger fashion than about the city waterfront, where the art of both modeling and building was never at a lower ebb than now.

ALL THE GO.—The board is nearly dead. The Boston yachts Rosetta and Titania will shed their flags and come out with deep backbones and low weights. Wobber will do the job. Rhode and Herald are to receive long overhauls by Smith, of South Boston. Schooner Little Thorn is to have the benefit of an iron keel, and will masthead the yellow and black diagonal cross of the Hull Y. C. next season having become the property of Mr. Theo. Phillips. Commodore Mansfield, Washington Village Y. C., is to have a new 22 ft. cat, with a keel, of course.

THAT CUTTER.—In the words of the immortal hero, whose name just at this juncture I fail to recall, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." The blasted Britishers have sent one of their non-sensical lead-mules over to New York—and beaten us. Their sending the cutter Madge over was enough, but their beating us was adding insult to injury. I am metaphorically clad in sackcloth, and diamond-dusted with ashes; but, like Beau Brummell, who consoled himself with the reflection that his wife had at least paid him the compliment in desiring him to do so for the handsomest man in London, so I console myself with the thought that they sent us over the best they have, at any rate.—*Correspondence San Francisco Olympian*.

OBITUARY.—In the death of Col. H. G. Stebbins, which took place Dec. 14, the yachting community loses one of its foremost men, and we an old family friend. Col. Stebbins was born in 1811, and after launching into business for himself at an early age, assumed a leading position among New York's best citizens. From 1866 to 1870 he was Commodore of the New York Y. C., an office which he filled with credit to himself and the club. After experience in a number of small craft, he held his first aboard George Steers' famous rig, and rigged her as a schooner, after her return from British waters, where she had been badly beaten by English cutters while yet rigged as a sloop. In 1865 he transferred his colors to the new schooner Phantom, one of Joe Van Dusen's best, and in her won a number of prominent races. In later years he retired from active sailing, but maintained a lively interest in the sport.

NEW YACHTS.—They are not slow in San Francisco to appreciate good depth, deadrise and an easy bidge. Successive yachts laid down by California builders are improvements upon their predecessors in this respect. Geo. Farmer, of Oakland, has a nobby 40 ft. schooner planned. Light topsides and low ballast are better understood on the Pacific coast than in New York. This new schooner has a bent oak frame and plenty of through fastening, making the hull light and strong. She has much deadrise and a slow bidge, which will insure good rough water qualities. Wm. Stone, "olden's favorite builder,"

has also a nice little two-sticker of 42 ft. length well along. She is built "on spec," but is pretty certain to find a purchaser. San Francisco is fortunate in being too far away to purchase discarded New York rattlers for the sake of the low figures at which they are offered. Commodore Harrison proposes to keep his yawl. Frolic in commission all the year round.

CANOE PHOTOS.—Mr. S. R. Stoddard, of Glens Falls, N. Y., sends us fine photographs of canoe photos. They are a record of the most some specimens of the art and as preserving some important events in canoeing history. One of the photos is a fine broadside view of the original Shadow, with her originator, Commodore W. L. Alden standing by her side. The Shadow is now the most popular model in America, and in a few short years has been spread all over the country, strictly on her merits. Commodore Alden will receive the gratitude of future generations for the fortunate way in which the most desirable points wanted in a canoe for general service have been incorporated in the now universal Shadow pattern. There is also an excellent photo of the venerable canoe Kittywake, showing her hauled out on the beach, tent erected, and her owner, Col. Norton, snugly reclining inside, holding a pleasant canoeing letter to Forest and Stream. Another photo of the coup and shore, with innumerable canoes of all styles and sorts, some with their rigs ready for a breeze, gives an excellent idea to strangers of the great meet on Lake George last year, and the free and easy fun the canoeists may partake to the benefit of mind and body.

CUTTERS.—The Olympian believes in progress, and it is really glad to see that the New York skimmers have been beaten by a deeper type of boat. The New York skimmer is utterly worthless in any place where there are rough seas and strong breezes. They have never been successful here in San Francisco Bay. Here we have to build deeper and abler boats. On every occasion where the light-draft New York type has been pitted against a California built boat, in a breeze, the New York type has gone to the wall. We here do not believe in the New York type. We need all seaworthy boats. All of our boats are given some considerable deadrise and good draught. Boats are not wanted here which have to do everything and let go the post when a 25 mile breeze comes on. We have to stand worse winds than that eight days out of ten in summer in the channel. We are glad to see our worthy and esteemed contemporary, Forest and Stream, come out plainly and admit that Madge is not the type which should be built against a California built boat, in a breeze, the New York type has gone to the wall. We here do not believe in the New York type. We need all seaworthy boats. All of our boats are given some considerable deadrise and good draught. Boats are not wanted here which have to do everything and let go the post when a 25 mile breeze comes on. We have to stand worse winds than that eight days out of ten in summer in the channel. We are glad to see our worthy and esteemed contemporary, Forest and Stream, come out plainly and admit that Madge is not the type which should be built against a California built boat, in a breeze, the New York type has gone to the wall. We here do not believe in the New York type. We need all seaworthy boats. All of our boats are given some considerable deadrise and good draught. 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1882. FOR FIELD, CAMP AND HOME! 1882.



THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SPORTSMEN, AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A WHOLESOME INTEREST IN

OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

The conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM point with much pride and satisfaction to the past and the present of the paper, and pledge their readers that the same high standard of excellence will be maintained in the future. The FOREST AND STREAM will preserve the reputation it has earned for being:

I.—ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The "Sportsman Tourist," "Game Bag and Gun," and "Sea and River Fishing" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc.

"Natural History" will be so conducted as to stimulate habits of observation and study. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and fishculture; Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarrow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"Fishculture," edited by a practical and well-known fishculturist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "Kennel" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "Rifle and Trap Shooting" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "Yachting and Canoeing" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

II.—HIGH IN TONE.

The tone of the FOREST AND STREAM is exceptionally high. It is edited for men of healthy minds in healthy bodies. Its reading and advertising columns will be clean. Its pages will sparkle like the mountain stream in the sunlight, and its contents will be redolent of the exhilarating fragrance of the forest. Primarily intended for gentlemen, it is also a paper for the family circle, and one which the entire family, old and young, read with pleasure and profit. The best guarantee of its thoroughly high character is afforded by a reference to a list of those who write for it.

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE FOREST AND STREAM.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

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bitch, white, with even marked liver head and
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will more than make up the cost of the bitch. I will
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Dec 21st

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the field, and a fair price is therefore asked.
Nov 3, 18

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THE
Preferred Routes to Florida

Atlanta Cotton Exposition,
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TIME TABLE IN EFFECT—DECEMBER 4, 1881.

Richmond and Danville Line.
Train 54. Leaves New York 7:40 a. m. Phila-
delphia 7:05 a. m. Baltimore 7:45 a. m. Arrives
Lynchburg 4:55 p. m. Danville 7:05 p. m. Charlotte
7:25 p. m. Atlanta 11:00 a. m. There makes same
connections at No. 60 below. Pullman cars Dan-
ville to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Train 52. Leaves New York 7:40 a. m. Phila-
delphia 7:05 a. m. Baltimore 7:45 a. m. Richmond
7:25 p. m. Danville 7:25 p. m. There connects with
No. 62 below. Pullman cars from Richmond to
Danville. This train connects Monday, Wednesday
and Friday from Baltimore at 4:00 p. m. direct
via York River Line for West Point and Richmond
and connecting there with Train 51.

Train 52. Leaves New York 7:40 p. m. Phila-
delphia 15:45 p. m. Baltimore 18:00 p. m. Arrives at
Lynchburg 7:45 a. m. Danville 7:45 a. m. Charlotte
7:45 a. m. Atlanta 12:00 p. m. Macon 7:50 a. m.
Montgomery 7:55 a. m. New Orleans 10:02 p. m. 64
hours from New York. Pullman cars New York to
Washington, Washington to Charlotte, Charlotte to
Gusta. Arrives at Columbia 6:00 p. m., and Augusta
10:20 p. m. Savannah 7:45 p. m. Jacksonville 7:50 a. m.

Train 50. Leaves New York 7:00 p. m. Phila-
delphia 12:30 a. m. Baltimore 4:35 a. m. Arrives at
Lynchburg 7:55 p. m. Danville 7:55 p. m. Char-
lotte 10:45 p. m. Atlanta 11:00 a. m. Macon 6:55
p. m. Montgomery 7:00 p. m. Mobile 7:14 a. m.
New Orleans 10:02 p. m. There connects with Train
Atlanta via Lynchburg and Danville and Atlanta to
New Orleans.

Atlantic Coast Line.
Train 10. Leaves New York 7:40 a. m. Phila-
delphia 7:05 a. m. Baltimore 7:45 a. m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:25 p. m. Wilmington 7:50 p. m. Char-
lotte 7:45 a. m. Savannah 10:30 a. m. Jack-
sonville 7:50 p. m. Atlanta 7:20 a. m. Augusta
7:45 a. m. Macon 7:45 p. m. Savannah 7:50 a. m.
Jacksonville via Augusta 7:50 p. m. Pullman Sleep-
ing Cars New York to Savannah.

Train 48. Leaves New York 7:00 p. m. W.
Philadelphia 7:30 a. m. Baltimore 7:45 a. m. Arrives at
Richmond 11:30 a. m. Wilmington 7:50 p. m.
Charlotte 7:45 a. m. Savannah 10:30 a. m. Jack-
sonville 7:50 p. m. Atlanta 7:20 a. m. Augusta
7:45 a. m. Macon 7:45 p. m. Savannah 7:50 a. m.
Jacksonville via Augusta 7:50 p. m. Pullman Sleep-
ing Cars New York to Savannah.

Leaves New York 12:40 p. m. Philadelphia 15:45
p. m. Baltimore 18:00 p. m. Arrives at Portsmouth
12:40 a. m. Weldon 1:50 p. m. Raleigh 7:35 p. m.
Wilmington 7:50 p. m. Savannah 10:30 a. m. Jack-
sonville 7:50 p. m. Atlanta 7:20 a. m. Augusta
7:45 a. m. Macon 7:45 p. m. Savannah 7:50 a. m.
Jacksonville via Augusta 7:50 p. m. Pullman Sleep-
ing Cars New York to Savannah.

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THE GRAYLING season begins June 1 and ends
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enable STOCK TO BE TRANSPORTED without
failure or injury.

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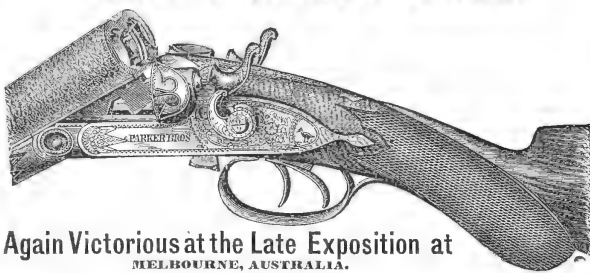
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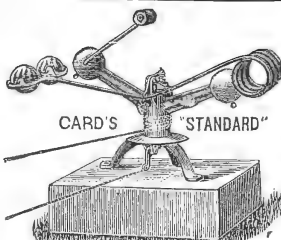
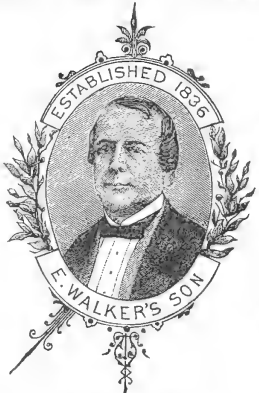
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ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Advertisements.

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Address: Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, December 22.

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND who sometimes goes fishing or shooting, or "would go if he only had the time," show him a specimen copy of the FOREST AND STREAM. Any issue of the paper will do for this. Some publishers make tremendous exertions to get up specially attractive numbers at this season, and then spread them broadcast over the land as "specimens" of the regular all-the-year-around issues. That is not our plan. We try to turn out a tip-top paper just fifty-two times every year. That is the fair, honest way, and it pays. If you file your papers, and do not wish to break the file, send us the name of your friend and we will furnish him with a copy.

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, in a communication published in another column, explains that his recent misadventure in Nova Scotia was due wholly to a natural misconception by him of the requirements of the statute, and that instead of having intentionally disregarded the law, he had, as he thought, fully complied with it.

We had a pleasant call last Tuesday from Mr. Edmund Orgill, who had just returned from a shooting trip in the South.

THE THIRD CHAPTER of the "Cruise of The Nipper" is unavoidably postponed until next week.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

THE spicy odor of mountain spruce boughs greets us. Christmas-tide is at hand! THE FOREST AND STREAM joins in the universal salutation of good cheer. A Merry Christmas to you all!

This is the festival that has the strongest hold on the hearts of civilized men, and the widest acceptance among them. It is the season when charity scatters its gifts with most lavish hand, when kindly sentiments move every heart, enmities are forgotten, and good feeling is universal. At this time does the message of peace and good-will, first breathed nearly two thousand years ago, beneath the quiet starlight over the sleeping hills of Bethlehem, seem to have a real force, which is binding on each one of us. At this time we are shown the tenderest, the most loving aspect of human nature.

And it is now, at Christmas, that we remember, though perhaps unconsciously, that our forefathers were dwellers in the forest. Their lives were spent beneath the green woods and the open sky, and their camps were pitched by the running brooks or the peaceful lakes. To-day we recall that time by going forth into the woodland and bringing thence sweet-smelling branches, green leaves and bright berries to adorn our homes at this, our greatest festival.

Fragrant are these evergreen boughs, with tender memories of the past. Their woodland perfume pervades the house and brings fast-rushing recollections of the Christmas circles of other days. Again, in the early morning light do we see the dear familiar faces from which we parted long ago, and hear again the well loved voices now stilled for ever. Beneath the outward merriment of the day these deeper influences prevail; happy is he who yielding to them finds new courage and a manlier heart for the struggles of the year to come.

To each one of our readers this Christmas will bring the memories of happy anniversaries past and others hoped for; and to each one we offer our heartiest good wishes and a

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE FIELD TRIALS.

THE last of our report of the National Trials at Grand Junction, as well as a complete description of the Pennsylvania State Trials, will be found in our Kennel department this week.

The National Trials were the most successful that have ever been run in this country, and will compare favorably with anything that the world has ever seen. We heartily congratulate the members of the National American Kennel Club upon the abundant success that has crowned their efforts. Much of this success is due to the indefatigable labor of the President of the association, Mr. P. H. Bryson, who has expended much time and labor in arranging the details, both before and during the meeting. There was no lack of birds, and the grounds are extremely well adapted for the holding of the Trials. Many prominent sportsmen from all parts of the country were present, and the utmost good feeling was manifest throughout the meeting, and all appeared to thoroughly enjoy the occasion. A large number of the most noted dogs in the country competed for the very valuable prizes offered, and the laurels there won were well earned and we warrant will be proudly worn.

The Pennsylvania Trials were very successful so far as the number of entries and quality of the dogs were concerned, but coming as they did immediately after the National Trials there was not so large an attendance as there would have been had more time intervened. Great praise is due the energetic members of the Association for planning and so successfully carrying through this important meeting.

The judges, without exception, were well qualified to perform their duties, and, although we could not quite agree with one or two of their decisions, we believe them to be thoroughly honest and to have impartially awarded the honors without fear or favor. The wide-awake proprietors of the Stonewall House, Messrs. Peeples and Branum, were equal to the occasion, and the hungry crowd were provided with well cooked and well served food.

We should, perhaps, state that our report of the Trials is

not compiled from the decisions of the judges, nor from hearsay, but that we carefully watched the different phases of each heat, and noted at the time the performance of each dog just as we saw it, seeking to chronicle the history of the running simply as history, extenuating nor criticising aught save as our instinct as a sportsman prompted. To those of our readers who have never attended a Field Trial the many false points and flushes will perhaps seem to indicate that the quality of the work done was not of a very high order; and they may perhaps be led to think that had they been there, with their own Dash or Sport, quite a different record would have been shown. While not in the least disparaging the good qualities of the many Dash's and Sport's scattered throughout the country, we are free to confess that, although we once entertained the same belief, we have seen reasons to change it, and among the many really good dogs that we have seen afield we fail to recall one that we should deem it safe to back as a winner at a Field Trial. Not perhaps that in an ordinary day's shooting Dash and Sport might not acquit themselves as well or better than the first prize winner, but this is not a Field Trial by any means, and when we take into consideration the accessories that are inseparable from these public trials, we can only wonder that the record reads so fair. In reading our report and criticising the work therein described, there are many things that should be taken into consideration. Perhaps the most prominent of these, and for which great allowance should be made, is the high strung, nervous temperament of our canine pets, which is subjected to a far greater strain than when they are quietly taken out for an ordinary day's shooting; for the noise of the crowd, and the presence of many other dogs exercises anything but a steady influence upon their excitable nerves. The tramping and talking of the spectators also scares the birds, making them wild and less likely to lie to the dogs. This will account for many of the false points, which are undoubtedly often made to the scent of a frightened bird, who has just taken flight unseen. Many of the flushes would not be scored, were it not for the noise which puts the birds upon the alert, and causes them to rise before the dog has a chance to locate them. Then again the handlers are not always quite so cool and collected as they should be, and we have ever found that there is nothing more conducive to unsteadiness in a dog than to have his master go to pieces. Let us then give due credit to the dogs which pass through this very trying ordeal and acquit themselves fairly well; for the chances are that away from the excitement attending a public trial, they would prove themselves to be excellent animals. As we have before mentioned not the least of the benefits derived from the Trials is the greatly improved manner in which the dogs are handled, and the consequent lesson that the spectators are quick to learn and apply, to the manifest improvement of their own style. This, in itself, were nothing else accomplished, would stamp the Trials as a wonderful success. But a still greater good has been wrought in the vast improvement of the quality of the companions of our sports. Gentlemen who attended the Trials go home with more exalted ideas and broader views of matters pertaining to the sports of the field, and are no longer satisfied with the mediocre performances of the animals who have heretofore shared their outings, but at once institute radical changes and rest not until they achieve something approaching Field Trial form. Thus our Field Trials are accomplishing their mission, and the whole-souled sportsmen who so generously support and sustain them are reaping their reward, as with a pardonable pride they rejoice at the abundant success and brilliant future of our American Field Trials.

CANOE AND CAMERA.—A most timely book for the holiday season is Mr. T. Ledgwick Steele's "Canoe and Camera," the third edition of which has just come from the press. This is the most artistically and elaborately illustrated volume of the kind published in this country. The present edition contains a large map of the Northern Main regions, including the canoeing routes of the Main, St. John's, the Aroostook, and the East and West Branches of the Penobscot. Mr. Steele has been engaged several years in the preparation of this map, and sportsmen tourists owe him a debt of gratitude for his thorough work.

MAGAZINE RIFLES FOR THE ARMY.

AN important duty devolves upon the Board and officers now in session at Governors' Island, who have been charged by Gen. Sherman with the recommendation of a magazine gun for the use of the U. S. Army. It is not intended to make any sweeping change in the armament of our soldiers until the whole subject of repeating weapons has been more thoroughly worked up by our inventors; any change or step in the arming of the troop must be of a tentative character. That the magazine gun is the coming piece for the ordinary soldier is regarded as a foregone conclusion by the leading military authorities of every Commonwealth possessing an armed force. A dozen commissions are now face to face with the problem of selection. It is a sort of competition between the nations as well as between the arms, and the verdict of the representatives of one nation is eagerly looked to by the examining boards of other nations. Especially will this be the case with the report of the Board now in session here. America has gained the front rank in the making of small arms, and the rifle championship, now resting with the American team, shows that she can shoot as well as invent. Nations desiring to buy a supply of these weapons come to America as the readiest and best market. The "rain of lead" at Plevna was fired from rifles made in Connecticut, and from the same State hundreds of thousands of stands of arms have gone to other nations of Europe, to the States of South America, and even to far away Japan. The leading magazine model, pushed for adoption before the German authorities to supplant the breech-loading Mauser, is a pirated copy of a gun invented by a Lieutenant of the U. S. Army. It was displayed at the Centennial Exhibition, and there a German Jew of a mechanical turn of mind saw it, and stole the idea for reproduction at home.

The modern rifle has had a marked effect in modifying the art of war. The skirmish line has taken the place of the old movement in force, and the necessity for accuracy of marksmanship on the part of every soldier is every day becoming more imperative. The rising problem, too, is one of supply. The breech-loader gave the men an opportunity of rapid firing, and this they improved to such an extent as to make the supply of ammunition to the fighting line an important question. With magazine guns the consumption of ammunition runs up to alarming proportions, and to meet this difficulty the German Army authorities are adopting the "firing discipline." In this the fighting unit is represented by a skirmish line of a dozen men under an officer. Instead of random firing, as now under an engagement, the men shoot only on special orders of their officer. The intention is to prevent the men from falling into the error of an excited fusillade. The same object as this novelty in discipline is aimed at in the requirement that all arms shall be adapted to use as single breech-loaders as well as magazine guns. In that way the use of the reservoir for shots can be delayed until the supreme moment, when a dozen shots in as many seconds is an element of victory.

FLYING SQUIRRELS.—English misconceptions of American geography are proverbially gross and frequent. We are always pleased, then, when an English paper really does display familiarity with the subject, as is the case with an esteemed London contemporary. Speaking of the animal plagues of Winnipeg, which our readers will remember is up in Manitoba, *Land and Water* tells us that in the autumn, "the time when the [Winnipeg] cotton and corn seeds were ripening and maturing, myriads of squirrels left the woods and attacked the cotton and cornfields; they tore open the balls of the cotton plants, ate all the seed, and scattered the cotton on the ground; they devoured the kernels of the corn and then scampered off to Mississippi and Tennessee, where they met with a warm reception, and were shot down by hundreds." Now, from Winnipeg to Mississippi, the distance is, as the crow flies and the squirrel scampers, only a trifle over 1,200 miles, and to an American squirrel, as any man who has ever hunted them knows, a little "scamper" of 1,200 miles is the merest play. He can go very fast and very far, when he once makes up his mind to travel away from a man with a rifle. Indeed, we have seen squirrels that in going from Manitoba to Mississippi would take in Mount Washington and Pike's Peak on the way, and then not get up friction enough to set the Michigan woods on fire.

DEATH OF A FISHCULTURAL PIONEER.—We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. Aaron S. Vail, of Smithtown, Long Island. Mr. Vail owned a fine trout stream; and he entertained many prominent men in days past. Danie Webster and Henry Clay fished in his stream and partook of the hospitalities of his table. Mr. Vail engaged in trout-breeding when he first heard of it, about 1866, and his ponds are mentioned in Norris' "American Fish Culture," published in 1878, as among those of the early trout culturists.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The seventh annual session of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, for the protection of Fish, Game and Birds, will be held at East Saginaw, commencing Tuesday, January 17, 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M. Every sportsman's and game protection club in the State is earnestly requested to send five delegates, and in localities where no club has been formed sportsmen are cordially invited to attend. One of the results of the last session was the present game law.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE BIG BEAR OF HERMOSA.

IT was evening, and our late dinner was over. Pipes, and a tin-cup full of mild grog soothed the fatigues of a ten hours' hunt, and steeped our souls in blissful balm. The day's sport had been good—two elk and five deer the net result—and we felt that we had a right "to loaf and refresh our souls." The day was dying, a peaceful death, and behind us the gray cliffs of Waluta were slowly darkening in the fading light. Out of the valley below we heard the voice of the Hermosa, as it bubbled to the spruces which leaned above it, or clafed at the cold rocks which barred its passage. It was one of those hours when the hunter, if he be anything more than a purveyor of meat, or a killer of deer, feels as if he stood within the very presence of the great Mother herself, and knows the radiance of "that light which never was on sea nor land." Half unconsciously, I repeated the drowsy words of the Lotos-Eaters:

"The charmed sunset lingers low adown
In the red West; there mountains curl, the dale
We see far inland; and the winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galigale.

And here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep."

Roused by the murmur of the words, Ignotus took his pipe from between his teeth long enough to languidly remark, "Somebody coming down the trail."

"How do you know?"

"Heer 'em."

"Foot or horseback?"

"Horseback."

"White or red?"

"White; horses shod."

"Know who they are?"

"The May boys, I reckon. Camp over on the Larriweep. Hunting. Taking meat down to the ranches."

As he spoke, a horse's head came around the shoulder of the bluff, a quarter of a mile above, and in a few minutes, three horsemen stopped on the trail, while we sauntered slowly down to them.

"How?"

"How?"

"Which way?"

"Down to Trippie's with meat. What luck?"

"Pretty fair. And you?"

"So so. Deer gettin' scarce. Cussed Utes burnin' off the woods. Say, you boys want some fun?"

"Depends. What kind?"

"Well, Slippery Dick's back, up here at the head of Hermosa. Crossed his trail just this side of Batteries Spring. There's a chance for ye, Tenderfoot, if you want sport. Reck on he'll give ye enough of it. So long. Got to be goin'. Give ye a dollar for his skin, when ye get it. Vamos! Pis-a-a!" and they clattered down the trail.

"Slippery Dick? Who the mischief's he, Ignotus?"

"He's a she."

"A she? What kind of a she?"

"A she-bear, and a big one, too, if all accounts are true," and he went on to tell me, how, for several years, hunters had reported that they had found, now and then, the trail of a bear, so large as to be phenomenal—how she would be found one day on El Conquistador, and the next on Dos Hermanas, fifty miles away—how she seemed to bear a charmed life, minding a 44 bullet no more than a flea-bite—how, at uncertain intervals, some unlucky prospector, pale-faced and knock-kneed, would stumble into camp with incoherent jabber of "the damndest biggest bear I ever see; bigger'n all out doors, and savafer'n I be!"—and how Pat O'Brien, who had killed more bears in Nevada than ever Grizzly Adams himself, swore, after being treed by her for a day and a night, "that the hind of her was as big as a flour barrel, and the claws of her laye raping hooks, an' whin she rached fur me, as I climb the tray, be jabers, she made the bark fly, fifteen fut from the ground, sor."

Making all due allowance for exaggeration, Ignotus was inclined to believe that there was a monstrous bear which had its haunt in that section of country—that she was an exceedingly cunning old beast, as well as fierce and dangerous—that to kill her would be a feather in the cap of any hunter—and finally, warming with the subject, that, if I said so, we'd move camp up to the head of Hermosa, and see if we might not "be lucky enough to get a crack at her."

As I would have gone to the mouth of the pit, or even further, with Ignotus, and as, besides, I "thought no small bear of myself" as a bear-hunter, having actually slaughtered two or three small cubs by my own unassisted prowess, I gladly agreed to the proposal.

"Ever see any of those explosive bullets?" asked Ignotus after a pause.

"Yes, why?"

"Wish we had some of them; they'd come in mighty handy, if we should happen to have a sec-anc' with the old lady."

After cogitating a while—"Got your loading outfit with you?"

"Yes."

"Let me see your bullet moulds."

These produced and inspected.

"Got any of those .32 cartridges you use in your grouse rifle?"

"Why? What do you want with them?"

"Make our own bum-shells, by thunder!"

"How?"

"Get 'em out, and I'll show you."

And show he did, in a way I will endeavor to explain. My moulds were of the Sharps pattern, .44 calibre, conical bullet, lead pointed in front, small end. Covering butt of bullet, a plate which unscrews. So much explanatory—now for detail. Taking a .32 rim-fire cartridge, he cut off the bullet, flush with the shell, then, finding a nail, he filed it down, leaving on the head, (til it was just the size and length of his prepared cartridge. Inserting this into the lead-hole in the moulds he unscrewed the butt-plate, poured in his melted lead, shook out the bullet, extracted the nail, inserted his .32 cartridge, and lo! an explosive bullet. Trial proved them to be a grand success. If a bone were struck, they never failed to explode, and a second shot was seldom needed. By a lucky chance, I once dropped one into the shoulder of a large cinnamon bear, at three hundred and fifteen

yards, and he dropped as if struck by a flash of lightning. The bear sat for a clear or else, as they spoil so much of the meat, but for Ursus they are just the thing.

Early dawn sees us tilling up the rocky trail which leads to the head of Hermosa. Nodded though I have been for the greater part of my life, I cannot leave a place where I have comfortably settled down for even a day, without feeling a slight touch of regret.

The camp-fire becomes a sacred hearth, and one does not take away with him in the morning all that he brought the night before. Somewhat he leaves behind—invisible, intangible, but none the less real. A part of his true self, of the "inner me," as Emerson would term it, is caught and retained by the branches of the tree under which his bed has been made, by the boughs on which he has lain, by the air which he has breathed, and by the sky which has arched above him. As we rode along, there came into my mind some verses which the Rhymer had read me a few days before, and which expressed so well my present mildly regretful feelings, that I offer no further apology for presenting them here.

Ah! happy he
Who 'neath the greenwood tree,
Doth loom his mind from every carking care;
Dull gross exuvia, every from him fall away,
And leave revealed his better self, divinely fair!

Green forest boughs,
Under a fir-tree house,
Bring sweet sleep (than Sybaritic couch);
And simple hunter's fare, with wait of spicy air,
Exalts all Cupans rears Lucullus dare avouch.

Each baser thought
From crowded cities brought
Upon these breezy heights doth pale and die.
The dull and puzzled brain grows clear and strong again;
The ailing, purblind soul sees Truth with clearer eye.

Ah! blessed school
Where Wisdom plays the fool,
And Nature grants perpetual holiday!
Where volunee lore is none, save tree and brook, and stone,
And he doth win the highest prize, who spends his time in play.

Each charmed spot
Where it hath been my lot
To pitch white tent, and take nonant
Some tender memory hath, some bourn-eyed aftermath
Of sweetly fragrant thoughts that blow o'er in my breast.

A balanced good—
Here in the piney wood
New thoughts, new hope, and newer life I find;
And yet, O ticks heart! when comes the time to part,
Somewhat of thought, of hope, of life, is left behind.

A paradox
At which the dullard mocks!
Who reads my rhyme, him I hail as wise.
That which I spend, I have, and what I leave, I have:
If mine the Sybil's tongue, be yours the Seer's eyes.

At the very head of the canyon was a little circular park of perhaps ten acres, where bubbled up the spring which fed the head waters of the Hermosa, and here we pitched our tent.

The remainder of the day was devoted to reconnoitering, and after supper we developed our plan of battle. Half a mile below us was an extensive patch of wild pampas, and here our friend Richard had left his sign manual in profusion, the night before. We felt certain he would return to-night, as the wild pampas is to a bear, what Cherry-stones or Saddle-rocks are to a New York Alderman. From this ursine supper-room there were but three passes leading to the rocky fastnesses, where, we felt assured, he had his lair. Of these, only one was the canyon itself, and that was blocked by our tent and camp-fire; the others led respectively, to the crests of Waluta on our right, and El Conquistador on the left. We would occupy one of these, and it would go hard, if one or the other did not succeed in intercepting the prey, as he wended his way homeward in the morning twilight.

The jewels that sparkle in the sword-belt of Orion had not yet lost their lustre, when I was snugly ensconced in my chosen ambush. Joseph Cook would have pronounced the position "rudely selected, and ineffectually strategic." Backed by a cliff a hundred feet in height—my flanks defended by perpendicular escarpments of rocks—in front, the vertical banks of the gulch which was the only outlet on that side, from the canyon below—I was equally well situated for attack or defense. From my eyrie, I had a clean sweep of the gulch for a thousand yards below, while screened from observation by the boulders which left convenient peep-holes between. The only access to my mountain fortress was by a narrow path from above, so steep, that, having with difficulty descended, I had serious doubts as to whether I should ever be able to return. Strong in the possession of explosive bullets and an impregnable position, I felt that I was equal to twenty bears, even should they all attack me at once. I hoped that Slippery Dick, like myself, loved the sterner side of Nature, and would therefore choose the path to Conquistador with all its gloom and grandeur, rather than the softer approaches to Waluta, where Ignotus had posted himself. Besides, the death of one bear, though he were the largest in all the San Juan, would add but little to his fame, while to me it would furnish a blast, with which "to fill the sounding trumpet of fame," for many a year. (In justice to Ignotus I must say, that when he found that all the signs pointed to our enemy's having his den on Conquistador, he insisted on my taking that stand for my own.)

Wrapped in my blanket, and propped comfortably against the rock, I prepared myself for the due observance of a hunter's vigil. The air was keen and frosty, with just sting enough in it to stir the sluggish blood, and redolent with those woody odors that only the trackers of the wilderness discerned. I had the balsamic odor of the spruce, giving a tingling flip to every vibrating nerve—the aromatic fragrance of the wild celery, like a faint aroma from the Spice Islands, and the far off Celebes—the quiet, domestic smell of the lavender grass, recalling tender memories of Eastern homes, and the opening of ancient bureau drawers, from which are brought, by loving hands, the old-fashioned garments of those who now wear the shining robes of Light—and, reinforcing and at times overpowering all, wafts of the cloying sweetness of the wild buck-wheat, stirred by wings of ever-buzzing bees. Ever down the valley, a thousand feet below, phantom curves of mist marked the line of the hurrying brook, and, faintly audible from those lower depths, came, like the stir of a mighty congregation, that in

describable sussurus which precedes the thrill of a waking world.

The stars were losing their fiery lustre, and now shone with a pale glow, like the "brightening" on the surface of molten silver. Slowly they faded, one by one, slipping out quietly, like lesser beauties from a ball room, till only Venus, Mars and Sirius were left. These still shone on in resolute defiance till they too, yielding to a power greater than their own, scornfully yet gracefully withdrew from the unequal contest, overpowered but not subdued—as the dauntless Maria Theresa turned her back upon the Magyar Diet. Over beyond Waluta, the olive of the sky changed to a steely gray—then to a faint pink, such as tints the petals of the wild sweet-brier, and then to a roseate bluish which climbed higher and higher, till the whole Eastern firmament glowed with Tyrian splendor.

"Over grass came that strange flush, and over lign and heather, Over hill and over dale, and over gulches brown: And each scattered cloudlet, crossing, drifted like a scarlet feather From the folded wings of clouds, before they settled down."

On the rock-side opposite, the conies came out to greet the dawn—a yellow butterfly floated past on noiseless wing—in the spruce woods below, a Canada Jay pitched the note for a raucous chorus which split the silence of the hills—and the night, with its sweet silence, was gone, and "jocund Day stood tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

Taking my glasses from their case, I swept the hill-side opposite, and saw a mail-sail on the flies—three, for the prowling fox. No sign of life among the rocks, unless—the circling glass is arrested for a moment, and—yes, that brown spot in the lee of yonder porphyry boulder, proves to be Ignotus, keeping faithful watch. But what has become of our expected prey? He surely must have quit his banquet of succulent roots ere this, for the Sun god's chariot has fairly left the gates of Aurora, and his couriers are stretching away, in the full burst of their speed, toward their Hesperian goal.

"Infound Slippery Dick, anyway! He's fooled us, as usual, and when the flutter of a white handkerchief from across the canyon, signals that the watch is over, I rise from my rocky lair, and, stiff, cold, hungry and cross, join Ignotus in the valley below. By mutual consent, we turn our steps toward the parnip bed, to see if Dick has breakfasted. Yes; the trampled stems, the debris of rejected tubers, and the freshly trenched soil, steaming in the morning sun, proclaim his recent presence. Gone, but where? We give it up, as an unguessable conundrum, and start to camp, for breakfast and nap."

"Brisk walk for ten minutes brings us in sight of the clump of trees where camp is pitched, but where is the tent?"

A hundred yards further, and from Ignotus' lips breathes forth softly, the half sun question—"Who's been here, since I've been gone?" The tent is down and torn to ribbons—the flour sacks rent from top to bottom and their contents strewn upon the ground—the mess-chest overturned—sugar and bacon missing—and a wild conglomerate of canned goods, plates, cups, knives and forks, blankets, spare socks and slippers, coffee pots and frying pans, and a hundred odds and ends of camp impedimenta scattered about in every direction. This a nitro-glycerine factory exploded here, or an East Indian typhoon dropped down upon us?

A single word breaks from my comrade, but it is as expressive as all of Garcilasso's seven hundred and twenty-nine volumes. It is simply the name of that place which Bob Ingersoll and the Revised Version both ignore, but the Anathema Mananatha of Holy Church conveys not more weight of obprobrium with it, than that one monosyllable. "Fanny," I see him gazing intently at something on the borders of the stream, and, joining him, I recognize, at a glance, the cause of his outburst. There it lies, in the marshy ground before us; a track, huge, uncouth, grotesquely human, broad as the two hands, and as long as from the ulnar condyle to the metacarpus. A glance telegraphs from brain to brain—"Slippery Dick!" Another telegram and answer flash to and fro—

"I shall follow him!"

"And I lead on!"

A few seconds later, gathered from the wreck which strews the canyon, and we press on up the canyon. Ignotus' blood is up—the old Berserker spirit within him—his tenderest feelings have been outraged, and heart's blood alone will wash out the stain upon his honor. "Wrath in his port, and vengeance in his eye," he leads the way, sure-footed as the chamois, untiring as the gray wolf—and as stern and fatal as the wool-shed Nemesis. Woe to the dastard who hath heaped such foul scorn upon a freeman's head! By the thunderbolts of Jove, dearly shall he pay for his morning's pastime! "We him, not enough," O Eusebe Richard! that by the spear of the gods, we shivered for three long hours, in futile ambush for her, but that thou must needs "flutter the dove-cotes of Coriolis," when the Volscians were absent? "Better that a mill-stone were tied around thy neck, and thou wert cast into the uttermost depths of the sea," than to have violated the sanctity of our tabernacle.

Up, still up, till the head of the gulch is reached, and we stand among the splintered crags and wind-swept tors that mark the crest of Hermosa pass. Here it behooves us to move cautiously, for fierce with vengeance though we are, we do not care, upon this broken ground, to come too close to a savage grizzly. Silently we work our way over and between the shattered rock-masses, until we look down into the Canon del Christo upon the other side. Ha! what is that brown mass, a thousand feet below? By the spear of the great Nimrod, we have him at last!

"Try him," whispered Ignotus, unselfish, even at this supreme moment.

It is a long shot, and I rest my heavy Sharps upon a jutting point, elevate the sights, and fire. A jet of white dust, twenty yards the other side, tells me I have overshot. At the crack of the gun, he turns, catches sight of the smoke, and, with a "woot!" of snarling rage, charges straight for us. Another cartridge is slipped in, the rifle pitched to the shoulder, when Ignotus knocks up the barrel.

"Hold on! What till he gets abreast of that rock there"—about twenty yards away—and then aim steady, and we'll both take him between the eyes. Steady, I tell you—if we don't fetch him, first pop, one of us will have to go home alone!

His coolness is contagious, and I drop my gun to the hollow of my arm, and watch our enemy as he comes shambling up the pass. His red eyes gleam with savage hate, as he plunges onward, his sickle-like claws ringing against the porphyry rocks, every hair bristling with rage, and that vengeful "woof! woof!" tearing the air at every step. Every second he grows in size. Now he's as large as a year-

ling steer—now, as a log school-house, and now, as he comes abreast of the designated rock, he looms up as large as the "Tribune" building.

"Ready!" whispers Ignotus, and the rifle barrels drop to an aim.

"Fire!" and the reports are simultaneous.

There hardly comes to our ears that indescribable "thud!" which tells us that the bullets have struck flesh, before the bear rears to his full height, stands one moment clear cut against a blue background of sky, then crashes prone upon the ringing rocks. A long-drawn yell—the Dakota war-whoop—puls from the throat of Ignotus, and the death-song of the "Big Bear of Hermosa" shrills from peak to peak, and startles the slow-winged eagle hovering above our heads.

There it lies, a huge, uncouth, inert mass of gray fur, gleaming teeth, and savage brawn and muscle. Over the fiery eye creeps the gray film of death—from the cavernous mouth loils up the red tongue, flaked with foam—while the white slaver dripping from the massive jaws, relieves the scarlet of the blood that splashes slowly down upon the rocks. From the gaping wound in the centre of the low forehead, a thin stream of blue smoke tells that the explosive bullets have done their deadly work. The fierce man-slayer, the terror of the Indian camps, the incarnation of brute ferocity and savage hate, has succumbed to the superior knowledge and deadlier skill of his biped cousins, and another victory is scored in the never-ending warfare of Mind vs. Force. Animal cunning against human skill—the instinct of the beast against the reason of man—thews and sinews arrayed against explosive bullets—fangs and claws opposed to breech-loading rifles—what chance has Ursus as against Homo? It is the old story of the oxen and the steel rapier—the green turban and Cœur de Lion's battle-axe—of Montezuma against Cortez, and of Caliban against Prospero. The contest is unequal, and the contest is a contest of triumph is over, there comes the sh me-faced feeling of having, in the expressive words of my whilom acquaintance, Monte Jim, "stocked the keords on the cuss, and dealt him four ace sign a royal flush."

I shall not say how much our victim weighed—what was the girth of his mighty fore-arm, or the length of the ivory scimitars that armed his huge splay feet. Enough, that Ignotus, who had killed more than one bear since '49, after looking upon the vast proportions spread out before him, expressed himself in the words of Holy Writ, "Lord! now let that thy servant depart in peace."

Some envious souls there were in Argentum, "Jerd fellows of the baser sort," who declared that it was not Slippery Dick at all, though they magnanimously admitted "he wur a pretty far-sized bar, fur a tenderfoot to help to kill."

Be that as it may, that night we slept the sleep of the just, having avenged our ravaged camp, and wiped out the stain upon our honor; and thenceforth Slippery Dick has been missing from his accustomed haunts, and no more does the picturesque prospector start in dread as the lawless rabbit hops across his path, taking each rustle in the leaves for the tread of "The Big Bear of Hermosa." I. P. U.

A RIVERSIDE ROMANCE.

LEAVES FROM A LOG-BOOK—VI.

A KINGFISHER darted from the limb of a dead tree with a downward swoop, chattering noisily as it flew. A muskrat rolled lazily off the bank into the river, and made a hundred bubbles rise where it sank. And Barry Newton sat upright in his canoe with a start, recovering from the dreamy reverie that the warm, still summer day had cast over him, and plied the double-bladed paddle with more vigor. A muskrat, without his fish arms, they were too, feathered the spruce blades with such a neat turn, and the whole figure was not one whit behind them in development; while the ruddy skin and clear, blue eye told of the out-of-door exercise that this young man had always enjoyed.

"It can't be many miles further to John's," mused he, as he turned a bend in the river and peered anxiously ahead. "John wrote that after I reached Pleasantville I would pass under four bridges, and would then be abreast of his domain, with the mansion to the west of the river. And now, I have passed under four—no, three bridges, and the other's not in sight; and it's getting late, and I'll soon have to look out for an inn to spend the night. I wonder what sort of a place John has got. Old and sombre, probably, like himself. And he married! I'd sooner thought of old Prexy's marble bust marrying than John Sanders. Such a staid, awkward old 'dig' he was when he used to preach to me about my sophomoric escapades. I don't think I shall fancy his wife. Some sedate, blue-stocking, with eye-glasses and a dismal countenance, knowing all about the difficulties of the export trade, and weighing quantities that she does about—" Hello! what's that. Something in the water. It's a dog—no, by Jove, it's a girl, and she can't get out," and the paddle flew like lightning, as the canoe was turned toward the struggling object. With a few quick strokes he was brought alongside, and the light drapery was grasped by one strong hand, while with the other the canoe was pushed ashore. Stepping out upon the bank Barry Newton laid his burden, now insensible, upon the grass.

"Well, it's a go. Nice looking girl, half drowned; no house in sight; getting towards dusk. Wonder what I'd better do. If she's drowned I ought to—let's see—roll her on a barrel, I think. But the water there surely isn't deep enough to drown any one. She must have been walking close to the river, and the bank caved in. More scared than hurt, I guess."

Just then the girl opened a pair of large brown eyes and fixed them on the young man. For a moment she hesitated, as if collecting her thoughts, and then, trying to rise, she sank with a blue and half-life. "I was awfully frightened in the water, and—you must have fished me out."

"I did that service for you, miss; and now, if you will tell me in which direction we can soonest find a house, I will wrap you up in a blanket from my boat and carry you there."

"My own house is just across the field, and can be seen after passing the grove of cedars; but I am quite able to walk if you will aid me with your arm, and I would not ask that if the fall had not quite taken away my breath, and I still tremble from the fright. I am not a bit brave, as you see."

"Your trembling is from cold more than fright, I imagine. But you must let me get you a wrap from my boat," with which Barry Newton made a hasty trip to the canoe, took a warm blanket from its recesses, and hastened back to wrap it around the young girl's shoulders.

"There, now, I fancy you will be a little more comfortable. But let us hasten, for standing in wet garments is not conducive to health."

"Dear me, I don't know what my mother will say at my latest adventure," laughingly said his companion, as they hurried across the field, "and I know I deserve a sound railing for being so careless. But I was so wrapt in watching your pretty boat that I did not notice how frail a support was beneath me. My absurd fright was utterly inexcusable, considering that the water was not deep enough to drown me. It must have afforded you great amusement."

The eyes that glanced up at the young man, as he emphatically repudiated the idea of being amused at her misfortune, were certainly the most bewitching eyes he had ever seen. And he noted, too, that his companion was not the immature girl he had at first thought her to be, but a young woman of at least eighteen, of short stature, but of a rounded figure, beautiful in its symmetry, that lost none of its charm by being so faithfully depicted in the damp and clinging garments.

"Here we are at last," said the little lady, as they approached a neat stone mansion, nestled among some shady oaks, "and there is mamma watching for me."

A middle-aged lady, with a pleasant face surrounded by waving hair slightly tinged with gray, stood on the porch, looking with some astonishment at the approaching couple, evidently at a loss to comprehend the meaning of the Indian blanket of the one, and the blue flannel costume of the other.

"For mercy's sake, Fanny, what has happened?"

"Only another of my ridiculous adventures, dear mamma. You see, my love for the water led me too close to the river, and the bank gave way and I went. And this gentleman was good enough to fish me out."

"Bless me, child, you are in a frightful state. Run to your room at once. And you, sir, I dare say my daughter hasn't so much to thank you for your kindness,—she is such a household slave. Pray come in and let me offer you some refreshment. Are you from Pleasantville?"

"My name is Newton, madam," replied Barry, "and I am traveling alone upon the river in a canoe. I hoped to reach the house of a friend to-night, but fear I shall not. I am grateful for your kind invitation, but beg of you to excuse me, as I must hasten on to find an inn before dark where can lodge to-night."

I beg you not to think of such a thing, Mr. Newton. Our home is at your service for a lodging to-night, the inn at the next village, and a shabby place, and not to be thought of, and Fanny would never forgive me if I let you go without giving her a chance to thank you for 'fishing her out,' as she calls it."

"But—"

"But me no buts, sir," pleasantly said the lady, "I insist."

"Well, I agree, on one condition: that my canoe be given a place also. The stable will do for it."

"Your canoe shall be sheltered, of course. Michael, help Mr. Newton to carry his boat from the river. I shall expect you directly, sir."

Half an hour later found Barry Newton in a room in the house, gazing ruefully at the reflection of his sunburnt face and grim costume in the glass. After performing a hasty toilet and giving himself as presentable an appearance as he was able, he descended to the drawing room, where he was so kindly greeted by Mrs. Gardiner and her daughter that he was soon at his ease, and forgot his boating togethery in the free, informal and home-like hospitality accorded him.

By the time tea was over Barry Newton felt himself completely at home, and thanked his lucky star that he had been led to the pleasant country house. The daughter played and sang divinely, and Barry's old college songs, sung in a low tone, were very agreeably appreciated; so that the evening passed very quickly, and it was quite late when bedtime was announced. Barry found it quite impossible to address the daughter as "Miss Gardiner," for her small figure, merry laughter, and naive, child-like manners made that appellation sound too stilted. In introducing her Mrs. Gardiner had merely called her "Fanny," so Barry easily dropped into "Miss Fanny," and as it did not seem disagreeable he continued thus to address her.

Not at all a common girl," thought the young man, as he lay that night on the soft couch in his room, listening to the rain that had begun falling in a measured "rat-tat" on the roof. "In fact, quite an uncommon girl. She's just like a child in her ways, but she's a clever, pretty little thing, and she's got a—something, I don't know what, that's just deucedly captivating. I wonder if she knows many men. Of course she don't, though, in this out-of-the-way place. The mother spoke of 'my son,' who seems to be away at present, and Miss Fanny said she wished 'John' were at home. This 'John' must be her brother."

Next morning the rain had not ceased, but came down in a steady pour, that showed no sign of abating. The Gardiners would not listen to Barry's proposal to depart in the storm, and insisted so strongly on his remaining that he could not refuse. It must be confessed, too, that the prospect of spending a day in the delightful society of Miss Fanny was very agreeable to contemplate. During the morning, while Mrs. Gardiner was busy directing the household affairs, Barry and Miss Fanny were discussing the canoe trip, and the farmer was relating some amusing incidents that had occurred to him.

"And who is this friend that you are on your way to visit, if it be not impertinent to ask?"

"His name is John Sanders," said Barry; and then he continued, without noticing the start which the mention of the name had caused Miss Fanny, "he is an old college chum, and the best fellow in the world, but he's an odd sort of stick, so old-fashioned and precise in his ways, and an interesting a specimen of humanity to those who do not know him well, as would be met in a week's journey. At college he was always the butt for our practical jokes, being ready to credit our most extravagant tales. He has lately been married, and to some said creature like himself, I imagine,—probably some old maid that no one else would think of choosing."

The little lady's face was now blood-red, and her eyes sparkled strangely. But she coughed a little, and replied composedly, "I believe I have heard of him; and, if I am not mistaken, his residence is not a great way from here." Then, with an excuse, she hurriedly retired to her room. The day passed very pleasantly, notwithstanding the storm without, and at its close Barry was still more enchanted than before with the vivacious Fanny. When, therefore, the next morning showed the storm still at its height, it was without great difficulty that he was persuaded to remain yet another day.

"But to-morrow will be Sunday," said he, and I must

surely join my friend before then. I can perhaps get a wagon to transport my canoe overland to his house, and with my waterproofs I can walk the distance without inconvenience."

"I beg you will not leave during such weather," said Mrs. Gardiner. "It may be further than you think to your friend's house, and this steady pour has doubtless caused a flood that may have carried away bridges and inundated roads, as is often the case in this low country. Believe me, you had better stay."

Barry wondered not a little at such urging to him, and a stranger up to a day or two before. Had he noticed the suppressed smile of his mother, and the mischief dancing in the eyes of the daughter, it might have set him thinking perhaps. But our young gentleman had quite an allowance of vanity in his composition, and with the simple thought that any one ought to be pleased with the company of so agreeable a person as Mr. Barry Newton, he dismissed all further consideration of the matter.

Toward night the wind changed and the storm subsided; and the next day (Sunday) the sun shone pleasantly. The country person was in "camp meeting" that week, and there was no service in the little church, so toward noon-time Mamma Gardiner dropped into a quiet drive to the great armchair, and Miss Fanny and Barry went out for a walk by the river. The more Barry saw of the little lady the stronger grew his attachment for her, and he suspected, too, that he was not by any means disagreeable to her. Sundry little actions and half-suppressed advances, while of little moment in themselves, seemed to indicate a growing tenderness for him that was highly flattering. A sudden sparkle of mischief in the speaking blue eyes, however, often confused him in his attempts to guess the feelings that agitated the heart of the young woman, and he became more and more entangled in the meshes of her unfathomable ways.

They walked a long way that delightful Sunday by the river, and through the cedar grove; and at last sat down to rest on a grassy hillock, beneath a huge oak, whose branches were festooned with the twinkling shoots of a wild grape-vine. Barry had fastened a rude chaplet of wild roses and oak leaves, bound with tendrils from the vine above them, with which he insisted upon crowning the jet locks of the pretty round head beside him. Very charming was the blush that diffused itself over the little lady's face as the young man knelt over her, his lips almost touching her forehead as he bent to rote the contrast between the green of the leaves and the huc black of the splendid hair.

"Is it becoming?" asked she.

"It is lovely," answered the young man, looking, not at the garland, but straight at the eyes beneath, and with an ardent expression in his gaze that could not be mistaken.

"It is late, and mamma will expect us," said Miss Fanny, suddenly rising. And the two wended their way toward the stone mansion.

"One thing is plain," soliloquized Barry that night, "I must either leave to-morrow, or else—" the young man pulled his blonde whiskers without completing his sentence. "I think the little creature loves me—perhaps without knowing it, she is so innocent and child-like—and I ought not to remain here to entrap her young heart. She is a dear little thing, though, and I might as well look a deal further and not—Hang it! I don't believe I know my own feelings. To-morrow—well, we will see."

The morrow dawned pleasantly, and promised a glorious day. Barry said nothing of leaving until alone with Fanny after breakfast, when he announced his intention of taking steps for an immediate departure.

"But you surely won't cheat me of my promised canoe ride?"

"Are you in earnest about wishing to try my canoe?"

"Of course."

"It is late," thought Barry, as he assented to the lady's wishes.

The little canoe had never been intended for more than one passenger, but by a little maneuvering Miss Fanny was found a place in the "well," facing her instructor, and the lesson in paddling was begun. After much splashing and sprinkling of water, and a good deal of laughter, the fair pupil declared herself proficient in the art, and to prove it she agreed to guide the canoe alone. Success did not attend her efforts, however, for she lost her head in such a zig-zag course that it finally ran under an arch formed by the overhanging boughs of a large willow growing on the bank, and its tiny flag-pole became entangled in the branches.

"You have made yourself a prisoner," laughed Barry.

"And a willing one for a time," said the lady; "for the sun cannot look through this leafy shelter, let him try ever so hard."

"I trust he will restrain his wrath to-morrow, when I am on my journey."

"Are you quite sure you will resume your journey to-morrow, Mr. Newton?" asked Fanny, with just the faintest twinkle of mischief in the brown eyes.

"I surely must be," answered the unsuspecting Barry.

"You must be very anxious to see your old-fashioned friend and his old-maidish wife, that nobody else would have ever thought of marrying."

"I fear I shall find their company very dull after the delightful days I have spent here."

"I hope that your visit to them will prove just as delightful as your short stay with us," said Fanny, with an incredulous smile.

"That would be impossible," said Barry, earnestly. "Miss Fanny, believe me when I tell you that these few days that I have passed in your company have been the happiest, the sweetest of my whole life. In this short time I have learned to appreciate one little, simple, innocent heart at its full worth. Fanny" continued the young man, not noting the look of utter amazement depicted in his companion's face. "I have learned what it is to love. And, dear Fanny, my heart tells me that you—"

At that moment a sudden step was heard on the bank over their heads, and Miss Fanny, looking up, cried out joyously, "John! oh John!"

"Hello! here you are at last," and a tall figure came bounding down the slope, and wading knee-deep into the river, lifted the little woman out of the canoe, and administered one, two, three loving kisses on the rosy mouth. "And you, my Barry, my Mother Gardiner told me I would find you and my wife sailing on the river somewhere. How do you like my country-pleasure, old chum?"

"My wife!" John Sanders' wife! Barry was too dumb-founded to reply.

"What's the matter, my boy? Haven't lost your voice, have you? I told you smoking cigarettes would ruin your lungs."

"John," said the little woman, "we have played a shame-

ful trick on Mr. Newton. But, really, I couldn't help it when he told me how often he had made you the subject of practical jokes at college. And he had the effrontery, John, to say that your wife must be an 'old maid, that no one but you would ever have thought of choosing.' and the little lady broke out in a peal of silvery laughter.

Explanations followed, and Barry gradually recovered from the shock the unexpected denouement had caused him. His hearty good nature enabled him to take kindly a practical joke played on himself, and he appeared to laugh and chat with his old college chum as if the occurrence were an everyday affair, already forgotten. One thing only concerned him; the fear that Fanny would tell her husband of his confession of love for herself. That would make him appear ridiculous in John Sanders' eyes. That night Barry met her alone in the hall.

"Mrs. Sanders," said he, "can you keep a secret?"

"I can, and will," said the little woman. And that ended it.

SENSE.

A TALE OF WACCAWAM LAKE.

ON the line of the railroad leading from Wilmington, N. C., to Columbia, and just thirty-four miles from the former, there is a lake covering about twenty-five square miles, which is a favorite resort of the anglers of that section of country. It is nowhere more than fifteen feet deep, and generally its waters are as placid as the features of a sleeping beauty. Black bass, chinquepin-perch, warmouth, white perch, bream, grindles and other fish common to that latitude, abound in the lake and its tributary.

The water has often had rare sport taking most of these varieties, and in enjoying them upon the shore after they had had the culinary attention of his old friend Kinchen K.—one of the salt of the earth—whose art in fishing was only excelled by his capacity for preparing the fruits of his line for the delectation of his palate.

Artificial flies and jointed rods and reels, were, in my time, unknown to the simple people who lived near the lake, and the common red worm, the grub, a hair line and a long light rod of native red answered fully all their wants. Of course a "dog-out" or canoe made of cypress was a necessary addition to the equipment. In the open water among the bays and grass, which grew upon the margin, and in the little creeks which discharge their waters into the lovely lake, the disciples of "the gentle art" whiled away many a pleasant hour drawing the fish from the dark water, and looking forward to the time when they should return home.

"The expectant we things loddin' stacher tho' to meet the fisher-folk, and the water is Lake Waccawam, pronounced *Wak-a-man*, and at Flemington, a station about five hundred yards from its northern bank, is a well-kept hotel presided over by Mrs. Nick Carroll, who succeeded her mother, Mrs. Brothers, well-known to the traveling public as the keeper of one of the best eating-houses in the South. Here ample accommodations can be had, and Nick himself is often willing to pilot his friends around and show them the best places in which to fish.

A few miles northeast of the Lake there lived, several years ago, a fisherman named John Aways, who had the happy faculty of narrating his piscatorial exploits by giving full flow to a vivid imagination, and who sometimes indulged in such extravagant tales, that the falsity of them was patent on the face of the statement. He had a brother named George who was his equal in these peculiarities, and when the two set their heads, they could invent stories of their sport in Waccawam Lake which required the most thorough credulity to believe them. That man was indeed unfortunate who so wanted to describe his remarkable success with the fishing-rod when either was present, for he soon had to hang his head in very shame. A clerical friend of the writer was on one occasion, several years ago, the unhappy victim who was immolated upon the sharp racks of John Aways' satire, when, in sincere joy, he was telling of the great number of fish he had taken a few days before in the dark but clear waters of Lake Waccawam and its feeders. But to our tale.

The clergyman, whose name was Duffrey, lived about eighty miles from the Lake, and being fond of fishing (and what good man is not? Old Iszak Walton said that the Lord had never made a b-tter or more innocent diversion) had visited it, and indulged in the quiet and contemplative pastime. He had been quite successful, and loved to tell of the joyful sport he had found. He may have followed, sometimes, the angler's liberty, and given a rosyate hue to his performances; but he was full of the pleasures he had had, and loved to sing his joys aloud. On his way home he had to travel a few miles by steam to Cape Fear River, and while sitting in the cabin dilating on the glories of Waccawam, the aforesaid John Aways happened to be one of his auditors. Old Kinchen K. was present also, and being a man of much humor, and desiring to see what John could say, he quietly whispered to him and told him who our hero was, requesting that as soon as there was a hiatus, he would tell the preacher something that he had seen and done at the Lake. The idea "jumped with the humor" of John, and he watched for an opportunity to enter into the conversation.

Our clerical friend had to stop momentarily to get rid of an accumulation of tobacco juice, and John lost no time in availing himself of the chance. With a drawing voice he said:

"And you've been to the Lake, stranger, has ye?"

"Was there yesterday," said the preacher.

"And did ye catch many?" said John.

This started the preacher again, and he had proceeded for several minutes in his descriptions of the charms of the lake when he ventured to ask John if he had ever been there.

"Mecers, I was there; John; why, stranger, I helped make that Lake, and the old narry square foot in it that I haven't wet my line in."

This whooper somewhat took our preacher off his high horse, and he thereafter became only a questioner, John having the right to the floor.

"What fish do you like the best, Mr. Aways?"

"Wall, for fryin', when they are a leetle corned, give me the blackfish (grindles), but for biling I'd rather have the trout."

"What do you think of the white perch?"

"Wall, they're toleble good, if you could just get 'em to the pan soon enough, but they're rotten before you can get 'em off the hook."

"Are there any large trout in the Lake, Mr. Aways?"

"Large trout, did you say? Why, stranger, what do you live?"

"I live in Stoningham."

"And do you know Sam McGethan?" (Old Sam once

lived on the banks of the Lake, where he was well known. He had removed years before to the vicinity of Stoning-ham.)

"I have seen him but have little acquaintance with him."

"Wall, I saved his life once."

"You did. How did that happen?"

"Has ye ever been at the Big Creek, just about where it runs in the Lake?"

"Yes, I was there yesterday."

"Wall, it happened this way. Brother George and me, we heered that there was some famous big blackfish in thar, thar was a breaking folk's hooks and lines; so we was in Wilmington and got the blacksmith Polley to make us a hook 'bout the size of your finger, and we bought from Dawson some plow lines and a bar or two of lead for a sinker. We got some four tupo-gum roots for coriks, and as we had just killed a mutton, we took some of that for bait. A'ter we got thar, we cut a black-gum saplin' for a pole, and cut some forks to hold it up. About a hundred yards from the mouth we flung the hook in and I staid thar a watchin' while brother George went fuder up to McGethan's house. A'ter a little while I begun to see a nibble, and 'twas't long before the cork went under. I just let him have it long enough to get it full in his mouth, when I got hold of the pole and fotch a fillop when the hook stuck. I tugged and tugged, but couldn't budge it. I hollered to brother George to come to me, for I had ketchid the great-grand-daddy of all the blackfish. When he come and cotch hold w' me, it began to give a little, and atter a while as we backed out on the shore, hit come to the top of the water w'ith its mouth open. And I saw, I seed two big loas sticking out, and by 'em I knowed it was Sam McGethan. We drag the fish out as quick as we could, and I told brother George to gut his knife, for old Sam was in a bad fix. He ripped the fish open, and shore enough out come old Sam a-smilin', and sayin' he was much obleeged to us, for he was pretty near gone. He told us he slipped off a log about a hour before, and something swallowed him. Says I, 'Brother George, old Sam's mighty good bait, spouse we try him again?' So we hooked him on, and in an hour or so we had ketchid two cart loads of the biggest blackfish and trout you ever seed. Now, stranger, didn't I save his life?"

By this time the audience was in a yell and our poor preacher found a man who could best him at the game of big talk and give him a long start. He has never been known since to volunteer any stories in regard to Waccawam Lake in the section of country where John Aways' yarn has been heard.

The news of his discomfiture reached Stoningham a few days after the arrival of our hero, and just as he had finished a glowing account of his trip, a gentleman who was listening turned to another and said: "And do you know Sam McGethan?" When our hero heard that fatal inquiry, he dropped his head, and timidly asked, "Where did you hear that big lie?" At this a shot of laughter went up from all who had heard of the steamboat disaster, and our friend had business in another locality.

And so endeth this chapter.

BONE

SPORT AS BRAIN FOOD—I.

ONE but those who turn to forest and stream for relief from the monotonous cares of life in the business world can find not only the physical strength, but renewed by sports and field, but the reinvigoration of an exhausted, weary brain.

In 1858, '59 and '60, weary of city life, work, temptation and the dissipation a man with many friends must face in the great metropolises of our nation, I bought a tract of wild land in the Adirondacks, built me a rude hunter's home and until the civil strife of 1861 called me to the defence of the flag and Union, under which and in the service of which, I gained my education, such as it is, I lived there happy as a forest king.

The nearest house to me was Wood's, on the Raquette—nine miles off—the nearest settlement worth the name, twenty-eight miles, and my stores were hauled in eighty-four miles from Glens Falls, then not more than one-third its present size.

Game and fish, speckled and salmon trout so abundant that one man could have fed a hundred, if skilled in the art of hunting and fishing, for a good hunter and a good handler of the blunt rod, blanketed in that line.

When I went into that wilderness I felt that my brain was giving way. To write had become a distasteful labor. Before I had spent three months there, living almost solely on the proceeds of my rod and gun, I felt physically and mentally like a new man. Sweet rest at night, a constant appetite for three square, hearty meals a day, showed that physically I was a gainer in the life I led. As to the brain, it was never before more fresh and strong, my very soul seemed to beat in the poetry of the grand panorama of Nature about me.

It was then I wrote the words, set to music by my friend and guest Wm. H. Dutton, and published by Col. Wm. A. Pond, in New York, entitled

MY HOME.

Where the silvery gleam of the rushing stream
Is so brightly seen o'er the rocks' dark green,
Where the white pink grows by the wild red rose,
And the bluebird sings till the welkin rings.

There is my home—my wild-wood home.

Where the red-deer leaps and the panther creeps
And the eagles scream over lake and stream,
Where the lilies bow their crests of snow,
And the hemlocks tall throw a shade o'er all—

There is my home—my wild-wood home.

Where the rolling rust laves the emerald turf,
Where the trout leaps high for the hovering fly,
Where the sportsman's black-crowns the sage green lawn,
Where the crow's shrill cry betrays a tempest nigh,

There is my home—my wild-wood home.

Where no sound intrudes in the dense, dark woods,
Where no step is heard but of breeze and birds,
Where the world's foul sun will not ever come,
Where friends are so few that all are true,

There is my home—my wild-wood home.

I do not offer this as much of a specimen of brain work—it was only one of many such ebullitions boiling over, effervescing all the time. If this paper should be considered readable, in another yet more descriptive of sport there, and embodying a panther hunt, I will give the only link of verses from my pen that I ever felt really proud of—a short poem called "My Maple."

In the years I have named I had lost licks close around

my clearing which I never allowed to be disturbed, because I loved myself to see and to show visiting friends, sometimes as many as eighteen and twenty deer in sight from my porch at once. They seemed to know they would not be harmed near the house, for I never shot any within a mile, in any direction, from the house.

I had six men engaged to trap fur for me in the winter of 1880. And in the month of October alone of that year, with my double-barreled rifle, made by Lewis, of Troy, I shot sixty-three deer, hanging the venison up frozen in my meat house to use as we wanted, smoking and drying many hams, to use on the trapping lines, several of which were over forty miles long, the men carrying provisions to last out and back as they ran over their route.

When I wanted grouse, all I had to do was to walk to a birch or beech ridge and find them in flocks. A dozen or more would rise at once, and by keeping up a jolly whistling, I have held their attention until a half dozen heads had been decapitated with my rifle. I never used a shot gun while in that region, yet scarce a day passed, when I felt like it, that I did not have pleasant or duck on the table.

The old guides and hunters in that section still talk of my rifle-shooting, which, with my well-known modesty, I acknowledge, was not bad, considering my almost daily practice, year in and year out.

But this paper is long enough.

NED BUSTLINE.

A CRITICAL EVENT.

A JEWELLED young man came down from the North

On a sleepy autumn day;
His sandals shod with silver wool,
His hilted sword was sunbeam proof,
While high at his back he carried a sack
Full of brushes and tints of the morning.

He grasped a brush of a dery hue
And swept it along the vales;
But the critical trees all quivered and sild,
With a breeze of contempt, "It is red, brick red!"
As he gave to his wrist a singular twist,
The broad leaves shook adorning.

Nothing daunted he seized a different tint,
With an artist's eye to his work;
But the trees complained that 'twas all dun gold,
And made them yellow, sere and old;
So he started, a-lack! on a different track,
Their acres of wisdom scorning.

For his sack disappeared, and his pencil turned
To a lance of polished ice;
And he smote each leaf of the difficult trees
A death blow straight through the "silver-de-freeze"
Of their earping eyes, and to Paradise
He carried their robes with the dawning.

J. P. T.

A DECEMBER DAY.

AND now the bleak December day
Frowns grizzly on the landscape gray
The rosy clouds that flush'd erewhile
The vaulted air-fields with their smile,
And cast their soft reneted shade
O'er upland heights and bowery glade,
Have faded, and a sombre veil
Shrouds the horizon, cold and pale.

The woods that late I lov'd to tread
When spring-time blooms were o'er them shed;
When earliest leaves would clap their hand
Responsive to the wind's command;
When, wak'd from their drowsy sleep,
The first wood-violets would peep,
And a faint, tremulous tint of green,
Would quiver o'er the vernal scene;
And later, when the summer woods
Were dense through all their solitudes,
And scarce a chequer'd ray might fall
Athwart the forest's leafy wall—
Those grand old woods, now brown and bare,
Stand shivering in the bitter air,
Despoil'd of all their garlands brown,
Or flowing robe, of royal crown,
Drooping, discolor'd, all grandeur dead,
Like kings dethroned, like monarchs dead!
Each knotty bole of oak and elm
Wears cuirass bright and icy helm,
Ensheath'd in armor, sleekly bright,
Like plated mail on harness'd knight;
And on each crystal sprig and spray,
They, jewels of the frost display.

The brook that late in laughter stray'd
With dimpl'd pool or full cascade,
Where late the angel's footstep trod,
The flower-enamell'd, mossy sod,
Now pallid, lifeless, mute and cold,
Lies corpse-like in the icy fold.
The river, border'd by fair trees,
That leant to catch their images,
Lies solid ice from shore to shore,
Where fly the wild-fowl flocks no more.

Yet merry is the winter day
With jingling bells and joyous sleigh;
With skater's laughter, and the bright
Gay carols of the Christmas night.

Shelter Island, Dec. 1.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

A WALKING CLUB has been organized in the Nassau Boat Club, for the purpose of making pedestrian excursions into the suburbs on stated days, weather permitting. The second autumn walk took place on Sunday, 11th inst., from the rendezvous at One Hundred and Thirty-first street and Fourth avenue, the following named gentlemen taking part: C. E. Goodhue (acting as scout in the absence of Capt. W. A. Lentillon), A. P. Gould, Charles Badgley, John Jewitt, Seymour Hall and G. W. Scott. The course led them to New Rochelle, where a hearty dinner was partaken of at the Huguenot House, and thence to West Farms station, from which place a train conveyed them to this city. A bowling class has also been formed, limited to twenty-five members, fourteen gentlemen having thus far joined. Alleys have been secured at 74 Third Avenue. It is the intention of the club to engage the use of a gymnasium for the winter months.—H. W. LIVINGSTON.

Natural History.

THE ENEMIES OF GAME BIRDS.

RUTLAND, VT., Dec. 10, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been greatly entertained by reading the various communications brought out in your columns in response to my inquiry some weeks since, as to what had become of the ruffed grouse. Your suggestion of ticks seemed to me, on the whole, the most rational, and I have been investigating it as I have had opportunity. Not having bagged a bird since November 4, I have had no opportunity for a personal examination; but from conversation and correspondence with sportsmen in various parts of the country I am growing to believe that that is the real secret of the trouble, although the authorities are not agreed. An old Adirondack friend, a guide of long experience, writes me that he has never seen a tick on a grouse, although he has found them on owls, hawks and eagles. Others tell me that they have often observed them on old birds, but never found the young de birds under such circumstances as to warrant an indictment against the tick. One gentleman told me that he shot a bird only this season that was so emaciated that he made examination for the cause and found the sides of the head and neck infested with burrowing insects, which I suppose must have been the insects in question. Others have told me that they had often observed them, but never before suspected them of being destructive to either old or young birds.

The various theories that have been advanced seem to me to be not well sustained. Hawks, owls, skunks, weasles and squirrels have all much more abundant a year ago than now. If they, or any of them, are the destroyers, the grouse ought to be more plenty now, for their natural enemies are well high exterminated, in this country at least.

The theory of your Ferrisburg correspondent that they were, to some extent, migratory in their habits, and have gone to the back-lying towns and to the mountains, is not, I fear, tenable. They are not, I think, migratory birds in any sense, and so far as their being abundant in the mountain towns is concerned, you will recollect that my first letter on this subject was brought out by the fact that an expedition to a mountain town where they were said to be in great numbers, and where they are certainly not hunted to any extent, was entirely barren of results. It is easy to hear of a place where they are plenty, but let your correspondent verify the reports and tell us about it on his return.

A fact of great interest to us here has just transpired. A large berry of quail is known to exist in the town of Sunderland—some fifty miles south of this place. Whether the birds came naturally to that place and bred there, or whether they were brought there, is not certainly known as yet. I suspect the latter, however. Still, we hope that it may prove that they are working their way northward, and that they may become naturalized among us.

By the way, it is difficult to keep quail in confinement over winter? I have a place for importing some hundred or two, and liberating them in the spring; not with any great idea that they will winter here, but in the hope that they will breed here and give us a little shooting in the autumn, after the woodcocks are gone. I wish some of your correspondents who have had experience in keeping them in confinement would give us the benefit of their experience and some hints how to treat them.

VERDE MONTZ.

AMESBURY, MASS., Dec. 1881.—Editor Forest and Stream: Present indications this season so far point favorably for a mild and open winter; snow buntings and shrikes have not put in their appearance yet. Within a week I have seen a flock of robins numbering sixty or seventy, and to-day I saw two. Several flocks of quail have been started here this fall, but very few have been shot. The disappearing of the ruffed grouse within the last three years so rapidly, without any apparent cause more than that of past years, is something that should interest every sportsman; and I have been pleased very much to see the notes bearing on it in your journal. Five years ago ruffed grouse were plenty compared to what they are now; and a crack shot could bag fifty in a season's shooting. This season the number can be counted on the fingers. During my rambles the past three seasons I discovered three nests of the ruffed grouse, containing respectively eight, ten and eleven eggs, within five hundred yards of my home; and I had the pleasure of seeing that they all hatched and left a nest of shells. Now the question to me is, where did all of these young grouse disappear to? Did they die before they matured, or were they captured by some animal or bird of prey? In my opinion two animals most destructive to the feathered tribe are the mink and the weasel. Their work is so silent, their range of territory so large, and their eagerness of search so complete, that I believe that they destroy more game around those parts than all the hawks, owls and foxes put together.—JNO. O'LE.

RANGELY, M.—Editor Forest and Stream: Of the grouse brought in here fully ninety per cent are old crows. If the red squirrel theory is correct, this preponderance can be accounted for, as the female while nesting would be most subject to attack. While hunting last spring in York county, New Brunswick, the woods fairly swarmed with red squirrels. Late in the fall I received letters from there mentioning great scarcity of ruffed grouse.—WALFELD.

THE COLORING OF RUFFED GROUSE.—Williamson, Ct., Dec. 18.—In your issue of the 15th I noticed an article by "Mark West" referring to the different coloring of the ruffed grouse in different localities. My observations are that it is owing entirely to the absence or presence of sun-light. In the spruce and hemlock forests of Maine you will find this bird of a very dark grayish color when seen at a distance, but on examination you will find its color to be the richest blending of brown, gray and black, shaded and tinted in a most exquisite manner, the colors being remarkably bright and clear; but in the hard-wood districts, where the bird is more exposed to the sun, you will find its color faded and bleached. This is true particularly of Pennsylvania and Virginia, where the bird is of a little closer cover and much more sunlight. This bird is bleached and faded in color to such an extent as to destroy all the delicate shades and tints above referred to.

In Virginia, where I have shot many a one, they are so nearly the color of oak leaves as to make it almost impossible to see them when sitting among the leaves.—CLIFFORD.

INQUIRIES ABOUT THE SNOW GROUSE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream: Permit me to thank "Homo" through the columns of your valued paper for his detailed answer in this week's Forest and Stream to a note of inquiry I recently sent him relative to snow geese (*Anser hyperboreus*) on the Delaware.

In the early part of October I received from Wm. Lane, Good Ground, L. I., a very fine specimen of the snowgoose, and immediately became interested in the species, owing to the diversity of opinion regarding it.

The older authorities generally, I think, make the snow (*A. hyperboreus*) and the blue goose (*A. carolinensis*) one species, while the later authorities seem inclined to separate them. I should like to know whether any of the readers of the Forest and Stream have ever had a blue goose in captivity until it changed its plumage to that of a snow goose. I have one such record from a very responsible source. I shrank like also to get its Atlantic coast distribution. We hear it in great numbers at Chincoteague and Currituck, but on Long Island it is extremely rare.

Any facts on either of the above points will be appreciated, whether received through the columns of the Forest and Stream, or direct.

WILLIAM DETONISH.

Member Linnean Society of New York.

320 Broadway, N. Y.

HORSE HAIR SNAKES.—I would not bother you with this note but to help disabuse the "popular mind"—certainly no scientific mind ever entertained it—as to the theory that horse hairs turn into snakes, as referred to by Mr. Vennor in your issue of Dec. 8. He asks if any one ever saw the miraculous transformation, and, of course, he will never get an affirmative answer. In the fall of 1875, S. L. Wilkinson, Esq., postmaster here, put two so-called hair snakes in a fruit jar, and placed them in a window exposed to the sun. He thought nothing of them for several days, but, on examining them again, found the jar literally alive with little "serpents" about three-quarters of an inch long, no larger than a fine human hair, and pure white in color. There were literally thousands of them present, and there were several knots of them in the bottom of the jar. As hundreds saw the parents and baby snakes, it would be difficult to make the old story go down in this place.—J. J. STRANAHAN.

Chagrin Falls, O., Dec. 10, 1881.
[The supposed "little serpents" seen by Mr. Wilkinson were probably broken fragments of the egg chain, and not young at all. The individual eggs are very minute, and the newly hatched young would scarcely be visible to the naked eye. On the other hand, the chain of eggs exactly resembles what our correspondent describes above.]

HOW TO CATCH A TARANTULA.—Three years ago as I was starting off on a camping trip to Mt. Diablo, Cal., I met a Mr. Perkins, who was deeply interested in natural history, and especially in spiders. Knowing that tarantulas were numerous in that locality, he, in a half-joking way, asked me to bring him back one. As I could locate him the very next day I saw a large tarantula sunning himself on the hot sand of the road. How to catch him puzzled me for some time. I cut a long twig and poked him with it. He clawed and bit at it furiously. This gave me an idea, and tying a piece of twine to the twig and making a noose at the other end, I managed to slip it over Mr. Tarantula, gave it a jerk, and had him fast. The way he doubled himself up and kicked was very ludicrous; but knowing that his bite was as deadly as a rattlesnake's, I took good care to keep him at arm's length. On reaching camp, I put him in a box, twine and all, and a few days later delivered him to my friend alive and in perfect condition. He had managed, however, to free himself from the twine. He was a monster in size, and with legs extended would cover a dinner-plate. I heard from him a year ago; he was still alive and seemingly contented in captivity.—JAMES P.

Boston, Dec. 11, 1881.

THE SPARROW CURSE IN AUSTRALIA.

It is not so very long since the question of the usefulness or injuriousness of the English sparrow was discussed at length in the columns of Forest and Stream. The importance of the question fully warranted the ample space that was given to it, and the testimony offered on the opposing side was very full, and came from a number of all classes and professions. Agriculturists and ornithologists alike presented their views, and many of our leading scientific men pre-ented the results of their observations on the habits of the bird in America.

The evidence presented made it quite clear that on this continent the sparrow, which was imported for a certain specific purpose, has not fulfilled the expectations that were indulged in about him when he was first brought to these shores. It had been supposed that he would be of the very greatest service to us, as a destroyer of insects. It was shown that he lives almost entirely on grain, seeds, buds and fruit. Dissections of many individuals, made during the late summer and early autumn, failed to show any considerable amount of insect food in the birds' crops. Moreover, from the testimony of farmers and fruit-growers, it appears that the sparrows do a great amount of damage to fruit-trees, as well by feeding on the buds in early spring as by eating the ripening fruit later in the season. Ornithologists and observers generally, with but few exceptions, agreed in stating that the sparrow is quarrelsome to the last degree, and that by its pugnacity and its numbers it drives away from the localities, where it abounds, our native birds which are more beautiful, sweeter-voiced, more useful, and in all respects more desirable than the sparrow. North America is not the only foreign country into which this bird has been introduced.

Imported into Australia, they have so increased and multiplied, as to have proved such a curse to the farmers, that the Government has been obliged to take active measures against their destruction. To this end, a commission was appointed in August last by His Excellency Sir William Jervois, "to inquire into and report upon the alleged injuries caused to fruit-growers, gardeners, farmers and others by sparrows, and to consider the desirability of taking steps for their destruction, and to report upon the best means to be employed therefor." The Commission was also instructed: "Without delay to report to me (the Governor) the result of your (their) investigations in the matters aforesaid."

The progress report of this commission, issued in September last, shows a terrible state of affairs brought about by these wretched little birds. An analysis of the testimony taken is as follows, and shows:

First.—I. That the sparrow is established over an area of the colony comprising Adelaide and its suburbs from the sea-coast eastward well up into the hills; southwards to Happy Valley, Comandante Valley and Willunga; northwards to Allendale, and for on—though we hope as yet detached—at Decatur, near Wirralura. In the south-east, M. and J. are the centre of the colony.

II. That the victims of sufferings within the foregoing area cry for relief from sparrow depredations as if from a pest; and with reason on the following statements, as examples may show: From Mr. John Chambers, of South Richmond: "The short crop of fruit and the loss of the fruit of a few and a half of grapes. They stripped all the figs of five trees. They kept lost fifteen acres of income during summer." From Mr. E. J. Dunn, of Salisbury: "This season they (the sparrows) took £300 worth of fruit," and from Mr. Wilcox, of Lower Mitcham: "Has three acres this season lost pear, and they have each time been destroyed by sparrows."

III. That the species of sparrow dwelling in South Australia damages or consumes fruits, cereals and vegetables. Its fecundity is astonishing. A few to-day, are thousands next season. Its work is done on a magnitude depriving to the cultivator, and under conditions he cannot control; for the seed is taken out of the ground, the fruit-laid off the tree, the sprouting vegetable as fast as it grows, and the fruit once it is ripe, and, therefore, before it can be housed and stored.

IV. That the cultivations attacked by sparrows, are as follows: Of Fruits—Apples, cherries, figs, apples, grapes, peaches, plums, pears, nectarines, loquats and olives. Of Cereals—Wheat and barley. Of Vegetables—Peas, cabbages, cauliflowers, and garden asparagus.

V. That the means of defence tried against sparrow depredations have been scarecrows, traps, netting, shooting, poison of phosphorus, arsenic, and strychnine applied through grain, bread, and bran with sugar. The results are generally as follows: The means are inefficient, which may be due to the mode of administration rather than to defects in the materials employed.

VI. To the above expedients the following are suggested by our correspondents, namely:—The tender of rewards for sparrows eggs and heads, the use of traps for the sparrows, and the use of poisoned water in summer. It is further declared that the united action of all property holders, including the Government, in infested districts, is essential to effective results.

Second.—Without reference to other measures, which may be suggested by the Committee, we have no root, their object in tendering this Progress Report is to submit for the approval of your Excellency the propriety of at once setting to work on useful means applicable to the breeding season now commencing, namely: A system of rewards for sparrows' eggs and heads, through responsible agents readily accessible in the various sparrow districts; and we suggest, as a trial, that the rate of payment should be 6d. per dozen for sparrows' heads, delivered; and 2s. 6d. per 100 for sparrows' eggs, delivered.

Third. We have thought proof of his insectivorous habits, but a yet with little result.

Signed by the Committee.

The testimony of the individuals who were examined by the Commission is unanimous in condemning the bird as most destructive to vegetation. One man speaks of them as "fifty times worse than rabbits." No good word is said for the birds. To give some idea of its character we append some extracts from the testimony:

Joseph Bernier, says: "Great damage done to fruits—apples, grapes, figs and plums."

Mr. John Chambers, South Richmond, testifies: Sparrows have thoroughly established themselves in his orchard and orchard. Calculates that he grows annually one and a half tons of grapes, and last season the sparrows took all away from the vines. They also took nearly all the figs from five trees, and nearly all the plums. Had cabbages growing under the plum trees which were infected with aphid, but the sparrows never went near them. In November he sowed a parcel of peas, but the sparrows took them before they were fed down during the summer. They have also destroyed a bed of peas as soon as they appeared above ground, and is quite sure that if they are not destroyed it will be no use attempting to grow anything. Has tried poisoned bait, but the sparrows do not take it, and he has some suspicion from Main & Meyer's; but, like crows, sparrows soon smell powder. United action should be enforced to destroy them.

Mr. C. J. Coates, North Adelaide, states that having heard that the sparrows destroyed poisonous insects, he had made a careful examination of the crop of wheat and barley in his garden every month in the year, but their crops had never shown any insects; they were generally filled with fruit or grain. Last October his roses were covered with aphid, other shrubs with the mealy bug, and his pear tree with *Phylloxera*, but the sparrows were not there. Sparrows attacked the fruit of the pear tree, which was poisoned with phosphorus and strychnine, but the birds have refused to take it. Suggests the levying of a sparrow tax to pay for sparrow heads and eggs.

August Davies, Beaumont: Sparrows are in thousands in his locality, and destroy cherries, apricots, figs, American plums, olives, pears, grapes, and also eat small patches of grain which have been left to ripen. As to destroying grubs, etc., he says the damage done by grubs last year in his garden was greater than that done by sparrows. The sparrows have been tried with arsenic, and have been poisoned with arsenic and strychnine, and also poisoned water, but the birds soon get knowing and avoid it. Traps and scarecrows have been tried, but are useless. Suggests poisoning, and also a repeal of the Gun License Act. In case if they are allowed to increase unchecked, they will become a regular curse, and the crops will suffer enormously.

C. L. Dunlop, Lindum: Sparrows are in his neighborhood by tens of thousands. They destroyed his large crop—say two tons per acre—and other fruit in proportion. They fight shy of poisoned wheat, and he proposes trying one of them in winter time. His neighbor informs him that they have destroyed all his cauliflowers and cabbages—attaching the little shoots as they spring up. Has not seen them take aphid, for he had some cauliflowers covered with aphid, which the sparrows never tried. Thinks the sparrow-hawk should be introduced, and the small predatory birds should be protected and fostered.

Thos. Gill, Glen Osmond: Strongly urges immediate action to destroy sparrows during the present breeding season. The injuries caused by sparrows and their eggs have been tried with traps, by eating grain at sowing and harvest time, it being estimated that fully one-third has been lost; to vigorous, by eating grapes wholesale; to gardeners, by eating off peas directly they appear above ground; and to the community, by driving the frightening away the insectivorous birds. Thinks poisoned grain is the quickest and most effective method of destroying them.

S. A. Mills, Drummer: Year by year sparrows are becoming more numerous, and are now seen in droves. They live in hedges, and make a rain of their eggs, and have been tried with traps, which he had seen for seed. The sparrows took the corn; he only had the straw. They have done extensive damage in the garden, destroying the stone fruits wholesale, more especially grapes. They have driven away smaller insectivorous birds which were to be of great service in the garden, and he thinks the most effective means of destroying them, and hopes active measures will be taken to get rid of them.

Henry A. Price, Mount Gambier: Sparrows have thoroughly established themselves in his neighborhood. It means no account growing fruit in the garden, and the sparrows have been tried with traps, destroying his cherries, plums and apricots before they were ripe, and garden seeds are scattered up and eaten as soon as planted. Last season, planted one particularly seed four times before he could get the plants to grow, and the sparrows have been tried with feathers tied to thread. They pull up young plants and beat the heads off young and tender shoots. At present they are about the farms in thousands, living principally on grain, and must reduce the yield of crops. No systematic steps have been taken to destroy them. Has tried with arsenic, which he has been told would be for a few days, after which the sparrows would not touch the pois-

oned grain. Then tried traps, but they soon got too knowing for these. Thinks united action is absolutely necessary to keep them down, and is also of opinion that destroying the eggs and netting the old birds by every landowner at breeding time would greatly diminish them. When in flocks a considerable number may be shot.

James T. Ralph, Marion, Sturt: Sparrows have established themselves in his neighborhood for years, and the district is now infested with them. He has a fruit garden of four and a half acres, the produce of which was nearly all eaten by sparrows. From one and a half acres of land he did not have more than 15 lbs. of grapes. Cherries, apricots, peaches, pears, figs and plums were also destroyed by these birds. Had a paddock of seven acres, surrounded by a prickly hedge, which proved a good harbor for sparrows, and for ten feet from the hedge the corn sown was taken by the sparrows, even when wheat plants were packed up and the seed taken from them. The only means taken to destroy them has been shooting by himself and neighbors; but this has little effect. He suggests the distribution of poisoned wheat before the fruit season sets in, and also the destruction of their nests. He states that many persons who are dependent on rain water are very much inconvenienced by the pollution of the water by sparrows, which build in the spouts and gutters.

The extracts from the testimony of the forty-two witnesses examined by the Commission during the first four weeks of its existence, will give a general idea of the fair idea of the way in which practical horticulturists look upon the sparrow in Australia. The testimony given was unanimous that the sparrows did not destroy insects when other food was accessible.

Game Bag and Gun.

TWO COLD DAYS AT THE CLUB HOUSE.

THE THANKSGIVING DAY bloomed at the usual hour; and we turned out of our snug beds to find the thermometer showing about eighteen above, and the wind half a gale from the westward. Six members gathered at the breakfast table, and after some discussion decided to carry luncheons and have the Thanksgiving dinner after the day's shoot. (I his boded ill for turkey—think of six men sitting down to turkey after a long day's work in the cold.)

Breakfast dispatched, there was bustling and bundling, ears must be covered, cardigan jackets under the heavy shooting coat, guns and traps, and hats, and the men in overcoats, skin jackets, etc., transform us into an odd looking party, together with the variously costumed punters, make a party that would astonish our uninitiated city friends. Brats laden with decoys, blinds, ammunition pails, guns and other needfuls, complete the picture—six boats only from the hundred that fill the capacious boat house.

Nearly an inch of ice covered the shallow waters of the marsh and bay, so our shooting must be confined to the open waters of the river, down which we pull some three miles. This is an easy task as the "wintry blast" is full in our favor. We indulged a hope that it would lull or change before night. We did not envy those who took punters; for the exercise being a complete countercheck to the piercing winds. Some of the party were stationed under the lee of the high grass along the shore, avoiding the wind. Not so fortunate we; our blind was in an open space, with water on one side and ice on the other, where the wind had full sweep, but by pulling out often to retrieve we managed to keep comfortable, except the feet, which although covered with two pairs of woolen socks and hip boots, ached with the cold.

Only twenty decoys were used, and these became nearly useless on account of the ice which accumulated on the heads, and the great winds of ice on the sides, causing some to turn wrong side up and all to have anything but a natural appearance. If you have never handled decoys in such weather it will be useless to try to convey an idea of the work it is, in the almost irresistible wind and with icy fingers, notwithstanding rubber gloves, the long anchor lines to wind, and I would say to the beginner don't stop to wind up each line, but drop several of the decoys into the boat quickly, leaving the anchors to hang over the gunwale until you have pulled into shallow water, where you can hang on to an oar stuck into the mud or to your blind, wind the cords at your leisure and warm your hands for a new start.

Shooting was not as good as we had hoped, several holes being still open (unfrozen) in places inaccessible to beings without wings. The blind had been shot out of for many days, and the ducks were shy of it. The bag to one gun was only forty-four in two days, composed of red-heads, mallards, dusky ducks, pintails, shorelarks, wigwags, blue-bills, butter-balls and ruddy ducks. These were got by "sky-scraping" and some water-scraping, shooting probably one hundred and fifty shells. Many chances were lost by pulling out after ducks rather than letting them drift away down against the edge of the ice, where the wind had kicked up a little sea, making it unpleasant and not wholly safe to work a small skiff, for the water would be rising, in freezing to windward and sometimes finding the oars in the locks. This is one of the objections to fancy rigging. A good plain car that can be feathered and pulled quickly inboard, being as good as anything. Outriggers are also unhandy when pulling in and out of a blind often.

During part of the first day we took pains to drop ducks on the ice; this was a mistake, the ice being heavier than we had thought, taking nearly an hour to break a channel around the dead bird.

On the second occasion to try coarse shot, 2's, 3's and some B's; but were only confirmed in our long-bird and opinion that 5's are, day in and day out, (after September), the shot for ducks. When a duck is crippled and within forty yards, we prefer 7's or 8's, which are very likely to puncture the head. Mem.—Two charges of 3's were fired at a winged duck, at, perhaps, forty yards; both lifted him off the ice; he laid his head down to a charge of 7's.

A blue-bill swung in within twenty-five feet of the blind; the thought was, while pressing the trigger, he will be blown all to pieces, saving a tip of his bill, and catch his head." Not so. He turned tail at the first barrel, and a clean miss was scored with both. Speaking again of shot—if one could always tell what his next chance would be, or had always time to change shells, the 1's or B's would add materially to the bag, but taken all in all but few of these sizes should be carried, and used as the exception rather than the rule. No 4's are, to me, an abomination. I have no confidence in them, and find that several of my friends have the same feeling.

The second day was even colder and more windy than the first, and pulling up the river each night was a terror. Shooting half a dozen quails, over Sancho, in the morning, and the journey home consumed the third day. A day or two, and

accumulated business is worked off; cold and fatigue are forgotten and the desire to go again is as strong upon us as ever.

By the way, we had a discussion upon the subject of guns. A gun of American make—of long standing—received the very highest praise for shooting qualities. One gentleman, who has an extended shooting acquaintance, affirmed that nine-tenths of the guns used by clubs in this country were of this make, and although he was then shooting his fine English gun, he preferred his American gun by long odds, except in the matter of plungers. "If it only had solid head plungers," he would ask for no other gun. In confirmation of this idea, plungers were broken in two of these guns that day.

ME-HIT-ABIE.

INDIAN METHOD OF CATCHING MUSKRATS.

New Westminster, British Columbia, Nov. 1881.

A MOST ingenious and successful method of catching muskrats (*Fiber laticauda*) is practiced by the Indians in the interior of British Columbia; and as I believe the particular mode is one that is peculiar to them alone, I thought it worthy of being communicated to your paper so that a more extended knowledge of it might be obtained.

When the lakes are frozen up, the Indians repair to one that contains muskrat houses. They go with as large numbers as they can muster; the more people the larger the catch, as the necessary operations cannot be successfully carried on by a few. The boys and girls, as well as the quaws, play an important part in these hunts. Say a lake contains a hundred houses and the number of hunters and "hantresses" is fifty. About forty of the houses are broken open, and there is a comparatively easy matter. The muskrats leave these houses, and taking to the water under the ice, swim away to the other houses, which, of course for the time being, are tenanted by nearly double the usual number of muskrats. The Indians being provided with sufficient of the downy substance that envelopes the seed vessels of the flag, known as the cat-tail (*Typha latifolia*), which resembles in a high degree the pulch of commerce, strew it on top of the water in the bottom of the broken houses. Then a person is stationed at each broken house, armed with a stick or spear as the case may be, and the remaining ten Indians proceed to break open the other sixty houses as rapidly as they can and with as much noise as possible. The poor rats, by this time thoroughly frightened at this new invasion, desert their new quarters and, accompanied with those with whom they formerly resided, repair to the broken house, and the down of the cat-tail on the surface of the water prevents them from seeing the Indian stationed there, and they pop up into the openings in the ice that lead to their former homes; and, blinded for the moment by the down which adheres to them, they are completely at the mercy (?) of Mr. Mrs. Master or Miss Lo, who either spears them or knocks them on the head, throws them out on the ice and gets ready for the next.

If the colony is not too large almost all the animals will in this manner be secured, the only individuals escaping being those that take refuge in the underground burrows in the banks of the lake.

Thus it is that the plant [the roots, leaves and stalks of the cat's tail form the greater part of the materials of which the muskrat houses are built] that affords the muskrat the material for shelter from the rigor and inclemency of the weather, at the same time supplies the medium to the genus *homo* to insure its destruction.

Believed to be the thing that we have supposed and believed to be our best friend proves to be our greatest enemy.

MOWITCH.

A TRUE TALE OF A DUCK PASS.

St. Patl, Minn., Dec. 10, 1881.

WINTER has again settled down upon us, and we can but gossip of the happy days and bright evenings of the shooting season. Sometimes I think it is even better so, for our enforced confinement sends us out when the season again opens, with bright hopes and new determination to enjoy more fully the gallant sport we so delight in. And after all, is not the retrospect one of the greatest enjoyments of the sportsman. All the dangers, annoyances and fatigues are forgotten, and there only remains the memory of the lucky day, the happy shot, the well-aimed shot, the great bird, the light of anticipated repelition; and then the savor of those merry nights, just tired enough to enjoy a rest, the sparkling story, and the jolly laugh re-echoed round the circle. Ah! better sportsmen, could not each of you fill a volume and yet leave the half untold?

But to the gossip. Here in our fair city are to be found a band of sportsmen, than whom none more enjoy and appreciate the forest, stream and prairie, and who, in kindly, hearty feeling, cannot be excelled. And in the late fall months their principal and best sport is duck and goose shooting, their attention is largely directed to that class of game, and I think we could fairly stand our ground on a "pass" with any like number of duck shots in the country. Notable among those *Commer d'Acad* are the Island Pass Club, who include some of our best men and shots, and who own a most "happy hunting ground" at Rice Lakes, the ducking ground, "pat excellence," nearest to our city. A comfortable and commodious house, with excellent attendance, is not the least attraction of the Island Pass Club; and most of the members have been constant visitors to it for the last fifteen years, some for more. Ah! the memories of this and "other days."

Oh! for a collection of the "tales of the duck pass" told within those walls on those merry nights; they are worthy of the pen and genius of Mark Twain. But this is not gossip, and so for a true tale of a duck pass.

Among the most recent, yet kindest and brightest, members of the club is the Rev. R. W. Matthews, called by the members, as usual, "Pious Ike." A retired clergyman, who is rather an devoted to field sports, and who, therefore, gives his well-earned leisure to the hunting field, finding, no doubt, "sermons in stones and books in running brooks." Now, unfortunately, our dominion's practice on the pass had not equalled his precepts, nor indeed his own opinion of his shooting abilities, and, as a result, while his theory was perfect his game bag was light, and his elegant imported retriever was rapidly forgetting how a dead duck looked; indeed, our friend had become somewhat disheartened himself, and the eyes of the eyes from over-study, said that he would give up shooting and retire from the club. But this would never do, he was too much of a *bon comrade* to lose, even if he could not bring down his bird; so some of the club spirits of the club got together and it was

arranged that Mr. H. E. Thompson, one of the best shots, should invite our friend to a quiet afternoon on the pass. Now "Bob" shoots a light 12-gauge with 4 drs. of powder and 1 oz. of shot. Thompson draws a number 8 with 7 drs. far more enjoyable. The reader can now see how easy it was to put the scheme in execution. T. stationed himself quite close to the shot. "Bob" and I, and duck after duck appeared would manage to shoot almost if not precisely at the same time, and would then gravely inform the astonished dominion that he, "Bob," had killed the bird, which almost invariably fell upon the discharge. T would, of course, once in a while, shoot a bird in an opposite direction, or make a double, in which case he would claim one of the birds. The sport went on, until the light ceased, when a count was had. Rev. Matthews' pile counted thirty-nine, Thompson's eleven. A more astonished and delighted clergyman never existed. The secret would have been well kept but that night, in arguing the capacity to hit a bird on the wing, the author, and not as tired, our friend cited his large bag of that day, and admitted that whenever he fired he closed his eyes, saying, however, that, "before closing them, he carefully determined the exact locality of the bird." Respect for the cloth saved him from the wine sinner penalty, but not from the laughter which followed the discovery. He now devotes himself to a pet deer, kept at the lodge, to whom he has taught many tricks, their joint gambols bring a source of much amusement to the members. MARK MORRIS.

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN IN NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX, N. S., Dec. 8, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in the Halifax Morning Chronicle of this date an extract containing a letter headed, "Lord Dunraven and Nova Scotia Game Laws," and signed, "A Member of the Nova Scotia Game Protection Society," together with some editorial remarks thereon. I should have preferred to leave such a letter unnoticed, but, as it may mislead some of my brother sportsmen in the States, I think it better to make one or two remarks concerning it.

Your correspondent asserts that I am perfectly well-posted in the Nova Scotia Game Laws, and on a former occasion had to pay a fine for their breach. The squitter that because a man is fined for the breach of a law, he must, therefore, be well acquainted with it, is somewhat peculiar. The letter is headed, "Our system of game laws is a very simple one, and easily understood by those who wish to do so." In proof of the simplicity of the system, and of the ease with which it can be understood, "A Member of the Nova Scotia Game Protection Society" immediately falls into a serious error, and, strangely enough, makes precisely the same mistake that I did. He says: "Game licenses are granted to persons not having their domiciles in Nova Scotia, who may wish to hunt therein, for which a fee of thirty dollars is charged for one year; this is a general license for the whole province (the italics are the writer's) and they are issued in Halifax." This statement is entirely incorrect. On the back of my license, I find the following: "Extract from Chap. 24, Statutes of 1879: No person not having his domicile in the province of Nova Scotia shall be allowed to kill, or pursue with intent to kill any of the animals or birds included in the term game as defined in this act without having first obtained a license for the purpose signed by the provincial Secretary and chief Game Commissioner from the Clerk of the peace of any county in the district where the same is to be used and where the laws are of the incorporated counties, from any Clerk of municipalities with such district."

"(The italics are mine.) It appears, therefore, that it is necessary that a license should be taken out, in the district in which it is to be used. In consequence of my ignorance of this peculiarity of the law, an ignorance shared, I am consoled to see, by a member of the Game Society of Nova Scotia, I got into difficulties. In common with him, I entertained the belief that a general license for the whole province could be obtained in Halifax, and acted on that belief. I entered Nova Scotia from St. John, New Brunswick, by way of Annapolis. I telegraphed from St. John to Mr. James Scott, of this city, to send stores to Caledonia, and to obtain and send with them licenses for myself, and my friend, Mr. Jennings. I received a reply from him to the effect that the stores would be sent next morning by express, and that the licenses would follow by mail. Acting on this advice, I went into the woods in the full belief that my license had been obtained. On former occasions, on which I had adopted this course, had received the licenses in Halifax, and I was unaware that the license had been made in the law, and the license applied for in Halifax, a fact which the authorities must have known, for the warden who took out the warrant against me told me he was aware of it. The money was tendered, but it could not be issued for the reasons mentioned in the above quotation from the act of 1879. Of this fact I received no notification whatever.

Your correspondent is also in error in stating that if the bearer of a license shall not kill the prescribed number of animals in any one district, he can do so in any other, upon making affidavit before the Game Commissioner of the number he previously shot. The affidavit must be made before a Clerk of the peace. "A Member of the Nova Scotia Game Society" credits me with superhuman attributes, and declares that on my return I gave Halifax a wide berth. How a man can return to a place, and at the same time give it a wide berth, is difficult to understand. At any rate, I did not perform that complicated manoeuvre, for I went straight to Halifax from Queen's county, where the arrest took place. The respondent, however, peculiarly views your correspondent, he looks upon it as a mere pardonable blunder. He would probably consider it merely a blunder on the part of a sheriff to hang a man without waiting for the ordinary formalities of trial, conviction and sentence. Such loose views as to individual liberty are not accepted by Englishmen in general. I do not know how far familiarity with the process of being arrested might breed contempt for it, but as far as I am concerned, the experience was novel and disagreeable. I entertain the strongest objection to being arrested for a fine before a fine is imposed. Whatever peculiar views your correspondent may entertain as to the courtesy due from man to man, I think he must allow that even "a live lion" has a right to be treated in a legal manner.

The explanation which your correspondent gives of the motives of the Game Preservation Society is totally uncalled for. No one supposes that their object is to make money out of strangers. No one can regret more than I do that their efforts to preserve the game of Nova Scotia from threatened destruction have not met with greater success. The explanation is inadequate for the purpose, and is inadequately administered. I believe one or two convictions

have been obtained against inhabitants for killing large quantities of moose out of season by illegal means; but as a rule the law is a dead letter as far as the natives of the province are concerned. More especially is this the case in respect of the number of moose and caribou that may be killed. The rule is openly broken in all directions. It is considered only to refer to strangers, and is absolutely and avowedly inoperative against natives. In such cases strangers and residents ought to be on an equal footing; as regards licenses the case is different.

I have heard Nova Scotians call in question the wisdom of a policy of taxing the importation of foreign capital by demanding license fees from strangers, who spend a good deal of money among the poorer classes at a time of year when labor is difficult to obtain. They think that it tends to deter sportsmen from visiting the country, and it is not likely that any money will come to the country from the sale of game or the States to spend an autumn holiday would object to paying for the privilege of shooting, and as money is required for the purposes of the game societies, I think a system of licenses affords a legitimate means of doing so. Whether it should be restricted to strangers only is a matter for consideration.

Should you or any of your acquaintances be going into the woods you would do well to take with you a copy of the game laws, the printed copy contained therein would beguile the long hours of the winter's nights. For instance, a man must take out his license in the county or municipal district in which he proposes to pursue moose; but, if he pursues his moose into another county or district he is liable to a fine if he does not get his license indorsed. The county lines are not very clearly defined in the primal forest; it would not much mend matters, however, if they were. A man might pursue a moose and wound him in one district and be compelled to follow it into another to kill it. The proper course, I presume, for him to adopt on arriving at the county line would be to camp, pack up his traps, and go out to settlements, which might take a couple of days or so. He should then proceed to the residence of the Clerk of the peace, which would take a day, and having got his indorsement on the license should return to look for the moose, which would occupy several days more. But by this time the moose would be dead and the meat spoiled, and for allowing it to spoil the hunter is liable to a heavy fine. It may be said that such a case would involve a mere technical breach of the letter of the law. That is true, but it would not be so if the technicality were not there. It appears, moreover, by the act that if a game warden, who would get half the fine, should choose to take action in such a case, the magistrates would have no option.

I leave it to you, sir, to judge whether the game laws are remarkable for the extreme simplicity claimed for them, and whether you are quite correct in stating, that, in the letter of "A Member of the Game Protection Society," you were "publishing from a responsible source a true statement of the case."

DUNRAVEN.

A NEBRASKA DEER HUNT.

O'NEILL CITY, NEB., Dec. 1, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nebraska sportsmen evidently do not appreciate your valuable journal as they ought; at least, they do not make use of your columns to tell of one of the best game countries in the west. One of the most interesting and popular features of any paper is the correspondence. This is particularly the case in the Forest and Stream, and it is a pity that the editors, by their reflections on the ability of its corps of editorial writers, but simply because the lover of true sport likes to read of the exploits of his brethren, even though he himself is hundreds of miles from the scene of action. This being the case I will tell of a week's hunt just made in the sand hills of Northern Nebraska by Mr. Ed. S. Kinch, an old hunter, recently of Edinburgh, Pa. Mr. Charles Shepard, a jolly railroad contractor on the S. C. & P. R. R., Mr. Merritt, a disciple of Blackstone, located at Penibus, this State, and the writer, who, being a frontier newspaper man, knows how to fully enjoy a good hunting trip.

Well, the party left O'Neill, which is the county seat of Holt county, on the night of Thanksgiving, going by rail to Long Pine, the present terminus of the S. C. & P. Long Pine is 75 miles west of O'Neill in the unorganized territory, is only about two months' old, and is an ideal frontier town, where saloons, railroad men, and the festive and much-lid-about cowboy take the prominent parts in the theatre of life. It is, indeed, a red-hot place, getting hotter every day. There is a large crowd of antelope near Long Pine, and several times they have visited the town, and at each visit several have been killed, the citizens grabbing their guns and revolvers, and banging away with great recklessness and indiscriminate.

From Long Pine we took a livery, and a twenty-mile ride over the beautiful rolling prairie brought us to Plum Creek, a fine stream of pure, soft water, running in a very deep gulf, either bank being lined with pine, cedar, oak, and cottonwood, and a favorite resort for both white and black-tailed deer. Just now, however, they are very scarce along the creek, the railroad graders and settlers having driven them back into the sand-hills. It was necessary to get back into the hills, and so Shepard rigged up his wagon with cover, and loading an ample supply of grub, blankets, cooking utensils, etc., the party pulled out. Reaching the head waters of the Plum, the boys took a tramp in the adjacent hills, and when night came and all had returned, it was found that Shepard had bagged a fine black-tailed buck fawn. This was encouraging, and was taken in for the night, dried, and served up for breakfast. The coyotes make a terrible racket, but we managed to get a good night's sleep just the same. Bright and early all hands turned out, and, after bracing up with coffee and bread, the boys struck out full of hope. At noon all had returned. Kinch was the only one that smiled. "Boys, fetch up the mules; I have some work for you." And he did. About two miles from camp he had struck a bunch of five deer, two bucks, two fawns and a doe, and he had done some of the best shooting on record. He killed every one of them firing his shot from his Winchester. This was the total for the day, but it was enough to make us all happy, though perhaps a trifle envious of the lucky Pennsylvanian. The afternoon and evening was devoted to dressing the game. It was estimated one of the bucks (a black-tail) would dress over 200 lbs.

The next morning early we pulled staves and headed southwest to the Sand Hill Lakes. Three of us struck out on foot. In a couple of hours the report of a double-barreled shot-gun was heard, and in a few moments the figure of a man appeared on the point of a high hill gesticulating in a frantic manner. It was the newspaper man. As it was

not far, Shepherd headed the mules that way, and soon all hands were gazing in admiration on a magnificent buck and doe, both having succumbed to the call of the 12 lb. Scott breech-loader. If an editor was ever proud it was this one, and don't you forget it. We load our shells for deer hunting with 6 drams of powder, and 12 buck-shot encased in a portion of No. 12 paper shell. This will carry 100 yards before breaking and with the accuracy of a rifle ball.

During the afternoon Merritt got a shot at a doe and broke one of the forelegs. After considerable chasing he was again shot and brought down.

That night we camped by one of the several lakes about twenty miles southwest of Plum Creek. The next forenoon Shepard got another fawn and a doe. The rest of us had no luck. Kinch's five, it seemed, was his allotment. Although we hunted here two days we failed to make another shot, and time being up we started homeward. We had got about half way when the keen eyes of the lawyer detected a bunch of deer feeding on the side of a hill about a mile distant. Hurriedly unbiting the mules we proceeded to surprise the unsuspecting enemy. Three of us made a circle so as to get on the side favorable to the wind, and one struck out straight toward them. The sequel we are all ashamed of, and will make it brief. There were eight deer and although we had all fair shots, not one was successful. The buck forever sagged badly. The writer fired at his shot, but he did not get the yardage distant, and never raised a hair. He had eyes for the game, not for the sights of his gun. We all returned to the wagon—disgusted, each one cursing his neighbor for his own ill luck.

We now pulled straight for the Plum, where we arrived in due time, from there returned to Long Pine and took the cars for home. Everything considered, it was an enjoyable trip and we are determined to repeat it in the near future.

W. D. MATTHEWS.

P. S.—Hancock, in the *Greenleaf*, says that black-tail deer are rarely found in the thick brush on the Pacific coast, and that they are not good eating. We differ with him. Here we find black-tail in the sand-hills, far away from timber, and they are, if anything, superior to the white-tail as an article of food.

[This is not the true black tail, but the mule-deer, which is one of the most delicious of the Cervidae.]

DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the "Cruise of the Nipper," published in your last issue, mention is made of a dinner given at Dunsin's Camp, on Fourth Lake, Fulton Chain, in July last, and that State Game Protector Dodge was one of the guests. The "glum looks" of the officer, as he tasted the gamy flavor of the "mutton" (?) mentioned by "Nessumk," must have meant something, for mutton was brought against Dunsin for having venison in possession during the close season. Others, who thought it a good joke on Dodge to invite him to eat "crooked meat," have also had an opportunity to tell what they know about eating venison in July. The gentlemen mentioned by "Nessumk" are royal good fellows, and entertained their company grandly on the occasion spoken of; but they were setting a bad example by putting venison on their bill of fare at that time, and had the State officer allowed it to pass unnoticed, it would have established a bad precedent, for no matter how flagrant a violation might have occurred, after that he would have been powerless to enforce the law. The majority of the guides on the Fulton Chain are anxious to have the laws for the protection of fish and game enforced. They realize that to perpetuate their occupation the close season must be respected, and that class of guides were glad to see the case mentioned above prosecuted.

Protectors may be flattered and flattered into shutting their eyes to open violations, but that is not the record of the officer referred to in this article. Wherever he has found a case he has prosecuted it, no matter whether it hit a friend or foe, but always, too, with the best of feeling, with no ill-will or malice on his part, but simply a performance of his duty. During the last year he has brought, or caused to be brought, between twenty-five and thirty cases for violations of the different sections of the game laws, and his work is having quite a visible effect. Although the violations probably can never be wholly stopped, any more than violation of all other laws, yet it is already evident that there begins to be a general feeling that the laws are going to be enforced, and the open high-handed disregard of the law we have been accustomed to see in the Adirondacks already begins to be a thing of the past. I hope that the good work may continue, and that the State force may be reorganized, so that it will be still more efficient. ZACK.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The suggestions made by your correspondent "Mussit" in regard to the laws for protecting deer are most excellent. I judge him to be a man of great experience and thoroughly acquainted with the habits of deer.

We want laws for better protection of deer in the Adirondacks, adjacent territory, and other regions of wilderness of this State, and laws that will provide for an increase of the deer supply instead of otherwise. Considerable correspondence was elicited through the publications of "communications" to your valuable paper last year and good information obtained. Sufficient, however, has been the experience of the best hunters of this State and the regions referred to above to make them suggest some for fringing laws on the subject, and practical value. I do not claim the enviable position as one of them, but, without egotism, freely say I recognize the necessities of limiting still further the bounding of deer. Go to Long Island and Pennsylvania for examples of necessity for protecting deer that they may increase. The scarcity arose from bounding; it is undeniable. Although to me there is "music" in the method of hunting with bounds, I would cheerfully forego all pleasure of the kind for the sake of having deer better protected and preserved. Perhaps we do not give enough attention given to the propagation of deer as we do for their preservation. Thoroughly attend to the latter and the former will take care of itself. The records of results of bounding deer during the past two years, if published, would sadden the most obdurate hunter.

I see "S. N. S." comes to the front with anxiety, in a letter published Nov. 3. Perhaps he would be too exacting; but that some changes should be made is very evident to all who feel an interest in prolonging sports. The deer is a creature like to know of the sale of venison is to be permitted this winter in our markets, as it was last, in open violation of the law. If so, there will be a necessity for more

such patroling as "Musit" speaks of, than the private purses of individuals will be able to care for or the State protectors possibly attend to. Although the illegal killing of deer can better be prevented by them than it is now or has been attended to in the past by anybody. Duties of our fish and game protectors in attending to fish protection must become as important at a season when deer need the most looking after, owing to the lateness of the season and a great deal of fishing with nets being stopped by fresh water freezing over. Should our laws receive attention this winter, it is to be hoped that provisions will be made for the State protectors to have more adequate means for thoroughly attending to the protection of game, and especially of deer. The number of officers and snare net, enough money is provided for their use, and not severe enough punishment meted out to violators. In my opinion imprisonment should be connected with flogging.

Withdraw the privilege of hounding certainly during August and October, if it cannot be stopped entirely, that the deer may get some rest. A deer driven in August, even if not killed, is, without doubt, very much injured, for there seems then to be almost no limit to his powers for going. Consequently great heat is induced, to be followed by a shock upon plunging into water, which in itself is very injurious to the health of any animal. No sensible man would compel or allow his horse to plunge into cold water after a fifteen-mile fast drive, and then allow him to lie down, without expecting permanent injury. It is quite as bad for deer; they will always go to water and plunge in, their instinct telling them there is no other way to get rid of the hound after which they seek some secluded spot and lie down. A guide told me last summer, he found in the middle of a lake a dead deer, without wound anywhere. No doubt death was consequent upon taking to water before hounds. A comparison might be made in the hounding of deer in warm water to driving a beef creature a long distance just before killing it, the meat in either instance is very poor food.

It is getting to be a recognized fact that the chances are very much against capturing deer by their "taking to water" before hounds during warm weather at specially good runways, and sportsmen are more inclined to stay out of the woods with hounds until cool weather sets in, and the deer are fat enough to give a short race, then the destruction that takes place is enormous. Some men get ashamed of killing deer, and others never do, but pursue them as long as their time holds out. Consequently, as a matter of benefit to the preservation of deer, I hope the warm-weather driving will be stopped, and the time for driving in cold weather be very much shortened.

It is my opinion that those who are strong advocates of driving will admit that hounding tends to completely exterminate deer, and that the only method of killing them, and I believe they will heartily uphold a law that will, without doubt, tend to the preserving, and the increase of our most noble game.

WOLLAT.

THE DUCK RIOT AT GUNPOWDER BRIDGE.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 8, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On yesterday I visited Gunpowder Bridge on the line of the P. W. & B. R. R., for foot shooting. I took the 7:15 A. M. train and reached the Bridge about 8 o'clock. As I got on the Bridge and saw, to my surprise, about sixty or seventy gunners, I picked out a position about 200 yards from the bridge. A pair of coots came up, and without exaggeration, about twenty shots were fired at the two birds, one of which I think is a happy coot yet, and the other one, not so fortunate, was killed. About a dozen different men claimed it. The language and wrangling of the parties concerned would, to my notion, become anybody but brother sportsmen. I patiently sat a half-hour or so before I got a shot. Finally, there came along a single black mallard, when taking out one of the shells loaded with No. 6 and putting in No. 4 shot I put it on him, and it was, I think, a pretty long shot for a No. 10 gun. Down he came as dead as a rat. Soon I had another shot at a coot, which I killed with both barrels. I had good shooting for a while, my ducks being gathered for me by a man in a bateau, whom I had engaged for the purpose.

By the time I had been there—about one or two hours—I noticed five or six gunners inching up to me, and at last they were close to me. There was one man, who belonged to the ducking shore in the Hollandslow, sat himself down about thirty feet from me. He had a man by the name of John in a skiff waiting on him. Presently a coot came over to me to the right, when I killed him; and on looking for my duck this man yelled out at the top of his voice: "That's my duck; get him, John!" This thing happened regularly five or six times in succession. I finally made up my mind to move away; but I tell you, sir, everywhere one would go the words of "My ducks" would ring out above all others. I noticed three men from Baltimore. They had ninety-two coots, and I was told by them that they had shot away 500 shells and had killed ninety-two coots. I think that there is about one duck killed for every twenty shots fired; and if the thing is not stopped the shooting on Gunpowder will be one of the things passed by.

I got eleven coots and one mallard, and the man with his man John on coming in had seventy-seven coots, about two-thirds of which had been killed by other parties, but claimed and gathered by him. I tell you, a good claimer is better than a good hunter. The thing is going on, and the shooting on the Bridge is a fair representation of a battle field. There are great many good ducks in the river—canas-backs, red-heads and black heads; also a great many maras-ducks at the head of the river. I think that when I go down again to get ducks at the Bridge I will have a man John, and do more claiming and less shooting.

CHES. A. PEAKE.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 12, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Do not let yourselves be deluded by Ches. A. Peake's letter in a late issue about duck-shooting on the Gunpowder Bridge. The danger attending the sport is great, and the most successful gunner is the object of envy on the part of those who, although they do not know how to shoot ducks, nevertheless take their stand in close proximity to a first-class shot, and then put in their modest demands every time a duck falls. The passing trains of cars, the slippery timbers of the bridge, forty or fifty guns, many of them in very inexperienced hands, and the fact that the birds are being shot by the gunners—all these strike me as very decided impediments to amusement. Some time since a man was caught between two trains on the bridge and so jammed and battered that he may be an invalid for life. Another one had a shot put through his hat.

There have been several sportsmen par excellence on the bridge this season. The leading one was formerly a member of the Carroll's Island Ducking Club, where he was considered one of the best overhead shots on the Island. He generally shoots a No. 12 or No. 10 at coots, and a No. 8 gun at larger fowl. He is now a member of a club composed of gentlemen who formerly shot with him at Carroll's Island. Ches. A. Peake's vision is evidently bad, and his information worse. I advise him, as he does not understand duck-shooting, not to take the part of a bad-tempered critic, but to possess his soul in patience until experience may come to his aid.—J. S.

LONG ISLAND WILDFOWL.

GREENPORT, L. I., Dec. 11.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are plenty of coots and old squaws in Peconic and Gardiner's bay, and off Montauk and Napeague Bay, and on Ram Island shoals. Captain Bill Ross, the experienced skipper of the best yacht out of Greenport, has just called in at my room, after a recent cruise with a party of gunners from New York and Massachusetts, and says they killed a good many fowl by sailing on them, but that the water and weather were too rough to set batteries or use decoys. The better sort of fowl, such as black-ducks, whistlers, widgeon and broad bills are more plentiful in these waters, especially round Gardiner's Island, than they have been for years. This is owing, it is thought, to the fact of the Great Pond at Montauk being now filled with grass, the chosen feed of duck and geese. When the fowl find plenty of good feed in that once favorite pond they are numerous in all this region, and so much seems to be the case now. A large house for the accommodation of sportsmen and others is about to be erected at Montauk, near the Great Pond, and the building of several cottages is to take place in early spring; at least such is the report here. As the fowling, fishing, and snipe and grouse shooting have been always so excellent there, it will be a great resort for gunners, who have neglected the place for the last few years.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

NEWS FROM RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 3, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We are now in the midst of the open season for hunting quail and most of the other kinds of game in this State, and the season will continue in the Eastern counties, embraced in the "wide water" until the first of February; but the past month, open in law and open in weather, may be considered the height of the season. From this city many parties have gone out on little excursions for a day, or for several days, in all directions in the country around, seeking recreation and pleasure—not to speak of the profit—in the most manly, noble and agreeable of sports that a gentleman can engage in, viz., shooting quail, or partridges as they are commonly called in this State. On one train one bright morning we saw three separate parties, numbering two or three persons in each, and each with their own guns and bright English twists, and highly bred and highly trained setters and pointers, made the writer regret that a different mission was taking him from the city. These parties all got off at different stations short of thirty miles from the city, and each of them, doubtless, had a fine day's sport, for, on inquiry as to their luck on our return, we found that one gentleman bagged twenty partridges that day, but he was an exceptionally fine shot.

Altogether, there was a dry summer, and thus the conditions favorable for breeding and raising from all the information we gather from several quarters, and from our own experience in the field, we find that birds are scarce. This is the greatest obstacle to the huntsman's sport; and while it affords delight, not offered by any pastime or diversion that can be named, to drop a partridge as it goes with "winged swiftness," following the likeness of lightning through the air, when that pleasure is to be attained at the expense of weariness of the flesh, hunger and seven leagues of booted land, the amateur is much disposed to answer his friend who presses him to go on such a pastime as did the Frenchman his English host, who thought to entertain him by proposing a fox hunt, "Ah, Monsieur," said he "I have been."

Whether an increase of this feathered tribe will be promoted by stricter man-protective laws, or by traps and snares set to catch the hawks, foxes and such enemies as they have ever present with them; or by both means, are questions for discussion. Our own opinion is that nine months out of twelve give them sufficient "protection," with a law of no killing or taking of birds, but we think that premiums should be placed upon hawks, bids and foxes' scalps.

There are many devotees of the gun and dog here, and they are of a character for gentility and sterling business qualifications that makes it thoroughly respectable; and as to dogs, great interest has been manifested within the past few years, and, with the requisite training, many are owned that would doubtless make their mark at national benches or trials. By the way, we dropped in to see Mr. T. F. Taylor to-day. He was just back from the Eastern Field Trials at Robbins Island, where he had spent a delightful, though laborious, week, acting as one of the judges. We are glad to observe the high commendation so universally bestowed upon the decisions of the judges at this Trial, and it is very gratifying to Mr. Taylor's friends, considering how difficult a matter it is to give anything like satisfaction to all; but we who know him—how high-minded and conscientious he is, and how intimately versed he is in dog lore—feel that it must needs have been so.

CYCLOS.

KANSAS LARGE GAME—Cimarron House, Cimarron, Gray Co., Kan., Dec. 13.—This place is on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe R. R., nineteen miles west of Dodge City, on the north bank of the Arkansas River. With a field glass almost every day antelope can be seen from the hotel porch coming in to water on the south side of the river. There are so plenty that I can buy carcasses at two dollars a piece, and can kill one or more any day at the cost only of getting tired. I saw forty in a day's hunt within ten miles of town last week. I killed only one. I use a Winchester rifle—model of '70—calibre .45, 60 grains of powder, straight shell. It is the best antelope gun I ever owned. Twelve buffalo were seen within the forty-miles limit on Dec. 3, but the aggregating things will get a little outside at times. They can be seen in winter on the banks of the Arkansas, 90 miles out, kill mustangs occasionally to feed their dogs. There are more than 1,000 wild horses within seventy-five miles of Cimarron. Hunting buffalo is hard work and involves camping out several nights on bare prairie, but you can hunt antelope and camp at the hotel.—W. J. D.

ON THE CHOICE OF A GUN.

IT is a great mistake to believe that in buying from a first-class maker you are paying a fancy price for mere name. You are really not doing so. The money represents the actual value of the gun, the prime cost of which leaves, at the low prices of the present time, compared with those of fifty or sixty years ago, a very unremunerative return. One reason why some sportsmen fancy that fine guns are inordinately dear, is the supposition that they are, or can be, made in unlimited numbers. A high-class gunmaker can no more turn out an unlimited number of guns, than an artist can of pictures. The moment he tries to increase his business by undue means, down goes the quality. For a year or two he flourishes and makes large profits; but Nemesis is at his heels. His former reputation goes down with accelerating speed. I write from facts occurring from year to year, and am not drawing a fanciful picture. Guns are simple things to look at, but are far from being so in reality. Give ten men the same materials and they will produce ten different guns in quality, style, mount, apparent weight (?), and shooting powers. I quote from a remarkably talented monograph on breech-loaders by "Glean." "It is no economy to buy a low-priced gun, because it will soon become useless. . . . On the question of price I have some very decided opinions. To my mind, there should be something higher to a sportsman in his gun than a mere tool, wherewith he works. A fine gun is the work of an artist. . . . I advise the sportsman as to the purchase of his gun—'Let it be as costly as thy purse can buy.'"

Sportsmen art apt to fancy that gun-making is a free and easy "sporting" kind of affair. It is, on the contrary, one of the most exhausting and responsible of professions, many gunsmiths breaking down in health in middle life in consequence.—From Douglas's "Shooting: Its Appliances, Practice, and Purpose."

A MINISTERIAL GAME DEALER.—The Rev. Halsey W. Knapp, of the Light Street Baptist Church, has resigned his pastorate. The members are anxious that he should continue, and have not yet accepted his resignation. Mr. Knapp is a very remarkable man. Like Paul, he labors with his own hands, but his occupation is not like that of the apostle. Mr. Knapp is a butcher and is to be found every morning at his stand in Washington Market. No better purveyor of meats is there. What he does not know about turkeys and beef is not worth knowing. In the afternoon he is doing pastoral work or studying in his large and handsome library at home. He is a good speaker and magis than both callings.—New York Observer.

A SMALL GUN—Bergen Point, N. J., Dec. 15.—This piece is a double-barreled breech-loading pin-fire shot-gun, 30 bore. The barrels, which are 24 inches long, are the finest laminated steel. The stock is of rosewood, rather short and very handsomely carved. The locks are also very finely engraved, as is the action, which is the original Lefaucheur. This gun formerly belonged to Prince Murat, of Bourbonnais, who gave it to Dr. Coleman, of Trenton. It is now in the possession of Mr. B. T. Kissam, who claims that it is one of the oldest breech-loaders in America.—C. N. D.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION—Perth Amboy, N. J., Dec. 1891.—Editor Forest and Stream: In the interests of game preservation in this State allow me to suggest, through your columns, that if those who have occasion to drive over country roads at this season would carry a gun, they might kill the large hawks, which are the quail's worst enemies. Hawks do not seem to fear a horse and wagon, and may be easily approached and shot from a vehicle. The death of one hawk means the life of several coveys.—A SPORTSMAN.

VELOCITIES OF RIFLE BULLET AND OF SOUND—Bethlehem, Pa., Dec. 10.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in your last edition a letter from Prof. A. M. Mayer, concerning the velocities of rifle bullets. Allow me to add my experience. In 1878 I did some marking at long ranges, and noticed that the bullet got to the target a trifle ahead of the sound, at 800 yards, just with it at 900 yards and at 1,000 there was less than one-half second difference between them, the sound being ahead.—J. S. D.

HOW TO KILL WOUNDED WILDFOWL.—In answer to the inquiry of your correspondent "Bay Ridge," the best way to kill wildfowl wounded in the head is to take the bird in the left hand, placing the thumb and fore-finger under the wings, just back of where they join the body, and bringing a strong, steady pressure on the body. This will cause death in a very short time, without ruffling a feather.—EARLYBIRD.

BRINGING DOWN THE GRIZZLIES.—Bozeman, Montana, Dec. 7.—Have just come in from my annual hunt. I spent a very enjoyable summer and fall. Killed twenty-four grizzlies, nineteen of them in a little over one month. I killed what mountain bison, elk and mountain sheep were required for meat and baits. I always prefer to tackle bear alone, as one man is as much as I care taking care of and the above does not include any killed by my men.—P.

MALDEN GUN CLUB—Malden, Mass., Dec. 11, 1891.—At the annual meeting of the Malden Gun Club, Dec. 5, 1891, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year. President, F. T. Noble; vice-president, J. Buffum; secretary, C. H. Laneragan; treasurer, A. H. Jones. The club numbers some forty-five members, and is in a flourishing condition.—C. H. L.

"I KNOW," said a little girl to her eldest sister's young man at the supper-table, "that you will join our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are very fond of larks." Then there was a silence, and the Linburger cheese might have been heard scrambling around in its tin-box on the cupboard-shelf.—Norristown Herald.

IN ISSUE DEC. 28th in article "Shooting Grouse on the Wing," "once in a while I would kill one when an open straightaway shot offered," was incorrectly printed "and in a while;" "4 1/2 grains Orange Lightning powder," was incorrectly put "charge Lightning."

CURRIETOCK—Warrenton, Va., Dec. 10.—Have returned from Currietock with nineteen other disgusted sportsmen. Didn't average one duck a day a piece. Expenses \$5 a day. Query, does duck shooting pay?—CHASBROOK.

FLORIDA PARTY.—Companions for a Florida trip are desired by a Philadelphia gentlemen, whose advertisement appears elsewhere.

THE FUR MARKET QUOTATIONS are given on page 416.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN DECEMBER.

FRESH WATER.

Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides*
and *M. dolomieu*.
Mascoagone, *Esox nigrum*.
Pickereel, *Esox lucius*.
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike)
Stizostedion americanum, *S. gireum*, etc.

SALT WATER.

Smelt, *Osmerus mordax*.
Sea Bass, *Centropristis striata*.
Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Morone americana*.
White Perch, *Morone americana*.

But he that shall consider the variety of baits for all seasons, and pretty devices which our anglers have invented (peculiar lines, false flies, several slights, etc.), will say that it deserves like commendation, requires like study and perspicacity as the rest, and is to be preferred before many of them.—BUTLER, *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

ANGLING IN IDAHO.

BELEVUE, Wood River, Idaho Territory.

IN your late lists of fish in season in September, you should have had, to make it complete, what are called trout in this region, which are now in their prime. I am told that they have been successfully crossed with the speckled trout of the Adirondacks, which they resemble in all but the bright colored spots. There seems to be three distinct varieties, differing in form and color of meat.

The largest variety weighing from one to five pounds, sometimes six. I now mind of one this season, murdered with giant powder, that weighed nearly eight. It looks in every respect, except the bright colored spots, like those caught in the dead waters of the Adirondacks, very short in proportion to its weight; very dark in the back; changing to redish-brown on the sides. The flesh when cooked is a deep flesh color.

The second, which are called silver trout here, do not, in this river at least, seem to grow to weigh over one-half to three-fourths of a pound, the most of them less than six ounces. They are long and slim, with hardly any spots on their sides; dark on the back, with bright silvery sides; flesh as white as the purest snow, and when first caught are of the most delicate flavor imaginable. They take a fly readily, and when hooked spring clear from the water and try to shake themselves loose, as I often have seen bass when trolling in Eastern waters.

The last variety, called here "mountain trout" and found in the spring brooks, are from four to six inches long; dark in the back with yellowish sides, and having, in addition to the dark spots, a dark band about one-fourth of an inch wide and half to three-fourths of an inch apart, running about two-thirds the way up their sides, and are equal to the regular speckled beauties of the East.

None of these trout have the white tips to pectoral fins, and all have very true scales. The first two named species spawn in the spring. I am inclined to think that the latter do also, as in those caught now there are no signs of eggs.

This, the Wood River country, was the Eden of the Banocks. Its rivers swimming with trout; elk, deer and antelope were abundant; bears more than plenty, mostly cinnamon and bald face, with occasionally a grizzly to make it interesting; and other, beaver and mink are found on all the streams. In another season the scream of the "iron-horse" will waken the echoes of these valleys and send the game into the impetuous mountains to be secure for a while from the ever-onward march of the white man.

Notwithstanding the stringent game laws enacted by the Territorial Government, the use of giant powder early in the season has, in one season, cut off more than half the supply of the trout in this valley, and another such slaughter next spring will destroy the fishing almost entirely.

I found accidentally this last week that there are plenty of small fish in this river which were mentioned in a late article in your paper, "Do you Remember Snakes At Fish?" They are perfectly identical with those of mountain streams in New England and your own State, and I have often used them very successfully two or three times since. G. B. F.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE CARP.

SOEKNROTADY, N. Y., Dec. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in the quotations from Shakespeare on fly-fishing, from Mr. S. C. Clarke, in your last issue. I now send you the following from the *Antiquary*:

Among fresh-water fishes the carp was held in high esteem in Shakespeare's time as a fish easy to rear and keep in preserved fish-ponds, and so readily available for the table. He mentions it twice:

1. *Clown*.—Here is a pair of fortune's, Sir, or of fortune's cat (but not a truck-cat), that has fallen into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddled withal. Pray you, Sir, use the carp as you may.—*It's that Ends Well*, Act II., Scene 2.

2. *Polonius*.—See you now?

Your bait of falsehood takes the carp of truth.—*Hamlet*, Act II., Scene 1.

There is a peculiar fitness in Polonius's comparison of his own worldly-wise deceit to the craft required for catching a carp—for the carp was proverbially the most cunning of fishes. "The carp is a devious fysshe, but there be few in Engleland, and therefore I wryte the lasse of hym. He is an evyll fysshe to take." "The carp is the queen of rivers," says Walton; "a stately, a good, and a very subtle fish." And it is the fact that the brain of the carp is six times as large as the average brain of other fishes.

SACRED FISH.—In Northcote's "Account of the Roman Catacombs," it is stated that: "In the Catacombs at Rome the fish is the most sacred symbol." The most important perhaps of all, and certainly as ancient as the others, is the carp, which is figuratively called "The Fish." "The little fishes," says Tertullian, "are born in water, after the example of Jesus Christ, our fish." The fish was the recognized conventional sign for Christ. Hence we find a multitude of little fishes in crystal, ivory, mother-of-pearl, in the graves of the Catacombs—some of them with holes drilled through the head, to be worn round the neck."

SWEDISH POPULAR BELIEFS.

The teeth of large fish should be burnt, in order to be lucky in fishing.

One ought to tell no one when one goes out to fish, and not mention whether one has caught many or few.

Nor should any stranger see how many fish one has taken. When one rows out from land to fish, one must not turn the boat against the sun.

Thus found in a church and made into fish hooks catch the best.

If a woman passes over the rod, no fish will bite.

Stolen fishing tackle is lucky, but to the person robbed loses his luck.—*Thorpe's Northern Mythology*.

AMERICAN BROOK TROUT IN GERMANY.

IN a recent letter from Mr. H. Haack, the celebrated fish culturist in charge of the Government hatchery at Huningen, he tells us that he has had poor success in obtaining impregnated spawn from the *fontinalis* this year, for the reason that among all his fish he had not one male. He says: "Salmo fontinalis is not an American trout, but an American char." I have found that out by making hybrids with our German trout, *Salmo fario*, using a female of the former and a male of the latter species. The result was nearly nothing. The *fontinalis* is a river char, and not a sea char, more beautiful than our trout."

Mr. Haack is right in calling our fish a char, although the popular name is too well fixed and endeared to Americans to ever be changed. The dentition separates it from the true trouts. It is for this reason that in the revision of the *Monomidae* by Gill and Jordan new genera were made for both our Eastern brook and lake trout. The genus is changed from *Salmo* to *Salvelinus* for sea brook trout, and to *Cristomus* for the lakelers. Therefore, if the new nomenclature is accepted they become *Salvelinus fontinalis* and *Cristomus namaycush*. The common brook trout of Europe is *Salmo fario*.

THE ANGLE IN MISSOURI.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 13.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Years ago there was excellent fishing, for such fish as our State was blessed with, but now the sport is almost a forgotten one with many who formerly enjoyed it. The nets have skinned our streams for season after season, and the lack of law, or of its enforcement is the main cause of the present barrenness of our waters. True, there have been fishing-clubs, but they have lacked influence because they have contented themselves with their own enjoyment, and lacked the public spirit necessary to carry on a fight with the violators of the law.

It was hoped that the appointment of Fish Commissioners would either remedy or at least alleviate the evil, but it has not done so. The Fish Commission, propagate, but do not protect. They do good enough work in their way but are powerless to stop the wholesale depletion of the waters which has been going on for years, until those who do it look upon it as interfering with their vested rights to forbid them to use nets at all times and in all places where fish may be found.

Murdoch Lake, about thirty miles south of this city, is a splendid sheet of water, and fishing is tolerably fair there. The same may be said of King's Lake. Both these lakes have their fish clubs, and their waters are protected partly by the clubs and partly by the stump laws, etc., which make it impossible to haul a net in some parts of them. Murdoch Lake is probably the best of the two. These clubs do little or nothing in the way of propagating, or of enlisting the Fish Commission in the work, but simply fish. It contains black bass which are as gamey as those of any waters, dogfish, catfish and croppies. This last is a fine little fellow, and well worth cultivating. E. B.

ANGLING FOR ALBATROSS.—In January, 1879, when off Cape Horn, on the ship Twilight, we were becalmed for some hours. A great many albatross had been following and circling round the ship, and "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" having no effect on our non-superstitious minds, we determined to secure one of them. "Chips" immediately rigged up a hook and line, baited it with a piece of pork attached a float about a foot from the hook, and threw it over. After fishing (would you call it fishing?) for some time without success, the hook being very large and pulling out of the birds' mouths, we gave it up as a bad job and went to dinner, leaving the line hanging over the stern. Hardly were we seated at the table when we heard a shout from the man at the wheel. We rushed on deck and found that an albatross had taken the bait and the exception of some pink markings on the throat. There are also some gray streaks on the wings. That night a heavy gale began, which lasted until the next afternoon. Killing an albatross and storms have always been associated, regardless of the fact that the albatross is only found in stormy latitudes. In the "Encyclopedia Britannica," (9th edition—subject, Albatross) it is said that these birds sometimes measure 17 feet from tip to tip. This hardly appears possible, and I think it must be a mistake, as mine is only half that size and is as large as any I have seen.—JAMES P. Boston, Dec. 13.

THE COMING TROUT.—At the recent meeting of the New York Association for the Protection of Game, President R. B. Roosevelt said of the rainbow trout of California (*Salmo iriden*) that they are twice as strong as our Eastern brook trout, and twice as rapid growers, often reaching a weight of eight to ten pounds in California, while in our waters they grow to four and five, while the *S. fontinalis* is growing to less than half that weight. The complete answer, then, said Mr. Roosevelt, is that they are too gamey—they smash light tackle with their tremendous rushes, and the angler must be especially prepared for them. They can be easily introduced into our trout streams, will live where our trout will, and in some places where they will not. "They are the coming trout! They are perfect!"

THE MANUFACTURE AND CARE OF GUT.

REDDITCH, Engleland.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Nov. 17 I notice the correspondence respecting silkworm gut. I have for the last thirty-five years purchased and sold large quantities, and always have at my works an extensive stock, which has had my personal supervision, my firm having in Murcia, Spain, a manufactory of silkworm gut. I have been in Murcia superintending the manufacturing and have discovered two causes which make gut brittle, and have instructed our manager in Murcia to see all the processes of the gut and impress upon them the importance of keeping the gut out of the sun.

The great evil is this: After the worm has been drawn out it is put in the sun to dry, and the great heat of the sun takes the moisture out of the gut and makes it brittle. I also discovered another danger in the manufacture of it. In bleaching it, if the bleaching-oven is too hot, and the gut is too long in the oven, it makes the gut brittle. If gut is made without an excess of heat it will be more pliable; consequently, more strong. I have never found gut get brittle by keeping. The best way to keep it is in wash-leather. If large stocks, in drawers or rooms which are not over-heated. Some tackle dealers will expose gut, gut leaders, etc., in their windows. The sun gets on it and consequently takes the nature out of it and it becomes hard and brittle.

The cause of flat gut is disease in the worms. Healthy worms produce round gut. The manufacture of gut is very simple. The gut from the worms is bought from the small country people who breed the worms in their houses. The first process in making is to put the gut in a furnace with water, a little soda and soap. After boiling a short time the outer skin comes off it. It is put in yellow and comes out white, after it is put in the bleaching ovens. Then girls rub it straight with wash-leather, holding one end in their teeth. The next process is to sort out the different strengths. It is then rubbed again; sorted into bunches of one hundred, then a man puts in the red jute on each bunch, and then ties it in bundles of one thousand.

This may interest your readers and prevent gut being spoiled by exposure to the sun. S. ALCOCK.

A CARD FROM MR. MURPHY.—Newark, N. J., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I wish to use your columns to correct some errors and exaggerations which have appeared in the newspapers as having come from me, knowing that in this way the sportsmen of America will see the retraction and that they will not hold me guilty of such absurd exaggeration, or of attempting to cast a slur upon a brother sportsman who has long been dead. It is now some six weeks ago since a reporter from the Newark *Sunday Call* visited me and held a long conversation on shooting and fishing in the olden time. He took no notes, but relied on his memory for facts concerning the old anglers and fishermen; and his memory must have distorted my conversation wonderfully. I gave him merely a plain statement of facts, showing how much more plentiful fish and game were in the early days than at present; and as for Mr. Herbert (Frank Forester) I merely said that I knew him well. I was surprised at the way the interview appeared in the *Call* under the heading of "Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman." Perhaps I would not have thought it worth while to refute the article and not the New York *Times*, of Newark, December 11, published substantially the same article with the additions and omissions, under the head of "Fish Poles and Fishing." I now wish to say that all the statements in the *Call* in regard to the quantity of game and fish formerly taken in and around what is now the city of Newark were grossly exaggerated, and those in the *Times* were still more so. Also that the account of my exploits with the rod and gun in company with Mr. Herbert, or "Frank Forester," as he was called, were an entire fabrication. I never hunted nor fished with him in my life, nor did I ever tell any person that I had done so. The remarks concerning the character and habits of Mr. Herbert, which followed in the account of the interview, were pure fabrications. I hope that I would be the last man to attempt to traduce a man so well known as "Frank Forester," especially after his death.—CHARLES F. MURPHY.

LET THE ICHTHYOPHAGI LOOK TO THEIR LACRES.—The famous Ichthyophagus Club, of this city, has a rival across the sea. Food and Health says: "If ever a small but heroic federation of philanthropic enthusiasts was fairly entitled to the epithet of civic-minded men, that body is the New York Committee of the Westphalian Provincial Association. From its recently published report upon 'Measures taken by the committee during the past year for the development of humanity's costliest resources,' we gather that the associates have carried out a series of experiments in the eating line which are probably unprecedented in the annals of investigation. They have partaken of stewed bear and badger, both roasted and hashed, with sweet sauce, and found them delicious. Baked crane, stuffed with chestnuts and plums they proved wise to be superior to any edible goose that ever waddled over the sea. In their opinion frog-soup, which they recommended to epicures by the tempting designation of 'batrachian caviare,' is an absolutely first-class delicacy, infinitely superior in flavor to the roe of the sturgeon. The concluding paragraph of this amazing report is as follows: 'During the Munster Exhibition of tortoises, snakes, alligators etc., a venerable crocodile, aged about one hundred and fifty, breathed its last. Two days after its scaly hide had been removed the meat round the root of its tail presented so appetizing an appearance that the chairman and secretary of the committee determined to prepare a piece of it, weighing four pounds, in the manner of turtle soup. After simmering for three hours or so, a soup was served to them of such vigorous aspect and seductive power that all their guests called loudly for plates, and in a few seconds the tureen was emptied.' If any of the members of the American club with the horrible name go to Florida this winter let them act on this and try the alligator."

THE FISHLESS PASSAIC.—The Passaic River, New Jersey, formerly contained many valuable fish. It was especially famous for shad, smelt, striped bass and white perch. Since it has been used as a sewer for the city of Newark the fish have left it, and now a dam is to be built, which a New York newspaper thinks may improve the fishing. The *Call* says: A score of years ago the project of building a dam across the river at Bellevue would have met with the stoutest resistance from all Newark anglers and fishermen. Now scarcely a word will be heard in remonstrance. Gas-tr, lime and various chemicals flowing from our sewers have been thorough in the

work of destroying the bass and snad fishing in the Passaic, and it is scarcely worth while for net-owners or anglers to speak against the project of building the dam. On the other hand, the fishing above the dam may be greatly improved. Black bass and other strictly fresh water fish will thrive in the clear water and afford even better sport than the striped bass did in their best days, and the shad will still have a chance of pug up just if they will consent to hang around the gates until low tide.

INFORMATION ON SALMON FISHING.—I want some information about the salmon fishing of Newfoundland and Labrador. If you have a reader who is familiar with these sections I should be greatly obliged if he would give me some information whether there are salmon in the rivers of those countries, and if so, whether they rise to the fly, and if so how to reach the ground and all about it. I have been so unfortunate as not to secure any fishing in the Canadian waters, and he good streams have all been taken up, so I am informed.

VERDE MONTE.

MORON-BUILDING FISHERS.—In our issue of June 23, 1881, we published a communication from our valued correspondent, D. H. B. Syracuse, N. Y., on stone-lugging fish. He gave an account of a large cod fish of ten or twelve inches in length, which was seen to carry stones in its mouth and heap them up. This, no doubt, had some connection with an increase of its species, and could hardly have been for the purpose of a monument to its ancestors, nor to erect a mound to preserve the archives of the great family *Cypripidae*. In our remarks we hinted that the fish might be either *Senolius corporalis* or *S. bullaris*. A specimen was sent, and we inclined to consider it the latter species. It was sent to Prof. G. Brown Goode for further identification and he decides that it is *butleri*. The fish is a truly game fish and is the largest of our Eastern cypripinoids, often reaching fifteen or eighteen inches in length. It rises to the fly, as does its congener the "corporal," but does not occur in sufficient numbers to be angled for especially. It is popularly known as "fall-fish," "club," "dice," and sometimes "roach." It is a beautiful fish, with large shining scales, and, in the breeding season, has bright red fins. Its habit of stone-toting was new to us, and on looking up its written history, we find no mention of it.

GRAYLING FISHING.—Jesse, in his "Angle's Rambles," in speaking of grayling fishing, says: "You will always see any person who is a stranger to grayling fishing, and I may add, many who have fished for them all their lives, when the stream is low and very clear, betake themselves to the streams and curfs, from the idea that their fish will see their line in the water. Let them do so; they will, perhaps, catch a few trout and some such grayling. But go yourself to a deep, dark part of the river—never mind if there is no wind, and the sun is hot—use the finest gut you can procure (even if you have to give a guinea a knot for it), and two flies, and, when you have thrown your line as light as a gossamer, let it sink eight or ten inches. You will not see a rise, but a slight curl in the water, which, by a little practice, you will understand quite as well; and, when you strike, you will have the pleasure of finding a pounder, or more, tugging away at the end of your line."

KILLING FISH WHEN CAUGHT.—Caledonia, N. Y., Dec. 16.—Much has been said upon the subject of killing fish when first caught, but only a few anglers practice it. Of all the persons who visit my trout ponds and fish in the creek here, not one in ten do it, although most of them will admit that fish are better for the table, and keep better, by being killed instead of suffocating in the air. There are differences of opinion as to the best method of killing fish when on the stream. I think the best and quickest is to take the fish in the right hand and strike the back of the head a quick, sharp blow on the but of your rod. If you are on the shore, strike the head before removing the fly or hook from its mouth. When you break the trout's neck, it spoils the fish for a nice show on the table, as the head will in some cases come off when you dress them, but will always do so when cooking.—J. ANNIN, JR.

NIGHT FISHING.—Baltimore, Md.—A friend and myself have on several occasions, during the past summer, chosen dark nights and taken the late train to Bush River, Harford county, this State. Our preparations consisted of lowering an ordinary railroad canteen from the bridge to a height of one foot above the water. Our lines contained a spreader, two hooks, and a cork about ten inches above the hook. Our bait was shrimp. We cast our lines in eight feet of water, the corks floating on the edge of the canteen's light reflection. The fish, attracted by the light, came around, and we were kept busy from 10 until 4 o'clock in the morning, when by actual count we had bagged 359 fine white perch, some measuring between 10 and 15 inches. I have found in night fishing for perch the luck is as good, and sometimes better, than fishing by day.—JAN.

THE RAINBOW TROUT.—We are permitted to publish the following: Danville, N. Y., Dec. 12.—To Seth Green, Esq., Superintendent Fishery Commission: During the past season we have taken special pains to protect the California Mountain trout, protected by our laws during the past three years. The young trout were received from the State Hatching House at Caledonia. It has been understood that none should be killed by members of clubs. The fish are doing splendidly and are taken three miles above where they were planted, weighing over one pound each. A friend took one in Canebranch Creek, last July, that weighed, after being out of the water eight hours, eighteen and one-half ounces. He did not know what it was until I told him. There is no doubt about their being the trout to take the place of our old natives.

JOHN HYLAND.

CLARK'S HATCHERY.—At the hatchery of Mr. Frank N. Clark, assistant to the U. S. Fish Commission, at Northville, Michigan, there are 220,000 whitebait, 55,000 eggs of lake trout, and 50,000 eggs of the lake trout. He will soon make some shipments to Germany.

A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—Marlboro', Mass., Dec. 19, 1881.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: At a meeting of the Marlboro' Sportsmen's Club held the 16th inst., it was voted to accept the offer of the Fall River Gun Club, published in a late issue of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, to shoot a team match at glass balls. In accordance with that vote I have to transmit to you our acceptance of that offer. Teams to consist of from eight to fifteen men each, at the option of the Fall River Club, and match to be shot upon our grounds in this place, at such a time as they may designate. We also voted to accept the challenge of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club to be shot at this place, Jan. 13th next.—HEMAN S. FAY, Secretary Marlboro' Sportsmen's Club.

Fishculture.

GROWTH OF TROUT IN WISCONSIN.

IRON, WIS., Dec. 9.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I send you the following history of my experiment for the purpose of demonstrating the ease and facility with which barren or depleted streams may be stocked with these beautiful fish.

About four miles south-east of the city of Ripon are two large springs, which carry the Iron River. The stream runs through the city and, after supplying power to several mills, empties into Green Lake, about four miles west of the city, running by the stream, about fifteen miles. In the spring of 1880 I proposed to stock the stream with brook trout, but met with much discouragement from the wise ones of this locality. One said that the water was hard and trout would not live there. Another claimed that the drain of the basins into the stream would kill them in twenty-four hours. Others, again, were certain that the deer and club would devour every one of the fry, and that I was fooling away time and money in putting trout in there.

Notwithstanding all this, in April, 1880, I procured from the State hatchery, at Madison, 20,000 brook trout fry, and planted them in the springs and left them to live or die, to fight the battle of life and forage for themselves. In the summer of 1881 I inquired of those living on the stream about the trout. Nobody had seen them. Some said there was not a trout in the stream: others slowly shook their wooden noddies and said, "We told you so; any fry you put, but you could have taken our advice." I felt that things looked rather blue. I felt worse than a sucking calf that had lost its mother. What was to be done? To give up now involved not only a loss of time, money and wind in procuring the fry, but also a pretty good share of self-esteem, and shattered my faith in Prof. Baird and other ichthyologists. That would never do; so I resolved to brace up and keep a stiff upper lip. I told the doubtful Thomases to keep their shirts on and wait until November and we would see what we would see.

On the 28th of November, 1880, I made a visit to the spring where the fry were planted. I found a very old man was stationed there. I expected to find some trout there about eight inches long, and there, within four feet of me, were great, magnificent fellows fourteen inches long that would weigh over a pound each. The spring was a large one, and the trout were from ten to twelve inches long, and in their brilliant costume, got up regardless of cost; all busily engaged in preparing their spawning beds. I looked about me, almost expecting to see the ghost of old Izak Walton cavorting around me and offering his kingdom for a fish joke. Had the Governor called for them, they could have been planted where should have asked him boot. I had cast my bread upon the waters and it had returned to me after many days. The most surprising feature of the case is their rapid growth. They were barely twenty months old, and many of them would weigh a pound each. They were not big, but they were good.

It demonstrates beyond question that our waters are admirably adapted to the trout, and if our too ardent fishermen can be restrained for another year Silver Creek will be fully stocked with those beautiful and delicious fish.

A. COWLEY,
Fish Warden Green Lake Dist.

CARP.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 8, 1881.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I came to this city on a business trip a few days since and found Dr. Hassel, superintendent of the carp ponds near Ripon's Island, west of Babcock Lake, was draining off the water by direction of Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute. It was found that the carp ponds had been very great during the past season. It is estimated that fully as many have hatched as were discovered in Babcock Lake when it was drawn off, and the number is estimated to be upward of 100,000.

Prof. Baird is sending these young fish off daily to all parts of the country, except the Southern States, where the temperature of the water is higher and more uniform, and they consequently grow faster. Dr. Carey, State Fish Commissioner of Georgia, was present at the drawing off of the pond. He takes much interest in the breeding of the carp in his State, and says it has been in his mind to import some from this country.

Superintendent Hassel is making some great improvements in and about Ripon's Island and through his work Prof. Baird will be able to distribute more carp yearly, as many old fish will be added each season, and as the young were lost when the ponds last spring, owing to a freshet, and many were washed into the Potomac River. Capt. Knight, a well-known fisherman on the river, was present and stated that carp are now frequently caught about the river flats among the grasses and that they are delicious food for the table.

Two car loads of carp were shipped last Monday night for New York and New Jersey for stocking the ponds of numerous gentlemen of those States.

I met while there Mr. H. J. Fenton, of Windsor, Conn. He is the proprietor of the Connecticut State Fish Hatcheries, and was on his way homeward with carp for his State. He has already distributed 1,000 and gets altogether 1,500. Distribution was made in lots of 30 to applicants all over Conn. In the autumn of 1880 he sent out 800 about 3 inches long. Some of these fish are now 10 inches.

At the Conn. Hatchery, at Fenton, there are now 450,000 trout eggs, 300,000 Penobscot salmon eggs, and of land-locked salmon fully 275,000 ready for State purposes at Twin lakes. Mr. Fenton tells me a land-locked salmon was lately taken of the planting of 1875—that weighed 4 lbs. 2 ozs.

Mr. F. and myself attended the Guiteau trial together, but I assure you the fish question interested us much more than the gabbling of the cranky assassin.

Why do not the Pennsylvania men who wish to try the experiment of growing the carp make application for a few fish before they are gone?

HOMO.

THE GERMAN FISHERY ASSOCIATION.—We have circular No. 6 of the Deutsche Fischerei Verein for November, 1881. From it we take the following notes: Mr. Schuster reports having taken 23,000 eggs from four-year-old California salmon which he reared, and which had never left the ponds of his breeding establishment at Lake Superior. The eggs were sent to the German society, writes that they received eggs of the quinnat salmon, *Oncorhynchus clonius*; the land-locked salmon, *Salmo salar*; the brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, and the whitefish, *Coregonus nasus*, from America the past year. With the exception of the brook trout, all came in good order. Some from Mr. Annin had endured exposure and met with considerable loss; others from Mr. Stone arrived safely. The use of seawater as a packing material for eggs is not approved. When it is fresh it is inclined to heat, and thereby was considered to be a hindrance to the eggs of the quinnat salmon from Geestendam. Carp fry at Walmschen, were fed with blood at first and then with bread, and on the 12th of July were from five to six centimeters long. At Sommeren they were fed with bread; at Kalmun with ground meal (behe-mel) and potatoes; at Lennich with young grass, and also with "water-peel" (a water plant of some kind). At Deseen the old carp are fed with ants' eggs, bread, barley, potatoes, blood and refuse meat. Carp, goldfish and the golden teleost are particularly fond of oil-cake, and large pieces can be thrown to them. I have not seen any getting as rapid growth in carp in a small space with artificial food as in larger waters where there is more range and plenty of food.

EGGS FOR GERMANY.—Several lots of eggs are either on the way or are to be sent to Germany. On the 17th of July the North German Lloyd steamer Mail took out 20,000 eggs of the lake trout, *Cristiomer namaygush*, from Prof. Baird to the Deutsche Fischerei Verein. They came from the hatchery of Frank N. Clark, Northville, Mich., and were re-packed by Mr. Maier, of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

On the 24th the Oster, of the same line, will take out 300,000 eggs of white fish, *Coregonus albus*, from Prof. Baird, to the same destination, also from Mr. Clark.

The Oster will also take 20,000 eggs of brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, from Mr. Livingston Stone, Charleston, N. H., for the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, and an equal number for Mr. Eberich, Geestendam.

QUINNAT SALMON IN GERMANY.—In a private letter Mr. von Dehr, President of the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, writes that the California salmon, from eggs sent by Prof. Baird this year, are doing capitally. He says that Mr. Schuster knows how to deal with all the fry, which his tanks are swarming until he deposits them in the Danube.

FOOD OF CARP.—Those of our readers who are interested in carp culture will read with interest the report on feeding them in Germany. Under the head of "The German Fishery Association" we give a translation of Mr. von dem Borne's report of the management of this fish in different parts of that country.

The Kennel.

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS—CONTINUED.

BELTON III. AND NELLIE.

Wednesday morning a start was made at half-past seven, and fifteen minutes later Belton III. and Nellie were put down, just as the fortifications were being towed, to run the open. Belton III. was the fastest. He was in the lead, and when he was flushed he led. Belton did not commence very well, as he soon ran into a small bevy and flushed them. Following them into some sprouts, Nellie made a point, which Belton backed indifferently. The bird was flushed to order, and missed. Nellie soon found another bird, which she pointed nicely. Belton again backed poorly. She tried, to order, winged a bird that Nellie failed to find. She again pointed, and Belton backed, a little better this time. Short, to order, killed, and Nellie retrieved nicely. Out in the open, Belton pointed, and Nellie backed. Belton was in the lead, and when he was flushed he led. Belton pointed, and Nellie, coming up in the tail again, also came to a point. Short flushed to order, and his gun missed fire. Belton again flushed, and the dogs were ordered up and Nellie awarded the heat. Down altogether one hour.

BIZ AND COUNT NOBLE.

Biz, handled by Mr. McIntosh, and Count Noble, handled by Sanborn, were at once set off. Great interest was felt by all in the result of this heat, as Biz is considered one of the crack dogs of Pennsylvania, and the Count is well known as a good one. In fact, many who had seen his work confidently expected him to come to the front. Both dogs went at a good rate of speed, but Biz was the fastest. He was in the lead, and when he was flushed he led. Biz scored the first point on a bird that flushed almost as soon as he stopped. He remained steady, and carefully feeling the wind, he drew on a few steps, and again pointed and held the birds a long time, which Sanborn valued very much. Count, who finally came and backed in good style. A large bevy was flushed, which was followed, and two or three of them were put up by the spectators, but the dogs failed to find any of them. A spitz was now taken in the open, where all could see the dogs, and compare their merits as they ranged. Biz kept on increasing his speed, and clearly led the legs of Count. He also ranged fully as wide, and quartered as well. Turning back to where the birds were first found, and going east, Biz pointed, and then roared very carefully. Count took up the same scent a little to his left. Both roading on, Count finally established his point, and Biz was in the lead, and when he was flushed he led. Biz scored the first point on a bird that flushed almost as soon as he stopped. He remained steady, and carefully feeling the wind, he drew on a few steps, and again pointed and held the birds a long time, which Sanborn valued very much. Count, who finally came and backed in good style. A large bevy was flushed, which was followed, and two or three of them were put up by the spectators, but the dogs failed to find any of them. A spitz was now taken in the open, where all could see the dogs, and compare their merits as they ranged. 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back, but swung for the scent and also pointed in good style. Tallman, to order, flushed the birds, and killed one. Both dogs remained steady. The hunter, to order, killed very nicely, and Grouse found first and made another grand point, while Don either backed or pointed, we could not tell which, but were inclined to believe the latter. Tallman, to order, killed very nicely, and Grouse retrieved nicely. This was most excellent work. Turning back through the sprouts both challenged, but moved on to some timber, when some birds flushed wild. Turning down wind Grouse did a very fine piece of work. He roaded a short distance, and made a high grand style, displaying good judgment. Tallman, moving up, flushed the bird. Swinging round to get the wind, and working back Don scored a good point, also down wind. The birds were flushed to order by the handler and missed. Grouse soon pointed again, but the bird flushed almost at the same time. He soon pointed again, but this time the bird flushed. The birds had evidently run, as he roaded on them. A little further on Don pointed, and Grouse moved up to him and also pointed. Some very fine roading was now done by both dogs, but to the left he got wind of a large bevy, and drew to a stumped point just over a ditch. Grouse meantime roading them out, but before he got up to them they had gone, and with them his chance of victory, as they were now ordered up and Don declared the birds were down altogether in two hours and five minutes. This was a grand beat, and was about to finish the performances of the dogs were watched with abiding interest.

PEEP 'O' DAY AND DASHING ROVER.

Peep 'O' Day, handled by Wallace, and Dashing Rover, handled by A. Winter, were put down in a cornfield in a valley at 3:30. Peep started off at a slashing rate, ranging well and moving very gracefully. Rover is actually a very good moving dog, but was clearly a little behind. He soon dropped a point some distance from a large bevy, and Rover brought up to back, refused and moved on ahead for several yards, and came to a beautiful point, which he soon broke and going on scored a bad flush. Winter shot and missed and Rover broke back, but stopped after a few jumps. Following the birds, Peep dropped on point, and Rover brought up to back, backed out and went away a few steps, where he stood still, but his tail was moving. Wallace winged a bird, but as it could fly a little, Peep was ordered to retrieve it. Rover was ordered to back down. Peep declared the winner at 3:55. Down twenty-five minutes.

MAXWELL AND TRIX.

Maxwell, handled by Short, had not run, as his competitor, Countess May, had been withdrawn, and he was cast off with Trix, who had a bye. She was handled by Winter. At the word Maxwell was off like a rocket straight away and soon lost to sight. He was located after a short time, and was ordered to back down. He ran over a knoll out of the sight of the judges, and flushed a bevy. He then settled down and went much better. On the hill-side he made a false point which Trix refused to back. Then a turn was made and we started toward home, but nothing was made and the dogs were ordered to back down. Reaching the hotel, Trix was withdrawn and Maxwell declared the winner of the heat.

This ended the first series of heats with the following result, as published last week.

FIRST SERIES—ALL-AGED STAKES.

- Bessie beat Gordon.
- Reckonridge beat Dash III.
- Maxwell beat Countess May (withdrawn.)
- Breckenridge beat Kinnikinnick.
- Maud W. beat Dashing Monarch.
- Lad beat Phindoe.
- Nellie beat Minerva.
- Nellie beat Belton III.
- Biz beat Count Noble.
- King Dash beat Rush.
- Peep beat Grouse.
- Peep 'O' Day beat Dashing Rover.
- Maxwell beat Trix (withdrawn.)

SECOND SERIES ALL-AGED STAKES.

BESS AND MAY LAVERACK.

Friday morning the same route was taken as on the first day, and Jess and May Laverack were cast off at 8:05 in the cotton field. Both went very well, but Jess appeared to be in the best form and made an excellent heat. The dogs were ordered to back down. On Dashing Rover on Tuesday we cannot but think that the result would have been different. Working through the cotton and cornfield, in search of the bevy previously found here, the dogs did not swing quite far enough to the north, and the birds were starting to fly. The dogs were ordered to back down. On the sprouts, and the rest flew east into the woods. Swinging round into the edge of the sprouts, both dogs pointed just as the birds flushed. May being a little ahead. Moving on May challenged, and Jess backed, then both dogs were ordered to back down. May established a point, which Jess backed nicely, and two birds were flushed, but not shot at. A little further on, May pointed false, and Jess backed. Working east, Jess made a beautiful point. May called up, went round her, and we thought, pointed instead of back. Moving on to the woods, May pointed, and Jess backed. Heading on May scored a false. Turning south, Jess made a grand point, while May was stopped to order, but moving on she scored another flush, two or three birds getting up all around her. Jess remained steady. They were now ordered up, and the heat awarded to Jess. Down thirty-five minutes.

BRECKENRIDGE AND MAUD W.

Breckenridge and Maud W. were at once put down in a field of cedar and cypress, and were ordered to back down. A beautiful point, Breck called up to back, passed by without coming her, but as he turned back, he caught sight of her, and backed nicely. Dr. Ware killed to order, and Maud retrieved fairly. This was a very pretty performance. A little further and Breck dropped, and Maud backed very gracefully. Capt. Henry flushed the birds, but missed. Maud came to a point soon after, and Breck came up and half pointed, but both handlers moved close to the dogs, and Maud became a little uneasy and flushed four or five birds. We thought the handlers' business was to get the dogs away from the woods, and made a capital point on a fresh bevy. Breck came around behind, and dropped also on point. This was good work. Capt. Henry flushed to order and missed with both barrels. A little further on, Breck pointed a running bird, and Maud being long the trail he swung round and landed it nicely. Maud backed the first point, but went on to order, where Breck moved, and passed by the bird, which was flushed to order in front of Breck. Maud, now ranging at speed, dashed a bird that she should have pointed, and the judges, after comparing notes, awarded the heat to Breck. Down thirty-five minutes.

LITA AND LAD.

Lita and Lad were now cast off in the cedar and woods, and after a short spin, were sent into the corn, where Lad, glancing at speed, struck the scent of a large bevy and dropped, as if shot, on a point, which he held until Lita was brought up to back, which she did fairly. The birds were flushed to order, and one killed, which Lad retrieved very well. Following the birds, Lad challenged, and moved on, when Lita made a good point, which Lad backed. The bird was killed, and Lita sent to retrieve, but not finding it readily, Lad moved up and came to a point, just as a bird got up. Both dogs sent to back down, and moved toward the left, where three more birds were flushed. Lad backed, and a moment later Lad did the same. Lita now traded nicely a short distance, and dropped on the point. Lad backed, but nothing was found, and they were ordered up, and Lad awarded the heat. Down twenty-five minutes.

NELLIE AND BIZ.

Nellie and Biz were at once put down. Both ranged and quartered in grand style. Biz soon swung to the left, and made

a very handsome croning point, which he held some time for Nellie to come up, but as she did not come Mr. McIntosh flushed to order and killed, Biz dropping nicely to wing. The bird was only winged, and the heat was not retrieved. Then crossing the railroad, Nellie challenged and roaded up to a bevy that were feeding, and pointed in grand style. Biz went around her and the birds, but showed no sign. Nellie again pointed, while Biz roaded to her left and half pointed, but no bird was found before him while one was flushed to order by Nellie. Biz now pointed in a patch of plum trees, and Nellie to his left pointed at the end of the same patch. Sanborn flushed to order and killed, and the bird fell close to Biz who retrieved it nicely. Both then roaded running birds, one of which got up before Biz, while Nellie passed by a bird that was flushed behind her. She roaded grandly into the woods, and established a point, but the dry leaves were too much for Biz, who roaded too close and flushed two or three times, while Nellie remained staunch. He was at last brought up to her, but failed to back her, and the bird, which was flushed to order a few yards in front of her. The heat was then awarded to Nellie. Down forty-five minutes.

KING DASH AND DON.

King Dash and Don were put down at 10:40. Across the gully both challenged, but nothing came of it. After a long time, Don again challenged in some edge and roaded a short distance, when the birds were flushed and caught it again in grand style, but the ground was bare, and no point was made. The birds were flushed, but he had fairly located them. This was a good piece of work, as he stuck to them and found very well indeed. Dash crossed the trail in front of him two or three times, but paid no attention to it. Following on King Dash pointed, but the bird flushed before he could get up. Don soon got another good point, which Dash backed nicely. Mr. Vandervoort flushed to order and missed. Swinging round by the railroad and up a swale, both challenged, and Don roaded in the style up to a bevy and was backed by Dash. The birds were flushed to order, and short killed. This was good work, as the birds were down wind, and Don showed excellent judgment in handling them. Going on, Don scored a flush, but soon came to a point, and Dash dropped very nicely to back. The bird was flushed to order, and short killed. Don sent to retrieve, failed to find it readily as it had run, and when it started on, he ran into the bird, and retrieved it unharmed. Across the gully, Dash made a splendid point at the edge of some brush, and Don backed him, but as short moved up, Dash upset his chances by making a wild point. They were now ordered up, and the heat awarded to Don. Dash a little more than an hour. We now went to lurch which was waiting us at the cotton gin.

PEEP 'O' DAY AND MAXWELL.

At 1:05 Peep 'O' Day and Maxwell were put down at the head of the gully to the east. When near the fence, Peep pointed false. The spectators flushed a bevy on top of the hill, which flew into the woods. Peep then moved toward them, and pointed on a tree-top. The birds were flushed to order, and short killed. On the right side, and made a beautiful point, and Max backed in good style. Wallace flushed to order and missed, both dogs remaining steady. Then over the hills and through the fields, Peep showed the best place and made the best style, across the railroad, Peep drew to a nice point on a large bevy. Biz was flushed, and then went in ahead. He was a little uneasy, but finally pointed. The birds were flushed to order, and one was killed. Following on, Max made a good point at a tree-top, when a bird flushed wild, but he remained staunch until the bird was flushed to order. This was a very good. Peep flushed a bird soon after at the same place, and a bird was thrown up and shot at for Peep to retrieve, which she did well. They were then ordered up, and the heat awarded to Peep 'O' Day. Down nearly an hour.

SUMMARY SECOND SERIES OF HEATS.

- Bessie beat May Laverack.
- Breckenridge beat Maud W.
- Lad beat Lita.
- Nellie beat Biz.
- Don beat King Dash.
- Peep 'O' Day beat Maxwell.

THIRD SERIES.

BRECKENRIDGE AND HISS.

This ended the second series, and Breckenridge and Hiss were put down at 2 o'clock. The dogs were ordered to back down. Some weeds. Running along the fence, Hiss flushed a bevy, and the dogs flushed a bevy. Hiss dropped to wing nicely, and Breck was fairly steady. Swinging round to get the wind, Hiss challenged at a tree-top, while Breck tumbled off a log on a stannish point, the scent being a very pretty one. Capt. Henry flushed to order and killed very neatly, and Breck retrieved well. Then across the railroad Breck dropped on a point, which Hiss backed. Roading a short distance, he dropped again. The bird then got up, moving back into the woods both pointed false, and then out into the open, where a large bevy was flushed. Both dogs pointed to the bird, which was sent to run ahead. Hiss, ordered on, scored a flush, and both dogs dropped to wing. They were then taken up, and Breckenridge awarded the heat. Down an hour and a half.

LAD AND NELLIE.

Lad and Nellie were at once put down and worked across the open field. Lad pointed at a bunch of brush, where Nellie took a snuff and went on, and Lad, discovering his error, backed also. Nellie quartered very wide across the wind to the left, and pointed a nice bevy, which she held until we came up, when Sanborn flushed the birds to order. Meantime Lad found and pointed the birds, and was backed by Hiss. Bew, who killed one, when Lad broke shot, but at once dropped to back. Lad called up to back, but did not see her, and crossed in front and dropped on point as if shot. Bew flushed to order, and made a very neat double. Nellie being long a short bird was flushed, but did not find the other. Going on in the thick brush, Nellie flushed a single bird, then swinging back the judges compared notes and awarded Nellie the heat. Down one hour.

PEEP 'O' DAY AND DON.

Peep 'O' Day and Don were put down at 3:30. Working through the woods into a large field of weeds, Don challenged and roaded to a point, which Peep backed. The birds were flushed, and he could not see which pointed first, but thought that Peep had the best of it. The birds were flushed to order by Wallace, who killed, and Peep retrieved nicely. Moving on south, both challenged, and being called toward a bevy that flushed wild. He appeared to be all right, but he was not. Peep dropped to back, and Don on which he should have backed. Then Peep flushed one in the briars. Don now made a blunder by reading a trail the wrong way in a cornfield. The judges flushed the bevy behind him, and Peep pointed in the briars, and held her birds for Don to be called up to back, which he did very well. A few yards further on Peep flushed. Don then scored a false point, which Peep backed. He then pointed a hare, and Peep again backed. They were now ordered up, and the heat awarded to Peep 'O' Day. Down one hour.

SUMMARY THIRD SERIES OF HEATS.

- Breckenridge beat Bessie.
- Nellie beat Lad.
- Peep 'O' Day beat Don.

FOURTH SERIES.

This concluded the third series, and Nellie and Breckenridge were cast off at 4:30 for the first heat of the fourth series. Biz at once scored a false point, and Nellie, a few minutes later, did the same thing, and Breck backed. Nellie then swung round, and flushed a single bird, which he flushed very well. A moment later, Nellie and her birds, which were now flushed to order, and Capt. Henry killed one, which Nellie retrieved. She then made a grand point, which Breck backed, and the bird—a cripple—was caught. Breck then flushed a single bird in the swale, and Nellie was

awarded the heat at 5 o'clock. Down half an hour. This left Nellie and Peep 'O' Day the only ones in to compete for the first prize.

NELLIE AND PEEP 'O' DAY.

Saturday morning they were put down at 8 o'clock in a field of weeds east of the old farm, where the challenge was made. Both were evidently been feeding, but the recent work was good enough to work out. A little further east they again struck what we thought the trail of the same bevy. Nellie, a little ahead, roaded on, and Peep swung around her and dropped it, Nellie freezing stiff at the same time. Both then roaded to a grand style, and if they had been alone would undoubtedly have located the birds, but the handlers crowded ahead, and a flush was the result. Swinging to the left Nellie was lost, but soon found, flat on her belly. Peep came up and backed nicely, and three or four birds were, to order, flushed, but they were not in grand style, and if they had been alone, a hollow Nellie ran up a single bird. Nothing more was found here, and the dogs were worked east through a large field of weeds and sedge, which was drawn blank. Then turning north both dogs challenged, and Nellie turning to the while, ran into a large bevy and ordered them. This was a little to the right, and partly behind the judges, who had the sun in their eyes, and as larks had been getting up all around, they did not notice that these were quail. We had only a glimpse of them, and also saw a few birds, but just then we obtained a view of Sanborn's face, and all was as plain as day, and we at once scored her a flush, and the judges as plain as a lark. Following these to the east, across a gully, Nellie went up the bank and a single bird flushed in front of her. She at once stopped and remained steady, Peep came up and backed her, and two more birds were, to order, behind her. She undoubtedly thought that more birds were close by when the first one got up, and showed good judgment by remaining quiet. Down the gully Nellie challenged at what proved to be the trail of a large bevy. While roading them out one bird jumped and flew a few feet, and soon after a straggler flushed and flew back over the crowd, but she stuck to them, and finally established a grand point, which Peep backed nicely. Sanborn flushed the bevy, to order, which settled in some weeds and sedge beside a gully. Peep here made a bad flush, putting up several birds, and a few steps further a single bird got up before her and flew a short distance across the gully. She did not chase, but followed the bird, and as she went up the bank the bird again flushed. Working on up the gully, Peep made a magnificent point, which he refused to back, and as he stood there, the birds were flushed, to order, and both dogs were steady to wing. They were now ordered up and the heat awarded to Peep 'O' Day, who was declared the winner of the first prize, at 9:10. Down one hour and half. The handler, who had ledged in the early part of the heat by agreeing to divide the stakes, no matter which won.

DON AND MAXWELL.

Dashing Rover having been withdrawn, Don and Maxwell were the only ones remaining who had been beaten by Peep, and they were at once cast off to decide which one should compete with Peep for the second prize. The circle was made, and the dogs were ordered to back down. The birds were flushed, to order, and both dogs were steady to wing. They were now ordered up and the heat awarded to Peep 'O' Day, who was declared the winner of the first prize, at 9:10. Down one hour and half. The handler, who had ledged in the early part of the heat by agreeing to divide the stakes, no matter which won.

NELLIE AND MAXWELL.

Nellie and Maxwell were put down at 12:15 to compete for second prize, but after running ten minutes Maxwell was withdrawn and Nellie given the heat and declared winner of the second prize. We now went to lunch, and Lad and Breckenridge, who were the last two dogs beaten by Nellie, divided the third prize.

SUMMARY FOURTH SERIES OF HEATS.

- Nellie beat Breckenridge.
- Peep 'O' Day beat Nellie.
- Peep 'O' Day wins first, Nellie second, and Breckenridge and Lad divide third.

BRACE STAKES.

NELLIE AND COUNT NOBLE.

This ended the All-Aged stakes, and immediately after lunch the Brace stakes were commenced by Sanborn's Nellie and Count Noble, who were cast off at just past one. The dogs were ordered to back down. The brace was to run a short time, in order that Mr. Burghumthal, who was obliged to leave on the train, might mark on the range, quartering, style and speed of each brace which could be put down. It was necessary for the judges to see the three score on birds. Count and Nellie were worked through the woods, which was a considerable work was done. Both were nearly perfect in quartering, turning to the whistle and obeying signal of hand very well. Both showed fair speed. Across the road, Nellie flushed a single bird, and a single point, which Count backed. Count dropped to back when near her, but she moved on and flushed the birds. The bevy, which she should have pointed, as she had the wind. Then on over a rise both disappeared, and when we came up were pointing, but nothing was found. Nellie now points once or twice and Count backed, but they moved on each time. Count made one or two jumps for a lark, but stopped to order. Count then made a capital point, which Nellie backed. The bird was flushed to order, but the gun missed fire. Count was not quite steady, but dropped the bird, and soon made another point, but nothing was found, though when the dog was ordered to back, Count had pointed a single bird and flushed, and they were ordered up.

GROUSE DALE AND DASHING MONARCH.

Grouse Dale and Dashing Monarch were at once put down. Working through the weeds to the open field, the dogs were flushed, and ranged and quartered fairly. Then a swale of bushes challenged and Monarch backed in grand style, and on a little further Grouse made a magnificent point, which Monarch backed to fly. The handlers moved on, and Monarch backed to fly. Here the handlers and judges were well away. A moment later, the trail, which, we have no doubt, they would have tracked out, as the spectators, coming up, flushed a large bevy close by, which flew into the woods ahead, where Grouse soon found them and made a grand point, which Monarch backed to fly. The birds were flushed to order by Tallman and missed. The bird then flushed a bird down wind and dropped to wing. Ordered on, another got up close by. Monarch pointed close to the fence, and Grouse backed him fairly. Tallman flushed to order and killed. They were then taken up, and the heat awarded to Grouse Dale. Both dogs were ordered to back down, and worked through to the large field to the north. Both dropped that almost as soon as they were started, but nothing was found. Out in the open both showed up very speedy, ranging very wide and quartering well. Nothing was found for some time, but they were going down the trail, and the dogs were ordered up. Following the birds into the woods nothing could be done with them, as they got up wild. Turning back, Belton pointed a nice bevy in a bushy corner and King backed. Short flushed to order and killed. They were then taken up, and the heat awarded to Grouse Dale and Dashing Monarch third. This ended the N. A. K. C. F. T. of 1891.

The following is a complete list of the winners in the National Trials:

SUMMARY BERRY WINNERS.

- 1st, Dashing Novice.
2d, Bees.
3d, Shulow. } Divided.
4th, Glida.

The 4th prize was a very handsome silver cup presented by Mr. Geo. H. Wild, of Red Bank, N. J., as a Consolation Cup.

SUMMARY ALL-AGED STATE WINNERS.

- 1st, Peep o' Day.
2d, Nellie.
3d, Breckinridge.
4th, Lad. } Divided.

RIVAGE STAKE.

- 1st, King Dash and Belton III.
2d, Count Noble and Nellie.
3d, Dashing Monarch and Grouse Dale.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE ASSOCIATION FIELD TRIALS.

GRAND JUNCTION, TENN.

WEDNESDAY, STAKE.

The Pennsylvania State Association Field Trials commenced on Monday, Dec. 12, at Grand Junction, Tenn., on the grounds where the National Trials had been so successfully run the week before. The Members' Stake was the first event on the card and closed with seven entries, of which six put in appearance to contest for the valuable prizes offered by the Association:

Capt. A. E. Woodson, Mr. Jas. H. Dow and Mr. Wm. Tallman acted as judges.

May Laverack (Thunder-Spot), lemon Belton setter bitch, whelped May 11, 1879. Owned by Mr. J. J. Snellenburg, New Brighton, Pa.

Pet Laverack (Thunder-Pepper), blue Belton setter bitch, whelped April 2, 1880. Same owner.

King Dash, (Belton-Stayton's) liver and white setter dog, whelped June 5, 1878. Owned by Mr. J. R. Hendricks, Pittsburg, Pa.

Belton III, (Belton-Stayton's) Floss, black, white and tan setter dog, whelped June 5, 1878. Owned by Mr. J. R. Stayton, Pittsburg, Pa.

Ship (Dog Whip-Daisy Dane), black, white and tan setter dog. Owned by Mr. J. R. Hendricks, Pittsburg, Pa.

They were drawn to the order: May Laverack and Ship, Pet Laverack and Belton III., King Dash and Biz.

MAY LAVERACK AND SHIP

were put down for the first heat at 9:15. May is a sweet moving little bitch and catches her points in a very taking way. She swung ahead in the sprints and got the first point, which Ship lacked, but was a little uneasy. Both dropped to order. A little further on Ship made a false point, which May lacked rather indifferently. Ship was then withdrawn and May declared the winner of the heat after being down only fifteen minutes.

PET LAVERACK AND BELTON III.

were then cast off. Pet very soon dropped on a point and was handsomely backed by Belton, but nothing was found and Pet scored a false point. It was half hour before anything else was done, when Belton pointed a very and pointed them in good style. Pet dropping flat to back as soon as she saw him. The birds were flushed to order, and one was killed by Mr. Snellenburg, while Mr. Stayton missed. Pet retrieved the bird fairly. Belton was soon pointing again, but Pet was not satisfied when Belton broke and rushed to order and killed neatly with his second barrel. This was very pretty although Belton was not quite steady to wing, but at once became quiet to order. When ordered to retrieve he failed to find and flushed a bird while searching for it; and when the handlers, moving on, just up a bark and killed it, Belton retrieved it, but not in first-class style. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Belton. Down one hour and a half.

BIZ AND KING DASH

were now put down; and Dash after a few jumps dropped on point, but nothing was found and he scored false point. Moving on he again pointed and Biz joined him, when both moved on. Biz swung around to get up a bark and pointed a beautiful point on a bevy just as a single bird started. Dash was close by and both remained steady while the birds flushed a little wild. Going on, Biz challenged on trail of a single bird but got it the wrong way, and roared to the end; but he was satisfied when Belton broke and ran into the bird and scored a flush. They were then taken up for lunch, and again put down; but the scent was very poor, as the dry wind was very unfavorable, especially in the middle of the day, and it was a long time between birds. Dash was the first to find, and Dash was not far from the bird, which he retrieved. Intoxicated one of them but missed him as neatly as any of the professionals could have done. Biz now scored a good point, which Dash backed in grand style. Mr. McIntosh flushed it to order and graded it in capital form. The dogs were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Biz. Down three and one-half hours. This ended the first series of heats.

FIRST SERIES OF HEATS.

MAY LAVERACK BEST SHIP.

BELTON III, BEST PET LAVERACK.

SHIP BEST KING DASH.

MAY LAVERACK AND BELTON III.

were put down at 3:45 to run the first heat of the second series. Belton at once flushed a single bird. He then dropped to point on a bevy, and May backed him. The bird was flushed to order and shot at when Belton broke shot. May then scored a flush and Belton again made a magnificent point, which May lacked to order. Mr. Stayton flushed the bird to order and missed; he soon put up another, which when Belton again broke shot and retrieved it. Belton, a little further on, made another flush. May now pointed nicely and dropped to shot, and Belton remained steady. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to May Laverack. Down one hour. Mr. Stayton then withdrew Dash, as he had never handled him before and could not control him. Mr. Snellenburg and Mr. McIntosh then divided first, and second was awarded to King Dash. This was perhaps the best way, as it was nearly dark, and if run out in the morning it would prolong the meeting beyond the time that the judges could devote to it.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

ENTRIES IN ALL-AGED STAKES.

Bob, red setter dog, 3 years old (Champion Bob-Gregg's) Nellie, entered by Edward Gregg, Pittsburg, Pa.

May Laverack, Thunder-Spot, entered by Mr. J. J. Snellenburg, New Brighton, Pa.

Ship o' Day, Gladiator, entered by Mr. Jas. J. Snellenburg, New Brighton, Pa.

Count Noble, Count Winden-Norah, entered by Mr. D. C. Sanborn.

King Dash, Belton-Floss, entered by Mr. J. R. Hendricks.

May Laverack, lemon Belton setter bitch, whelped April 2, 1880, Thunder-Pepper, entered by Mr. David McK. Lloyd.

Belton III, Belton-Floss, entered by Mr. I. R. Stayton.

Biz, Dash-Florence, entered by Mr. McIntosh.

Dog, Bang-Peg, entered by Mr. R. T. Vandepoort.

Peep o' Day, Gladiator, entered by Mr. D. Bryson.

Maxwell, Luke-Rena, entered by Mr. L. L. Martin.

Gordon, Rupert-Whip, entered by Mr. C. B. McGinnis.

Kinnickmeek, Reed's Druid-Besse Lee, entered by Mr. Knowles.

Dashing Monarch, Jewellville's Dash II-Countess Moll, entered by Mr. J. C. Higgins.

Grouse Dale, Waters' Grouse-Daisy Dale, entered by Mr. Tallman.

Dash, light red setter, 4 years (unknown), entered by Mr. S. S. Brown, Pittsburg, Pa.

Warwick, orange and white setter dog, 3 years old (Leicester-Petre), entered by Messrs. Tallman and Martin.

Ollie, black, white and tan setter bitch, 5 years (Dan-Petre), entered by Messrs. Tallman and Martin.

TUESDAY.

Tuesday morning the All-Aged stakes were commenced at 8:15 by casting off.

DASHING MONARCH AND GORDON

just east of the old fort, near the pines. Monarch was handled by Martin and Gordon by Titus. Both dogs appeared to be feeling well, Monarch especially, showing by his more animated movements that he was feeling better and that he was more himself than he had previously shown either here or at Robbins' Island. Gordon was also going well, and was the first to find. Swinging into the thick scrub oaks he dropped on a capital point to a bevy. Monarch at once backed him in his own grand style. The birds flushed wild and were at once followed. One was seen to flush wild, and Monarch pointed where he rather a trying situation, and located a half dozen birds, which he pointed magnificently and Gordon backed him very gracefully. Martin flushed the birds to order but did not shoot. Swinging into the pines, Monarch again pointed, but did not shoot. Titus then put up a single bird and Gordon dropped to wing, though he had been shot. Working down into a ravine, Gordon dropped suddenly on point to a single bird and remained steady a few moments, although the bird ran away down wind between the corn rows in plain sight of him. Titus then put up a single bird and speaks well for his training, as just then Monarch swung round below him and, catching the scent, made one of his magnificent points, which Gordon honored by partly rising and backing him handsomely. This grand work, but a little too easily, for a setter. He had very gamy look and carries himself in a jaunty way that is very taking. Short strained him, but has not handled him for a long time. The honors were equally divided on the first find, as both dogs pointed a bevy at nearly the same instant. The birds were flushed to order. Martin killed one, while Short missed with both barrels. Both dogs were steady. Ollie ordered to retrieve, did so very well indeed. Following the birds, Dash made a capital point, but running on was steadied by Short, when he again pointed and Ollie backed him. Nothing was found, however, and he scored a false point. Soon after, Ollie ordered to retrieve, and he was steady. Ollie pointed a bevy, which was down wind flushed a single bird, and instantly dropped on a beautiful point to the rest of the bevy, who lay until flushed. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Ollie at 11 o'clock. Down one hour and forty minutes.

OLLIE AND DASH.

Ollie, a litter sister to the celebrated Gladstone, handled by Martin, and Mr. Brown's Dash, handled by Short, were at once cast off close to the pines and worked east. Ollie is said to be a capital field dog, and a very gamy look, but a little too easily, for a setter. He had very gamy look and carries himself in a jaunty way that is very taking. Short strained him, but has not handled him for a long time. The honors were equally divided on the first find, as both dogs pointed a bevy at nearly the same instant. The birds were flushed to order. Martin killed one, while Short missed with both barrels. Both dogs were steady. Ollie ordered to retrieve, did so very well indeed. Following the birds, Dash made a capital point, but running on was steadied by Short, when he again pointed and Ollie backed him. Nothing was found, however, and he scored a false point. Soon after, Ollie ordered to retrieve, and he was steady. Ollie pointed a bevy, which was down wind flushed a single bird, and instantly dropped on a beautiful point to the rest of the bevy, who lay until flushed. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Ollie at 11 o'clock. Down one hour and forty minutes.

COUNT NOBLE AND MAXWELL.

Count Noble, handled by D. C. Sanborn, and Maxwell, handled by Short, were then put down and the scattered bevy, and between the dogs, handlers, judges and reporters, the birds were put up all around. At each rise the dogs would drop to wing, but they failed to locate any of the birds, for which they could not be blamed. This was a very gamy look, but a little too easily, for a setter. He had very gamy look and carries himself in a jaunty way that is very taking. Short strained him, but has not handled him for a long time. The honors were equally divided on the first find, as both dogs pointed a bevy at nearly the same instant. The birds were flushed to order. Martin killed one, while Short missed with both barrels. Both dogs were steady. Ollie ordered to retrieve, did so very well indeed. Following the birds, Dash made a capital point, but running on was steadied by Short, when he again pointed and Ollie backed him. Nothing was found, however, and he scored a false point. Soon after, Ollie ordered to retrieve, and he was steady. Ollie pointed a bevy, which was down wind flushed a single bird, and instantly dropped on a beautiful point to the rest of the bevy, who lay until flushed. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Ollie at 11 o'clock. Down one hour and forty minutes.

NED AND GROUSE DALE.

At 2:10 Ned, handled by Morgan, and Grouse Dale, handled by Tallman, were turned loose and worked west. Ned showed good speed and ranged very well, but was quite uneasy and did not make for it in the best manner. He was the first to find but he waited for the bevy and scored a flush. Both handlers shot and a bird was killed, which Ned retrieved fairly. Working on Grouse Dale scored a false point, which was not backed. It was a very gamy look, but a little too easily, for a setter. He had very gamy look and carries himself in a jaunty way that is very taking. Short strained him, but has not handled him for a long time. The honors were equally divided on the first find, as both dogs pointed a bevy at nearly the same instant. The birds were flushed to order. Martin killed one, while Short missed with both barrels. Both dogs were steady. Ollie ordered to retrieve, did so very well indeed. Following the birds, Dash made a capital point, but running on was steadied by Short, when he again pointed and Ollie backed him. Nothing was found, however, and he scored a false point. Soon after, Ollie ordered to retrieve, and he was steady. Ollie pointed a bevy, which was down wind flushed a single bird, and instantly dropped on a beautiful point to the rest of the bevy, who lay until flushed. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Ollie at 11 o'clock. Down two hours. A move was then made for lunch.

NELLIE AND BELTON III.

Nellie, handled by Sanborn, and Belton III, handled by Short, were at once cast off in the woods. Belton challenged, but soon moved on. Working through into a cotton field, Nellie dropped very easily to a single bird, and Belton dropped to order. Sanborn worked on a bevy, which he pointed magnificently, as also did the bird. Nellie again pointed, and Belton, refusing to back, drew ahead of her. She then roared on and scored a flush. Sanborn again scored a miss and the bird dropped close to their heels. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Nellie at 4:40. Down twenty-five minutes.

WARWICK AND MACK LAVERACK.

Warwick, handled by Martin, and Mack Laverack handled by Short, were at once put down. Warwick was quite uneasy and did not make for it in the best manner. He was the first to find but he waited for the bevy and scored a flush. Both handlers shot and a bird was killed, which Ned retrieved fairly. Working on Grouse Dale scored a false point, which was not backed. It was a very gamy look, but a little too easily, for a setter. He had very gamy look and carries himself in a jaunty way that is very taking. Short strained him, but has not handled him for a long time. The honors were equally divided on the first find, as both dogs pointed a bevy at nearly the same instant. The birds were flushed to order. Martin killed one, while Short missed with both barrels. Both dogs were steady. Ollie ordered to retrieve, did so very well indeed. Following the birds, Dash made a capital point, but running on was steadied by Short, when he again pointed and Ollie backed him. Nothing was found, however, and he scored a false point. Soon after, Ollie ordered to retrieve, and he was steady. Ollie pointed a bevy, which was down wind flushed a single bird, and instantly dropped on a beautiful point to the rest of the bevy, who lay until flushed. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Ollie at 11 o'clock. Down two hours. A move was then made for lunch.

FIRST SERIES ALL-AGED STAKES.

DASHING MONARCH BEST GORDON.

OLLIE BEST DASH.

COUNT NOBLE BEST MAXWELL.

GROUSE DALE BEST NED.

NELLIE BEST BELTON III.

WARWICK BEST MACK LAVERACK.

RING DASH A BYE.

KING DASH AND DASHING MONARCH.

King Dash who had a bye, handled by Short, and Dashing Monarch were put down at 4:45 to run the first heat of the second series. Both started off in grand style, Dash getting over the ground at good speed, while Monarch ranged very wide with his head well up, more than that he had shown him this season. Except a slight challenge by King nothing was done; and they were taken up at five o'clock to go down again in the morning.

WEDNESDAY.

Wednesday morning was cold, damp and cheerless, with every indication of rain. In fact the dense mist was quite as wet as rain would have been, but a start was made, and at 9:30 Dashing Monarch and King Dash were again drawn to the ground to complete their unfinished heat. Monarch was still "a coming" and let himself out with that abandon which so captivated all who saw him at Robbins' Island last year. Dash also went well and some fine ranging and quartering was done in the open fields. Working on through some woods, Monarch swung round and straightened out on one of his magnificent points. Dash passing between him and the birds, caught the scent and dropped on a beautiful point, flushing the birds to order, but both handlers graced the affair the pleasure of the bird hunters. Monarch swung round. Working on over the hill and through some woods a single bird flushed a little wild just ahead of Monarch, which at once crunched and then pointed another, while Dash backed him in good style. Martin put up the bird to order and scored a kill. Both dogs dropped to shot, and Monarch retrieved beautifully. Then the point, but Dash drew a trifle too close and got a flush. Swinging to the north, Monarch forged ahead into a swale and made a grand point to a large bevy which was flushed to order, and shot at. The dogs were then ordered up, and the heat awarded to King Dash at 10:30. Down one hour, altogether one hour and fifteen minutes.

This heat from start to finish was about as near perfection as possible, and both dogs covered themselves with glory, and achieved honors worth striving for.

COUNT NOBLE AND OLLIE

were now ordered down and cast off at 10:50. They worked over the hill, where some birds had been marked down. Count found first and dropped to a single bird, Ollie backing him very gracefully. Sanborn flushed to order and missed. Count straightened up and instantly dropped on another point. When this bird got up he made a jump or two, but at each drop to order. Working on to a swale Count, while going at speed, carefully flushed a bird, and soon after scored a false point, which Ollie backed. Swinging to the east some fine ranging was done by both dogs, Count showing the most speed and ranging the side of the hill, where some woods. Mr. Dew saw a hawk alight on a tree and requested Martin to shoot it. At the report of the gun a bevy of birds were heard to fly. Upon looking in their direction both dogs were seen pointing. Soon after they were taken up and the heat awarded to Count Noble at 11:30. Down one hour.

GROUSE DALE AND NELLIE

were at once cast off in the same woods. Nellie led off by flushing a single bird, and shortly after Grouse Dale, swinging into a swale, followed suit, working up the swale and crossing the railroad into a cotton-field, Nellie pointed and Grouse, twenty yards away, backed her in grand style. Nellie drew on and a couple of larks put up a bevy, which she pointed magnificently, as she moved on and flushed the bevy, which Tallman shot at but missed. Then turning toward lunch, they were taken up at 12:15 and an hour devoted to the lunch, when they were again put down and worked toward the birds that Nellie had flushed. Swinging into a cotton field, Grouse Dale pointed a bevy, which Grouse Dale grandly. Sanborn flushed to order and missed, and Tallman wiped his eye very neatly. The bird was retrieved by Nellie in good style. Grouse then pointed and Nellie backed him. 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of second place were equally divided between Grouse Dale and Warwick, Martin and Tallman taking the Parker. The third was awarded by King Dash and Belton. This division was, perhaps, as equitable as could have been made, but we would have preferred to have seen the dogs in the field, shooting day and night, and undoubtedly we should have seen some excellent work; but the handlers had got tired and wanted to see the end of it and go home.

THE DERBY.

ENTRIES IN THE DERBY.

Pet Laverack, 1st, Dashing Novice, Mack Laverack, Bessie T., London, Hector (formerly Tom Paine), Gertrude, Kinkinnick. The pedigrees and owners of these have already been given. Christmas Bill, lemon and white pointer dog, whelped June 9, 1880 (Lack of Edenhall-Ready Money), entered by Mr. R. T. Vandervort, Pittsburgh, Pa. Ned, Red Setter, whelped April 14, 1880 (Con-Nan), entered by Mr. R. H. Bailey, Canton, Ohio. Notimah, Gordon setter dog, 11 months' old, Malcolm-Dream III., entered by H. Cossack, Baltimore, Md. Foreman, black and white setter, whelped July 26, 1880 (Dashing Monarch-Fay III.), entered by Mr. H. B. Harrison, Tiltonburg, Ont. Lug, black, white and tan setter, whelped May, 1880 (Shaffo—) Jora Laverack, black and white setter, Young Laverack-Petrel II., entered by Mr. J. H. Honrick, Pittsburgh, Pa. By mutual agreement of the handlers, the rules were waived and the judges—Capt. E. A. Woodson and Mr. Jas. H. Dew—were requested to select the winners after seeing the dogs down long enough to see their merits. Starting from the hole at 9 o'clock, the dogs were put down at 9 o'clock, but Laverack having been withdrawn.

GERTRUDE AND LUG.

Gertrude, handled by Sanborn, and Lug, handled by the first brace to run. They were cast off in a patch of scrub and worked through there and the pines, and a field of weeds east to the hole to decide upon their merits. Starting from the hole at 9 o'clock, and roared a little way, and then swung south. Gertrude then made a point, but soon moved, and was steered by Sanborn, who saw the birds in front of her. She then held her point in fine style, while Lug backed rather indifferently. A large bevy was flushed to order, and both hunters advanced when the shot was fired, neither of which was found, although a long time was expended in looking for them. Then the bevy was followed. Lug pointed a hare, and a little further on Gertrude ran into a portion of the bevy and flushed them, although she was the winner and close. Lug was not much to blame, as she was a little behind. Swinging into the sprouts Lug pointed, but Gertrude moved up a little too close and put up the bird, and soon after flushed another one. They were then taken up at 9:50. Later in the day a bird was taken in the air, and a gun fired for them to show their quality as retrievers. Both acquitted themselves very well.

FOREMAN AND MACK LAVERACK.

Foreman, handled by Stafford, and Mack Laverack, handled by Short, were then put down. Both are very stylish, good moving dogs, and are possessed of a fine turn of speed, and will, undoubtedly, be successful in the field. Working through a large field of weeds, Foreman started a hare, which at once gave chase to Mack, who was ahead and going at speed, but the hare had the legs of him and soon passed him. Both dogs were perfectly steady through this very trying order. A little further on both dogs challenged where birds had been feeding. Mack swung the rig t way, and catching the scent instantly stopped on a grand point with his head high in the air. Foreman, brought round to back caught sight of him and crouched, but at that instant he winded the bird, and side turning his head in their direction, he pointed in capital form. This was splendid and the beautiful attitudes of the dogs were greatly admired. Flushing the birds to order, Stafford scored a killed and Short a miss. Foreman retrieving the bird fairly. Moving on, Short made one thick flush, one of which he killed, but it fell a long distance away and was not found. Working through some thick woods, Foreman put up a bevy which flew into a gully where they were followed, but not much was done and the dogs were ordered up after being down an hour, and a bird thrown for Mack to retrieve, which he did.

NOTIMAH AND PET LAVERACK.

Notimah, handled by Titus, and Pet Laverack, handled by Short, were now put down among the scattered birds. Both moved very careful, and Pet challenged once or twice, and then dropped on a beautiful point. Short flushed to order and missed. Moving on very carefully, Pet again dropped almost on top of a bird, which was again flushed by Notimah, and the dog was again working the gully but without result. In going through a bare field Notimah put up a single bird, and soon after another one rose. Both dogs were steady to wing. A bird was then thrown for each dog, and both retrieved very well. They were then ordered up after being down forty minutes, and the next brace called.

KINKINNICK AND RED NED.

Kinkinnick, handled by Stafford, and Red Ned, handled by Morgan, were cast off at 11:30, and worked north. Both showed good speed, but Ned, we thought, a little the fastest. Kin showed challenged and roared a short distance, but the spectators flushed the birds which were rather shy. Ned refused to back and the bird was flushed to order, but not shot at. Ned again flushed and soon repeated the offense. Working down the ravine, Kin got a grand point on a nice bevy. Ned dropped to order, and the birds were then flushed to order and missed. Capt. Woodson deserves the credit for finding this bevy, as the dogs had been over the ground, but he insisted upon closer work and sent them in again, when the birds were found. A bird was now thrown, and both retrieved well. Kin very well indeed. They were now ordered up after being down thirty five minutes, and the last brace were put down at 12:15.

DASHING MONARCH AND XMAS BILL.

Dashing Novice, handled by Sanborn, and Mr. R. T. Vandervort's imported lemon and white pointer dog, Xmas Bill, eighteen months old, by Lack of Edenhall out of Ready Money, whelped by Morgan, and Ned scored a fine, while Kin showed a fine single bird in a ploughed field, and a little further on in the same field, the redeemed herself by nicely pointing another one on the bare ground; Bill backed her and Sanborn put up the bird to order and winged it. Some time later, when the birds were in the air, and the dogs were ordered up, when Novice swung round on a beautiful point, which Bill backed very nicely. Novice then moved on, and picking up the lost bird, retrieved it unharmed. We then went to lunch, after which they were again put down and worked through a large field into a cotton-field where both challenged, and Novice taking a cast along the fence, struck the scent and dropping to a sitting-posture, pointed a bevy that were in the next field, Bill backing her. Morgan flushed to order and killed a bird, which Bill retrieved fairly. They were now ordered up, and the judges decided that

DASHING NOVICE AND KINKINNICK.

were the best two, and ordered them down to run for first and second places. They were at once cast off and worked toward where a bird had been marked down, but they passed by it and it was put up by Mr. Dew; then turning east into some sprouts where a bird was, Kin a fine line and the bird was ordered up, and Novice, which was flushed to order but not shot at. Novice then pointed and Kin backed nicely. Sanborn put up the bird to order

but did not shoot. Bosting through the aprons, Kin pointed a single bird in the open just at the edge. When the judges rode up a bird got up out in the field, and Stafford, thinking that it was the bird that his dog was pointing, moved up and flushed a bird right under the dogs nose, when several others got up all around. This was an exhibition of first-class work, both animals showing off to great advantage. The judges decided that Dashing Novice was fairly entitled to the first prize and Kinkinnick to the second, and ordered Mack Laverack and Pet Laverack as the next best two to run for third place, but Short, who handled them both, divided the honors equally between them at 2:40 and 1, thus ended the Field Trials of 1881.

The following is a list of the winners in the Pennsylvania State Trials.

MEMBERS' STAKE.
1st, Diz and May Laverack divided.
2d, King Dash.
ALL-AGED STAKE.
1st, Count Noble, Dashing Monarch and Nellie divided.
2d, Grouse Dale and Warwick divided.
3d, King Dash and Belton III. divided.

DERBY.
1st, Dashing Novice.
2d, Kinkinnick.
3d, Mack Laverack and Pet Laverack divided.

ATLANTA DOG SHOW.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 16, 1881.

ON reaching here it was most difficult to find accommodation, the "Kimball House" being full to overflowing, and cots in requisition every night. This, of course, was owing to the vast multitudes from all parts of the States visiting the Exposition, which, as the time draws near for closing, appears to attract more and more interest. The dog show was given up by the managers of the Exposition, but at the eleventh hour taken hold of by a few energetic gentlemen, lovers of field sports, who, with the aid of Mr. Lincoln, knew no such word as fail, and through downright energy and pluck they succeeded in drawing together, for their numbers, a most creditable collection. Mr. Berke, Capt. Heyward, Col. Howe and others were indefatigable in their exertions to make it a success, and Major Taylor being selected to occupy the position of Judge, with assistance from the immediate vicinity, gave the utmost consideration to exhibit that the best dog would win. Among prominent admirers we noticed Professor Legare, of Wall-halla, S. C.; Mr. Orgill, of your city; Mr. Vandervort, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. Vance, of Chattanooga, Tenn. (the last three gentlemen having been at the Grand Junction Field Trials); Judge Hopkins, of Thomsville, Ga.; the Messrs. Foster, of Madison, Ga.; Dr. Holmes, of Rome, Ga.; Mr. Willard, of Jonesborough, Ill., and many others.

Class 1—English Setter Dogs.—Brought out five entries, Mr. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., taking first, with his recent importation, Dashing Rover. This dog, under the care of Mr. Winter, was directly from the Grand Junction Field Trials, and was thus out of show form; still his good points brought him to the front. The second prize went to Ben, Jr., owned by Mr. Woodward, and he was closely pressed by Mr. Ven's Mountain Dew, etc.

Class 2—English Setter Bitches.—Brought the same number of entries into the ring, a very nice class, too. Mr. Legare's entry, Yea, a beautiful little bitch, of splendid black, white and tan markings, or it might be called mottled, and of high on to perfect form, took the judges' eye for first. She is of the Jewellin Strain. The second was awarded to Dr. T. B. Legare for his Vidua, who was also a beautiful animal, Kate Claxton and Duchess of Devonshire, each gaining a v h c, well merited the mention, as did also Opa, gaining a h c.

Classes 3, 4—English setter dog and bitch puppies contained but two entries in the former and none in the latter. Class 5—Irish Setter Dogs.—The only entry Captain, owned by Mr. J. C. Vance, was awarded first prize. Captain is a good specimen of the Irish setter.

Class 6—Irish Setter Bitches.—Three entries; all good. We thought at first that Tris, owned by Mr. Green, of Boston, would carry off the blue ribbon, and were surprised to see Major Taylor give her a v h c only, and award first to Gypsy Queen, belonging to Mr. Vance, of Chattanooga, and the second to Mr. Chapman's Pink. On close examination we could not indorse the judges' decision, finding Tris both long and weak in the neck.

Class 7—Irish Setter Dog Puppies.—Two entries, the prize being awarded to Mr. Vance's Comanche.

Class 8—Irish Setter Bitch Puppies.—Three entries, and prize awarded to a promising youngster belonging to Mr. Edmundson, of Washington, Ga., named Daisy.

Class 9—Gordon Setter Dogs.—Five entries, and all dogs of considerable merit. The first was awarded to Judge Hopkins, of Thomsville, Ga., for his Scott, a dog of unusual quality and power, having such a back and loin as we have not seen in many a day. As Judge Hopkins proposes to send Scott to the next N. Y. Show, he will be again heard from. The Messrs. Willard captured second prize with a young Grouse dog named Lang, and a v h c was given to the Gordon Kennel Club, of Locust Valley, N. Y., for Rake.

Class 10—Gordon Setter Bitches.—But two entries. The first prize was awarded Messrs. Willard Bros. for Toot, a nice specimen. Second money to Gordon Kennel Club for Mab II.

Classes 11, 12—For Gordon Setter Puppies.—No entries.

Class 13—Georgia Setters.—This class was for the best setter dog bred and owned in the State. Two entries. Prize awarded to Capt. Heyward for his Sport, a very strong, useful dog.

Class 14—Georgia Setter Bitches.—Three entries and prize awarded to Mr. C. Fairbanks' Sadie.

Class 15—Georgia Setter Puppies.—Prize was awarded to Lee, owned by Mr. Anne Dixon.

Class 16—Pointer Dogs over 55 lbs.—Five entries, and probably the best and most closely contested class of the show. The first premium was finally awarded to Prof. W. Legare's lemon and white Rab; the second to Mr. Vandervort's liver and white Don (who recently distinguished himself at the Grand Junction Trials); v h c to Mr. Orgill's lemon and white Riot; v h c to Mr. H. B. McComb's St. George, who was afterward called at catalogue price.

Class 17—Pointer Bitches over 55 lbs.—One entry. Belton, a beautiful lemon and white bitch, belonging to Prof. W. Legare, was awarded the premium.

h c to Mr. Fambro's, of Atlanta. Chance, and Judge H. W. Hopkins for Nip. Mr. Berke's Ralph was commended.

Class 18—Pointer Bitches under 50 lbs.—Four entries and all good ones. The first prize was awarded to Mr. Orgill's Rue; for second place it was a squeeze between Judge Hopkins' Peggy and Mr. Vandervort's Luck, the former, however, secured second honors, and Luck took v h c. Luck, which with heat in second money, is a very handsome little bitch.

Class 20—Point r Puppy Dogs.—This was a walkover for Mr. C. B. Hargrove's Sency.

Class 21—Pointer Puppy Bitches.—Prof. W. W. Legare's brace were the only ones to compete.

Class 22—Water Spaniels.—No entries.

Class 23—Field Spaniels (dogs or bitches).—The Hornells-ville Kennel Club had no competitor against Beedick, who took the premium.

Col. Frank E. Howe, of Boston, showed (not for competition) his beautiful large sized black spaniel Jet. Jet is a rare specimen, whose satin coat showed the best of care, and one cannot be surprised at the Colonel being so fond and proud of him.

Class 24, 25—Small Cockers and Puppies.—No entries. Class 26—Foxhounds.—Seven entries, and among them some grand dogs. The first prize was given to Mr. A. W. Foster's Jim Skinner, a splendid specimen, showing more points for speed than any hound we have seen. In conversation with Mr. Foster he remarked that he kept an impired "greyhound" to cross in with his hounds occasionally, as they would not give a pin for dogs that had not plenty of go in them. 2d prize was awarded to Forrester, owned by Mr. Smith, of Atlanta; h c to Lead, owned by Mr. Perkerson, and c to Hop, owned by Mr. Echols, of Rome, Ga.

Class 27—Foxhound Puppies.—No entries.

Class 28—Beagles, Dogs.—Two entries; both very fine; belonging to Judge Hopkins. First prize was awarded to Ned.

Class 29—Beagles, Bitches.—Crook, owned by Judge Hopkins, was the only entry and was well worthy of the first prize.

Class 30—Foxterriers, Dogs.—One entry. Prize awarded to Nipper, owned by Mr. W. Graham, of Rome.

Class 31—Foxterriers, Bitches.—No entries.

Class 32—Greyhounds.—Prize awarded to Mr. L. H. Foster's Jim, a fine dog and only entry.

Class 33—Scottish Deerhounds.—None.

Class 34—Collies, Dogs.—Five entries.

Class 35—Collies, Bitches.—Two entries. The first prize given to Turk, owned by W. R. Smith, of Atlanta, and it is seldom that a finer specimen of this noble breed is put on exhibition anywhere. Lady, owned by same party, scoring second.

SPECIAL PRIZES.—Professor Legar took the premium for the best setter in show with his beautiful Llewellyn Vic.

For the best pointer, it was divided between Rush and Rue, both owned by Edmund Orgill, who also took the special for the best brace of dogs in the show with Rush and Random.

SUMMARY.

The prizes were principally \$25 for the first and \$10 for the second, below are the awards:

- Class 1—English setter dogs.—First, Dashing Rover, T F Taylor; second, Ben, Jr., Butler Woodward, owner, Red Clay, Ga.; commended, Mountain Dew, J. Sam Val, Rome, Ga.
- Class 2—English setter bitches.—First, Yea, W. W. Legare, Wall-halla, S. C.; second, Vidua, T B Legare, owner, Camden, S. C.; commended, Opa, Butler Woodward; Kate Claxton, R I Hampton, owner; Rome, Ga.; Duchess of Devonshire, J. C. Vance, Madison, Ga.
- Class 3—Irish setter dogs.—First, Captain, J C Vance, Chattanooga, Ga.
- Class 4—Irish setter bitches.—First, Gypsy Queen, J C Vance, Chattanooga; second, Pink, John P Chapman, Tlix, J O Green, owner, Boston.
- Class 5—Irish setter dog puppies.—First, Comanche, J C Vance, Chattanooga.
- Class 6—Irish setter bitch pups.—First, Daisy, W L Edmundson, Washington, Ga.
- Class 7—Irish setter dogs.—First, Scott, H W Hopkins, Thomsville, Ga.; second, Mab, Gordon Kennel Club, Jonesboro, Ga.; Rake, Gordon Kennel Club, owners.
- Class 10—Gordon setter bitches.—First, Toot, Willard Bros., Jonesborough, N. C.; second, Tris, owned by Mr. Green, of Boston.
- Class 13—Georgia raised setters.—First, Sport, W I Heyward, Atlanta, Ga.
- Class 14—Georgia raised setter bitches.—First, Sadie, C F Fairbanks, Atlanta.
- Class 15—Georgia setter dogs.—First, Lee, Anne Dixon, Atlanta; second, Opa, J. Sam Val, Rome, Ga.; third, Rab, W W Legare, Wall-halla, S. C.; second, Dan, R T Vandervort, Pittsburgh; third, H. C. Orgill, New York; St. George, H B McComb, Memphis.
- Class 17—Pointer bitches over 55 pounds.—First, Beltona, W W Legare.
- Class 18—Pointer dogs over 55 pounds.—First, Rush, Edmund O Hopkins, second, H. W. Legare, third, Ben, Jr., Butler Woodward, Baltimore; Chance, I W Fambro, Atlanta; and Nip, H W Hopkins, Thomsville; Ralph, J Berke, owner, Atlanta.
- Class 19—Pointer bitches under 50 lbs.—First, Rue, Edmund O Hopkins, Thomsville; Luck, R T Vandervort, Pittsburgh; second, Peggy, H W Hopkins, Thomsville; second, Jim Skinner, A W Foster, owner, Atlanta.
- Class 20—Pointer dog pups.—First, Sency, C B Hargrove, Rome.
- Class 23—Field spaniels.—First, Benedict, Hornell spaniel Club, Hornellsville, N. Y.
- Class 26—Foxhounds.—First, Jim Skinner, A W Foster, Madison, Ga.; second, Forrester, David Smith, Atlanta; Lead, A M Perkerson, Atlanta; Hop, Walter Echols, Rome.
- Class 28—Beagle dogs.—First, Ned, H W Hopkins, Thomsville, Ga.
- Class 29—Beagle bitches.—First, Crook, H W Hopkins, Thomsville.
- Class 30—Foxhounds.—First, Jim, H H Foster, Madison, Ga.
- Class 34—Collies.—First, Robe, William Jones, Atlanta; second, Fritz, W C Sparks, Atlanta.
- Class 35—Massifs.—Turk and Lady, both owned by R W Smith, Atlanta.
- Class 37—Newfoundlands.—First C Edmund's dog.
- Class 47—Miscellaneous.—W C Sparks' bitch Lucy, and J M Elliott's Steerian bloodhound.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Field Trial Association, held at the Stonevale House, Grand Junction, Tenn., Dec. 12, the following gentlemen of Pittsburg were met officers for the ensuing year: President, J. Palmer O'Neil, first Vice-president, Wm. A. McIntosh; second Vice-president, J. R. Honicks; Treasurer, D. McK. Lloyd; Secretary, I. R. Stayton. Executive committee: B. F. Wilson, Edward Gregg, R. T. Vandervort, Howard Hartley, J. W. Orth, W. C. Beringer.

PITTSBURG BENCH SHOW.—There will be a bench show at Pittsburg, Pa., commencing March 7, 1882. Chas. Lincoln will superintend, and liberal premiums will be given. We hope to be able to give all particulars next week.

KENNEL NOTES crowded out to next week.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—Skates, Finest Quality Cutlery, Fine Opera Glasses, Parlor Kites, Air Guns, Air Pistols, Sprayer's Outfurn, and other novelties, at low prices. Also, a large stock of the best makers, with latest improvements, at lowest prices.—Ad.

MISSIS. BOCHER Fils & Co., of 37 Beaver street, this city, are preparing some very choice champagne, and will be ready for the holidays. The firm's wines have earned a high reputation, and their brands are favorites.

Editor Forest and Strawn:
Now that the Commodore and Cook have assured us of their eternal devotion to the Rice Lake, they will not tell us whether they are still using the same name and if not, what it is. In what essential points the revised Rice Lake, with deck, sheer and keel of the Nautilus or Shadow, is superior to the latter. As the Rice Lake models are fitted with two very effective chine strips on a full cruising line, while the others carried the ridiculous lip so long in vogue of a mainmast of about 25 ft., with small driver and jib 30-40 feet in all, one-third of which was of little use, and were greatly handicapped, it is nothing wonderful in their outgrowing their smaller competitors.

NATHAN

1882. FOR FIELD, CAMP AND HOME! 1882.



THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SPORTSMEN, AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A WHOLESOME INTEREST IN

OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

The conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM point with much pride and satisfaction to the past and the present of the paper, and pledge their readers that the same high standard of excellence will be maintained in the future. The FOREST AND STREAM will preserve the reputation it has earned for being:

I.—ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The "Sportsman Tourist," "Game Bag and Gun," and "Sea and River Fishing" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc., etc.

"Natural History" will be so conducted as to stimulate habits of observation and study. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and fishculture; Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"Fishculture," edited by a practical and well-known fishcultivist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "Kennel" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "Kite and Trap Shooting" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "Yachting and Canoeing" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

II.—HIGH IN TONE.

The tone of the FOREST AND STREAM is exceptionally high. It is edited for men of healthy minds in healthy bodies. Its reading and advertising columns will be clean. Its pages will sparkle like the mountain stream in the sunlight, and its contents will be redolent of the exhilarating fragrance of the forest. Primarily intended for gentlemen, it is also a paper for the family centre-table, and one which the entire family, old and young, read with pleasure and profit. The best guarantee of its thoroughly high character is afforded by a reference to a list of those who write for it.

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE FOREST AND STREAM.

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Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

We beg to suggest to the friends of the FOREST AND STREAM that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

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FOR SALE.—Three pointer dog pups, three months old, out of owners Fly shot; she by Snap shot out of Fanny H. L. sired by Imported boy by Mason's champion Don, K. C. S. B. No. 4, 201, and Alasworth, beauty. Also one pointer pup nine months old, out of C. L. Goodman's champion Fly Rattler. Zip, by Snap shot and Fanny H. L. Rattler, by Corcoran's Bess and Dilley's Ranger. C. M. GABB, 121 Main St., Todd's Block, North Attleboro, Mass. Dec31,1t

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Train 51. Leaves New York 4:50 a.m. Philadelphia 7:05 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 4:55 p.m. Danville 7:05 p.m. Charlotte 7:25 a.m. Atlanta 10:40 a.m. There makes connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars Danville to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Train 52. Leaves New York 7:53 a.m. Philadelphia 11:15 a.m. Baltimore 12:15 p.m. Richmond 1:25 p.m. Danville 7:25 a.m. There connects with No. 51 below. Pullman cars from Richmond to Danville. This train connects Mondays and Fridays from Baltimore at 4:00 p.m. in direct via York River Line for West Point and Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 53. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 10:45 p.m. Baltimore 11:50 p.m. Arrives at Lynchburg 4:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 a.m. Charlotte 7:30 p.m. Atlanta 10:45 a.m. Macon 6:30 a.m. Montgomery 7:55 a.m. New Orleans 10:00 p.m. 64 hours from New York. Pullman cars New York to Washington, Washington to Charlotte and Augusta. Arrives at Columbia 6:00 p.m. and Augusta 10:20 p.m. Savannah 7:45 p.m. Jacksonville 7:00 a.m.

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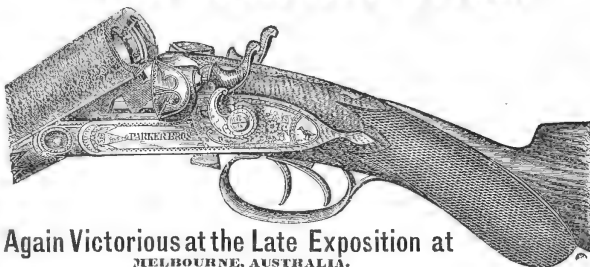
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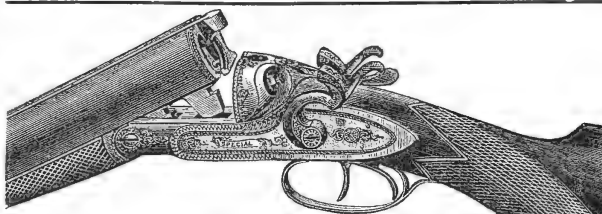
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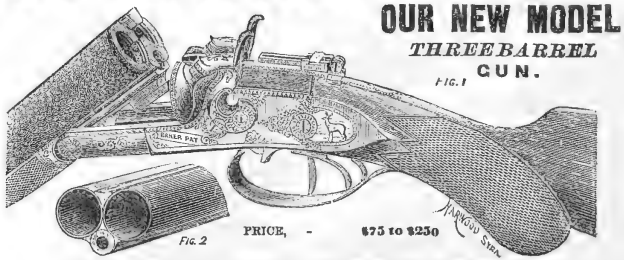
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Six Months, \$2.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1881.

Vol. 17—No. 22.
{ Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. No correspondence of any name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Advertisements.

Inside pages, nonpareil type, 25 cents per line. Special rates for three, six and twelve months. Reading notices 50 cents per line—eight words to the line, and twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by the Saturday of each week previous to the issue in which they are to be inserted.

Address: Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York City.

FOREST AND STREAM.
Thursday, December 29.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

WITH the first day of January comes the close game season in most of the Northern and Western States. It need not mean, however, a cessation of sport by those whose circumstances will permit them to follow the birds to the South. Our game columns from time to time describe rare hunting grounds beneath the Southern sky. The American hunting territory is so wide and varied that a sportsman may, and without shooting the nesting birds, follow the pleasures of the field all the year through.

The shooting during 1881 has not been of the best. Several causes transpired to lessen the game supply; the unusual severity of the winter of 1880-81 decimated the birds in several States; other localities were affected by the summer's drought; and the extraordinary open weather of the present season has precluded fine sport with the ducks. The year has witnessed a great pigeon shooting tournament, which in magnitude will probably never be equaled in the future. There has also been wrought a notable change of sentiment regarding the propriety of such wholesale pigeon slaughters by ostensible game-protective societies; and in this respect it may be said that in 1881 the cause of true manly sportsmanship has made a decided advance.

To the angler the past year has, in most parts of the country, been an average one. The Southern sea coast angler always has a good season, and a great variety of fishes to choose from. The Northern salt water fisher is more dependent upon the migration of his favorites, and some of them

were late in coming last spring. The bluefish did not appear until late, and it was feared that there would be none. In August they came more plentifully, and in September blue-fishing was good along the coast of New Jersey, Long Island and Massachusetts. Other salt water species were rare, and sheephead scarce. A few minor inventions in tackle have appeared, and the usual crop of new reels. In fresh water the season has not been good, but as in most places the fishing is gradually growing poorer, year by year, perhaps it was as good as could be expected. The Adirondacks are being skinned by the trout-hog, and the grayling are nearly numbered with the past. The progressive fishculturer has noted several discoveries, the most notable being the hatching of the Spanish mackerel; and fishculture has spread over new territory, and some fish commissions have been created in States which heretofore have not had such useful officers. In the States where fishculture is older, the ravages of the poacher have been partly compensated for by an increase of fish for this free American to kill out of season. But for the work of the fishculturer he would long ago have poached the last one. Altogether it has been a fair year for the angler.

In the matter of Natural History events the year has not been without interest. Ornithologists have to thank Mr. Robert Ridgeway for his new check list of North American birds, which is the most important contribution recently made to the subject. A number of additions have been made to the North American avifauna. The first volume of New Eng'land Bird Life has made its appearance. Among the papers published in these columns Mr. Hapgood's essay on the Migration and Range of the Limicolar is especially noteworthy, as being a suggestive discussion of the intricate problem. The march of science during the year 1881 has not been retarded by any lack of earnest workers, nor by any lack of diligence and enthusiasm on their part.

There have been an unusual number of important events in the kennel world. The bench shows and field trials have been more numerous than in any previous year, and also more decidedly successful. The performances of the competing dogs have been of a high character, and the meetings have been noticeably free from the trickery and jockeying which has in former years marred some such occasions.

The year in rifle shooting circles has been a busy one, though we have had no great international match to dazzle the general public with its show and hubbub. The year opened with Creedmoor, the parent race of the country, free of debt, and the Association in possession of an establishment and plant that it would require \$50,000 to replace. In the country at large there has been an abundance of target practice. Our files will show records of shooting from Albany, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Boston, New Orleans, New Bedford, Newport, Washington, Chicago, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and many other points. Several of the State Rifle Associations have done good work in carrying out annual meetings. The fall meeting at Creedmoor brought together a good company of contestants, with scores in some instances beating the record in the standing matches. In small-arm shooting the pistol tournament of the past winter in this city was a great success; but somewhat of a rebuff was met when the off-hand shooters found themselves unable to meet the challenge of John Rigby, of Dublin, on his own terms. The year closes with a good prospect of a military shooting by our American Guardsmen at Wimbledon next year. There is no good reason why a strong team should not go over next July, and add another to the series of American triumphs with the rifle. The year 1881 has not shown any retrogression. The score list of the year will show that the riflemen of the country have not lost their cunning.

The year has been especially fruitful in yachting. Not only have we had an international match for the old honored trophy won by the schooner "America" in 1851 from a British fleet, but, through the visit of the cutter Madge, we have been taught some most valuable lessons in the science of building and the art of sailing. These lessons, it is true, will bear fruit in the future rather than at once. Yet their import is none the less worth chronicling now as belonging to the season just closed. Great strides have been made in the knowledge of the principles governing naval design, and

much old foginess and many musty misapprehensions have passed away. The peculiar antipathy to wholesome depth, keels and low ballast, as well as handy rigs, which has so long characterized our yacht builders, now bids fair to give way to a more intelligent understanding of the whole problem. In the future safe, seaworthy boats, with sailor-like rigs, seem destined to displace the dangerous overpowered light draughts of earlier days. In congratulating the sailing public upon the turn of the tide, now fairly set in, favoring the able ship in preference to the machine, FOREST AND STREAM may justly claim to have contributed in no mean share toward bringing about the healthy reform.

This is not a season for review only. Anticipation paints pleasant pictures of pleasures to be realized in the months of the coming year. May the fields and streams of 1882 be of pleasantness and peace.

FORUM, FIELD AND FLOOD.

WE find in the last number of the *Hour* an appreciative sketch of Hon. John E. Develin, of this city, a gentleman who has won distinction at the bar and in legislative halls. He is also well known to members of the craft as an expert and enthusiastic follower of field sports. "While leading a busy professional and political life," says the sketch, "Mr. Develin has found time to indulge the love of field sports inherited from his father. He is a true sportsman, ready at any moment to shoulder gun or rod and start for the woods, the prairies or the streams. There is something remarkable about the rapidity and facility with which he merges from musty law books and complicated authorities to plunge into the midst of his favorite sports; or chains up his setter and throws aside his birds to resume the study of intricate legal problems with which he is soon to puzzle a court or astonish a jury." Mr. Develin has also rendered valuable service to the cause of game protection; several of the wisest provisions of the law were originated by him and carried through the Legislature largely by his personal influence and exertions. For his labors in this field credit and honor are due him from the great body of sportsmen who have been benefited thereby.

Our esteemed and evidently well-meaning but mistaken contemporary thinks to add to its praises of Mr. Develin by depreciating the present standard of American sportsmanship, that by the contrast his may appear the more creditable. "Between gamblers, cockney huntmen, glass ball breakers, and gentlemen riders," says the *Hour*, "American sportsmanship has reached a low ebb, at least in this part of the country." All of which is simple nonsense. The truth is, that never before in the history of this country, or of any other country for that matter, has the standard of sportsmanship been so high as at the present time. Never have the legitimate field sports of rod and gun been accorded greater dignity than now, nor has the ideal sportsman's character ever been nobler and worthier. That men must be willfully blind who fails to recognize the vast and radical difference which to-day distinguishes the great host of American sportsmen from the "gambling fraternity." The sportsman who seeks his recreation in the field and along the stream knows as little of pool-rooms, faro-dens and sawdust walking-match swindles, and has as little sympathy for them, as the gambler knows and feels for sunshine, forest aisles and purling brook. And the public—which in some things is wiser even than newspaper editors—is fast coming to find this out. The public is ready to accord the manly sportsmanship of the day its due; indeed, it has already done so. Instead of being at a low ebb, the tide of sportsmanship is at that flood which is leading on to fortune.* The *Hour* could have turned a neat compliment for the subject of its remark, had it said, as with propriety it might have done, that the tone of sportsmanship is at present exceptionally high, and that among the worthiest exponents of its spirit and practice, Mr. Develin holds a distinguished rank.

By the way, now that the *Hour* has employed the term "true sportsman," will it rise and explain what it understands the expression to mean? Meanwhile, we refer our contemporary and our readers to the admirable picture of "The Ideal Sportsman" given elsewhere.

* If any ambiguity attaches to the fortune, the reader is respectfully referred for a solution to any of the sportsman's goods stores.

AMATEURS AND EXPERTS.—It is but a narrow mind which would estimate the value of a day's field shooting by the number of birds brought to bag, or of a day's fishing by the quantity of trout or bass in the basket by sundown; and so it is but poor judgment which rates a man's standing as a "whole-souled, genial sportsman" by the number of times out of a hundred shots that he can kill his bird, or by the number of fingerling trout he can land, as against his neighbor's count. As long as a man commits no offenses against the written and unwritten laws of the field, and earnestly tries to enjoy and appreciate the health-giving and purifying influences surrounding him, while at the same time promoting the enjoyment of his companions, so long is the merest beginner as fully entitled to fellowship in the guild of sportsmen, as the greatest expert of the day. Not that we would have him always a beginner, in point of skill. What is worth doing, is worth doing well, fully as much in field sports as in anything else; but the disposition of some so-called sportsmen to frown upon a would-be shooter because he was not born a crack shot, cannot be commended. The scoffers forget that they ever were beginners themselves, as some grumbling and gouty old gentlemen forget that they ever were boys, when the young people annoy them. Skill in field sports is gained by enthusiasm and practice, but enthusiasm in some cases grows up with the youth, and in some cases comes to the man with the sudden discovery that he somewhat enjoys a branch of sport which he would have equally enjoyed before, if he had known anything about it. In the latter case, give the man a chance, and in these days of improved guns and tackle, neat and well balanced, he will, urged on by enthusiasm and encouraged by practice, in all probability become as expert as any amateur could wish, and a thoroughly "good fellow" in all appearance, as well as at heart. We wish to see more, every season, of the office-penned, deck-bound, care-worn men of this busy age, taking a few days of recreation, from time to time, among the brooks and by the ocean, in the fields and the mountains, and returning to their labors with minds and bodies renewed and strengthened; fully able, in their increased power, to more than make up for the few days passed away from business. If a man's sense and bodily health are uninspired, and he is inclined in that direction, he can scarcely be too old to become a sportsman, in deed as well as in thought. It should, therefore, be a matter of pride, with those who are already members, to welcome him to the fraternity, rather than to repel him by criticisms upon his inexperience.

A GREAT SPORTSMAN'S ROUTE.—Hon. Hinton Rowan Helper, of St. Louis, ex-Minister from the United States to the Argentine Republic, author of that famous book, "The Impending Crisis of the South," is now in this city on business connected with the projected "Three Americas Railway," planned and promoted by him, intended to run from Manitoba through the North, Central and South Americas, longitudinally to Patagonia. What a glorious "sportsman's route," on a large scale, this line will be when finished! Think of the varieties of game, large and small, to be met with throughout the entire length of the route, and the untold possibilities of "stopping off" to fish in the Amazon! Certainly, for a sportsman with spare time and a large purse, no one trip could furnish more varied attractions or greater changes of scene and action. "Dogs, guns and fishing tackle carried free," of course. We can imagine the enthusiastic "thorough sportsman" leaving the Northern terminus with a baggage car filled with the entire sporting department of a beach show, all kinds of tackle from a split bamboo fly-rod to a set of explosive harpoons, and everything in firearms, from a twenty gauge hammerless to a Gatling battery. "Going to Buffalo to shoot buffaloes, ah, y'know," would be nothing to it!

THE WIMBLEDON CHALLENGE. As we go to press a communication has arrived from the Secretary of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, informing Gen. Hancock, the President of our National Rifle Association, that the Council of the British organization will welcome a team of American Guardsmen at Wimbledon next summer. A special sub-committee has been appointed, and they are now busy arranging a scheme for the competition, which will be submitted to us in a short time. In our next issue we will publish the letter in full.

THE RULING PASSION.—A curious letter came to the *FOREST AND STREAM* office the other day. It was written by a deaf mute, who had seen an advertisement of this paper and wrote: "I want to know if you have pictures of lions, tigers, elephants, and any animals or beasts in that illustrated weekly journal," and in the letter to us was inclosed another one to a gun dealer, asking for an illustrated catalogue, that he might look at the pictures of guns. There is the ruling passion.

DOES THE COLLEGE AMATEUR PRESS represent the student life of the day? Baseball, cricket, foot-ball, lawn-tennis and boating appear to be the most prolific topics of discussion. These, with growlings at the faculty, slangy "grinds," and downy love poems make up the average college paper. Are athletic sports and flirtations the absorbing occupations of American college students?

"DON'T HULLO BEFORE YOU'RE OUT OF THE WOOD," says the wise old saw, and there are still two more momentous days left in 1881, but—who will care for Mother Shipton now!

BYE-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

TENTH PAPER.

THE next morning we passed Point Atkinson and into Burrard Inlet, and by noon were at the little town of Granville. We made a brief stop here to purchase some supplies, and then passed on, reaching Hastings an hour or two later. Here we were cordially welcomed by Mr. Fannin, who agreed to accompany us to the head of the North Arm. Our arrangements were soon made, and the canoe started off again, while I remained behind, to follow in a single canoe with Fannin and the Siwash Scammux, whom we intended to get as guide. When we went to the rancherie, however, we found that our worthy friend, and all his brother Indians, were hopelessly drunk, as a *klootman* had died the day before, and they had been mourning for her. They would remain drunk as long as their whisky lasted, so it was useless to wait for Scammux. We, therefore, took our things aboard Mr. Fannin's light canoe, and started for the head of the Inlet, which we reached the next day.

On our way up the Arm, we met several canoes loaded with salmon, which the Siwashes had caught with spears and gaffs in the river which empties into the Inlet at its head. One of the canoes had a four pound trout, which had been speared. Here, too, I noticed, for the first time, a number of great holothurians, or sea-cucumbers, lying on the bottom. One of these being brought to the surface with the spear, proved to be ten or twelve inches long; an unattractive creature, brown in color and studded with great warts. The Indians eat them, as they do also the octopus, and pronounce them excellent; but none of our party seemed inclined to try them. We paddled up Salmon River nearly to the first jam of logs and camped on a sand bar. A little later, in the light canoe, we started up the river on an exploring tour, which, however, did not carry us beyond the jam. As we were passing through this our attention was drawn to the immense school of salmon slowly swimming round and round in the deep pool under the logs. In this pool, which was, perhaps, twenty feet wide and forty long, were swimming slowly about or lying quietly near the bottom, four or five hundred salmon, each of which weighed from eight to ten pounds. As the canoe passed over them they would make a rush to one side or up stream, but would almost immediately return to their former position. The water was clear as crystal, and looked about six or seven feet deep, but, in reality, was over eighteen, and our sixteen foot salmon spear was not nearly long enough to reach the fish upon the bottom. The sight of these splendid salmon excited the members of our party not a little, and the spear was in great demand. It was an instructive and amusing sight to see the learned, scientific light of our number, a mathematician of high attainments, a man who is supposed to take pleasure only in measuring the angles which the various faces of a crystal make with one another, and to whom the mysteries of differential calculus are rather more simple than a chapter in one-syllabled words would be to the average man—it was an instructive and entertaining sight, I say, to see the Professor stretched out at full length on his face on this jam of logs, his eyes glued to a crevice through which he watched the fish below, while his right hand grasped eagerly at the air above him, and his lips repeated these words: "Oh, please let me have the spear for just a minute; they are so thick here that I know I can't help catching one if I only thrust it at them." But although the Professor made many a thrust, as did all the others, the total result of the afternoon's work was one single salmon. Afterward, however, when the depth of the water had been measured and a longer handle rigged to spear and gaff, we caught all the fish we required.

We had hoped to have had a day or two of hunting on the North Arm of Burrard Inlet, but during the three days of our stay there it rained constantly. The woods were so wet that travel through them was extremely uncomfortable, while the mountains were shrouded in a dense white mist. Once we climbed part way up one of them during a lull in the storm, but it was impossible to see fifty yards ahead of one, and hunting was out of the question. So one morning, we ruefully broke camp, and paddling down to Hastings, unloaded our baggage, and paid off and dismissed the Siwashes. The next day we bade farewell to the beautiful Inlet, and took our departure for New Westminster.

There is something wonderfully impressive in the forests of British Columbia. The gigantic trees, straight and symmetrical, like the pillars of some great cathedral whose dark green roof spreads out far above us, and whose height cannot be measured in feet, awe the traveler by their size and their regularity. The stillness is unbroken. No voice of bird or beast is heard to disturb the solemn quiet of the scene, only sometimes the sad moaning of the winds among the lofty branches, or the whispered echo of the salt waves breaking unceasingly against the iron bound cliffs is felt though scarcely heard. Occasionally, it is true, as in contemplative mood you yield to the influences of the silence, and give yourself up to the melancholy reveries to which the surroundings incline you, the intense quiet is broken by the harsh chatter of the red squirrel, or the hoarse, ill-omened voice of the raven, far more in keeping with your surroundings, may be heard. But as a rule these woods are voiceless. The cedars, the firs and the cypresses are swathed in a funeral drapery of moss, which hangs in long, motionless festoons from the branches. To find bits of color we

have to look carefully among the undergrowth, where we can detect bright berries and particolored lichens, while the ground is covered with the brown and withered foliage of the evergreens, the accumulations of many a long year.

The sawmills and logging camps of Burrard Inlet and of Washington Territory are too important to be passed over without some mention. One may see among the gigantic red woods of California individual trees which are much larger than those of this northern country, but, so far as I know, there are on this continent no forests where the timber will average so large as it does here on the North-west coast. The two most important species, as they are the largest, are the Douglas fir (*Pseudotsuga Douglasii*), and the cedar (*Thuja gigantea*). I was informed that the largest tree of the first named species, which had been cut for the mills on Burrard Inlet measured 318 feet when felled, and was 9 feet in diameter at the base inside the bark, and a stick of timber sawed at Hanson & Atkinson's mills, at Tacoma, Washington Territory, measured 96 feet in length by 14x23 inches. The cedar grows quite as large as the Douglas fir, but not as tall. The largest tree that I saw measured eleven feet in diameter, six feet from the ground, and in the hollow in its butt, three or four men could have slept very comfortably. These trees are usually felled by cutting through them some distance above the ground. This is done because the bole of the tree at its base is knotty and unfit for timber, and is thus much harder and more difficult to chop through than it is a few feet farther up the stem. The chopper begins operations by cutting a notch six or eight inches deep in the tree trunk, three or four feet from the ground. Into this he drives a "paddle," a piece of timber four or five feet long, four inches wide and strong enough to support a man's weight. Standing on this "paddle" he then cuts another notch, a few feet higher up, into which he inserts a second "paddle," and mounting to this one, draws out, if necessary, the one below, and drives it in again still higher up. Almost all the stumps that one sees in these forests bear the marks of the position of two "paddles." I am informed, however, that of late years another method of felling these trees has been adopted, by which the chopper is saved much of his labor. Four holes, opposite one another, are bored with a large auger in the bole of the tree, and in each of these a fire is kindled, which burns, it is said, without any further attention, until the tree is so weakened that it falls of its own weight. A man can fell trees in this way much more expeditiously than with the axe, and two or three hundred trees can be felled before they begin to fall. It would seem that this method is, however, open to serious objection on the score of wastefulness. Aside from the danger that the fires thus started are likely to spread, and may burn over a considerable extent of country, much of the timber felled in this way must be lost. An expert chopper, with an axe, can lay the top of a tree within a yard or two of where he wishes to, but when the trees are burned down they will of course be as likely to fall one way as another, and there would thus be more danger of their being broken, or of their falling in places where it might be impossible to get them out. The timber when felled is stripped of its branches and dragged to the water, and from time to time a steamer calls at the different camps, makes up booms of logs, and tows them to the mills.

These mills are curiosities to one who has been accustomed to the sawmills of the East, where nothing but small timber is sawed. Starting with the ordinary sawmill machinery, with which all are familiar, a process of evolution has gone on, which has developed the appliances by which these enormous sticks can conveniently be handled and sawn, so that at present the sawmills of the Pacific coast are unlike any thing to be seen elsewhere on this continent. One mill at Port Ludlow, W. T., which, when we passed it, was only just being completed and not yet in operation, is five hundred feet in length.

The vast extent of the forests and their general accessibility to water has made lumbering on this coast extremely profitable in the past, but already we hear complaints that the timber lands are all taken up, and that the loggers have to go farther and farther back to find sticks that are worth cutting. These complaints, however, are heard mainly south of the boundary line. The vast forests of British Columbia are as yet almost untouched, and with reasonable care in cutting the timber, should yield lumber enough to supply the west coast of America for many years to come. The mills at Moodyville in Burrard Inlet can saw sticks 120 feet long by 7 in diameter, but at the time of our visit they were handling what they called "small logs," which were only about four or five feet in diameter.

It was pleasant on reaching New Westminster once more to meet our friend Mowitch and his charming family and receive his cordial welcome. Once more we sat on his piazza and watched the mountains of Pitt River glow, pale, and then grow black as the sun went down; again beheld the glories of Baker as its pure white peak first glistened and faded, and then again grew gray in the afterglow and once more became blue, hazy and indistinct, until at last, as the clear stars one by one appeared and the constellations took shape in the heavens, and night resumed her sway, the grand mountain stood for a while like a spectre and then was gone from our sight. So keen a sportsman as Mowitch could not let us depart from New Westminster without suggesting a hunt, and I was by no means loth to listen once more to the music of the hounds. So by four o'clock next morning the Professor, who had never killed a deer, Mowitch and I were

tramping briskly along toward Mirror Lake. A thick mist curtained the landscape, and we missed the wonderful sunrise that I had hoped for; even the treetops were not visible. Arrived at the lake, Mowitch started off to put out the dogs, while I cut an armful of hemlock boughs for the canoe, and before long, with the Professor amidships, firmly grasping his trusty rifle, and Mowitch and I wielding respectively the steering and bow paddles, we passed out on to the surface of the lake. The fog still hung low over the water, and though the upper air was rosy, the rays of the sun had not yet pierced through the white vapor which hid the surrounding forest on all sides except that from which we had just pushed off. From out of the still whiteness which surrounded us came from time to time the bell-like voices of the hounds. The trumpet-like notes of Captain, the shriller tones of Diaca, the short, sharp bay of Wallace and the excited ravings of Dolores, blended and softened by the distance, formed a quartet whose melody was most sweet. And as I knelt in the bow of the canoe, and bent my ear to catch their "musical discord," it seemed to me that indeed—

"A cry more tuneable
to no chorded with horn."

So for a while we waited, and as we sat there, the sky grew brighter and gradually the mist disappeared, and the dark green of the woods was once more seen. The clamor of the hounds had died away, and now the voices of forest and lake began to be heard. The shrill piping of a cross-bill sounded from a tree-top, and was replied to by the grating notes of a rollicking company of Steller's jays that were foraging among the branches of an enormous fir. Faintly from the direction of Lake Burnaby was borne to ear the mournful quavering cry of a loon, and a great white-headed eagle, who from his perch on the summit of a blasted fir overlooked the scene, threw back his head and laughed a shrill answering scream, and then unfolded his enormous wings and floated out of sight. From the other side of the lake came a series of mysterious sounds, a splashing in the water and a breaking of small twigs, which made us suspect that a beaver was hard at work behind a fringe of low willows. Further on in a little bay was a tiny grebe dallying with his breakfast. He evidently believed that life was made for enjoyment, and dawkled over his meal like a man of unlimited leisure. When he had satisfied his appetite he went through an elaborate series of evolutions connected with his toilet, and then, deliberately clambering upon a bunch of floating vegetation, turned his breast to the sun and in meditative mood closed his eyes. I was wondering whether he was merely ruminating, and really thought best with his eyes shut, or whether as a matter of fact he had gone to sleep, when I felt the canoe shake and, turning my head, saw Mowitch dipping his paddle in the water, as he motioned toward the bird that I had been watching. Without the slightest sound the little vessel moved toward the grebe, but when we were within twenty yards of him, I heard once more the faint cry of the hounds and turned to listen for them, and when I again looked for my feathered friend he had vanished. Silently, and without making a ripple in the water, he had disappeared beneath its surface. We moved slowly on, and reached the end of the lake, and just as we were about to turn, a low groan from the stern caused me to look round, and there, two hundred yards distant, was a deer swimming away from us, parallel with the shore, and not twenty yards from it. Although the chances of our getting a shot were infinitesimally small, we turned the canoe and started in pursuit, but before we had made half the distance, the animal turned in toward the bank. Mowitch, for the sake of the hounds, most anxious that the deer should not escape, called out "Try him, Yo." The canoe was still darting along as I raised the heavy rifle, and fired at the delicate head that was cleaving the lake's surface, now within a few feet of the shore. As I lowered the gun, I saw the water splash high from about the mark, the deer reared nearly half its length out of the water and then for a few seconds lay floundering on the surface. I could scarcely believe that I had killed, but for a moment it looked so. Then the animal recovered and crawled slowly out of sight into the long grass. In a few seconds we were at the spot, and as the canoe shot by a little passage way that led through the meadow toward the shore, both the Professor and I saw the deer lying in the water. The channel was but a foot or two wide, so that we had but a glimpse of our game, but it was enough. I shouted exultantly to Mowitch, "There he lies dead." If I had omitted the last word of this sentence I should have done better. Better still, however, if I had quietly backed the canoe and fired another shot, for when Mowitch stepped ashore with drawn knife to cut the animal's throat, it sprang up, almost under his hand, and danced derisively through the high grass off into the forest. I think we all felt a little foolish. I felt particularly so, but the idea that a deer should quietly lie down less than ten yards from the spot where it had been shot at, had never crossed my mind. I was confident that it had been hard hit, and proposed going to the lower end of the lake, where Diana was now to be seen, and getting her, to put her on the trail again. But at this moment old Captain made his appearance on the shore and started to swim out toward the canoe. We paid no attention to him, however, so he went back, and started along the bank after us, and presently his sonorous tones told us that he had crossed the trail, and was off again after the deer. It was not long before I saw behind a little point, a ripple that showed that the deer was again in the water, but before we could get sight of it, it had once more sought the shore. Dolores, however,

now took the trail, and in a short time, we had a beautiful view of the deer advancing over the meadow with long, graceful leaps. Once more it plunged into the clear waters of the lake, and now for the last time. It struck out boldly for the opposite shore, but the light craft propelled by sinewy arms gained rapidly upon it. As its feet touched the bottom we were not a dozen yards away. When clear of the water a shot was fired, but did not check its speed; another report rang out on the still air, a small red dot appeared in the blue coat behind the shoulder, and the animal, after half a dozen bounds, fell dead on the meadow. We leaped ashore and while two stepped up to the spot where it lay the third man lifted the canoe well up on the bank and then joined his comrades. We carefully looked over our quarry, but there were only two holes in the glossy skin, one where the ball had entered and one at the point of exit.

While gralloching the game the good dogs came up one by one, and were gratified with a hearty meal of the warm meat. Then with our deer we sped swiftly back to the landing place. To pack the animal out to the road did not take long, and soon Mowitch and meat were put on the stage for town, while the Professor and I started with the hounds to do the four miles afoot. Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CRUISE OF "THE NIPPER"—III.

THE 30th of last July was a bright day along the Fulton Chain, clear and cloudless. The shelter tent and blanket were made into a snug roll, the canoe lay hidden from the heat in the shade of a thicket, and everything was ready for a trip out to the open lake, when two sharp-sneezed Long-lakers darted from the outlet into the placid Seventh, and recognized "Slim Jim" and Fred Rivett, with parties, bound to the eastern side. Seeing me on the shore they came to a halt, and Jim sang out, "Come on, Uncle Nessmuk, go through with us to Raquette." "You'll outrow me. I'll get left."

"No, we'll keep company; come along," said Jim.

"Can you wait five minutes," I asked.

"Yes, fifteen of them," answered Fred.

"These gentlemen would like to see your canoe work; come on," said Jim.

It struck me that the guides had got the idea. They had been at it all the season, and knew just where to strike the landing that had eluded me the evening before. So I launched out and soon laid them alongside. The gentleman who headed the party was much interested and pleased with the canoe. He asked many questions and was a little sceptical about her weight, and the three youngsters who composed the balance of the party were enthusiastic. Their questions "little meaning, little relevancy here," but the guides made some queries with meaning in them. For instance, Fred asked, as he leisurely picked up his oars, "Did the storm keep you awake last night?" And I, remembering that my little hatchet had gone on to the Raquette, answered stoutly, "Not a bit; never slept better in my life."

As the guides took up the easy, effective stroke that sends the Long-lakers through the water so speedily, I crept under Fred's counter, took the draw of his wake, and made the inlet without noise or company. They said, "Boys, your boats can and ought to beat any paddle on open water, but when you come to these crooked channels, outlets and inlets in the form of the letter 'S,' where you have to look over your shoulders right and left to see the course, and pull first to starboard, then to port, why you see the paddle—the double blade—has rather got the bulge on you." We had stopped under a huge cedar for a modest nip, for which the leader of that party has my thanks, and as Jim and Fred very quietly resumed their oars, a meaning glance passed between them. They said nothing, but I thought it as well to lay aside extra clothing, spit on my hands and settle down to work. For the first half-mile the odds were rather in my favor. The water was deep, channel crooked and the chances for cutting off bends and "going as you look," rather made an easy thing of it. Then the course grew straighter and less distinct. The swift Long-lakers drew rapidly away, and I saw them turn a bend forty rods ahead. I tried to cut off the bend and ran on to a sunken log. Backed off, took the channel and put on all the steam I had at command, but in vain. I was left. I paddled up the stream until I lost the blazed trees which mark the course, stopped, listened a moment, and then used my spare wind in a long, loud la-whoop. An answer came from the swampy forest far to the left, where I found the party landed upon a shaky sort of corduroy platform, which is the landing now. They were waiting for me, they said. And Fred remarked, "A double blade does take the skates on these crooked channels. Notice how he cut the corners and went the way he looked?" Boys, I hope that wasn't "sarkism." I have faith to think you wouldn't make fun of geyhairs!

I like to see the guides organize for a "carry," and I watched Jim and Fred as they prepared for the trip over to Eighth Lake. First, the "party" was loaded up with fishing rods, guns, pack-baskets, gun blankets, and the usual impediments of the average tourist, and started over the carry looking like a crew of pack-peddlers. When they were out of sight, Jim remarked coolly, "We can take it easy; they ain't going to hurry." Then he and Fred tied in oars, seats, etc., snugly and neatly, made the neck-yokes fast at the balancing point, and then, inverting the lightest boat, Jim held the stern high in the air while Fred crept under and adjusted the neck-yoke nicely to his muscular shoulders, saying, "All right; let go," which Jim did; and the inevitable blue boat, with the pair of sturdy legs beneath, disappeared rapidly up the trail. Jim raised his own boat, and said, "Think you can hold her up?" I thought I could, but I did not, balancing on point on all the steam, and weighing over 100 lbs., she was a lift. And then Jim quietly seized my blanket roll and hung it on his broad shoulders without comment, before shouldering his boat. It was a kindly thing to do, and like his generous nature; but I was ashamed, and raised a feeble remonstrance; he went away with a long, quick stride, paying no heed, and I thought of honest old Jack Falstaff, that Prince of Deadbeats—"Hal, an thou seest me down in the fight and bestirre me, why so; 'tis an act of friendship."

I organized my own canoe for the carry, and tried to overtake the party, but the guides walk fast. I found them at

the clean, sandy landing; and it was a relief to see the fresh, green shores, wholesome waters and healthy trees of Eighth Lake, after an experience of Fifth, Sixth and Seventh. At the Eighth the leader of the party began to feel hurried. He wished to reach Bennett's Landing on Raquette in time for the little steamer to Blaine Mountain, and guides always follow the wishes of employers so far as they can. I saw I was likely to get left; but, meaning to keep up as far as possible, I paddled out with the party, and rather got down on the double blade. The guides went in for an ash breeze. The distance is less than 15 miles, and they led me to the landing just about 100 rods. Yes; the Long-lakers are fast—but cranky and uncomfortable to ride in.

As you strike the landing at the head of Eighth Lake, there is a path, leading along the shore to the right, which leads you to a cool spring. Here the guides, having seen the party off, stopped a few minutes for a lunch. Let me commend that spring, with its bright, cold water and beautiful surroundings to any lone canoeist who may happen to strike the landing at the head of Eighth Lake. Again the boats and canoe were shouldered. Jim, as before, totting my blanket-roll. Again the guides beat me over the carry, though they stopped for a rest and I did not—and when I arrived at Brown's Tract Inlet, guides and boats had disappeared. I was in no hurry. The carries were all made, and six and a-half miles of paddling lay between me and Ed. Bennett's. The day was fine. The wind just brisk enough to be lively, and I missed Bennett's about, three-quarters of an hour behind the guides.

Going down the inlet I was interested by the movements of the fish that lay basking near the surface among the lily-pods, and darted off with a splash and swirl as the canoe neared them. A man with oars would hardly have seen this. But, paddling silently down stream, looking the way I went, I probably started more than a score of good-sized fish, without being able to decide on the species. I intended to return and try them, both with fly and bait, but failed to do so; though I certainly shall, if I find myself there in the summer of '92. I thought they might be pickered out, but the guides assured me there were no pickers in Raquette Lake.

I found Bennett's hotel crowded with tourists and sportsmen, and was unable to get a room, or even a bed. But the bark-roofed guide camp, "For guides only," had a bright fire in front, with balsam browse for heating, and was preferable to a close room. I took up my quarters there while on the Raquette, and had no cause to regret it. As to the fare, whoever has stayed with Ed. Bennett knows that his table would rank as first-class anywhere. There is no pleasant lake in Raquette in the North Woods. It is the largest, the water is clear, and the shores, while being well-wooded, are mainly rocky. Large as the lake is, I should not know where to paddle to get more than a mile from the nearest land. The numberless bays, capes, indentations and islands, make it difficult to describe on paper; and even the best maps fail to give just the correct idea of it.

I do not know a better place to investigate the now popular bass question. In the summer of '80 the small-mouth had got a pretty strong foothold, and was evidently taking his way. A few were being taken with spoon and bait. His increase for the next twelve months was to me marvelous. Starting from Bennett's landing with an hour's sun, and paddling to the mouth of the Marion I could get all the sport I wanted, and more fish than I needed before dark. I used an 8oz. rod and the scarlet ibis fly, with silver body, as the best. But a brown hackle was also killing. And the gold-bodied ibis is about as good. The three, taken as a cast, and as others are needed, are Garvan, a young man from the Catskills, and an enthusiastic bass fisherman, and used a powerful rod with minnow or spoon. His favorite ground was the mouth of South Inlet and adjacent shores. He was nearly always successful. I liked the mouth of the Marion and the rocky shores below, with the islands in front of the hotel. There was not much to choose. His fish averaged about twice the size of mine, and I could take about two to his one. On the whole, I should say the bait fisherman had the best of it. The guide complained, that the bass has destroyed all the lake trout, would have no point had there been any lake trout worth mention to destroy.

I took a lively interest in the tourists, or boarders, who had worked their way into the wilderness for health, and not for sport. There were many of them on the waters of the Raquette, and more on the Saranacs. News travels fast in the woods. Every day that I was on these waters I saw guides and tourists from almost every route you can mention. I heard that more than a dozen consumptive patients had died on the Saranac waters. Others were dying, and many were in a crept away, beaten and exhausted, to die at home among friends and relatives.

Paul Smith said he would, by five hundred dollars, rather the article entitled "Camp Lion" had never been written. I saw for myself that parties who had sought the Adirondacks for health, were sick, disfigured, and only anxious to get away anywhere that dryness, warmth, and rest were easily attainable. I was interviewed and questioned time and again as to the healthfulness of the mountain resorts, and the headwaters of the Susquehanna; and truth compelled me to say that all my observation and experience led to the conclusion that the high lands about the headwaters of the Delaware and Susquehanna afforded more hope of healing to the sufferer from pulmonary disease than the damp, cold high lands of the Northern Wilderness. That some unexpected and surprising cures have happened in both regions is certainly true.

And it is equally true that the Northern Wilderness is unrivalled for boating and canoeing facilities, and hardly to be excelled for scenery. All this is most attractive, and it is not to be wondered at that the average tourist much prefers a wild region, where, by making short carries, he can travel hundreds of miles by water.

But, as regards the single question of health, I can name half a dozen localities, easily reached in one day from New York, where I would rather make my chances as a consumptive patient, than in the Adirondack region. The first is a small spot, in a picturesque and little known, within twenty miles of where I write—has struck me often as the healthiest resort I know of in these United States, for weak or diseased lungs. I allude to the high plateau between Little Pine and Otter Run, a goodly tract of country, dry, sterile, breezy, and well supplied with living springs of the purest and coldest water. Gamy too, so far as hares, grouse and deer can make it so. No boating; but Little Pine and Otter Run afford good trouting. There is a modest village, with a neat little hotel, and a neat little hotel, where permanent board may be had for four or five dollars per week, with plenty of fresh eggs, and best of butter and milk. But it is out of reach of mar-

less lunatic. They like a stiff horn "on time," and they have firm belief in its power to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to."

The best grouse shooting that I know of in Newfoundland is found along the southern coast, the more distant and inaccessible the locality, the better are the prospects of sport. Generally speaking, the barrens or moors are not far distant from the fishermen's houses, which will have to put up with him. He will probably tell you that the "partridges," as he calls them, are numerous; Mike, his boy, "saw a power of them the other day as he was after the cows." You will perhaps ask him, "Are the barrens far off?" "Oh, not far at all; you have only to go through a few scattered trees, and you are on the grounds at once." Now you must take this statement with a large grain of salt. You will find that the word "scattered" has a very peculiar meaning in this colony. When you are fishing, for instance, my friend Pat McGrath will casually observe that "there are a few scattered flies about." In that event, prepare yourself to be eaten alive by musquitos. And when he tells about scattered trees, expect a stiff climb of a mile or so through thick bush and fallen timber. Generally speaking, however, there is a path from the little settlement to the barrens, perhaps a road. As a rule, the Newfoundland fishermen are the most hospitable people in the world to strangers. They live very isolated lives and they are always pleased to see new faces. All who visit this country are struck with their old-fashioned politeness and civility. Their very isolation, which produces these primitive traits and simplicity, also develops their remarkable ingenuity. They build their own houses and their schooners and boats. Of course the stranger sportsman, in return for hospitality and civility, will make himself generally agreeable, tell his best stories, exhibit any ingenious instruments he may have about him, sing without much pressing, and, if he can, play the flute or the fiddle, I will promise him not only that the whole population turn out *en masse* in the morning to assist him in his sport, but that all possible political power and prestige will be at his feet. He may fiddle himself into the local Parliament and become problematically a Premier, possibly the Chairman of the Board of Works!

After all this roundabout talk, perhaps, my gentle reader, you are getting just a trifle impatient; you want to get on the barrens and have a shot at the birds. But bide a wee bit; before I let you go a step further, I must ask you a few questions. Can you shoot fairly on the wing? Can you walk well?—mean, can you, as Paddy says, "step out on the wing"? Are you the kind of a good setter or pointer, and will you "hound out?" Answer me all these queries satisfactorily and honestly, and I will promise you, not a big bag, probably only ten to twelve brace of grouse for a long day's tramp and very straight shooting powder, but in that long day you will have had as genuine wild sport as you ever had in your life. And now, my friend, let us climb the hill together, keeping the dogs well to heel. The ascent is what English sportsmen call a "pumper." We stay a moment to draw breath at the top. The view is worth looking at. Below you lies the bay with its fleet of fishing boats and the purple islands, and through the clear, pure air, twenty miles away, we catch the gleam of white houses; and on the opposite shore, the dark, fir-clad hills and the wild barrens and marshes, clothed in their summer verdure. Before us is a vast, gently-undulating plain, rising here and there into low, rounded hills, sometimes spreading out into long, level, dry marshes, which, in the distance, look as bright and green as a newly mown meadow. Clothe this moorland here and there with white mosses and with clumps of low, stunted spruce; intersperse it everywhere with wild flowers and low berry-bearing shrubs, with purling streams and pools and endless lakes, and you will have a good general idea of a Newfoundland barren, stern, wild and bare, but not without beauty. And now—

"Together, let us beat this ample field;
Try what the open, what the covert yield."

He out, good dogs! Away they go with a rushing gallop, right and left across the wind. Suddenly Bang's lashing tail becomes stiff, and with head outstretched and rigid body he slowly creeps up wind until at last he stands, as motionless as if carved in stone. Grouse is hid behind a low hill; instantly, as he mounts the ridge and catches sight of Bang, you see him transformed into another statuesque canine, backing his companion. And now keep cool. Don't mind Mike's ejaculation, "Come on, Captain, begor! Bang have 'em." Walk; saunter up slowly, if you have any regard for the steadiness of your dogs; if they see you excited they will assuredly copy your example. Below you get up to Bang, he begins slowly and cautiously to move ahead; while you are being walking up, the birds have moved away from him, not far, but still further off than he thinks the correct thing, so he cautiously crawls a few yards forward. Keep close to him. Suddenly he stands again, with his body stiff and rigid, while, if you look at his eyes, you will notice them almost out of his head with wild excitement. Just as you are wondering where on earth the birds can be hid in the bare ground before you, suddenly there is a whirr of wings, and a dozen brown birds are in the air about you. Down goes the old cock with your right; shot right through the back he lies with wings outstretched, while two yards further to the left lies another noble bird. "A great shot, 'captain," says Mike; "I never see the like; you're as quick as lightning." "Well, Mike, it was not a bad shot; but did you mark down the covey?" "Mark em! They're gone seventeen mile down into the green woods beyond there." "Well, forward and points the old cock whose head Mike carefully smooths out, and puts into the loops of the game-bag, while the dog is now at a dead point on the other rooster. You fondle the good dogs a bit, and let them smell the birds; then on you go, as proud and happy a man as there is in the universe. Probably, notwithstanding honest Michael's flattery, the shots were as easy ones as ever were fired; but the shooter dearly loves to be praised; and for this particular reason of encomiums commend me to a Munster man. To hear Tramore when I had made a villainous miss at a bird rising within ten yards of me on the open, or Ned Molloy telling Bat Malone as he made some wonderful chance shots in their presence at very wild birds, killing two with the right barrel as they crossed, and my companion and I bringing down two more at awful long distances, all three quite random shots. With cool and deliberate mendacity Ned says: "That's the way they're doin' it all day, Bat." "Begob, then, Ned, it's time we went home," and off they go with half a dozen grouse slung on their long gun barrels, each with a raw and bloody head, showing that Bat had killed them all on the ground.

Well, to pursue our day's sport. On the next rounded, dry

hill, Grouse sets, and it is Bang's turn to back. You get your two barrels well in, and Mike marks down the remaining ten birds, in what he calls a "big tuck." This is a low clump of stunted spruces not more than two or three feet high. You keep the obedient dogs into heel and make straight for it. The birds in this dense cover rise by twos and threes, and if your shooting is straight you will probably bag half a dozen birds, and Mike's keen eye will mark down the stragglers that escape your deadly breech-loader. After meeting a few more birds it will probably be time for lunch. Of course you have a camp kettle to make the tea which all Newfoundland fishermen are immoderately fond of. Mike will probably tell you about some "Mulligan-Tawney" the Doctor had here, 'onst wid him, the most illigant soup he ever tasted." You will find your trusty follower a good trencher man; but you must help him, and press him to eat. It will always be, "After you, Captain, sure I have lasherin;" whilst all the time he would eat the whole concern, and then beg in again. In manners, he is one of nature's gentlemen; but with a far more robust appetite than falls to the lot of most so-called gentlemen in this dyspeptic age.

Now follow my advice and take two good hours' rest. The birds are not on the move, and both you and your dogs will be the better for the spell. Except in the hours of the very early morning, between five and six in the evening is the most killing time of the day. By that time you will find all coveys you started in the morning, or rather what is left of them, back to their old haunts; and you will be sure to get some good chances. Probably you will feel tired and make a clean miss or two, but Mike will duly swear on all such occasions either that "he seed a whole fistful of feathers come out of the bird," or else that "you shot his tail away entirely." By sundown you will be back to your comfortable quarters with a good bag of birds, and, bye and bye, in easy costume and slippers, when "you have judicious drink, and greatly daring, dined," you will, with your after-dinner pipe, agree with me that there is no finer sport in America or Europe or anywhere else than your day's shooting in Newfoundland.

St. John's, Newfoundland, November, 1881.

SPORT AS BBAIN-FOOD—II.

WHILE fishing, hunting, boating and riding through the wilderness on my well-trained Indian pony, I still kept up my literary engagements, writing with an ease and freedom I had not known for years. My home was frequently visited in the summer time by the leading sportsmen of the day. George Dawson, of the *Albany Journal*; General Spinner, then a Congressman; Seth Green, always a knight of the plant rod, and many, many more of the old Walton Club made Eagle's Nest regular visits every summer. Alfred B. Street, the poet; Church, the artist, and other noted men made me annual calls when they went to the forest for fresh brain inspiration.

But when I wintered there, my trappers, my library and a mail brought in on snow shoes once a week, were my only company. Of music I had plenty. The scream of the panther, the howling wolves and the hoot of the great white owl, made the weird portion—the winter gales sung a loud chorus.

Talking of panthers, I was out one spring morning, having with me a large white buldog, imported from England and kept as a watchdog. It was between my house and Blue Mountain Lake, and though I never knew him to do it before, the dog took a fresh trail and ran off as if Satan had kicked him on end.

A minute afterward I heard him barking furiously.

I had my double-barreled rifle with me and made lively tracks to where he was. There, up a scrubby beech, about twenty feet from the ground, was an old she panther and two half-grown ones. They glared at the dog, whose hair fairly stood on end, he was so anxious to get at them.

Taking careful aim, I drew a bead between the eyes of the old panther, and in a second a ball, 32 to the pound, conical, went through her head and she came down all in a heap.

The dog pitched for her throat and got a couple of ugly scratches from her claws in the death throes, but he didn't mind that. He opened a gap as wide as a New York Alderman's mouth in her throat in a hurry.

Reloading the empty barrel, I proceeded to lay one of the cubs beside the mother in the same way. Reloading again, so as to have spare shot on hand in case of a miss, number three was added to the list.

As this was before breakfast, I thought it a fair morning's work and went back to the house, whence some of my men soon went to skin the beasts and take their scalps, worth ten dollars apiece at the county seat, Lake Pleasant.

But I promised you that poem, if rhyme such as mine is entitled to be called poetry, which I doubt. It was published in the *Weekly Mercury*, then edited by Caldwell, Southworth and Whitney.

MY MAPLE.

I have watched it since last winter,
That grand maple near the door,
Standing just beyond the caba,
By the lake's white-sanded shore—
Watched it while its quivering branches
Were all laden down with sleet,
And the tempest, without mercy,
'Gainst its rugged bosom beat.
And when the kindling sunshine
Came to melt the ice away,
And the breath of Spring so genial
Came with many a welcome ray—
When the "snow-drops" head was lifted
Up in beauty at its feet,
And the grass began to brighten
O'er its half-uncovered root.
And I watched it in its budding,
Saw the little leaves come out;
Saw them day by day expanding,
As Dame Nature went her route;
Saw them weave their roof of shadows
Twixt the sun and ground below;
Saw them spread their web of shadows
On the wavert's glassy floss.
Yes, I watched it till its fineness
Fled the naked trunk and limbs;
Till it hid the feathered songsters,
While they sung their mairn hymns.
I have watched it in its beauty,
In its waving sea of green,

Till the tips of many branches
Wear a gold and scarlet sheen.

Like a golden crown of glory
To a faithful servant given,
When he resteth from his labor
In the quiet hour of even,
Looks the yellow crown of Autumn
On my favorite maple tree,
And of all the season's changes
This is brightest far, to me!

So a Christian who has battled
With the tempter in his youth,
So a Christian who has conquered
By the mighty power of Truth,
Who has seen his Spring and Summer,
For the Winter hath no dread,
For he knows Christ's Spring will bring him
Resurrection from the dead.

Hoping this is proof to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* that wild life and sport is brain-food, I close with the best wishes of the season,
NED BUNTLINE.

WITH A HUNTING KNIFE.

CHRISTMAS, 1881.

THIS keen-edged dagger, gleaming bright,
I ask you, friend, henceforth to wear,
In memory of this Christmas night.
The dainty foot thy hand will clasp,
A timid, antlered deer once graced,
Whose anguished look and dying gasp,
I still can see, I yet can hear.
He oft the mazy forest traced,
Through bosky dingles often fled,
Or from the hill-tops, sunset dyed,
Marked where the winding river led,
By lichen rocks and woodland glades,
Through sunlit vales and scented meads,
And the half-lit canyon shades,
Where lottening south winds gently sighed
Among the river's margin reeds.

He saw the deeply blushing day
Fly from the kisses of the night,
And through the lonely forest way,
"Neath rising, guiding stars he went
(Fleet-footed phantom of the wood)
To where the arching grapevines bent
Above his resting place from flight,
Within the greenwood's solitude.

When perfumed clover cups at morn
Held dewy gems of priceless worth,
When snowy blossoms of the thorn
Grew rosy with the flush of dawn—
When summer, with a loving hand,
A flow'ry garble close had drawn
Around the scented zone of earth,
He wandered safe through all the land.

But when the autumn's changing hues
'Tinted the wood and hill and vale,
And earlier fell the evening dews,
And song birds went and snow birds came,
The hunters, merry, lithe of limb,
Roamed all the land in search of game,
And slyer grew the turtled quail,
And mute the pheasant's vesper hymn.

Then, seeking far, a huntsman found
A fountain on a rocky steep,
And round about upon the ground
The dainty trace of timid feet;
And broken twigs and trampled grass,
His eager, searching eyes did greet,
And one white-waited roe, deep deep,
Told where the deer did often peep.

The low breeze whistled through the wood;
A distant grove called to its mate,
Then in the copse where he stood
A deer gave voice. A moment more
A noble buck sprang full in view.
A rifle shot—and woundless rose
The red deer leaped, alas! too late—
The grass was stained with crimson dew.

O, Time! bring back those joyous days
The bracing, keen, autumnal air,
The mossy, leaf-strewn forest ways,
The blushing, frost-kissed golden rods,
The grapes like ripened opals falling,
The chestnuts dropping from their pods,
Maple and birch in raiment rare,
And shy quails from their covert calling.

Bring back my dear four-footed friend,
The brown-eyed dog whose love for me
No chiding coldness ever could end;
Truer than half the friends I've known,
That kind, mute favorite "neath the ground,"
Whose faithful dust is still my own.
Ah! cruel, mocking Memory,
Bring back my old Siberian hound!
I'd give the dross the world calls wealth
If for a moment I could stand,
Young and aglow with ruddy health,
Again upon that steep hill slope,
Drinking "the wine of mountain air,"
While skies from gray to hues of hope,
Change "neath empyrean splendors grand,
Waiting with dog and gun for deer.

Sacramento, Cal., Dec., 1881.

ELSIE WARNER.

THE TELEGRAPH BRINGS US THE STORY of a Newfoundland dog, which accompanied its master and mistress every night to the door of the Ring Theatre in Vienna, and waited for their coming out. On the night of the burning of the theatre he accompanied them as usual to the entrance. He is still stationed there waiting so patiently for those who will never more come to meet him, and cannot be induced to leave the spot or even to take food or water.

THE SEVEN PONDS AGAIN.

CAMPS BEUIS, ME., Dec. 12.

BACK to the old Rangeley once more after a month's cruise, and not in the woods as usual at this time of year, but on a twenty-two ton steam yacht, all the way from Augusta, Me., to Norfolk, Va. I had different weather here from what I left a week ago in Norfolk. The twenty miles of sleighing from Philip to Rangeley is as good as I ever saw. To-morrow I start for Farmachene Lake to join my friend Danforth on our annual still-hunt. The condition of the snow and weather is strongly against success. I am glad just to get out, and as John has about a peck of mail that has been coming along for the last two months, which I shall take to him, he no doubt will be glad to see me.

Looking over my *Forest and Stream* that have collected during my absence, I find that Mr. Secret, York, also, "J. W. T." reply to it. Surely, it is not the most affectionate answer that I ever received from a letter; and, lest Mr. T. should think he has missed me this time, I will "flatter" again, though it brings neither a more and more deadly volley. He handles his weapon with ease that speaks of long experience, but his imaginary powder, it seems to me, is a little smart for his fuzee. In this case possibly he might do more execution with a little lighter charge, and before he shoots again, perhaps it would be for his advantage to know that I have no interest whatever in the Seven Ponds, camps, boats, roads, nor any route that the Seven Pond travel takes. My route is by Steamboat on Moosemenatic Lake and my camps are Camps Beuis on the same lake.

It really seemed to me that some one ought to say a word or two in favor of the Rangeley route, to let gentlemen know that there at least used to be a way to get to Seven Ponds from there. As Mr. T. prefers the rail car to the stage coach, suppose we start from where the car leaves us. He has generously allowed me thirty miles from Seven Ponds to Rangeley, and the twenty miles to the iron horse. It is a route that is a distance fifty miles. By the other route he has given us eighteen miles from Seven Ponds to Mr. Smith's house. Now, adding the fifty miles from Smith's house to the rail car at Farmington, we have thirty-eight miles, a distance in favor of the Rangeley route of seventeen miles. I will "red my eyes" and remain where the ten or eleven miles from Tim Pond to Seven Ponds will probably hold out according to the time it took Mr. T. to walk it last summer. If I remember right he was until well into the afternoon doing it. He probably is not a great walker.

Since we have been so confidentially reminded that our Rangeley fishing "needs rest," I will say that the fish have been having a rest for the last four years. During this time the Union Water Power Co., of Lewiston, who control these lakes, have kept them a little higher than nature intended them to be; and the trout have been making a change in their location since then, and perhaps "Steve" has not found just the place, since the change, where he is sure of one every time he "chucks a bug." The fish Commissioners say that the fish are increasing. Guides generally say they are increasing, and from what I have seen by taking notice of the different spawning grounds and the spawning seasons for the last nine years I should surely say they were increasing. The waters of our lakes are wide and deep, and the several fish that trout live on are plentiful enough to warrant good fishing in the Rangeley Lakes for years to come, in spite of the troubles of travel. There are many ponds woven in with our lake, and in some of them I have seen as good fishing as I ever saw at Seven Ponds.

May I think to Mr. T. for so kindly inviting me to his cabin. If it ever comes in my way I will surely call, and I should be glad to be introduced to him, to his loved ones and to his friends; and I would also be most happy to see the entire circle at Camps Beuis. I would again "manifest my amiable spirit," and they should have the best of the camp, indeed. I would tell them all the interesting stories I could think of, and, as business is business, the charges would be two dollars per day apiece. I am sure we should be the best of friends.

CAPT. F. C. BARKER.

Natural History.

THE POISON IVY.

THERE is one danger to which people who spend much of their time in the fields and woods are exposed, which is not generally appreciated. There are a few native plants that are so poisonous that contact with them is to many people productive of severe and long continued suffering. The best known, as they are the most injurious of these plants, are two species of the genus *Rhus*, and very many individuals are susceptible to their baneful influences.

We have known men who believed themselves unable to approach within several yards of either the poison ivy or the poison sumach, without being very severely affected, and it is quite common to find among farmers and farm hands, individuals who have been severely poisoned from standing in the smoke of the burning brush. As a natural consequence of the different degrees of susceptibility to the poison in different individuals, it follows that, while to some contact with these plants brings intense and long continued suffering, to others there results only a trifling and temporary inconvenience, while some people are not at all affected by it.

Sportsmen are especially exposed to danger from this poison, for in traveling through the brush they are extremely liable to come in contact with these plants, and that at a season when the leaves being off, they are not so readily recognized as when in full foliage.

In a recent article in *Harper's Young People*, Mr. A. W. Roberts contributes some interesting information on the Poison Ivy, from which we quote below:

"Poison ivy, poison oak and mercury vine are the common names for one and the same vine, found climbing up the trunks of trees, on rail, board and stone fences, over rocks and bushes, in the fields and meadows; in fact, wherever and anywhere it can secure a foot of ground, no matter how poor, or how much exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, this wretched vine prospers, happy and contented to spread out its poisonous arms hidden beneath its glossy and graceful foliage."

Rhus toxicodendron.

This plant, which is the more abundant of the two poisonous species, is often found growing in great profusion on the seashore. "Here, when the ivy has a chance to climb up a tree trunk, up it is, and, throwing its aerial rootlets in all directions, when growing away from any support, in the sand which is being constantly displaced by the strong ocean winds, it then grows stout, erect and bushy like. Under these peculiar circumstances of growth it has received the name of *poison oak*, and was supposed by many botanists to be a separate variety, though in fact the poison ivy and oak are one and the same thing. When the stem of the poison ivy is wounded, a milky juice issues from the wound. The leaves, after being separated from the vine, turn black when exposed to the air.

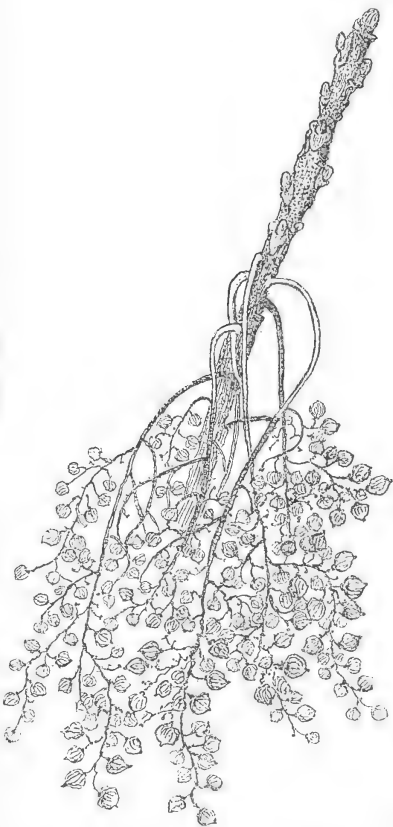
The stem of the vine is nearly smooth in texture; the aerial rootlets, which start from all parts of the stem, are of a bright brown color when young. The masses of berries when unripe are of a light green color; when ripe, of an ashen gray. Below the mass of this year's berries are gener-

ally to be found those of last year. The leaf has a smooth and somewhat shiny texture, and curves downward from the midrib. To many people the slightest contact with the leaves of the ivy will produce poisoning. I have known of instances where persons in passing masses of ivy vine, particularly when the wind was blowing from the vice toward the passer-by, became severely poisoned. One of our most beautiful native vines, the so-called Virginia creeper, which frequently grows side by side with the ivy, is often mistaken for it and blamed for the evil doings of its neighbor, and yet is an innocent and beautiful vine. The Virginia creeper has a leaf consisting of five lobes, which are distinctly notched, and which curve upward from the midrib. Instead of aerial rootlets like the ivy, it has stout tendrils more or less twisted and curled, often assuming the form of a spiral spring. These tendrils are provided with a disk, by means of which an attachment is made to any object within reach. The stem has the appearance of being jointed. The berries are large and grapelike in the form of the cluster, and when ripe are of a deep blue color, with heavy bloom. In the fall of the year the leaves turn to a deep red and brownish red color.

"The poison-sumac, swamp sumac, or dogwood, is ten times more severe in its poisoning qualities than the poison ivy. It grows from six to ten feet in height in low, marshy grounds. The berries are smooth, white or dun-colored, and in form and size closely resemble those of the ivy.

"This sumac is terrible in its effects, often causing temporary blindness."

The poison oak, or poison dogwood, as the *Rhus venenata* is indifferently called, sometimes grows to a height of not less than twenty feet, and becomes as thick as the calf of a man's leg. It does not always grow in swampy ground, being often found on knolls and moderately elevated ridges. It is a plant which once known will always be recognized, as its foliage and its mode of growth are very characteristic.



The leaves are 7 to 10 pinnate, and bear, in shape, a general resemblance to those of the hickory, but are smaller. The bark is smooth. Some persons are so easily affected by this plant that a leaf drawn across the hand will leave a red streak, resembling a scratch, on which blisters will almost at once appear.

This variety is not a vine but a shrub or small tree, and early in the fall the leaves of this plant assume very beautiful tints of red and yellow, and from their attractive colors they are often plucked to adorn country houses. We have known of a number of terrible cases of poisoning which resulted from this carelessness. In one instance, which came under our immediate observation, three ladies, who in September had gathered branches of these brightly colored leaves, held them, during their walk back to the house, close by their faces, as a protection from the afternoon sun. As a result of this, all three were so severely poisoned as to be confined to their beds for six weeks. The berries, too, are sometimes gathered for the purpose of home adornment, and give rise to similar poisoning. Instances are on record where people have been poisoned by sleeping in a room in which a cluster of these berries hung. We give a figure of the berries of this species.

Many remedies have been suggested for this poisoning, but most of them are either ineffectual or so slow in their action as to be practically worthless. A solution of 60 grains of sulphate of zinc in 8 ounces of water was recommended some years ago in the *FORESTER AND STREAM* as very effective, but we have had no personal experience with it. Another remedy is said to be to eat the leaves and berries, but this is an experiment that we fancy most people would hesitate to try. An infusion of the bark of the tamarac (*Larix*) is another popu-

lar medicine. The most effective and speedy treatment that we have ever seen tried is the following: As soon as the "blisters" appear, paint them and the surrounding parts with tincture of iodine as strong as can be borne; then puncture the vesicles, dry up the moisture with a cloth, and dust freely with rice powder, sometimes called shaving or baby powder. Of course, different remedies may be used with varying effects, according to the susceptibility of the system of the patient to the poison, but we have found this very efficacious.

The poisonous sumachs are not without a certain economic value. From the leaves of *Rhus toxicodendron* a strong indelible ink is made, and from the juice of a poisonous sumach which grows in Japan a beautiful lacquer varnish is manufactured. The fumes of this juice are said to be so potent that Europeans passing the factory are poisoned by it, and it is even stated that those who handle the varnished good are likely to suffer.

A QUEER FOX.

CLINTON, Ct., Dec. 15, 1891.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Very recently Mr. George Buell, a gentleman living in our neighborhood, killed a peculiar looking animal that has bothered us to classify. At the first glance no one would hesitate to say it was a fox; and, doubtless, that is just what it is; but a closer examination would incline one almost to believe, if such were possible, that it is no very distant relation to a woodchuck. Let me give a careful description of the animal, as I saw it, after Dr. A. H. Stevens, who is a skillful taxidermist, had set it up. The comparison is made with a specimen of the common red fox:

The general shape was that of a fox; the body was round and fat, and the size about two thirds of that of a full-grown fox; legs rather short; ears more rounded than those of a fox, and the tips blunt. The whole back, sides, shoulders and thighs are rich mottled gray, caused by the hairs being each black and white above the fur, beginning white and ending black—the hairs of the red fox beginning white above the fur and ending yellow. Down the tail, the upper side was a jet black, running to the very end, and instead of being round and bushy, like a fox's tail, was like that of a setter dog; in fact the tail looked more like that of a setter dog than it did that of a fox. Buck of the ears the color was a continuous red down to the shoulders on either side. The fur was not so soft nor so dense as that of a fox, and reminded one of the hair of a woodchuck. The gray color of the body extended down to the feet. In short, in the red fox, the reddish yellow is the predominant tint, and shades off into the other colors; in this animal the woodchuck gray predominates, and there is but little of reddish yellow color, except the under side of the tail.

We should like to know if you or any of your readers can tell what kind of a fox the above-described animal is, as we have never seen one like it before in this country?

Mr. George Buell, mentioned above, hunted on a fence in front of him as he was about to water his horse. The fox hesitated a moment on the fence, when Mr. Buell hurled a brickbat at him, and struck him just back of the head, and killed him. That, perhaps, was the first fox ever killed in exactly that way; and Mr. Buell's friends thought to equip him with a sling and leather bag, but we believe that his modesty made him decline the honor.

C. W. R.

[May the specimen not have been a gray fox (*Urocyon cinereo-argenteus*), but if so, how about the tail?]

THE ENEMIES OF GAME BIRDS.

NEW RUSSIA, Dec. 17th, 1891.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Your Ferrisburg correspondent R. E. R. says: "If squirrels kill young grouse, why not chickens?" One of my neighbors who lives near a grove, informs me that hearing one day an outcry in a coop of young chickens, he went out and found a red squirrel attacking them. It had already killed one or two. He drove it away three times that day, but each time it succeeded in killing some of them. A shooting friend also informs me that he found a grouse's nest of a dozen eggs, each egg bitten into by what he thought was squirrel's teeth.

Now, it is nonsense to think that they destroy tree-nesting birds and would not do the same for those that nest on the ground.

When red squirrels are about as thick as we generally see them, the harm they do to the grouse may be as serious as to hawks and foxes; but when they get to be as thick as house flies, one to every square rod of woodland, as they do sometimes, and take it upon them to move through the country in May and June in a half-starved condition, then look out for your grouse crop. It will not take a very shrewd guesser to foretell what the next autumn's shooting will be.

I should think the tick might destroy some grouse where the soil is hard, clay for instance, because they have no soft dirt to wallow in. Grouse wallow in the dust as persistently as barn-yard swine. They do it to free themselves from vermin.

I have never observed any ticks on the grouse in this part of the country, but it being a sandy region may have something to do with it.

BAINBRIDGE BISHOP.

THE DECREASE OF RUFFED GROUSE.—Sherbrooke, Canada.—The decrease of ruffed grouse is also a matter of interest to us. I don't know but we can kill as many in a day now as we could five years ago, but we certainly have to go further. Out of twenty-one grouse picked up last month, only one was a female. Do you or any of your readers attach any significance to that fact?—CANADA.

RESTAURANT NATURAL HISTORY.—In front of a popular restaurant in New York city there hung a young caribou one day. A explanatory placard accompanied the following truthful legend, which we give verbatim, capitals and all: "*Caribou*. Native of Greenland. Captured in the Neighborhood of the wreck of the *Janetie*. Procured for this Hotel Direct. These Animals the caribou are not for their Peculiarity as Relative to their Mode of living, having nothing but Water Ice & Snow visible to the human Being For their Sustenance."

TAME QUAIL.—Chicago, Ill., Dec. 20.—I have a tame quail at home, which was caught last June just after being hatched. He runs at liberty through the house and will respond to a whistle readily.—TEX BORE.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SONG BIRDS are the subject of an article by John Burroughs in the January Century.

I agree with "Kull of Grouse," where he says: "It is the very skill and nerve required to bag grouse in difficult places that afford the fascination of the sport and build up the muscle and tones up the system," and as far as travel is concerned I could convince him that I am no "slouch shot" in cover or open field, and can snap-shot as many in close timber or thicket, without the gun to the shoulder, as the best of them I have ever met. But in the Eastern and some of the Middle States and Canada, where abundance of thick timber and brush preclude the possibility of war-

shooting and grouse are abundant, and die of old age and natural causes, and are certainly "good for man to eat," then cockers are a pleasant aid in preventing a few from going to waste. Stop the scaring and trapping of grouse, and the clearing of timber, and grouse will always hold their own in spite of the gun or treacher cocker. I have watched this in sections where cockers and guns were out almost continually during the open season, and even some few years I have known them to grow more and more plenty each year. We can readily perceive that "Ruffed Grouse" is an advocate of setters or pointers, but we hope he will not show the disposition of the "dog in the manger," and wish us not to use the legitimate cocker because he does not choose to.

He tries to impress upon you that we are "not hunters." 'Tis true that we put our birds in the "pot" and do not send them to market, or willfully destroy or let them go to waste by spilling on our hands. But are we to suppose that "Ruffed Grouse" has never put any in the pot, or is doing the opposite from what we are with our birds? We certainly hope not. The very best of our honored present and old time sportsmen that have had extensive experience with ruffed grouse all acknowledge that shooting this bundle of witchcraft and feathers upon the wing, or over skilled treacher setters is as sportsmanlike, legitimate and exciting as any sport with the gun known, and is not "pot hunting" in any form of its definition.

M. P. McKEON.

LOADING FOR GAME.

LOADING FOR GAME.—Much diversity of opinion prevails as to the correct loading for different kinds of game. It is a subject upon which we would like to hear the experience of gunners.—*FOREST AND STREAM*, Dec. 15, 1881.

No two gunners will agree, probably, as to just what constitutes the most killing charge for any given kind of game. In a 16, 12, 10 or 6 gauge gun.

Of course all will agree that different gauges require different charges of powder, and that a 16 gauge would be but a "squib" in a 6-gauge gun, but an over-load for a 20 gauge 24 drachms of No. 1 (fine) powder in a 20 gauge gun would, with a corresponding quantity of No. 8 shot, increase the recoil without increasing the penetration; besides, the powder would not all burn before leaving the gun (which will account for the decreased penetration), while 34 drachms of No. 3 (coarse) in a 6-gauge gun, with a corresponding charge of No. 8 shot, would be little more than a "squib," producing but slight recoil and poor penetration. It is also clear that different gauges require different charges of shot as well as of powder. And to some extent the charges of both powder and shot should vary in the same gauge as the sizes vary from fine to coarse.

Powder and shot should be weighed, not measured, if great accuracy be aimed at; for, bulk per bulk by measure, the coarse grained powder (No. 3) will weigh about 1.9 more than fine (No. 1), and it will be found about the same between coarse and fine shot (No. 1 and No. 8).

In order to answer your inquiry correctly, or rather with an approximation, you will find that if we fairly considered the correct loading for different kinds of game, it will be found necessary to take into the account: 1st, gauge of the gun and its weight; 2d, size of the powder and shot; 3d, weight of the powder and shot, and 4th, the size and toughness of the game and the distance off (assuming that to be from 35 to 60 yards, according to the size of the shot used).

Keeping these points in mind, and omitting to particularize each kind of game, but grouping them according to their size and toughness, I give the result of over forty years' experience, trusting it may do you some good and lead to further and more scientific investigation.

FOR 10-GAUGE GUN.

1. For large game, such as deer, turkey, geese, etc., use 34 to 44 drachms of No. 1 (fine) and No. 3 (coarse) powder, mixed half and half, with two pink-eyed wads of one felt wad over the powder, and 12 to 14 oz. shot, from No. 1 to B. B's inclusive, with one Baldwin wad over the shot, the wads in metallic shells to be two sizes larger than the gauge of the gun; in paper shells one size larger if metallic wads are used in loading, to prevent the bulging and enlargement of the paper shell.

2. For medium-sized game, such as canvas-backs, mallard, red-head, dusky-ducks, widgeon, gadwall, pintail, and birds of that class, when in the plumage, use 4 to 44 drachms of fine and coarse mixed powder, as in No. 1, and same kind of wads; with 12 to 14 oz. shot, from No. 5 to No. 2 inclusive, using your judgment in choosing about the proper size of shot for the kind of shooting, whether canvas-back, etc., on points, or mallard, etc., over decoys.

3. For small game and birds that usually lie close, such as snipe, woodcock, plover, gallinule (rail), pinnate and rough-legged, teal, summer ducks, etc., etc.: 4 to 44 drachms mixed powder, as in No. 1, wads the same, with 12 to 14 oz. shot, from No. 9 to No. 6 inclusive, judging always which is the proper sized shot for the work in hand, say 9's and 8's for snipe, woodcock, etc., and 7's and 6's for grouse, etc.

From a great number of trials it is found that in a 10-gauge gun, 34 drachms of mixed powder (1 and 3), with 12 oz. shot, will produce the maximum initial velocity and penetration of which the gun is capable, and probably will give the best average pattern.

FOR 12-GAUGE GUN.

1. For shooting large game: 23 to 3 drachms of mixed powder, Nos. 1 and 2 (Oriental, for instance), one pink-eyed or felt wad over the powder and one Baldwin over the shot (in all small gauges two wads over the powder increases the recoil and adds but a trifle, if any, to the penetration and pattern), with 1 oz. of shot, from No. 1 to B's inclusive.

2. For medium-sized gun: 3 to 34 drachms powder (mixed 1 and 2), with 1 oz. of shot from No. 5 to No. 2 inclusive.

3. For small game and close-lying birds: 34 to 4 drachms mixed powder (Nos. 1 and 2) and 1 oz. shot from No. 9 to No. 6 inclusive, 34 best.

FOR 14, 16 AND 20-GAUGE GUNS.

and for medium and small game, load with 24 to 34 drachms No. 1 (fine) powder and 1 oz. shot for 14 gauge; 24 to 3 drachms No. 1 powder and 1 oz. shot for 16 gauge; and 24 to 34 drachms No. 1 powder and 1 oz. shot for 20 gauge.

FOR 6-GAUGE GUNS.

1. For large game: 42 to 5 drachms No. 3 (coarse) powder and 12 to 14 oz. shot from No. 1 to treble 8 G, using two pink-eyed wads or one felt wad over powder and one wad over shot, two sizes larger than gauge of gun.

2. For medium game: 5 to 6 drachms of No. 8 (coarse)

powder and 12 to 2 oz. shot, from No. 8 to No. 2 inclusive, wad the same as in No. 1.

These charges may not always produce the greatest initial velocity and penetration, but it is confidently believed that, taking into the account the penetration and pattern, they will be found, in the long run, the best and most killing charges. The impact of three or four shot with less velocity will be more likely to kill than one or two shot with greater velocity. It should be borne in mind that there is found to be a difference of from 15 to 25 per cent. in favor of metallic shells over paper, in penetration and pattern combined.

Heavier charges have been and may continue to be used, but they will result in more recoil, greater recoil, black-and-blue shoulders, without any increase of pleasure or bag.

Cleveland, O.

D. W. Cross.

AN ARKANSAS GAME COUNTRY.

Looking over notices of the many game resorts of our country I see nothing from this region, which is, I think, the best of all for general sport. By this region I mean the lower White River country, or Arkansas and Prairie counties, Arkansas. The Memphis and Little Rock Railroad traverses a Prairie country from east to west, making it easily accessible to the Memphis and Little Rock sportsmen, therefore it is becoming somewhat popular. But yet immense quantities of deer, bear, turkey, chickens and quail have been brought to bag there this season.

But the region for sport par excellence is Arkansas county, immediately south of Prairie county, and lying between the junction of the White and Arkansas rivers. This is a region seldom reached by outside sportsmen, and game of all kinds abound. The country is about half prairie and half timber, and abounds in nearly all the game found in any of the older States, except ruffed grouse. Here we have bear, deer, porcupine, beaver, wildcats, opossums, weasels, rabbits—two kinds—turkeys, geese, ducks, prairie chickens, quail, squirrels and minks in great abundance. In December, January and February ducks and geese swarm on the prairies and in the great bays, lakes and lagoons of the White and Arkansas river bottoms, in countless millions; and also sundrill cranes on the prairies in February—all these making a variety of sport great enough to please all.

The large bays and lakes (old river channels) in the White River bottoms, deep, clear pools, abundant in black bass and other game fishes, and the beautiful White River, the finest stream on the continent, navigable for 700 miles, contains both these and great blue or channel catfish. The patient follower of "old Isaac" can satiate himself with his favorite sport.

The winter climate of this region is the finest on the continent; its people are hospitable, glad to see and kind to visitors. This town of Crockett's Bluff, founded by the descendants of the ancient and renowned Col. Davy Crockett, is the center of this fine game region. The old town has gone to seed and dried up since the war, but still good accommodations can be had here at reasonable prices. The old Crockett family is worthily represented by Col. "Bob" Crockett, a "chip off the old block," a pleasant, genial, hospitable gentleman. He has in his possession the old Crockett rifle, presented to his grandfather, Col. Davy, by five hundred young men of Philadelphia, while he was member of Congress from Tennessee, and other mementoes. This old rifle is yet one of the finest deer guns in the nation.

The hunting season here is from December until March, and we are sorry to say that they kill deer here as late as April, and then again in June. But the deer are so plenty that the people are forced to kill them in self-defense. (Don't mistake my meaning, please; deer don't "bite," but they eat up their field peas and watermelons.) But this kind of deer murder should be stopped. Arkansas needs, and needs very badly, stringent game laws.

This country is at this time the best stock country on the continent—that is, for cattle and hogs. They neither of them need nor care for any protection, and generally remain fat the year around. Cattle have the prairies in the summer and the immense canyons to winter in. Hogs have the immense mast of nuts, acorns, persimmons and berries, and even this season, when all of these were almost an entire failure, the hogs (great herds of them) are in fine condition—many of them fat enough for good pork. Land is very, very cheap here. The climate is as healthy as in any of the Western States where the soil is very rich. Crockett's Bluff can be reached by the White River steamboats from Memphis—a very pleasant trip—boats first-class—or by railroad to De Wail's Bluff and thence to Crockett's Bluff by White River boats.

One firm made one shipment of 183 deer from this region by one boat, besides other game.

Crockett's Bluff, Arkansas county, Ark., December, 1881.

FLORIDA WINTER NOTES.

JACKSONVILLE, Dec. 20.

FOR three months the weather has been out of joint—cloudy during the day, foggy at night, and anything but reasonable. It has now cleared off, and it is probable that in the future we shall have a dry atmosphere, a bountiful supply of sunshine, and the glorious winter weather for which Florida is famous.

Ducks have appeared in great numbers on the St. Johns river, below this city. As usual, quail are very plentiful in every portion of the State.

Last week I enjoyed several pleasant visits from the great canoeist, Mr. Bishop, of Lake George, N. Y. He is accompanied by his estimable lady, and they intend indulging in a short trip of some duration on the Indian River. On Tuesday last, too, Dr. Henshall, the great authority on black bass, called on me. He, in company with his wife, started on Saturday for Titusville. On arriving at that point they will take possession of a small schooner, and will devote over three months to a cruise around the coast from Indian River to Cedar Keys. The Doctor promised that he would write up for your columns certain portions of the Southwest Coast that I have not described.

This city has long been famous for its superior hotels, and it affords me pleasure to state that the National Hotel, in Bay street, has been purchased by Mr. Nathaniel Webster, of Gloucester, Mass., and has been named the Everett. It has been repaired, extended and refurnished, at an expenditure of over \$80,000. The house, containing 120 large bedrooms, is supplied with luxurious furniture. The ladies' parlor has been supplied with gorgeous fittings and a grand piano. The house fronts the south, and from its spacious veranda

a charming view of the St. Johns is obtained. Nearly every room is supplied with an open fire-place, and the entire house is heated by steam. Filtered rain water will be used for domestic purposes. The building is substantially constructed of brick, and for the safety of patrons every modern appliance has been secured and introduced, embracing fire hose on every floor and Babcock fire extinguishers. The hydraulic elevator was built by Moore & Wynum, of Boston, and it is supplied with safety appliances which render accidents impossible. The Everett has been leased by Mr. Everett Webster, of Gloucester, Mass., and Mr. William P. Davis, late of the Carleton Hotel, of this city. Mr. Davis, Sr., will give his personal attention to the business, which will be a sufficient guarantee that guests will not be disappointed. The names of the parties connected with the hotel are: Day clerk, J. W. Potter, late of Highland Home Hotel, Martha's Vineyard; night clerk, W. S. Bigelow, late of Seaford House, New Haven, Conn.; cashier, W. F. Young, Fitchburg, Mass.; \$3 to \$5 per day. From what we know of the proprietors and the superior fittings we can confidently recommend the Everett to the favorable notice of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

On several occasions we have referred to the advantages of the Southwest Coast of Florida as a winter resort for canoeists. Two weeks since Mr. Monroe, editor of *Harper's Young Folks*, called, and I furnished him with necessary information. He launched his canoe, Psyche, at Ellenville, and descended the Suwanee River. At last accounts he was at Cedar Keys, en route for Charlotte Harbor, the Caloosahatchie River, Lake Ocheechee, Kissimmee River, Indian River, and St. Johns River to this city.

AL. FRESKO.

SANFORD, Fla., Dec. 15.—Quail are fairly plenty in this vicinity. There are, to my knowledge, at least four coveys within half a mile from our place, four miles out from the town itself.

Ducks and snipe are reported as plenty on the river, and yesterday several deer were brought into town from the surrounding country.

The heavy rains of the past week or so have kept me from taking any trips. I have, however, managed to get some quail around the place. By the way, I had quite an interesting experience the other day. My dog stopped at a clump of palmetto, and I gave it a kick, expecting there was a bunch of quail there. Immediately the dog made a jump and seized a large skunk. The skunk came to the dog's mouth and held on. I whistled at the dog and he killed the skunk. I think there is no danger from rabies in the dog, as I have had several dogs bitten by skunks with no bad results.

T. TRUMP.

LORD DUNRAVEN AND THE NOVA SCOTIA GAME LAWS.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, Dec. 24, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

SIR—In your issue of the 22d inst. you publish a letter written by Lord Dunraven, which is intended as a reply to some remarks for which I am indebted to your paper on the subject of his lordship's arrest in Queens county some time since for a breach of the game laws, which requires some comments from me.

I observe that a Halifax morning paper, the *Herald*, characterizes his lordship's letter as a "very clever one," and laments that "a gentleman of such distinguished literary ability, and one whose influence in England is very great, should have been subjected to such an unpleasantness as being arrested for a breach of the game laws, and hopes that he will not give our people a bad name."

Now, I have no wish to cast any reflections upon the noble Earl's ability, both as a mighty hunter and a writer of several very interesting works, which I have read with much pleasure, but in this letter I submit that his cleverness is only exhibited by his aptitude for special pleading, and his attempts to evade the real points at issue between us, as I shall endeavor to show.

His lordship charges me with falling into the same error as that in supposing that the game licenses are good for the whole Province and are issued in Halifax. I did say so, and I now repeat it, and will prove that I am correct. It will be remembered that I was combating the assertion made by his apologist, the *New York World*, that the only mistake his lordship made was in not taking out a county license, and I stated that no such licenses were issued under our laws. The assertion that the game licenses are issued in Halifax is proved by the fact that they must be signed by the Commissioner and Chief Game Commissioner, who both reside in Halifax. It is true, as I stated in a former letter, that for the convenience of sportsmen entering the Province, in remote districts, a certain number are deposited with the Clerks of the Peace or municipalities, from whom they can be procured without reference to headquarters. That a license is good to hunt "over the whole Province," as I asserted, is easily proved. The Province is divided, for the purpose of the act, into six game districts, each comprising several counties, over which are appointed a Commissioner and several Wardens. A hunter is allowed to kill in any one season two moose and one caribou—six animals in all—so that it might happen that he could kill one in each district of the Province under the same license, taking the precaution to make affidavit before the Clerk of the Peace in the district to which he removes of the number of animals he is yet entitled to kill. And here it appears that not having the Act by me when I wrote my first letter I committed the error of stating that the affidavit should be made before the "Game Commissioner," a not very material point. Having thus, I think, clearly shown that I was correct in my view of the law upon these two points, I pass on to the real question in this case, which his lordship very conveniently winks out of sight—viz., was he, or was he not, guilty of a breach of the game laws of this Province by hunting without a license of any sort?

Out of his own mouth I will convict him. He says that he "telegraphed to his agent in this city (Mr. James Scott) to send his servant to Calicut and to obtain a license, over which he appointed a Commissioner and several Wardens. A hunter is allowed to kill in any one season two moose and one caribou—six animals in all—so that it might happen that he could kill one in each district of the Province under the same license, taking the precaution to make affidavit before the Clerk of the Peace in the district to which he removes of the number of animals he is yet entitled to kill. And here it appears that not having the Act by me when I wrote my first letter I committed the error of stating that the affidavit should be made before the "Game Commissioner," a not very material point. Having thus, I think, clearly shown that I was correct in my view of the law upon these two points, I pass on to the real question in this case, which his lordship very conveniently winks out of sight—viz., was he, or was he not, guilty of a breach of the game laws of this Province by hunting without a license of any sort?

ant of the fact that he ought to have procured his license in the district is a very lame one, indeed. *Ignorantia legis neminem excusat* is a maxim that his lordship ought to be familiar with. He could easily have rectified his error by inquiry of the Clerk of the Peace or Game Commissioner (the resident judge at Caledonia) or any Warden.

Now, having, I think, shown by his own evidence that his lordship was clearly liable to be fined for hunting without a license, a word as to the way he was dealt with. He complains that he had not all the formalities of "trial, conviction and sentence," and asks if it is right to hang a man without these preliminaries. Certainly not. But this is a very different case, and his lordship having been caught *in flagrante delicto*, I do not think there was anything to try. A clause in the Game Laws (Sec. 29) reads that "every holder of a license must produce the same when required so to do by any Justice of the Peace, Game Commissioner, or Warden," or officer of the Game Protection Society, or that if his lordship, being a non-resident, was found hunting, and could not produce his license when called upon, I am inclined to think he could be fined on view, as is done under the Fishery Act. However this may be (and I am only expressing my own opinion), I believe, upon reflection, that his arrest under a capias was not illegal. The section (31) relating to the collection of penalties, reads:

"Any penalty imposed by this Act may be recovered in a summary manner, *in the summary manner* as a *private debt*, in the name of any person who may sue for the same."

Now, in the case of a private debt, any person can take out a capias against a debtor by swearing that he is about to leave the county, etc. That could have been easily and properly done in this case, and then his lordship could have given bail, and had his trial if he wanted one. And this right to arrest by capias is a very necessary one in order to carry out the law—for what would be the use of issuing a summons to a transient person who, before the day of trial, would be out of the county—so that anyway I fail to see where the "harsh treatment" comes in. There are several other points in his lordship's letter which I would like to remark upon, but this letter has already grown too long—one let me briefly allude to. He says that "no one supposes that the object of the Game Society is to make money out of strangers." He forgets that his champion, the New York *World* (inspired no doubt by its interview with him), very intemperately remarks that "the object of the game laws of this interesting region (Nova Scotia) seems to be more to extort money from the wayfaring sportsmen than the preservation of the game, and compares the officials of the law to the harpies who infest Niagara Falls demanding money from visitors at every turn," and one of the objects of my first letter to the *FOREST AND STREAM* was to correct this misstatement, so calculated to injure the character of our game officials among sportsmen abroad.

I am sorry that his lordship holds the opinion that our Game Laws are inadequate for the purpose and are inadequately administered." The statement that the law is a dead letter as far as the natives (under which term, I suppose, he includes Indians and other Nova Scotians) are concerned is not correct. I know of many prosecutions and convictions of residents—so much so that the poor backwoodsman (for whom there might be some excuse if they killed more than the prescribed number of animals for food for their families) complain that they are punished, while, too often, the gentlemen sportsmen, who kill for pleasure, escape. But no human laws are perfect, and I am free to admit that there may be imperfections and discrepancies in our Game Laws. All that I can say is that a great deal of care and attention were bestowed upon their preparation by the gentlemen who framed them, and that their sole desire was to endeavor to put upon the statute book a law suitable to the requirements of the country. In conclusion, I would invite his lordship to join our society. A contribution of ten dollars will make him an honorary member, and he will thus be assisting the friends of a very useful society, and at the same time be able to give us the benefit of his varied experience as a sportsman in amending and removing whatever incongruities may exist in the present Game Laws of this Province.

A MEMBER OF THE NOVA SCOTIA GAME PROTECTION SOCIETY.
Halifax, N. S., Dec. 10, 1881.

THE POT-HUNTING SON OF HAM.

HEARNE, TEXAS, DEC. 3, 1881.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am indignant. The cause of my wrath is this: One day this week, two fellows came into town, each with a covered wagon or "prairie schooner;" and they were peddling live quail, which they claimed to have trapped, to the number of thirteen hundred in four days. Now, at one time I was a boy; and that boy dearly loved to set traps and catch quail, and I think I know enough about it to know that this exploit of catching thirteen hundred in four days is manifestly impossible. They must have used nets and driven the quail into them. Is there no way in which this wholesale destruction of game birds can be stopped? Is there no law to protect them from these wretched pot-hunters? Why don't our Legislature do something to protect the game while there is plenty here to protect; and not as some of our sister States have done, of late, where the game is all destroyed, and then make laws to protect birds that are extinct or very nearly so? "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." If laws were made and enforced now, while game is plenty, there would still be plenty for generations to come.

Another thing that is driving the game away, though destroying comparatively little, is the negro with his old army musket. He is very numerous in Texas, and especially so in the vicinity of the Brazos River. He is not a hunter, and he does not shoot for sport. He is a pot-hunter, and he goes to sleep by it. He carries his old relic of war-times wherever he goes, and no matter whether in season or out of it, he hangs away at everything in the shape of a bird that is so unfrightened as to fall in his way. You have some nice pond or some place on the river where you have been preparing to go for a week, and know perfectly well that you will find duck there, and are "dead sure" no one knows of the existence of this particular "duck-hole" except yourself. You go there at the first peep of day, and there you are, and there are these animated black waddling storks, who has been there for two hours. If any ducks have been there, and he managed to get pretty close to them, and his old fifty-pounder didn't bang fire, he probably got one, seldom more. He watches that place all winter, after he has killed one duck there.

When he finds where a covey of quail "use," he takes his gun, and goes out early in the morning or late in the evening and watches for them. As soon as he gets them as nearly in a bunch as possible, he "turns loose" his old cannon. When he "comes on" and finds his gun hasn't "busted," he takes what he has killed, never getting what have only been crippled and hobbled off to die, and goes to town to sell his bounty.

He is one of the evils with which this country has been afflicted ever since the war. You can't get rid of him, nor away from him. He is in every clump of bushes in the country. If you ask information of him about game, he tells you willingly all he knows to be a lie. But he can't shoot on the wing, and he never owns any dog but a manny cur. Pointers and setters and their workings are a mystery to him, and I hope they will remain so.

I wish some of our Texas sportsmen would look into this netting and trapping business, and see if it cannot be remedied by law. I would bring it before them in your valuable paper, and stir them up.

When I wrote you last, we had promise of a fine season, but since then it has turned warm and no wild fowl are stopping here at all. Quail and deer are plenty; but no snipe.

B. C. H.

WASHINGTON, DEC. 18.—Having an office near the river, and being compelled by business to remain there after dark, I have noticed something which is contrary to all law—the gunning of ducks at night by the aid of a light fixed in the bow of the boat. The ducks being attracted by the light, swim up quite close to the boat, and are then easily killed with an ordinary gun. This practice is one which, I believe, is quite new in this vicinity, but which has existed and been stopped in Chesapeake Bay. Upon inquiry I have found this shooting is done by two negroes, who use sail-boats.—H.

NEW YEAR IN THE WOODS.

ON the First of the Year every fawn, bird and beast, Protected by law, sat down to a feast; 'Twas a Thanksgiving Dinner, hence all of them came, As the time had expired for the hunt and game. First came Mr. Buck, and his wife Mrs. Deer, Mr. Gobbler, and Mrs. Wild Turkey were there; Then came Mr. Ruffed Grouse, and pretty Miss Quail, With Mr. Buck Rabbit, and Miss Cotton Tail. Mr. Fox Squirrel, Miss Grey Squirrel and Black Squirrel, next came, With Woodcock and Snipe, too numerous to name. Mr. Pickering and Lady, and beautiful Miss Trout, And old Mr. Black Bass brought Widow Pike out. When all had arrived and the cloth had been spread, And the guests were all seated, Mr. Buck rose and said, "It affords me much pleasure to see you all here, At our annual reunion this first of the year, Yet many old friends, it grieves me to say, I miss at our Thanksgiving dinner to-day. Let us all return thanks that our lives have been spared," Cotton Tail said, "Amen! for I nearly was snared." "And I," said Wild Turkey, "came near to my end, And am thankful that I have escaped being penned." Mr. Woodcock, Miss Quail and Miss Snipe all said that They were thankful to have escaped the Hawk and the Cat. Mr. Ruffed Grouse was thankful the Fox and the Mink Had left him alive, for he really did not think Several times through the summer and fall of the year That he never would live to meet with them here. Buck Rabbit declared the Owl was his foe, And would watch him at night wherever he'd go. He was glad he was living to give thanks to-day, And now wished to hear what the squirrels might say. Mr. Fox Squirrel, Mrs. Black Squirrel, and also Miss Gray, Declared they had nothing before them to say, Except that through vigilance strictly applied, They had managed thus far to keep their own hide.

The Pickering, the Bass, the Pike and the Trout, Had various things to be thankful about. They'd escaped the fish basket, the net and the seine, The Fish Hawk, the Heron, Kingfisher and Crane. In addition to these they'd escaped all along, The angler who caught fish not four inches long. When all had given thanks then Mr. Buck said, The Pot-hunter was always his greatest dread. That while to the sportsman he'd been a late day down his life, And so would his daughter, his son or his wife, He trusted that Pan, the god of the chase, Would spare all his kindred the shame and disgrace Of being killed by a hunter to fill up his purse. For certainly nothing on earth could be worse. When the repast was finished a motion was made, That "a premium on scalps of destroyers be laid, Whether Pot-hunters, Foxes, Cats, Weasels or Mink, Or on Owls or on Hawks, for we really do think That if ten dollars per scalp were laid upon these, All sportsmen could find game wherever they'd please." A motion to amend was indignantly spurned. The first motion passed and the meeting adjourned.

SANCIO PANZA, No. 2.

TENNESSEE GAME NOTES.—Nashville, December 21.—John Nicholson has just returned from Icefield Lake. He reports ducks and geese abundant, and a large number of sportsmen to shoot them. Many of these gentlemen are from Indianapolis, Springfield and Cincinnati. The hotel at Idlewild is admirably kept, and the shooting close by is the best on the lake. This point is most easily reached from Union City, where Messrs. Cardwell or Williams will only be too happy to give visitors all the facilities within their power. Our market is now overstocked with game; quail and snipe to a dollar per dozen; chickens and raccoons from twenty-five to fifty cents, according to size. Venison only brings ten cents per pound. Wild turkey the same. Two novices in field sports went out last week, and although they emptied one hundred and seventy-five shells, only brought home a highland turtle and two woodpeckers, the other killing shot taking effect in their dog. John Burkholz said very justly, "Ten wools better stay in ze haus, abee de next time dey pin gills zun veller, und den dey pin gittin in ter benedictin." Fox hunting has been magnificent this fall; game plentiful and weather is fit made to order. William Hobbs still keeps up his nocturnal chases after 'possums.

J. D. H.

TEXAS.—Abilene, Taylor Co.—Antelope, wild turkey and quail are quite plentiful in this vicinity.—W. S. H.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I most heartily endorse your views in relation to the slaying of pigeons at the meetings of the "Game Protective Societies" of our country. With you, I think these societies at their annual meetings can find enough to engage their time by taking active measures for the protection of our game. But if not, then let them be consistent in the eyes of the world and haul down the flag of game protection, and raise in its stead the flag of game destruction. It has long ago been written that we cannot serve two masters, and this is as true to-day as it was then.

I find in my travels, wherever I go, that the public sentiment is emphatic against these pigeon slaughters, and yet more decided against netting pigeons under any circumstances whatever. They speak the truth when they say these birds are becoming very scarce under this awful netting system, and that the time has now arrived when it should be stopped by stringing up laws in every State and Territory of the Union. I heartily endorse these sentiments.

Game societies should never forget that nearly all the sporting grounds of our States are the private domains of the people, and that it is to them we are indebted for all the sporting amusements we enjoy. Hence, we should not be blind to the privileges we receive at their hands, nor deaf to their righteous judgment. For myself, I believe in the kindness of the people, and would I treat them with ingratitude by ignoring their wishes.

Besides, these shooting matches are cruel and barbarous. I allude more particularly to the one held last year, where, under the banners of "game protection," over 40,000 pigeons are said to have been killed. These were specially netted for this occasion, and nearly 2,000 miles away, in the deep and secluded forests of the Indian Territory, bordering on Texas, where they had collected in great numbers to build their nests, they are caught, hatch their eggs and to feed and raise their young. Here among the Indian tribes, they would have been safe from the barbarism of the treacherous net, had not the greedy white man followed them there to gobble them up by thousands while they were upon their feeding grounds and seeking food for their young. Here the unsuspecting parent birds were caught and huddled into coops and carried away in wagon loads for over 100 miles, through the rough forests, and over the yet rougher roads, to the nearest railroad, and from thence they were carried as prisoners of war to Coney Island, there to await in debility and sickness their coming fate.

It is to be presumed that the young of these birds numbered at least 2,000. These were left to perish with hunger in their nests. Day after day, in their lonely nests, with mouths wide open, they anxiously await the usual return of their watchful parents to give them food. But they wait and fast in vain. The parent birds do not return. So, the young birds pine away from the stress of hunger and thirst, until death finally comes to their relief. Now, all this is no fancy sketch of mine, but is a sad and half untold reality, and may it be received and treasured up as a lesson, pointing to that humanity of feeling and action which we should all observe and follow as the rule of our lives. Especially should this be the case with all who profess to be true sportsmen.

Our motto of "game protection" is good, and let us labor to build it up.

H. W. MERRILL.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

INDIANA.—Angola, Dec. 27, 1881.—The first thing in last issue that struck me was "Real Off-Hand Shooting." Now, I have attended some of these rifle shooting matches here in the country, and find they all shoot from rest. That does not show any ability or nerve on the marksman's part, but only the quality of the gun. I like to see them stand up like men and hold their arms free from their body and shoot at a good distance and come as near the centre of the mark as they can. That shows both the nerve of the man and the qualities of the gun. I should like to hear through your columns from some of the "coon-hunters." There is plenty of "coon here, and a few hints from some of the "older heads" may add some improvement on my way of catching them. Quail and squirrels are scarce here; a few rabbits and turkeys in the swamps. I killed one of the latter on Saturday last that weighed 8 lb., with a 14 bore muzzle-loader, using double B's, which I think is a little too heavy to shoot well in that size gun.—E. R.

AN ECHO OF THE CHINA GUNS.—Sherbrooke, Quebec, Dec. 15, 1881.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: God speed you in your war against the warring game. One thing you do not mention, that is, that the "Saxon" gun is being sold under several different names. The "Zulu" and the "Ranger" are identical with the "Saxon." We have them here in the hardware stores. They are awful. But what surprises us most is that such high-class publications as the *Century Magazine* will advertise them. They may not burst for some time; but they will kill, there is no doubt of that. And what a swindle to say they are well-made and finely finished. They are the roughest, awkwardest, clumsiest, meanest looking earthquake-handles ever made. One advertisement says they were made for the French army, another, that the Zulus. Strange that even the Zulus wouldn't have them.—CANADA.

ADIRONDACK WINTER NOTES.—Moirn, Dec. 26.—We have had no snow here yet. We are so late in the season that it is favorable for deer, and if we don't have a late spring they will be likely to come out in better condition than commonly. The open weather also prevents crusting, which is better still. Beechnuts are very plentiful also, and all kinds of animals and birds that feed on them cannot fail to have plenty of food. Partridge are quite plenty about here yet, and a good stock will be left over to breed next season. I do not hear they are hunted to any amount since the open season. The fact is, that they would hunt them do not care to unless they can sell them for marks on their darts not do that. Besides, they could not find buyers now. A. C.

ONTARIO DEER.—Belleville, Ont., Dec. 3, 1881.—Deer hunters have been very successful this season, despite the destruction of large tracts of woodland by the bush fires. One party of four from this city got five deer, and another party of three got a like number, in ten days' shooting. A party of three from Henderson, N. Y., shot seven deer in as many days, and fifteen deer were got by a party from Campbellford. The method of hunting pursued here is chasing into lakes with hounds, and the game do not seem to diminish in numbers.—R. S. B.

point of beauty, there was noted: One string of white Panama pearls, worth \$25,000; one yellowish or straw-colored string of oriental pearls, worth \$20,000, and one black string, worth \$80,000. Single pearls of rare sizes, shapes and colors were seen, and their value was great.

In Japan pearls are found in several species of mollusks which do not yield them in other waters. They occur in a species of scallop, *Pecten yessoensis*, in *Arca suberata*, *Uthya pectinifera*, *Tapes semistriata*, *Haliotis gigantea* and a snail. There are statistics and chemical analyses of waters where pearls are found, and much valuable and interesting information in the appendix.

MAINE WHITEFISH TAKE THE HOOK FREELY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note from time to time, in letters from your correspondents, the taking of whitefish with baited hook mentioned as a rare incident. A species of the whitefish is found in many of the lakes of Maine, in the St. John, New Brunswick, and far up to the Arctic regions. Your Western whitefish is much larger than with us, weighing from two and one-half to an occasional six pounds; with us it seldom exceeds one and one-half pounds, the average being one pound. In Moosehead Lake it is taken with a baited hook alone, in fact no other mode of taking it is permitted. A summer seldom passes without some of these beautiful fish being taken on the fly by anglers who are fishing for trout. It spawns in the autumn, about the same time as the trout. It is in good eating condition for the table in March, having time to recuperate from casting its ova, and is then taken in considerable numbers through the ice, with hook and line.

My colleague and myself have taken as many as seventy-five in five hours' fishing. They are a very delicious fish, preferable, I think, even to trout. The same foregone conclusion exists in regard to this fish not taking bait as with the famous blueback trout, *Salmo gairdneri*, of the Rangeley lakes, where the real fact is that they may both be readily taken by this mode of angling, and for proper reasons, if fished for in Grand or Schoodic Lake they are only netted, indeed, no other way of taking them is known or believed in; the result is that they are only brought to market when full of spawn and least fit for the table. In Maine it is a rarely beautiful fish, more delicate in its outline and coloring than the fish of the Western lakes, a very delicate biter, and to be fished for with a small hook and minute bait, owing to the size of its mouth. The bait is kept in constant motion by slowly lifting and falling the hand about a foot, and when a slight obstruction is felt, as it is reported, it is to be taken. As we have said, it strikes quickly and you have your fish. As we have said, it has a very small mouth, and hence its peculiar mode of biting.

It is the custom with our Moosehead Lake fishermen to roast a cusk in the ashes, the flesh of which is very white when cooked, and then rub it between the hands into the hole in the ice, to attract the fish. Others anchor a bullock's lights or liver on the body of a large cusk, well slashed with the knife, as an attractive ground bait. That course, the fish, the tongue, or "laker," feeds largely on the whitefish, and is apt to "visit" our favorite fishing grounds in pursuit. We then assume a heavier line and coarser hook with a larger bait, a live chub if possible, and soon capture and send him where we hope the assassin Guitave will soon be conigned on a hempen line. We think the Western whitefish may be taken if fished for, as easily as our own. We propose to introduce our Eastern whitefish into all our lakes so soon as we can afford the proper apparatus for hatching the ova. Unlike our trout the young fry are too delicate, as is the parent fish, to be transported. They must be hatched where they can be allowed to swim directly into the waters they are intended to stock as soon as hatched.

E. M. STILLWELL.

A FISH IN AN OYSTER SHELL.

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, December, 1891.

For the edification of your readers and to satisfy my curiosity, I send you herewith a cut or drawing of a small fish, species unknown to the writer. From this and the meagre description I am able to give I hope you will explain to your readers to what species it belongs, and how you account for the peculiar and extraordinary position in which it was found.

The drawing was made by laying the fish on the enclosed slip of paper, and with a pencil I proceeded to take the outline so as to make it life-size. The dorsal fin, you will notice, is continuous to the caudal fin, and the anal fin the same. The pectoral fin appears to be larger and longer than fish of its size. There is a full row of fine teeth on the upper jaw, and on the lower jaw about one half the number of teeth less. The head is of a dark green color, with black spots or dots, as you will notice in the cut. The pectoral fin is also covered with black dots nearest the head. The body is of a darker hue, nearly black on the back, and gradually running into a dusky yellow toward the belly. Seven or eight lines or streaks of white run on each side of the body, parallel with the spinal column, from head to tail.

It came into my possession in a very extraordinary manner. During the first week in November last I called at one of our oyster dealers for shell oysters, and noticed it lying in a half shell on the counter. Expressing my surprise at it as a curiosity my friend C., the dealer, presented me with the same, and had his son, a fine lad of about seventeen summers, relate to me how it was found. The boy was on oysters, which had arrived from Baltimore, and in handling them one attracted his attention by a hollow sound. His curiosity being aroused he and a colored help proceeded to open it the usual way with a shucking knife. Failing in this they finally succeeded by the use of a hammer and mallet, and lo! in an excellent state of preservation, and floating in dirty-looking fluid like water. No oyster or anything else was found in the shell.

The shell is nothing different from that of a common oyster shell after the oyster is taken out. It has the dark spot on the inside to which the oyster is usually attached. I preserved both.

I have been a reader of Rod and Gun, and then of Forest and Stream for many years, and do not remember of having read of anything similar. No doubt many of your readers, like myself, are anxious to know several things connected with this matter. First, to what species does the fish belong? Second, how came it in the shell? Third,

why was the shell so hard to open after the oyster had been devoured, if it all?

ALCIPHON.

[Your figure is imperfect, having no ventral fins, and your description does not say whether the it has scales or not. We think we recognize the "head fish" or "oyster fish," *Dabrachius tau*, a scaleless fish common to the muddy bottoms of the Atlantic coast. The following is a partial description from "The Fishes of New York," by DeKay: "Body thick and rounded before, attenuated and compressed behind. Head broad, depressed; its width equalling its length. Skin without scales. * * * lateral line obsolete. Facial outline sloping. The eyes large, lateral, but with an almost vertical aspect, and nearly covered with a fleshy membrane. Opercle with three concealed spines. Numerous cirri along the head and mouth, and a series of from five to seven cirri on each side of the lower jaw."

DeKay described what he supposed to be another and smaller species, but which is now known to be identical with the former, and in his description ("Two-spined Trout Fish," *B. celatus*, p. 170) he says: "This little fish, which I have never known to exceed the above dimensions (1 in.), is usually found on muddy bottoms. It has frequently been brought to me between the two valves of an oyster." The fish must have entered when small and found it a good hiding place. When an oyster dies its shells often remain fixed in position.]

EFFECT OF MOONLIGHT ON FISH.

KEY WEST, Fla., Dec. 14.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time since I mentioned the belief prevalent here that moonlight spoiled fish, and you suggested that experiments be made to determine the question. I have acted upon the idea, and can positively say, from the result of experiments that moonlight does not *always* spoil fish. That it *never* does, I can not say. I purchased five small fish, called here "grunts," freshly caught, and preparing them all in the same manner as is always done to keep them over night, I kept some of them in the house, hung some out of doors where there was no shade or protection, and the moon could shine on them all night long, and hung the rest up out of doors where they would be subject to the influence of the night air, but out of the influence of the moon.

The next morning all were equally good, and could not be told apart, either before or after cooking. This was about two nights after full moon. Some say that it should have been tried while the moon was on the increase; but, as I have already said, I am satisfied that moonlight does not spoil fish *always*.

Still, from the testimony of many old fishermen with whom I have conversed, I am fully convinced that fish do many times spoil when left on deck or hung up in the moonlight, while those below, out of the moonshine, keep well. What the cause of this is remains to be found out. Whether it is the night air, the heavy dew, or some other atmospheric influence can not be positively said. The fishermen naturally say it is the moon, that being the most prominent phenomenon. Whether it is a factor or not, and what the other factors are, I intend to find out if it can be done by any experimenting within my power.

NIGHT FISHING.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Touching the above subject I beg to add that I have had, and seen others have, very good success in night fishing for trout in California streams—notably in the Merced River—by candle or lantern light. The trout, I am sure, are the same in day time. The process there was to set a good lamp at the edge of the water and use worms for bait. The California trout, as a rule, are not educated up to the point of rising to the fly; at least, so far as my experience and observation go.

I have also tried night fishing for trout with the fly—never with worms or other live bait—in the Maine lakes, but always without success in those waters.

FOOD OF THE ANGLER FISH—New York, Dec. 19, 1891.—Editor Forest and Stream: Last week a strange fish was seen struggling on the water off New Rochelle, and was shot. It was a large angler fish, and on being opened a cat and a gull were found in it, in their natural condition.—F. O. DE LUZE.

[We assisted on one occasion at New Haven, Conn., at the autopsy of a large specimen of the angler fish (*Lophius*), which contained no less than seven large cats. He was, as they say out West, "plumb full."]

CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN TROUT EGGS—Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 19, 1891.—Editor Forest and Stream: The New York State Fish Commission will send any number wishing to experiment in pisciculture from 300 to 500 eggs of the California mountain trout on receipt of fifty cents to pay for the package. This species is very hardy and a valuable game and food fish. Applications must be made before March 1, 1892.—Address, SEYMOUR GREEN, Rochester, N. Y.

Fishculture.

THE "GOLD-ORF." (*Ictalus melanostictus curvatus*).

THE "Orfe," also "Ladies' Fish," is distinguished by its beautiful orange colored back and its bulky scales, which glitter like silver. Taking into account its slender, trout-like shape, it may well be called one of the most beautiful fishes.

There is scarcely a fish which as an ornamental fish, so satisfactorily meets all the demands made of it as the *Ictalus melanostictus curvatus*, which, in summer and winter, is constantly seen near the surface of the water. It does not sleep in winter like the carp and perch, and never makes the water muddy. Ever restless, the "Orfe" constantly swims near the surface to seek its food, and even when it thickly covers the pond red spots indicate that this active fish is alive.

Gold fish, gold perch and carp only occasionally rise to the surface of the water, while they seek their food at the bottom and thus make the water muddy.

The raising of the Orfe as an ornamental fish has a peculiar advantage over that of the gold fish, their young floating about in large schools, even when leaving the eggs present a remarkably beautiful appearance. Having a thickness of about two lines and a length of one-half to one centimeter, their color being a bright red with a black head, the easily frightened school swim with lightning-like rapidity from one place to the other.

It is certain that a fish which immediately on leaving the egg answers its purpose as an ornamental fish so completely is preferable to the gold fish, which does not so soon assume a brilliant color.

In the year 1858 Gesmer wrote, in his "Natural History," that the "Orfe" enjoyed a high reputation as an article of food, especially when fried, particularly in the months of April and May. Fermentation to sell the "Orfe" was only after when it had reached a certain size, as they were considered an excellent food for the sick and, consequently, it was desirable not to let the species die out. This fish was also considered a wholesome and strengthening food for women in confinement.

The "gold-orfe" is a native of Germany, and sought after by keepers of aquaria on account of their beauty. We have imported a few specimens of this new fish to America, from which we intend to propagate.

BROOK MULLERT.

Cincinnati, O.

EGGS FOR GERMANY.—The North German Lloyd steamer Oder, which sailed on Saturday, the 21st inst., took out the following lots of eggs:

300,000 whitefish eggs for von Behr, Berlin.
12,000 whitefish eggs for F. Bassé, Giesemanns.
20,000 brook trout eggs for F. Bassé, Giesemanns.
12,000 brook trout eggs for G. Ebrecht, Giesemanns.
The whitefish eggs were sent by Prof. Baird from the ponds of Frank N. Clark, Northville, Mich. The brook trout eggs were sent by Mr. Johnson Stone from the ponds of Mr. W. L. Gilbert, Plymouth, Mass.

CARP FOR PENNSYLVANIA.—Philadelphia, Dec. 24.—In a show window on Arch street, near Sixth, Philadelphia, an Assistant to the Fish Commission has in an aquarium a number of carp on exhibition. They are attracting great attention, and many more are demanded than can be supplied. The great trouble in the neighborhood of Philadelphia will be to prevent gentlemen from introducing this fish into ponds where there are gold fish; the two varieties will cross and the result of the cross will be an inferior fish to the carp. Ponds should be laid out for breeding of the carp alone.—C. S. WESTCOTT.

The Kennel.

TRAINING VS. BREAKING.

IN TEN CHAPTERS—CHAP. VI.

RETREIVING is an accomplishment that nearly all sportsmen place a high value upon, and even its opponents generally become quick converts to the practice as soon as they are fortunate enough to own a dog that is well-trained in this almost indispensable branch of canine education. We have often been amazed at the sudden change in the mind of some of these out-spoken adversaries of the practice upon their acquisition of a really good retriever. How quickly their fears that it will make him unduly vain; how soon their belief that it will ruin his nose takes flight, and henceforth the system has no stronger advocate until they get another worthless animal. We do not propose to argue the question here as to whether retrieving is detrimental to the dog or not, but will, instead, state that it is our firm belief that if our dog is properly trained, and we should, and kept up to his work as he should be, no possible harm can accrue either to his nose or steadiness; and that in no single instance where evil results have ensued was it the fault of the practice or the dog, but entirely the fault of the man; for the dog is certainly not to blame for breaking shot and chasing the wing broken bird when his master sets the example. Neither should he be blamed for repeating the indiscretion. Here we can see that the check cord and spiked collar could be used to very great advantage, but we should by no means test its efficacy upon the neck of the dumb animal.

We will now resume our lessons, reserving further remarks upon this very important subject until we come to actual work in the field. We do not think it advisable to commence teaching our pup to retrieve until he has shed his puppy teeth, and his permanent set are pretty well grown; for until this time his mouth is generally more or less inflamed, and his first teeth are sharp as needles; and we may not hope to succeed in achieving that dignity, delicate mouth—that is so indispensable to the good retriever—so certainly as we shall if we wait until his gums are hardened and he has become somewhat accustomed to his new teeth. He will also have acquired all the more experience with the added days, and will all the more readily understand what you require. We shall now derive no little benefit from our so-called "fancy training." In fact, should our pupil possess no natural taste for retrieving, we shall find it almost indispensable; and should he prove never so hard-headed and never so hard-hearted, we may rest assured that with the same fancy training we shall be able to bring him safely through, and that no doubting fears will disturb our mind when we send him for his first bird.

Our pupil should be well up in all his lessons by this time, and so perfect at *To ho* that he will not only "draw" on a piece of meat one step at a time, but he must be also so well trained that when you cluck to him as a signal that he may eat it, he will, after taking it in his mouth instantly, at your command of *To ho*, hold it perfectly still and deliver it into your hand without any hesitancy. If this has been thoroughly taught him, one-half your task in teaching him to retrieve is accomplished, and you will find it an easy matter to complete his education; for you will have no trouble in inducing him to take a single step toward you when he has the piece of meat in his mouth; and by using great care that you do not tax his patience too much by an undue haste to perfect him too soon, he will, in a short time, readily take two or three steps, and with proper care and good judgment on your part he will soon learn to readily bring you the smallest bit of meat from across the yard, and to deliver it into your hand intact.

We must again caution you to go very slow, and to be satisfied with a very little progress. In this lesson especial care must be had that each successive step is well and thoroughly learned before proceeding any further. Thus, when you have succeeded in getting him to take a step or two toward you, do not try him at a longer distance until he has had considerable practice at this, and then gradually add the step or two at the word "*bring*;" or you can use the word "*fetch*," if you prefer, but do not use more than one of them, at least until your pupil is further advanced. Of course you will have taught him to come to you when called, long before this, and by prefacing your call with the word *bring*, or *fetch*, it will not be long before he will understand its meaning; but until he does not understand it and comes readily at the word, it should not increase the distance.

There is a great difference in dogs in learning this; some of them will give you scarcely any trouble and from the first appear to know just what you want and take delight in

bringing anything you may throw for them; while others seem to be stupid and will never bring anything of their own accord. The first is a natural retriever and will be easily taught, and also easily spoiled. The last, although harder to teach, will make nearly as good a retriever as the former if the proper course is pursued. We very much dislike that a pup should retrieve before his mouth is all right and his permanent teeth well grown; for this propensity, if indulged before this time is very apt to give you a hard-mouthed dog. Hence, for this reason, we never encourage a pup to bring anything while at play. In fact he should never for a moment be allowed to think that he is at play while under instruction in any of his lessons, for there is nothing that is so conducive to bad behavior and disobedience as this. Therefore, make him realize that when you require him to do anything you mean work and not play.

Do not forget that he must never be allowed to eat the piece of meat that he has held in his mouth or brought to you, but that he must be rewarded with something different. This is a very important point, and you will find it very useful in perfecting the delicate mouth that all admire so much. You must also insist upon strict obedience to your command to drop. This can be obtained at the outset by practice with your hand, clapping his muzzle as we have before described, and this must be resorted to should he show the slightest inclination to hesitate or roll the morsel around in his mouth; for we are aiming at perfection and must be satisfied with nothing short.

When our pupil has become so proficient in this that he will pick up a piece of meat and bring it a few steps and deliver it safe into your hand, you should take a piece of cloth and loosely wrap up the meat inside of it, and commence as in the first place by putting it in his mouth and proceeding as in your first lesson at this. He will probably understand what is required and very soon perform as well with this as he did with the bare meat; but should he not like this, you must proceed with the same painstaking perseverance that we have endeavored to impress upon your mind as being of the utmost importance, until your end is attained. You will find that a piece of old cotton cloth that is clean and about as large as your two hands will do admirably. You should let him see you wrap it around the meat, that he may the more readily understand your object, and if he gives you any trouble you must be very careful that you do not try to force him too fast. Perhaps you will find it expedient to leave the meat partially exposed until he understands what is wanted. Or you can merely tie a shred of the cloth to it for a while, and very gradually increase the amount until you have it entirely covered. Your knowledge of his disposition will aid your judgment in so finding his lessons and in so conducting any new experiments that he shall not become disgusted nor sulky, thus giving you no end of trouble. Your aim should be to so handle him that his lessons shall prove a source of enjoyment, and he be ever anxious to receive your instructions. Thus you can easily accomplish by a proper system of rewards when he does well, and by withholding upon him untended caresses and praise when giving his lessons. To bring about this result you may find it advantageous to be chummy of your caresses at other times and to reserve your words of praise for your hours of practice; but this will be necessary only in extreme cases.

When our dog brings in his birds in the faultless manner that we have been at so much trouble to teach him, we shall want to see him deliver them into our hand in the same faultless style. And to secure that end we will teach him to come with his captive directly in front of us and to sit on his haunches with his head well up and quietly await our pleasure. Proceed to do this by calling him up in front of you, and placing one hand upon his hip and the other under his chin, gently, and you will cause him to come to you. You hold up his head, at the same time telling him to "sit." This will be enough for the first lesson, and by continuing in this manner he will soon sit at the word, and then you can give him the order every time that he brings the piece of meat, taking care that he sits directly in front of you every time and remains quiet for a second or two before delivering it; and in a short time he will become so accustomed to this that he will do it of his own accord. We prefer that our dog should bring his birds in the good old-fashioned way, by coming into the house and putting them down at our feet. This is the only way in which he can be taught to do so when the bird is only wing-broken, and to our mind it is far more preferable at all times. Especially is it so when among close lying birds; for with the bird in his mouth, back away from his nose, he will not be nearly so apt to flush game that may be in his path. Still we have trained dogs to fetch the bird by one wing, which is easily done by taking half a dozen of the stiff wing feathers of any game bird, or if those cannot be had, those of a fowl will answer. These should be braded together and fastened to the collar so that they will come apart. We do not recommend this style, but as many think that it is quite an accomplishment, we give our method, which has proved successful. Should you wish to adopt this course you should confine your practice entirely to this bunch of feathers, and when he brings it readily you should vary the performance by attaching different articles instead of the stone—your knife, for instance, or a bunch of keys or a bit of wood, and by always making him bring by taking the feathers in his mouth. You can try him with this to bring his birds in the same manner if you show him how with a few of his first ones by placing the wing in his mouth, or perhaps the mere showing him the wing will be sufficient.

Should you decide for the old-fashioned way, you should procure a soft ball. We have found a ball of lampwick to be the best possible thing that could be devised—it is soft and just about the right size. This should be stitched through and through, so that it will not unravel, and after he brings his bit of meat in go on where you can try him with it. You will find that the best place to pursue is to commence at the beginning, and place it in his mouth as you did the first piece of meat, and to pursue the same course by asking only one or two steps, until he gets accustomed to it. And be sure and do not try to accomplish too much at once, but go no faster than your pupil's progress will warrant. When you think that he will answer to order him to pick it up and bring it to you, watch him very closely, and if there is going to be any trouble, and he does not seem inclined to

pick it up readily, you must instantly go to him and place it in his mouth, and be content to let him bring it this way for this time, and wait until he is well hungry, and then try him by tying a piece of meat to the ball, and he will soon learn what is required and give no further trouble when he brings his ball readily. You should procure some feathers—from the body of a game bird if possible, but those of a fowl will do very well—and commence by sewing two or three of them on the ball; and as he becomes accustomed to them you should add more until the surface is entirely covered. This will accustom him to feathers, and he will not refuse to take a bird in his mouth as we have known some dogs to do that were really good retrievers. We should not advise you to require your pupil to bring anything except bits of meat and this ball; until he does this in good form and appears to fully understand what you require. Then you should gradually accustom him to bring other articles—a half sheet of newspaper crumpled into a ball the size of your fist is a good thing to practice him on, always remembering to commence with anything new, by first carefully placing it in his mouth and requiring him to bring it but a few steps the first time. This may seem needless to you, but you will find it necessary with some dogs, and we have ever found that the best results have been obtained by strictly following this course, no matter how intelligent our pupil may be, nor how willing to bring anything that you may wish him to.

THE CLUMBER SPANIEL.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over the prize lists of bench shows held in different parts of the United States, I notice an entire absence of the Clumber spaniel. For the Western States, where a large proportion of the hunting is done on clear ground, I can well understand that the setter and pointer would be the favorite, and perhaps the more useful animal; but in the Eastern and Middle States I should suppose that the Clumber would have made a name. Whether it be that they are not used on account of the scarcity of good specimens of the breed, or that they are not suitable for the grounds shot over, I am at a loss to determine. It certainly cannot be that the Clumber is a bad dog, for it is well known that no other dogs take precedence of them for intelligence, docility, keenness of scent and general usefulness in the field. It can hardly be that the covers are not suitable, for many of the hunting localities of the Northern States must be similar in character to those in which the Clumber is used. The Clumber, being to the front in the want of good specimens or the class to make the breed known, and for it to take the place it should in the front rank of sporting dogs.

In Nova Scotia, for cock and snipe shooting, they are the most valued, and long experience has taught the sportsmen here to prefer them to any others. A Clumber can be used where a setter or pointer would be almost useless; and in a country where a dog has to endure the extremes of heat and cold and to beat up swamps and wet covering, and to hunt in the most difficult places, the Clumber stands ahead for strength and endurance. For putting up a cock from a close thicket of alders in August, or in retrieving a duck from a half frozen pond in November, he is equally at home.

For training there are no dogs known to me more easily taught their work or more tenacious of what they have once learned; and, in comparison to a setter or pointer, or even their sisters and rivals—the cockers—the training of a Clumber is mere child's play. This is a great advantage, for a sportsman may devote time and money to the training of a valuable dog to find, the next season, much of the labor has to be gone over again, or the dog sent out into the country to be kept up to his work. For residents of cities, or where the want of a good run would soon ruin a setter or pointer, the Clumber would be quite at home and thrive where the others would languish.

An idea was at one time held that this breed was delicate and more liable to disease than most sporting dogs. Such is not now the case. If it was ever so, some cause, such as in-breeding, has been the trouble, and it is a valuable dog for generations to come, and without the introduction of new blood, such results would be natural; but since the breed has been more generally distributed no such evil has shown itself. I have been induced to write these few lines in hopes that some of your readers may have had some experience with this breed, and may be able to bring me, through the columns of your valuable paper, how they have fared in the United States, and why, so far, they have not been shown at any of the great bench shows; or, if shown, they have taken an inferior position.

Any information tending to improve the sporting facilities or make known any new feature in the breeding or introduction of good sporting dogs, will, I know, be acceptable to you and to the readers of your paper. E.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A gentleman residing in 135th street, in this city, has in the yard of his residence, an admirably arranged kennel for city use. The building is of wood, substantially jointed and roofed, and occupies the full width of the yard at the rear of the house. It is about some six feet from front to back. The doors in the centre of the front, opening into a plain, square room. On the left hand is a door of slats, leading into the sleeping apartment, which is furnished with a bunk or bench running from front to back, and is reached by a stair leading from the front. On the right hand is a door, with iron bars and a sash. On the right hand side of the main room is a closet for the storage of kennel traps, dog biscuits, brooms, feeding dishes, etc., and in the rear a door opening into the vacant space. The one end of the building is used for the kennel, and the size of the yard but little, and furnishes excellent quarters for a small number of dogs. Of course, portable benches could be placed in the centre room if necessary. It would, perhaps, be better to have all benches portable, so that they could be moved into the open air, if desirable. This building, if well managed, would be a great improvement. In fact, many alterations and improvements would be suggested to the mind of any dog-keeper erecting another such building, but the general idea of the structure, as it stands, is good, and we would be much pleased to hear of many more examples of this kind than to find our city kept sporting dogs in the parlor, fed with cakes by the children, in the man-servant's bedroom, in the cellar, in the usual bow-leg causing barn, or in the flea-breeding and never-cleaned "dog-house."

The catalogue of the English Kennel Club Bench Show this month, at Alexandra Palace, contains a list of one hundred and eighty entries, fox-terriers alone numbering one hundred and eighty. An exhibition of paintings, drawings and prints of dogs and sporting subjects was given in connection with the dog show.

The annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club, for the election of officers, will occur on Thursday, January 12. The place of meeting is not yet announced.

Mr. George T. Leach, winner of the FOREST AND STREAM and Members' Cups, at the Eastern Field Trials, is shooting in North Carolina, over the winning dog, Brock, and litter sister, Countess.

The managers of the Westminster Kennel Club propose to purchase, in February next, at the expiration of their present lease, the property now occupied by them, comprising seventy acres, with club-house, kennels, etc., at Babylon, Long Island. The club has also the exclusive right of shooting over several farms adjoining the club property, extending about one mile to the

northward, and enjoys a five years' lease of a fine trout pond of some twenty-five acres to the eastward. Important additions to the buildings are in progress, and will be completed by January 1. The kennels have been enlarged and are to include a canine hospital, properly drained and paved with concrete. The entire kennel buildings will form three sides of a square, the fourth side facing southward, and admitting the sun, thus furnishing a bright but sheltered yard for the dogs. A small house for the accommodation of gunners has been erected on the trap-shooting grounds. It is arranged with movable front, facing the traps, so as to admit sun-bath in winter, or to be cool and shady in summer. The trap-shooting grounds are among the finest and most pleasantly situated in the State. The dogs are all in fine condition now, particularly Champion Sensation. The club is composed of seventy members, to which number it is at present on Monday, January 9, the next meeting of the Board of Managers will be held.

"Hello, Smith! Fine dog you've got there. Ever got a prize at a show?"

"No, but he won at a trial."

"At a trial! Indeed? You don't say so? Is he bit some man, and you didn't have to pay any damages. Must have had a mighty smart lawyer! Who was he?"

"No, no! On Monday, January 9, the next meeting of the Board of Managers will be held."

THE LOWELL BENCH SHOW.

THE exhibition of dogs at Jackson Hall, Lowell, Mass., on the 14th, 15th and 16th inst. was largely attended, the visitors and exhibitors expressing themselves well pleased with the management and arrangements. It is considered by all to have been one of the best local shows which have taken place. About one hundred and fifty dogs were on exhibition, under the superintendence of Mr. O. A. Andrews, of West Boyford, and the judgment of Mr. George Walton, of Boston. The following is the prize list:

English Setters—1st, Grouse, D. P. Waters, Salem, Mass. This is the sire of Buckingham's well known Grouse-dale; 2d, Leah, H. McLaughlin, Boston, Mass.

Irish Setters—1st and special prize (silver medal), presented by Dr. F. C. Plunkett, 2d, the best setter in the show, Dash, Thos. Quinn, Dedham, Mass.; 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211st, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 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to be too small for your purpose.

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The "Sportman Tourist," "Game Bag and Gun," and "Sea and River Fishing" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc.

"Natural History" will be so conducted as to stimulate habits of observation and study. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and fishiculture; Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarrow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"Fishculture," edited by a practical and well-known fishcultivist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "Kennel" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "Rifle and Trap Shooting" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "Yachting and Canoeing" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

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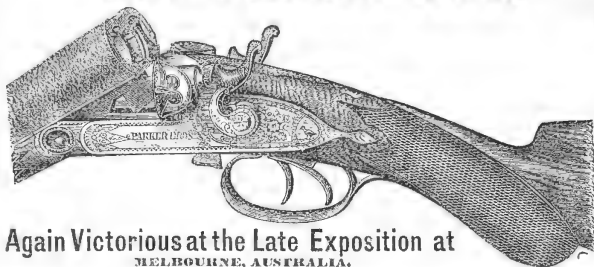
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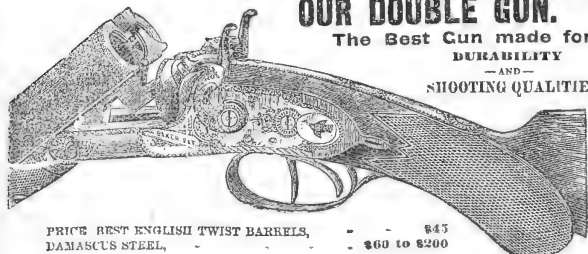
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FIG. 1

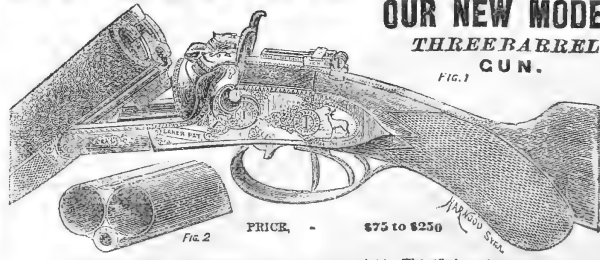


FIG. 2

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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, January 5.

FLORIDA TOURISTS.—Many sportsmen are visiting Florida this winter. The game along the beaten paths of travel has been so depleted that there is very little sport now to be had. But the recently constructed railroad lines and new routes to the southern and western parts of the State have opened up new game countries, where abundant reward awaits the tourist. Our issue of December 3 contained a description of the Kissimmee River country, which is now among the best game districts of the State.

THE REMARKABLE ACCOUNTS which we have published of duck-shooting performances, gone through with by gunners on the Gunpowder Creek Bridge near Baltimore, should, it seems to us, have a tendency to make self-respecting sportsmen forswear the locality. If a man cannot get the birds which he kills without fighting for them, he had better give up using the gun where such annoying squabbles are likely to take place.

THE WALKING MATCH MANIA has run its course. There are spasmodic rag-tag-and-bob-tail attempts to revive the neat scheme of wheedling the public money into "the management's" pocket. One such sorry attempt was made in this city last week, with the usual dismal ending financially.

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH OF 1882.

WITH the receipt of the courteous note from the Subcommittee of the Council of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, given in our columns of this date, everything seems to promise well for a good contest at Wimbledon during the coming summer. Where there is a will there is a way, and certainly there is desire enough on both sides to have a match. The British rifleman is just now under a cloud. He had for years been vaunting his superiority with the rifle, and then somehow seemed to stumble and make a bad break of it when he met the American marksman on his own range, and had no better fortune when the Yankee crossed the sea to meet him. He had, extending over a period of four years, a series of matches in which the picked shots of the British Empire—first pitted against us in teams made up from the separate nationalities, and later in a magnificent team sent out by the National Rifle Association itself—were all defeated after full, fair trials before the butts; but all these contests were at long range. They were fought with special rifles by a set of civilian shooters, and were, in a certain degree, artificial tests. They simply showed how proficient men could become in a certain art, but that art had its sole aim and purpose in accomplishing good scores. The long-range shooters are but a drop in the bucket to the great sea of marksmen. If rifle-shooting had no other purpose in being than score-making at the target, then it would soon die out, but if the scores thus made are tests of a proficiency in the real use of the rifle for war or sporting purposes, the practice at the butts takes rank as an important pointer. The coming match, in place of being a struggle between men who represent less than ten per cent. of the entire body of range-habitues, will be one in which the great majority will be interested as possible contestants; and there ought to be, and no doubt will be, a corresponding popular interest in the match. It will be fought out with military rifles, and the result will be taken as a verdict upon the weapons which have been put into the hands of our troops. These weapons have been selected by boards of public officers, and have been provided at public expense by the outlay of large sums. While it is, of course, possible to have bench tests and private trials of the competing rifles, the general public will, very naturally and rightfully, view a public test in a set trial by marksmen as far more satisfactory. It is the man and the gun that become one acting whole, and it is to try that unit that matches on the range are organized.

The entire detail of the match has not yet been settled, but within a few days or weeks at most the conditions of the proposed contest will have become known. They should be severe and stringent enough to make the test a thorough one, and if the match could be extended over several days it would seem that enough variations in weather conditions would be secured to give the shooters equal chance of striking their favorite wind, or sky, or light, etc. In any case there ought to be no hesitation on the part of our American shots in accepting any fair set of conditions, though they may differ somewhat from the rules under which we have been accustomed to shoot. There will be an abundance of time if it be not wasted to bring together a strong team of American National Guardsmen armed with an American made rifle to contest with good prospect of success with any team that may be pitted against them. To be sure, our National Guardsmen, numbering, perhaps, through the whole country, less than 50,000 men, and having in the most favored instances about half a dozen years' drill, will have to meet the pick of over 500,000 men who have been assiduously trained in rifle shooting for twenty years past. We have somewhat of a record with which to compare our ability with theirs, and that will not discourage us. We have every reason to believe that our rifles are just a good trifle better than the best that have been turned out of the English armories, and as for familiarity with perplexing conditions of the weather elements our riflemen have little to learn. At any rate, be the chances ever so much against us, the courteous challenge must be accepted, and promptly, and the match fought over to whatever conclusion fate may bring. We have a plucky example in the acceptance of the challenge of the Irish team in 1873 by the American Rifle Club. At that time we had neither rifles nor men. Now we know just what we are

to do in order to win, and are not rushing blindly forward to stumble upon good luck. Whatever we get in the way of honors must be won, and won by hard, systematic work.

The attempt of the directors of our Association to secure a team has developed some curious facts about the tendency of our rifle practice. When the Creedmoor Association was started on paper in 1871 the rules of the N. R. A. of Great Britain were adopted entirely. With the opening of practice on the range in 1873 these rules were put in operation, and from that time on there has been a constant changing and tinkering of the regulations, until now it seems that it will require concessions on both sides to bring about anything like a fair regulated match. The British riflemen have abandoned position in shooting, as we knew it ten years ago, and shoulder shooting has become obsolete. Here it has been strictly insisted upon, and, we think, very wisely, keeping in view our distinction that rifle shooting is something more than the making of a certain score, and is rather the preparation for some real work in another field. An overwhelming percentage of the shooting in war and hunting is necessarily done from the shoulder, and so many arguments can be brought to sustain the desirability of retaining this style of marksmanship that our American directors will be very loath to make the concession of "any position" at any distance to the British marksmen. But the question of position may be agreeably arranged, giving to the Britishers plenty of time to become proficient in off-hand work, much more readily than the matter of rifles may. Our Association have been too lax in the matter of the manipulation of rifles. The files of the FOREST AND STREAM will bear testimony to our protests against the turning of the rifles, especially of military weapons, into more shooting machines. The Board of Management of the British Association have all along insisted on treating a military weapon as such, and would no more allow each man to exercise his own individual judgment in changing it than they would allow each soldier to interpret the tactics according to his own ideas. A wind gauge on a military gun is an anomaly. It has no business there, and its only *raison d'être* is that it may, in the hands of one accustomed to it, and under the quiet work of the range, after, perhaps, the requisite sighting shots, etc., enable the marksmen to show a good string of bull's eyes; but then to assume from this that he is any the better soldier is so manifestly absurd that no one will for a moment press it. We will have the same charge that the test was a purely artificial one, if fought out with these monerel rifles, as we had against the old long-range weapons, and it will be much better founded, too. That good scores may be made without the use of this "hubber hole" to high aspirations is shown in the fact that two of the best military marksmen at Creedmoor, Messrs. Dolan and Van Heusen, have resisted the temptation to employ it. It is possible they fired to overcome any difficulty of strong winds, by "holding off." They have trained their individual judgments, instead of relying on a device which, under a good coach, reduced their function to that of merely holding on the bullseye. Our own judgment would be in favor of the off-hand holding and the use of a practical military rifle as such.

The proposition for the match has met with the heartiest approval from the press of the two countries. There is a disposition to help on the contest in every possible way. The fact that this is to be a match with military rather, than with small-bore rifles, gives much satisfaction. The scribbling contingent of the British shooting men have opened their batteries and are firing suggestions with the utmost freedom, and all sorts of curious conditions are urged for adoption. None such are needed; the simpler the rules are made the better, so that every non-shooting citizen may know and readily understand just what the champions of his country are trying to do. In its issue of Dec. 1, the *London Telegraph*, speaking of the match, says:

We have become accustomed to the presence among us, from time to time, of American riflemen, and our own picked shots have reason, more than once, to entertain for their Transatlantic rival the highest possible respect. Hitherto, however, competition between the marksmen of the United Kingdom and the United States has been limited to the match rifle, a delicate and very complicated weapon of very little practical value except in so far as the improvements to which it is continually subject tend to further the better construction of fire-arms generally. Efforts are now being made across the water to send to Wimbledon from America next year, a strictly military team, composed of members of the National Guard,

armed with a military weapon. The expense will be considerable, and the difficulty of selection great; but these are obstacles which the energy and patriotism of our Transatlantic kinsmen are sure to overcome. The Volunteers of this country may reckon, therefore, upon a thought for next July, and have need to do their best, lest the laurels of the rifle range follow those of the race course. Whatever the result, the representatives of the American National Guard are certain to receive a cordial welcome and all the admiration their skill may deserve. The contest will do good service by giving additional distinction to the military rifle, as compared with the small bore, and will tend to increase the practical character of the doings at Wimbledon. In this respect there is much room and urgent need for reform. Fancy shooting is all very well in its way, and no one wishes to discourage it, but Wimbledon should be first and foremost a tournament of military marksmen, competing as far as possible under military conditions. These requirements will be distinctly met by the advent here of American soldiers.

ANOTHER SWINDLE EXPOSED.—The daily papers announce the arrest of a swindler who has been advertising extensively in the newspapers his Solargraph watches. Just what these watches are we do not, of course, know, but we remember a few weeks since, when the advertisement was offered to us, wondering whether it was possible that this man could find any people foolish enough to respond to his advertisement, and smiling in admiration at the impudence of the fellow in bringing it to us. Another amusing incident in connection with advertising, is the wonderful unanimity with which our contemporaries, esteemed and otherwise, have, all on a sudden, dropped the flaming notice of apatent preservative, which has, up to within a short time, occupied a large portion of their advertising space. This advertisement was brought to us in due course, but like hundreds of similar things, it failed to find a place in our columns. One reason for the high estimate put on the advertising space of the FOREST AND STREAM by its patrons is the fact that it is so well-known that all possible care is exercised to prevent the appearance of anything that can be questioned. That we take especial pains to keep our advertising pages clean is not at all to our credit. We are only performing our plain duty; but that this action is appreciated by advertisers is shown by the eagerness of Chichester rifle companies, Saxon, Zulu, and Champion gun men and other preys upon the unwary, to find a corner in the paper. That they will not succeed in this, our readers may feel sure. These men know the advantage of being seen in good company, and this, added to the advantage of the paper's circulation and influence, makes them most anxious to advertise their spurious wares with us. We can afford to let the business of these men go by, and to steer very wide of anything that has a doubtful appearance. We do not pretend to be infallible, and once in a while we get caught, but we venture to say that there is no newspaper in the world which has a cleaner record in this respect than the FOREST AND STREAM. We examined, the other day, a truly curious breech-loader—we forgot what it was called, but it belonged to the same class with those mentioned above, but with another name—and found it a marvel of clumsiness, rude work, and last, but not most important, of insecurity. Men may safely enough buy cheap fishing-rods, solargraph watches, or even send a three-cent stamp for a superb steel engraving of Washington, Jackson or Lincoln, but we warn our readers against cheap guns. To be swindled out of one's money by some cunning device only hurts one's feelings, but to have one's hand or head blown off, is a more serious matter.

MR. A. ALFORD, who has been with E. Remington & Sons, of this city, for nearly fourteen years, has severed his connection with that firm to assume the management of the Greenfield Tool Co., of which he is the President. The firm title is Alford, Ward & Davenport, their establishment being at 85 Chambers street. Mr. Alford is widely known among sportsmen, whose best wishes will go with him in his new work.

DOGS ARE PROPERTY IN INDIANA.—We are indebted to an Indianapolis, Ind., correspondent for memoranda of an important ruling by Judge Howk, of the Supreme Court, of Indiana, declaring that "dogs are property of value." Following close upon similar action by courts of other States, the decision is full of promise for the future protection and safety of "man's unselfish friend." The abstract of the decision is as follows:

9,780. Henry Kinsman, versus the State. Lagrange, C. C. Howk, J.—Appellant was prosecuted for maliciously killing a dog. The affidavit charged that said killing was "to the damage of the property in the sum of twelve dollars." It is claimed that a dog is not necessarily an animal of value, and that the affidavit was bad because it did not charge the dog to be of some value to the owner. Under the law of this State dogs are taxed as property, and any article which the law subjects to taxation is *prima facie* an article of value. (60 Ind., 293; 62 id., 362.) The affidavit was sufficient. On the trial the court permitted the State to ask a witness, and compelled the witness to answer, whether the latter was not on bad terms with the prosecuting witness. This was not error. (See *Wright, Crim. Ev.*, 8 ed., §147; 1 Greenl. Ev., §350-355; 64 Ind., 400.) One of the instructions given by the Court was as follows: "It is not sufficient for the State to prove that the defendant killed or injured the dog merely, but the evidence must show beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendant maliciously or mischievously killed or injured it." This instruction was erroneous. The charge against appellant was that he killed the dog and this charge told the jury in effect, that if he injured it, that was sufficient. Judgment reversed.

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The Sportsman Tourist.

THE HUNTER IN AFRICA.

THE hunter roamed far in the broad Africa land,
Where the pallahs and gnus are gathered in band,
And the oryx and springboks and sable laartebest
Over green boundless pastures collect to the feast;
Where the herds of wild elephants crash thro' the woods,
And the black rhinoceros wallows in floods,
Where the lion and leopard devastate the plain,
And hyenas and jackals feed on their slain;
Where the stately giraffe and swift antelope
Sweep the vales at the base of the grand mountain-slope.

How fair are those woodlands, those pastures of green,
Where the intellect boughs wave in an emerald screen,
So deep in their gloom that scarce may the light
Pierce the roof of the grove with pendulings bright.
There boundless the iron-wood forests extend
And the lofty acacias gracefully bend,
And mimosa and willows and fragrant white-thorn,
Whose rich yellow blossoms the woodlands adorn,
Where gay blooming flowers embroder the grass,
And birds of rare plumages and sweet melodies pass.

In the belt of the woods, with their green colonnades,
The fern and the passion-flower brighten'd the glades.
O noble the game of this African land—
The lion, the leopard, the elephant grand,
The wild boar and buffalo sweeping the plain,
Their measureless pastures, their endless domain.

The hunter takes rifle, then summons his men,
Betchuanas and Bushmen, from mountain and glen;
Tall, stalwart and lithe as leopards in flight,
Some true as the steel, some true as the light.
He bids them take knife and sharp assegai
When the herd of wild elephants threaten the way.
Bull elephants, arm'd with tusches so strong,
That trample and crush as they thunder along,
So majestic in stature, colossal in height,
It is peril and death to meet them in fight.

In these vales and ravines and forests of green
The foot-paths of elephants thickly are seen,
Where for aye unto these monsters have trod,
And whose waste, bleaching bones still sprinkle the sod.
Mid jungles of spears and spears and spears
Where mimosa thickets overshadow the ground;
Where the yellow-wood, cedar and iron-wood grow,
Crown'd with vine wreaths perennial, a wonderful show.

'Tis Jao, the lion, is monarch of all!
Whose roarings terrify the Bushmen appal:
When you meet him alone in the forests beware;
Beware when at night he stalks forth from his lair.
How majestic in death—the eyeballs of fire,
The great, rounded head, once right in the ire,
The vast, massive arms, the black shaggy mane,
The sharp crooked claws, blood-red with the slain;
The powerful jaws, the symmetry fine,
In beauty so perfect in every line;
And you feel that the noblest of prizes is won
When he lies grin in death, the spot of your gun.

Ah! hear him at night when all nature is still
And darkness and silence hold forest and hill;
Hear his low, growling moan, his full, solemn roar,
Now muffled, now hoarse, like the surge on the shore;
Hear the roar of two troops that meet at the brink
Of the forest-shout fountain its crystal to drink.
Hear the roar of defiance, so fierce, so intense
That it deafens and damps the terrified sense,
Then say if the roar of the lion is not sky
Nath a tone so sublime as this menacing cry!

Greenport, Dec. 17.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

IN THE FORESTS OF YUCATAN—I.

THE scene of this mild adventure is laid in the interior of Yucatan, which the writer visited last March. After a great deal of rough riding in strange vehicles we reached a town in which resided an American, a naturalist and collector, who was practicing as a physician. He had invited us to go on a grand turkey hunt, but we were detained on the road at every town we passed by the hospitality of the inhabitants, and especially by the General of the district, who gave a ball every night in our honor. It was at the end of the third performance of this kind that I fled my party and the story opens.

After the last ball the good General insisted upon remaining and ascertaining the quality of the balance of the Doctor's three dozen of beer; and at 3 A. M., seeing that it was likely to be an all night session, I crept into the kitchen and took possession of one of the hammocks. This kitchen was the usual structure devoted to that use in Yucatan, of loose poles driven into the ground, forming a square pen, topped by a roof of thatch. Lorenzo Acosta, who owned the house the Doctor hired, and who piloted me to this retreat, had a "rancho" in the logwood district, which he invited me to visit, promising plenty of flamigoes and wild turkeys. We were to start early in the morning, before the Consul and John would be stirring, and as the ride was to be a long one, had made good our escape from the General in order to gain a few hours' sleep. Two old women and a boy occupied this apartment, but the latter was unceremoniously ejected from one of the hammocks, which Lorenzo and I appropriated. Perhaps the rear is not acquainted with the Yucatan way of sleeping, two in a hammock, and I will proceed to enlighten him. As the first one lies down in the hammock, he carefully takes up only one-half, measured longitudinally, leaving the remainder for his friend. This the latter occupies, with his feet toward and parallel with the other's head, so that the two are packed "heads and points," like sardines. This leaves a kind of partition between the sleepers which effectually separates them; though if one is inclined to kick in his sleep the other must guard well his nose. In any event, a person at all nervous should object to this style of sleeping, and prefer sleeping family fashion, crosswise in the hammock. But when one abandons himself to the guidance of a stranger, upon whose hospitality he is dependent, he must promptly check any qualms of his sensitive soul, and be duly grateful for what he can get.

It was so cold that I awoke several times during the brief space we occupied the hammock and tried to remember that

this was what they term the "hot" season. From the great flat surface of rock exposed to the rays of a powerful sun during the day in Yucatan, and the extremely rapid radiation at night, a degree of cold is sometimes reached that produces nocturnal freezing. During the hot, dry season the cool nights are in most refreshing contrast to the heated atmosphere of day, and induce sweet slumber if one is properly guarded from extremes of temperature.

At about seven in the morning we were off for the logwood camp, by the way of the town of Gilm. This inverted G with which Gilm is spelled, is a necessity arising from the retention of the ancient Maya names, and has the power of "Ts," the word, consequently, being pronounced Tsilam. Don Alonzo could speak excellent Spanish, but what availed that to me when I had not a single word of that language? He could not speak English, but he had a new dog. "Ollendörf," and with this and my "conversation book" in our hands, we rode through the cool woods, startling the birds with our blunders and laughing at our mutual mistakes.

After an easy ride of four short leagues we arrived at Gilm, entering its principal street between low, white-walled houses. Going to a house near the great square we tied our horses and I paid the man who brought my luggage two "reals"—twenty-five cents for his services and four "reals" for the horse, and he returned to Tixmax. We are provided with breakfast in a "tienda"—a shop—and while we are eating the proprietor plays on a guitar. After a siesta in a hammock, drowsily watching a girl with graceful figure, clad only in a snowy "upil," combing for an hour her abundant tresses, I am taken out and introduced to the Presidente, as the learned naturalist, author and discoverer, of Senor Don Federico. By him I am promised seven Indians with whom to make an excavation in the great mound. I should explain here, that Gilm is leagued for its great aboriginal mound, four hundred feet in length and fifty in height. This occupies one side the great plaza of the town, and towers above the church and principal buildings, which were all built of stone from its ruins. It was visited by Stephens and carelessly examined by him, a somewhat fanciful sketch of it being given in his second volume on Yucatan. He attached great importance to it as being the centre of a population at the time of the first visit of the Spaniards, quoting Herrera in confirmation that it was then "a fine city, the ruins of which were a youth of the Race of the Choles, then a Christian, and the great friend to Captain Francis de Montejo, who received and entertained them."

From the summit of this mound the country for leagues around can be seen, and the eye ranges over a vast extent of scrub, with no village in sight but the one about its base. A second mound lies north of this one, running east and west, while this larger and contiguous one has its longer axis north and south. The ruins of these great tumuli once greatly exceeded their present area, as dressed stones can be seen in the streets, in position, a long way distant, and made of great rocks run out into the scrub. Under guidance of Don Juan we climbed the smaller mound, and some little boys commenced to throw out the dirt and stones from a small hole in the top. They soon brought out fragments of pottery and plaster, the former finely glazed and tinted, the plaster colored bright red, drab and green, and all the tints fresh as if put on yesterday. After the adult Indians arrived, more rubbish was exhumed and a room disclosed, filled with debris from above. The entrance was arched, in a way similar to the "Akabau," at Aké. They opened it sufficiently to show its shape, but did not find any more pottery or plaster, which was evidently above and outside the building. So I caused the earth to be removed from the top, and soon revealed great pieces of stucco, showing bright colors and elaborate ornamentation and design; not enough to satisfy me, though I was obliged to desist digging before finding much. Lest the sun was setting. Its last rays alone directly into the chamber we had opened. Half the men and boys of the village were gathered by this time, and all assisted eagerly at the work, even the Presidente and schoolmaster. I paid the Indians a "real" apiece, and the boys a "medio," and all were delighted. The ruins of a building upon this mound would seem to indicate the use of these vast accumulations of earth as foundations for palaces or temples. In a flat country, like Yucatan, it would be necessary to elevate the public buildings in this manner, in order that they should be seen from a distance. Though the ruin of the structure was so complete that no satisfactory outline could be obtained, its stones, covering all sides of the mound, and large trees and agaves growing upon the summit, yet it seemed to have been composed of successive platforms, each one covered with a thick layer of cement or plaster. Stephens did not visit it, but states that the padre, a young man of thirty (when he was here, forty years ago,) remembered when a building still stood here, "with open doorways, stairs in them, and a corridor all around," and was called, "el castillo." The castle!

Fragments of the stucco, some of the ornaments and sherd of pottery I collected and sent to Merida, intending them for Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution; but the best of them were ground to powder in transit, and this opportunity lost of ascertaining their analogy, or dissimilarity, to the decoration of the ruins.

Alonzo and I occupied a hammock in a large empty building belonging to Don Juan, and slept again in the Yucatan manner, the feet of each in close proximity to the head of the other, as in compact quarters, as the Spaniards call it, "spoon-fashion." We were to start at four the next morning, but didn't arise till five, and though I expected to get on our journey by sunrise, it was nine o'clock before we left the town. This night have been expected, for the day before it was to have been "my tempano"—very early—and we left Tixmax three hours behind time. No one was stirring in the plaza, but a baker's shop was open, with the usual knot of men in cotton pants, silencing their "sarapes," and here we got a cup of chocolate. While waiting for my horse, we visited the old churchyard, a walled-off corner with orange trees in it. It must have been formerly used as a cemetery, for there were heaps of boxes—wine cases, brandy and soap boxes—full of dead men's bones, and in a recess in the church wall were arm and leg bones, and grinning skulls that seemed inclined to dispute our entrance. Don Juan took us to see an old stone with a strange inscription on it—probably, as he said, the work of Indians, under Spanish direction—and he helped us a young man, who had been crowned from the boxes bones. Having been cheerfully fortified for the journey, I thought Alonzo would start, but he lingered here and there, buying meat and bread, till eight o'clock, then we mounted our horses, bade our friends "adieu," and rode down the street to a hut, where he asked for breakfast. This consumed another hour, though the "Mestiza" girl worked hard to prepare it for us, being hindered by the admiring and

amorous Alonzo, who haunted the kitchen, teasing the pretty cook for a caress. Her mother, a wrinkled old lady, learning that I could not speak Spanish, pulled a dolorous countenance and called me a polaco, a poor little fellow, and wanted to know where in the world I lived, that the people couldn't speak "Castillano." We finally got fairly astride our steeds at the cross of San Jose, near a big ceybro tree, and turned into a narrow trail that was, its whole length, very stony, or "muy piedragozo." This led into the forest, forming part of the belt that lines the eastern and northern coasts of Yucatan, the trees gradually increasing in size and becoming more open as we advanced. Birds grew more numerous, especially the queer bird called the road-runner, "corcoranum," a species of quail, and a small, spotted cock. We had to leave our horses, the road was so slippery, very little soil covered the coral rock, which was full of holes, caves and "senotes," nearly all leading to water. At noon we halted at a small "senote," where there was an opening in the rock about three feet long and two feet wide, down which our Indian went and got a calabash full of pure water. A team of pack mules came up just then and their owner sat down with us and joined in a "Yucateco refresco." Into the calabash of water Alonzo put a big ball of corn meal, procured of the Mesquites in the morning, and stirred it up with his fingers. When of proper consistency it was passed to me, and drinking of it I found it sweet and refreshing. This is prepared by the women, of maize, spiced and sweetened, and is universal use in Yucatan and Southern Mexico, forming, with water, a pleasant and strengthening drink. We drank all around from the same calabash, then mounted and went on again. The great woods were open at times, sweet, clean and inviting, and the leaves lay on the ground as in autumn in the North; but I had no stomach for them, desiring to reach the end of a ride that promised to be interminable. Late in the afternoon we reached a change in the dry, hot road, an "aguada," or small pond, and here, at a sign from Alonzo, I got off my horse and crept toward the water with my gun. Through the bushes I saw a gallinule, a beautiful bird, which I shot, and immediately after another that flew up at the report of the gun. These Alonzo secured by wading into the dark pool, though he had sore feet, and our Indian, though bare-headed, refused to. The "aguada" was surrounded by tall reeds, with lilies and water plants, and fringed with an abundance of dead small shells. My friend had hitherto ridden perched upon two packs of luggage, while I had used his horse, while the Indian carried a great load on his back, supported by a band passing across the front of his forehead. We both dismounted here and pursued the rest of our way on foot, and I shot a "chachalaca," a kind of pheasant, and from a little gem of an "aguada" we put up three large ducks. The gallinules, Alonzo tells me, are "senotes preciosos," and very precious birds, and they are, indeed, a rare species and valuable addition to my collection. The whole character of the forest changed at this—the "aguadas" were more frequent, and the entire country appeared as though at times submerged. Of this, in fact, my friend assured me, adding that when he came here last June, where he had his camp—now dry land—was entirely under water.

I was very weary when we at last reached a meadow, in which some horses were feeding, and was told that we were near the "rancho." To my surprise, however, the "rancho," from the name of which I was led to expect a small farm—proved to be nothing more than a collection of four huts of palmetto leaves, merely a roof to shed the rain, with open ends and sides. They were on the southern rim of a lovely "aguada," surrounded by palmetto and deciduous trees. A pile of logwood, thatched with leaves, a bath house of palm leaves, and a leaf roof over some hollow logs that served as bee-hives, completed the establishment. A dozen horses, with loads of wood, had evidently just come in from the forest.

On the road we had met a train of mules, each with a great plauk, fifteen feet long and two wide, lashed on each side, one end projecting beyond his ears, the other dragging on the ground. This is the only way in which Western Yucatan can get its timber, all the west and central portion being covered with scrub or second growth.

About twenty Indians and Mestizos, with bare bodies and legs, sandals and great outlasses, were lounging about as we rode in. Three of them carried a company of mules, and busy about their household duties. Upon a large plauk, three feet wide, supported on four logs, were two "metates" with rollers used for grinding corn for tortillas, and in addition to this there were a few tubs, a grind-stone, and all the things necessary to a camp in the forest. From pole to pole, under the thatched roofs of the open huts, were stretched hammocks of Sisal hemp, and two great mosquito bars told their own tale of insects at night.

We rode into this logwood camp, and was invited to a hammock while they talked over news and business, for Alonzo had been gone some time. I noticed one man, a "Mestizo," who had an uneasy look, and one woman, a "Mestiza," who was comely and had an anxious look, though a very sympathetic one, as they say here "muy simpatica." Of the other women one was fat and restless and the other old and honest. They all worked well, not intermitting their labors for a minute.

Supper was soon ready. After the fashion of the country we first washed our hands in a calabash, and five minutes later that same calabash was brought in full of water to drink.

Poor Alonzo had but two bowls besides calabashes, for he was only camping, and no knife, fork or spoon, so I took my jack-knife while they ate with fingers and "tortillas." Our companion was a Spaniard, lately from Europe, a pleasant, black-eyed young man, who was sent by a firm there to look after their interests in the logwood. There were no chairs, of course, and we sat in hammocks while the food was placed on a cloth. As the night drew on, more tortillas were brought, hot from the fire, handed to us on a cloth by the cook, and taken by us and clapped down on the table. Quite a pile was heaped up before we left, and these were taken and warmed over for the men. After eating, a calabash was passed round full of water for rinsing the mouth. The proper way is to fill the mouth with water, and, after inserting the finger and scrubbing the teeth, to spit it out. This custom prevails throughout Mexico, even in the houses of the rich. To spit over noses, as the fellows in the forest were going all the time. By this time darkness had settled down and some of the men retired to their hammocks. Though surrounded by strangers and some with not very pleasant faces, I left all my arms outside the mosquito bar, as I retired, conscious that they as well as myself were safe. Later in the season, in the Highlands of Mexico, I would have sooner slept without my blanket than without

my revolver, for the people of Yucatan are as honest and true as the Aztecs are treacherous and faithless. After a second coffee we all sought our hammocks, where Alonzo and I reclined smoking and chatting. I was anxious to go on to the coast for flamings, but my little horse, who I could not, that I was at his disposition, which remark rather irritated me, until he added, with a smile, "and I am at yours, also." I had got accustomed to this, polite insincerity, however. On the way, I asked him if the horse he rode was his and he replied, "Si, señor, y de usted, tambien."—"Yes sir, and yours as well." After that I ventured but one more question of the kind, and that was when in the house of the young lady who had prepared our breakfast, I asked if she was his sweetheart. The customary reply came readily to his lips: "Si, amigo mio," and yours also.

I had fallen asleep, as soon as the insects feasting on me—ticks, sand-flies, fleas and chinchies—would permit, but soon awoke suddenly, conscious that Alonzo had darted out from under the bar and was in angry expostulation with the man with the evil eyes. This man, early in the evening, had gone raving to his hammock, and after crying there awhile he had come tearing out and seized his woman, she with the pretty face, dragging her away from her work. She had submitted, though expecting a beating, merely glancing at her foot, "upil," but one of the men jumped at him as he drew her along, and quieted him for a while. Now he had broken out afresh, threatening to kill Alonzo if he didn't immediately pay him his wages, and brandishing a great "machete" furiously. Alonzo was in nowise frightened, but sprang at him like a jaguar, promising him a beating that would answer for his wages. And I have no doubt the Indian would have got it, though my friend is a little man, for in glim he had flown at a man who talked insolently to him, slapped his face and pounded him well, until he ceased from talking. So they had it out in talk and piled fresh fuel on the fire as though they intended to be at it all night, making my hut as light as day. The fight ended, Alonzo quietly entered the mosquito bar, which was made large enough for two hammocks, and ordered coffee and cigarettes for two. When he asked me to enter he said in Maya, "Kom in," which is the equivalent in that language for come in. There are also other words similar in sound and signification to ours. In the morning, after coffee and cigarettes, we went into the woods to inspect the logwood—the "palo linta" or "palo de Campeche"—which the men had cut during Acosta's absence. It was then very hot, though the night had been freezing cold, as we entered the logwood forest. The logwood tree, "hematoxylon campechianum," grows to a height of 20 or more feet, is rough and gnarled, with one trunk that divides soon from the ground, with ob-ovate leaves.

The wood they had cut lay in little heaps where they had cut it. It was composed of all the same kind, some white outer wood and was in color from light red to dark purple. One of the men had a steel yard with him, and this was hung from a tree and the wood piled on a suspended platform and weighed, four "arobas" or 25 pounds, at a time. This was noted down, with the name of the man who cut it, and we passed on to the next, being engaged in this way several hours. The horses were then led up and a load of four "arobas" packed on each and carried to the camp.

The sun was blazing hot, butterflies played about us, birds sang in the thin-folaged trees, and a native quail, or "faisan," got up at intervals. We saw one deer, a "venado," and one turkey, "pavo del monte," but not near enough for a fair shot. There were many caves and depressions in the limestone surface, with water in them looking cool and inviting for a bath, but numerous adders swimming across them rendered them less attractive. Thousands of dead snails lay in windrows, but not a live one was to be found, though I searched diligently under dead logs and leaves. The logwood was brought into camp and stacked, whence it will be carried to one part of Yucatan and shipped. There seems to be vast quantities of it, but it is in remote sections where it is difficult and expensive to get it out. As we returned to camp, my friend was taken with cramp in the stomach, and howled and cried, and the man with whom he had quarrelled in the morning was the first to hasten to his aid. I suspected then it was but a ruse to bring about a change of sentiment through sympathy. In the evening Alonzo brought out a big bag of silver which he had brought to pay the men, and proceeded to divide it out, portioning out, I admired the pluck of my little friend, that he would not let him brow-beaten into paying it out before he was ready, though in apparent danger from the Indian with the bad-looking eyes. We walked out in the cool of the evening toward the "aguadas," or ponds; the birds were still and a quiet brooded over the lovely places, except for the cries of the gallinules in the marsh. One of these birds Alonzo shot, and waded into the water waist-deep to secure it. Sometimes the simplest thing will awaken thoughts of home when in a strange country where the scenery is different, and mine were carried back to the North by the sight of a group of cat-tail flags, growing as in Northern meadows.

The industry of the Indian women of Yucatan is a matter of wonder. From long before daylight till late at night, after we had retired to our rest, they were toiling at the "metates," grinding corn for the morrow. It is the most laborious of occupations to work the stone roller over a smooth slab of stone all day long. I saw two girls in Tlaxcala who worked in this way, and "metates," grinding castor beans, for which they received eighteen cents per day. Our women were kept employed unusually late that night in cooking up a store of tortillas for our journey next day, for we were to go to the coast for flamings. —OBER.

WILD CEREAL.—A very valuable description of the wild cereal is given elsewhere. We understand that several attempts have been made to transplant the seed. Mr. Cross having very kindly furnished the seed. The results of these trials will be awaited with interest.

QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.—Many clubs will be interested in the report published elsewhere of the Springfield Gun Club experience in keeping live quail for stocking purposes. We hope that other persons who have tried keeping quail will add what information they may.

A Book containing much information about guns is Greener's new work on the Gun and its Development. We can still furnish copies to those desiring them. Price, \$7.50.

ONE DAY'S HUNT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

(The following extracts from a private letter written to our correspondent, "Yo," and by him furnished to us for publication, will be read with interest by our readers. The scene of the hunt is in a locality which, though not very far distant from the settlements, is yet seldom penetrated by the white man, and where, as will be seen, the game is abundant and tame.)

BURRARD'S INLET, British Columbia, Nov. 25, 1891.
EVER since your departure from Burrard's Inlet I have felt annoyed at my failure to furnish you a day's sport with the goats that I could not settle myself down to work until I had got some sort of satisfaction. While I was considering whether it was best to make the trip alone with Seammux, the door opened, and in walked a fellow in a red shirt, his hat on the back of his head, and a Ballard rifle slung over his shoulder; and he reached out his hand and recognized Dick G., an old companion who had been for the last year trapping up the coast. So, with Seammux and a younger Indian, Sillicum by name, the party was made up, and leaving the hotel at daylight one morning, we took our way up the North Arm. We went as far as a point on our left, at the foot of the big island, which, if you remember, is near the head of the inlet. At the time of your first visit up the Arm I think I pointed out to you, from the deck of the steamer, a bare point on which a considerable bank of snow was lying. It was at the foot of this point that we landed, and dividing our blankets and grub into two packs for the Indians to carry, we commenced the ascent at half-past twelve, noon, and after five and a half hours' traveling, pitched our camp within the timber, a few hundred yards below the bare summit. The Indians advised this, lest by camping in the opening our camp fire might warn the game of our presence.

The next morning by daylight we had devoured our breakfast of hard crackers and coffee, and, leaving the timber behind, we passed up a beautiful grassy lane to the summit. We had scarcely reached this, when a dense fog, enclined us in every direction. It was so thick that objects two hundred yards distant were totally obscured. This was aggravating, the more so as appearances indicated a continuation of this state of things all day.

The air was chilly, and as we had left our coats below, we were obliged to unpack our blankets and wrap them around us. In this state, grumbling at our luck, we moped like *delate Schollens* (the true spirit) moving in the fog.

Presently the chatter of the old dried crossbills (*Corvus americana*) came up from the tops of the pines just below us, and I looked at the old Indian, thinking this might be an indication of clear weather. But the stoical savage gave no sign, and I was about to ask Dick's opinion on the subject, when out of the murky darkness flitted two birds, which I identified as Bohemian waxwings (*Amphisp. garrulus*). This was a chance I could not let slip; so, picking up my shot-gun, I was about starting in pursuit when the old Indian caught me by the arm, telling me if I fired a shot I would forfeit the chance of seeing a goat that day. So I let them go; but had I known as much about mountain goats then as I learned a few hours later, I would have secured the birds if I had been obliged to fire a dozen shots to do it.

At half-past eleven, a slight breeze sprang up, a few faint shafts of light penetrated the darkness, and then, as if by magic, the great bank of fog rolled away, the sun burst forth, and at half-past noon, and daylight was with us. We were now enabled to determine our position, and found we were on the summit of the divide between the North Arm and Seammur Creek, a broken and uneven back bone, made up of sharp ridges, deep ravines and level stretches as smooth as if graded by human hands, and everywhere, except on the very tops of the rocky ridges, was heather—"beautiful, sweet scented heather"—over which we moved as noiselessly as if treading on carpet. We now picked out a place for a permanent camp, leaving our grub and blankets there, and then started out on our run. At every step we came upon fresh signs of the game, but for a while the Indians appeared puzzled as to which way to steer; for, although the country was quite open and the eye could reach for miles in any direction, yet the broken state of the ground was such that goats might be within a few hundred yards of us, and still out of sight.

At length Seammux left us and started down the side of the ridge, but he had hardly got two hundred yards away when he turned and slowly walked back to us, telling us the game to be at least three or four hundred yards away. We hastily scrambled down after him, but what was our surprise upon reaching him and peeping over the clump of cypress, behind which he was standing, to discover four goats within thirty yards of us.

There was a clear open field for a running shot, did they attempt to escape, and feeling confident that my Winchester was good for two of them before they got beyond its range, I stood the lever of Dick's Ballard falling back to its place. I was none of that startled look about them which we always notice with deer and animals of that kind at the approach of danger. There was no throwing up the head for a moment, and then a bound as if a whirlwind had undertaken to pack them out of your sight. On the contrary, these silly brutes appeared to look at us from under their eyebrows—trotted about a dozen yards to the right, then wheeled and retraced their steps. I felt almost ashamed to shoot, but hearing the lever of Dick's Ballard falling back to its place, I opened fire, and with four shots we dropped the four within fifty feet of where we first discovered them.

Just here a rather laughable incident occurred. I had laid down my rifle and was instructing the Indians how to take the skin off, when, as Dick took hold of one of his goats by the horns to drag it to a level place to skin, the animal suddenly sprang to its feet and started down the hill. I turned to pick up my rifle, but before I reached it Dick had grappled with the animal, and they both, falling on the slippery heather, rolled down the hill at least fifty feet.

When they reached the bottom the live was out of the goat, and Dick so bespattered with blood, that he looked as if he had just escaped from some of the disturbed districts in Ireland.

It was past one when we had the pelts off, and feeling somewhat hungry we decided on making our noonday meal of mountain goat. So, building a fire, we soon had choice slices of mountain kid, roiling—Indian fashion—before it. The meal finished, I gave my rifle to Seammux (but he had come without a gun) and taking my shot-gun started toward the top of one of the ridges, on the lookout for ptarmigan, while Dick and the two Indians moved along the bottom to a gap which cut through this same ridge, about a quarter of a mile from the point at which I was ascending.

Before reaching the top I turned to get a look of the country behind me, and just here I picked up a little experi-

ence concerning at least one mountain goat, which I wanted, when the Siwash stopped me from shooting at the wallowing. On the top of a ridge which ran at right angles with the one I was on—the two being separated by the gap before mentioned—I discovered a large buck goat poking along on the very edge.

The side of this ridge appeared to me to be almost vertical, and its height about seven or eight hundred feet. About half way between it and the one I was on, the smoke of our camp fire curled up and drifted off in the direction of Sennour Creek.

But this goat didn't care anything about camp fires, he was going to come down the side of that ridge if he broke his neck in the attempt; and so I sat down to watch him. His distance from me was not over five hundred yards, and with my glass I could watch every move he made. About thirty yards below him, growing out of the side of the cliff, was a bunch of broad leaf plants, which the Indians had told me were a favorite food of the mountain goat. This spot appeared to be the objective point in his operations, and carefully he worked his way down, till he reached it, when he commenced feeding.

Just then I was startled by a *kak-kak-kak* just above me, and looking up, discovered a flock of ptarmigan not twenty yards off. There were eight of them, and I shot them all, firing seven shots, and yet that goat stood there the whole time, as unconcerned as if he was a thousand miles away. And still he must have heard the shooting, because Dick, who was double the distance off and nearly in the same direct on, heard every shot. I felt somewhat disappointed on picking up my birds and finding they were the black tell instead of *Lagopus leucurus*. They were also in the last stage of summer plumage, and scarcely fit for specimen to mount. Hanging my game on the limb of a cypress, I reached the top of the ridge, and found I commanded a view of the opening into which my companions had gone through the gap, and at once began to look round for them. Presently I discovered two dark objects beneath the shadow of a spreading pine, which, with the aid of my glass, I made out to be Dick and the younger Siwash, while further on, near the foot of the opposite ridge, was Seammux, creeping along as if on the lookout for some animal ahead. The younger Indian got up and started back toward the gap, and just then I heard a shot in the direction of Seammux, but before I could bring my glass to bear on the spot, a dense fog rolled up the opening and enveloped the whole scene in darkness. Then came another shot, and another until I counted nine shots in quick succession. I became alarmed, thinking probably that my companions had stumbled on to a cinnamon bear, and was on the point of starting down the ridge, when the fog cleared away, and I saw that it was Dick came up through the thick fog, "Cuteh in alive," and then a hearty "haw-haw-haw" from the same individual, satisfied me that nothing very serious was wrong. So I resumed my seat and waited for the fog to lift. It rolled away, however, almost as suddenly as it came, and I then discovered Dick and Seammux bending over some animal, which, with the aid of my glass, I made out to be a goat. I turned to look for my friend on the side of the cliff. He was still in the same place feeding away, but another actor had come into the stage. A dark object was creeping toward the white one. It was the young Siwash. Stealthily he picked his way along the side of the ridge, until he got within what appeared to me fifty yards of his prey. Then he halted, a puff of smoke shot out in front of him, the goat sprang backward, in fact turned completely over, and fell, a distance of full five hundred feet, to the bottom.

In a short time the young Indian joined me, bringing, with him the mutilated skin of the unfortunate goat. Ever since he started the hunt he had been feeling between the two Indians, more noticeable on the part of Seammux, because I had engaged the young Indian as guide, and all points as to routes and the chances for game were referred to him. I did this out of spite, simply to punish the old fellow for the way he acted during the time of your visit here. He, however, missed no opportunity to sneer at my proposition; the young fellow made, and now it was Seammux's turn, and, as he seated himself beside me, he asked if I had heard the shooting in the valley below us. I replied that I had, and asked just as we left it, where did you get that conical grin on his greasy face he answered, "*Klonas sogers*" (Perhaps it was soldiers). It turned out that Seammux had fired the nine shots at one goat, and the young Indian had shot an animal at him. In the meantime Dick had brought down his goat, which made seven, more than we could manage. So I gave the order to shoot no more, to pick up our skins and head for camp.

It was five o'clock when we reached a spot about three hundred feet above our camp, and looking down and seeing how very tiny they just as we left it, where did you get that conical grin on his greasy face he answered, "*Klonas sogers*" (Perhaps it was soldiers). It turned out that Seammux had fired the nine shots at one goat, and the young Indian had shot an animal at him. In the meantime Dick had brought down his goat, which made seven, more than we could manage. So I gave the order to shoot no more, to pick up our skins and head for camp.

After all there is a good deal of murder in the shooting down of a wild animal. At least so it has seemed to me in very many cases of my own experience. This one I am about to relate in particular. Here is a woman enjoying the freedom of a wilderness almost unknown to me. There is no caution—no thought of danger—because there is no animal of her surroundings that she dreads. She strolls leisurely along, stopping now and then to pick up some choice root or carress a favorite cub. The sun is sinking lower and lower behind the hills. The shadows of approaching night are creeping higher and higher up the opposite slope. She stretches her great length on the heather covered ground, and placing her head between her paws, quickly makes the playful motion of her three eyes. What is that? Only that, while; but it comes from the lips of a human being, and, as if seized with the dread of some terrible danger, she raises her head and, turning it in the direction of the sound, the object for which that whistle was given is attained and the next instant a bullet from a Winchester rifle crashes through her skull. She springs to her feet, and uttering the most piteous wail I ever heard from the lips of human or beast, drops dead at the

feet of her three cubs, who a moment after share the fate of their mother. This was murder in the first degree.

We had now been hunting just seven hours and a half, and had bagged seven goats, four bears and eight ptarmigan, the most successful day's sport I ever was engaged in.

That night, as we sat round the camp, I took out my notebook, and by the light of our fire wrote down your name as the one by which this camp should be known. The Indians, who were watching me, and, Indian like, having a curiosity for everything in the shape of paper and writing, asked what I had put down; and when I told them, the old fellow's face lighted up, no doubt with kind remembrance of his trip with you up Salmon Creek, and your killing of the bear, and he replied "*Akosh kookan*" (Very good). JOHN FANNIN.

DOWN WITH THE FLOOD.

Now had the season returned when the nights grow colder and longer, and the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters. Birds of passage sailed through the laden air from the ice bound, desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.

SAM and I were waiting for this. It was the fall; and up to the first week in November the weather had been so mild as to offer no inducements to make the big, long-tailed trip for ducks down the Savannah River. We had everything ready. Two large boats had been built under Sam's special direction and skill, made strong to undergo hard usage—one built to shoot from, the second to carry all the plunder, comprising food for ourselves and two darkies, cooking utensils, extra clothing and ammunition. We went in comfortable style, had plenty of time and anticipated sport in every season of the year. An added pleasure was the possession of two new 10-bore Scotts, fresh from the Reads; we had tried these guns and found nothing lacking in pattern and penetration. We just knew that any mallard, or any individual of the duck species that would get up within two hundred—well, call it eighty yards, was just so surely dead, if these guns were held right on it. Even our two fifteenth Amendments appreciated those heavy 10's, and as they gazed on the old Damascus barrels and fine proportions, they grinner with interest in anticipation of future duck feasts. Alex said, "If dem guns fail to bring what dey's aimed at, dey'll bring sunnin else, su." Joe remarked that "We's gonna give to scoop all de ducks in de Savannah."

The boats must be hauled six miles before launching, and so an early start must be made. At 4 A. M. we were under way. Two wagon loads of plunder, boats, shooters and niggers. The town was asleep as we passed silently out and beyond. At 8 A. M. we were eating breakfast on the banks of Horse Creek four miles from where it empties in the Savannah.

A wood-pile was close to the bank. With the rope in my hand I was hunting for a place to tie the boat which I was to take charge of. I stepped between that infernal wood-pile and the trunk, and slightly lost my balance. Grasping an innocent and deceptive stick on top to regain my lost equilibrium, it slid—so did I—we both slid, and

I plunged heady.

No more boat.

Ten feet of water. I swam. The boat was surely pulling me down stream. I grasped a rope. Then came Sam to the rescue. I felt myself in his strong hand, and I was lifted clear of the water and landed high, if not dry; but I bravely hung to that rope.

It was a most exciting run down the rapid Horse Creek. Alex had taken several nips from a mysterious flat bottle. This was unfortunate, because Alex steered my boat. He ran the dangerous points scientifically and successfully for the first time. Finally we reached our camp and place and came drifting down another. I turned the boat's prow over to the right, and the next instant we were heading for a large tree top bending over the water some two feet from the surface. I seized a paddle, but too late. I had only time to dole. Looking back I beheld a sight. Alex had stood up and caught the limbs, thinking to arrest the speed of the boat, if not to stop it altogether. But he had calculated beyond his strength; he might as well have tried to stop a freight car going ten miles an hour. He hung desperately to the tree with one hand, and kept as much of his weight in the boat as possible. The boat pressed him up against the tree and then slid from under him, the last impulse being to cause the thoroughly frightened darkey to turn a complete somersault over the limbs. For one awful moment he hung suspended, head down and eyes as large as trade dollars, and then, with a yell of fear, he dropped into the ice-cold water fifteen feet deep, with a current ten miles an hour. What must have been his thoughts, when hung between sky and water, he himself can't know. He could neither swim nor stand his head in the water. The boat had struck the shore and was wedged in the bank. I was incapable of doing anything; if it had been my last hour I must have had that laugh out. I stood up and laughed. I lay flat and laughed. I kneeled and laughed. I hung over the mess-chest and roared. Alex came up a sober nigger. Fortunately, his first grab was at the side of the boat and he was scrambled in. I could not do anything, for I was rendered helpless by his useful look, as he sat there soaked and shivering.

We soon reached the Savannah, and that night made camp just below Sandbar Ferry. The river was low. We pitched the tent on the sand quite near a cornfield, which was on higher ground. This was Wednesday night. As supper was announced it began to rain. All night it poured. It came down in buckets all day Thursday and Thursday night. Friday opened gloomy. It was rainy most of the time, but not that steady, discouraging downpour. That afternoon Sam shot some nice birds, the first game to be secured. About 3:30 Friday night we turned in, and soon all was quiet. I woke up once at 12:30 o'clock, and heard, or thought I heard, the rushing of water. I remember the bed felt mighty comfortable, and then went to sleep again. I was aroused by a tramping of feet outside, and exclamations of amazement and almost of fright, "Dick, Dick, get up! Kick Joe and Alex out. The river is rising. We will have to work for our property and perhaps for our lives. The water is within ten feet of us." Up in an instant, I roused

the boys, and they made a rush for the boats, through water that came up to the waist. Each one seized a rope, cut it from the stake and dragged the boats up until they grounded. Clearing our traps, we dumped everything promiscuously into the boats. Sam brought the last load, his gun case and the frying pan. But he forgot the pot-hooks—and I was only when the water was four feet deep over our recent camp that those venerable hooks were remembered—and those relics of bygone days rest in peace at the bottom of the Savannah.

A miserable crew we were. It was two in the morning; the rain came down and the river came up. All through those dreary hours we were shoving the craft toward the head of the flood. As the water came up, it was a black, cold, wretched night. At dawn we faced the overflowed bank, and after some trouble got a fire started. All was then changed. Gloomy faces and fears departed. Joe soon had breakfast under way. The aroma of coffee was wafted to our nostrils, and soon we were cheered by a hot breakfast, and then we cast off and away we sped booming down the river with the flood. It was magnificent. Alex, with strong and steady hand, guided my boat as it rushed on. My spot of observation was the top of the mess-chest. Sam's colossal figure loomed up ahead in the other boat. Swiftly we went on past bending willows, likely places for ducks—past forests, grand and beautiful trees, whose tops were sixty and eighty feet in the air, stretching out their giant arms for yards; great cypress knees, the impenetrable canebrake, and far reaching swamp—on, on, we rushed, with the rapid flow of the river, the water now clear out of its banks and the flood spreading out into lakes where it encountered the low lands. At about nine o'clock Silver Bluff was sighted and soon thereafter we made a landing. We conversed a short time with some of the natives who had come down anticipating the little steamer from Savannah, and from what we could glean, coupled with Sam's experience, found it about useless to go further, as what ducks there were on the river would most probably be away back in the woods, and consequently impossible to get at.

Dropping a half-mile further down the stream we found a splendid camp ground, with plenty of wood and water. All this time it had been raining intermittently, but as night came it letted a little, and the clearing.

Sunday morning broke bright, with only a few clouds, and by noon old Sol came right out and stayed there. Camp was immediately turned inside out to dry. During the day we received visits from the gentlemen on whose land we were encamped and others of the neighborhood, and accepted an invitation from a planter living some two and a half miles distant to join him in a quail shoot on the morrow. The next morning Mr. H. sent us mules to ride up to his house. Arriving, we were most cordially welcomed. We dined at four negroes, who made good, well-boasted—all the mule-back but the canines. Striking the field back of the house, we found a covey at once, and when the dogs pointed each shooter discovered, leaving his mule with his attendant. At the rise five birds fell. We had the covey well scattered and were just in for good sport when the rain began pouring again, and we were forced to retreat to the house, where the rest of the day was spent with our host. The sitting-room was filled with neighbors and friends of Mr. H. and friends of Sam, and all being good, great legs were piled in the rear fire-place, and as the flames lapped up the chimney, we sat in a circle around the pleasant warmth, and stories of the field and river were in order. Every man there was a sportsman, and each had "the best dog in the country," and such yarns as were told. Veracity was pretty well adhered to until we sat down to dinner, eight of us, and each individual enlarged upon his personal recollections and imagination amid roars of laughter. Some of the participants in that day's festivities have "passed beyond," but their memory lingers with us still.

Thursday morning we break camp, the river being at a fair stage for the shooting. Sam sits in the forward seat. I immediately behind, Alex at the stern with the paddle, and Joe in command of the provision ship. Onwego. The boat guides by the bending willows with scarcely a ripple. Mark! seven mallards spring from under a thick bunch of willows twenty yards in advance. I rise to cover my bird. The boom of Sam's 10-bore awakes the echoes, followed by mine right and left. The water is low. Sam's second sprang an old drake in the water sixty yards away. Mark! again. The water is low. The ducks flying up stream. Alex's strong arm sends the boat close to the willows. The fowl fly within easy range, and as the guns are brought up they clump, but only three go on. Joe retrieves the fallen.

We made camp at 4 P. M.; and strung up a log thirty-seven ducks, mostly mallards and teal, a few blacks making up the total. Dinner was served at about 6 o'clock, the camp fire heaped up, the pipes filled, and we lay on our backs and listened to the steady monotone of a good preacher. The time wore on to nearly 9 o'clock. Suddenly a low moon is borne to us from up the river. All of us are hushed to silence. It grows louder, louder, louder. The woods echo and re-echo the sound. The steamer from Savannah is coming. We pile on the logs and wake our camp fire blaze. We will let them know that we are here. She rounds the point above with many a light, pouring great clouds of smoke and sparks from her stacks, and sweeping swiftly and gracefully onward, is soon abreast of us. The passengers see the great fire and cheer. We reply in reply. Soon the little steamer is lost to sight. Presently all sounds cease, and we turn in for the night.

Onward we go, 178 miles down the river, with good sport and fine cold weather all the way. We beach our boats at Burton's Landing and take steamer for Augusta. The trip lasted three weeks. I gained seven and three quarter pounds. Sam was so frightened at what people said of his increased adipose that he would not go near the scales. We both felt better. The business of life did not drag, and out of the business we had something pleasant and profitable to think of.

DICK SWITTELL.

One of Mr. Van Dyke's most charming works is his "Piration Camp," a story of shooting in Southern California, where game is abundant and out-door life is a delight throughout the whole shooting season. There is a thread of romance running through the tale, which renders it very attractive. We have a few copies left, which we can furnish at \$1.50 each.

Fritz has named his dog Non Sequitur, because it does not follow.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Natural History.

SOMETHING ABOUT WOLVES.

"BEEN camping out among the bears and wolves," was the remark of my young friend and sportsman, Bill Sykes, who had just returned from a two weeks' cruise in the mountain range.

Ah, glad to see you again, if you have had a tussle with the critters and come off with a whole skin and—

"Hold on, there, you know as well as I that I never saw a wolf, nor more than one bear, which was chained to a post and kept walking back and forth, and came as a carperpetual motion as anything I ever saw. Come, now you old antediluvian, sit down and tell me something of the nature and habits of wolves, not those little nasty prairie wolves, them I have seen. But it is of the big gray wolf that I wish to know. Now, if I had lived in the days of my great-grandfather Sykes I should—"

Yes, yes, if you had lived in the days of your great-grandfather you would have known more about wolves than you do now. I knew old Sykes right well when I was a boy. He caught wolves when the scalps brought \$600 bounty each, and he accumulated more money than I ever knew any other Sykes to do since, and paid the whole amount for a large tract of land which after years became very valuable. Not after living twenty years, as I might say, among the wolves, I was hardly able to learn the habits of the animal. They bred but once in a year and from four to six puppies are produced at a birth. The young are born about the first of April. The whelps when six or eight weeks old have a thick coat of woolly hair of a dark brownish or dun color; and their looks and actions are much like dull, lazy puppies, while the full-grown wolf does not very closely resemble the dog either in appearance or actions. I knew an old she-wolf, who later in one hollow log three years ago. She was robbed of her cubs about the first days of June in each year, the old wolf generally keeping out of gunshot distance, even while being robbed of her young. There are comparatively few wolves killed by gunshots. Instinct seems to have taught them the potency of firearms. When they are shot, as sometimes happens, they are almost sure to escape unless broken down or struck in some vital part. I once followed a wounded wolf for days when it seemed to me that every drop of blood had run out of him; and the second day of the chase I thought he ran the better for the bleeding.

The wolf is rather cowardly, and would generally prefer to run from a dog rather than fight. But he is a powerful fighter when he does fight. Notwithstanding some reports to the contrary, I believe that there never was a dog that could master a full-grown wolf. There are few dogs that will attempt to fight a wolf, and when they do they are badly cut up if not killed outright. The bite of a wolf is not like the bulldog grip, but is a succession of snaps, which are about as quick as lightning. The wolf leaps back and forth over the dog, his jaws snapping like a steel trap, and the dog is cut up with knives in less time than it takes to write it. Wolves will occasionally run down a deer, but it is a rare thing that they hunt that way. They have a more easy method, which is to get on the windward side of the deer while lying in his bed and creep up cat-like and pounce on him before he fairly makes the first bound, as has been frequently ascertained by the tracks in the snow. Wolves were often caught in steel traps than any other way; but it requires great skill and patience to succeed in trapping them, as they are shy and wary. The wolf is not going to run into any pens or deadfalls, nor slip his neck into any noose or snare.

I have seen two animals, the progeny of a cross between the dog and the wolf. They were ill-looking nondescripts, which were neither wolves nor dogs; and were the most vicious, surly, ill-natured brutes I ever saw. It became necessary to keep them chained before they were fully grown; and they proved decided failure toward improving the breed of either wolf or dog.

The dismal howl of the wolf is what we often see written and often hear quoted; but I contend that there is nothing dismal about it. I would be willing to travel some distance to hear a concert gotten up by a half-dozen wolves. Not that I claim any very sweet melody for the sounds except that they would bring back to my memory pleasant reminiscences of other days.

The wolf, like the Indian, is fast disappearing before the march of civilization, and we may safely predict that at no very remote period they will be counted among the extinct races.

Piney Falls, Tenn., Dec. 27.

THE DIVINING ROD.

MOUNTAINS OF SOUTHERN KENTUCKY, Dec. 10, 1891.

IT was by a curious coincidence that not a week before I was reading my *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 1, in same column, which contained a very interesting article on supposed relations between beechnut crops and waters—the only instances of those identical items which came under my immediate cognizance—had been discussed. A night spent with an old friend took me off my accustomed route to our county town and past the spot where I had seen the water-wizard's manipulations of his rod. This was so vividly impressed upon my boyish memory that after a lapse of thirty years I located the well (now filled), though the house had been removed and the road changed. Arrived at town I met my old schoolmate and boy confidant, now living in Central Kentucky, who, while on a visit to me in July, 1889, directed my attention to the remarkably heavy beech crop, and after informing me that a certain native of the mountains had a few days before told him that such a crop always forebodes a "hard winter," added: "Now, let's remember and watch that." The winter of '89-'91 did no counterpart in severity in the memory of the oldest observer.

Dr. Crenshaw observes that mild winters are apt to follow good beechnut years in New York. The reverse obtains here.

Not only retain an abiding faith in the approximate infallibility of the divining rod in locating the meanderings of subterranean streams, and no believer doubts that volume, course, depth, confidence and divergence can be accurately determined by the aid of the rod in peculiarly gifted hands. It is averred that the bark has been wrenched from the divining rod, in particularly gifted hands, when crossing the course of subterranean forests and under and violent dips of the switch have proclaimed underground rivers. I am

not positive as to accuracy of memory in associating the introduction of water-witching with the time that spiritualistic phenomena were so intensely absorbing a theme in our community, but remember well that about the time the Foxes were so interestingly notorious, developments of mediumistic gifts with the rod were scarcely a secondary amazement. In this famously spring-watered country, wells and cisterns are few, and he is thought rash who essays a well without appeal to the water-wizard's rod. Professional well-diggers avoid the wand in my boyhood, but principally amateurs cultivate the art now. A peach-tree twig, three to four feet long, and straight, used in one hand by some, forked and a prong held in each hand by others, was the popular wood when the practice was in its glory a score and a half of years ago.

I suppose I was ten years of age when I visited the farmer, for whom a water-wizard was at the time digging a well on contract—no water no pay, but board whether or no. The peach-tree twig, forked and held in both hands, had located the confidence of two strong streams, at a certain depth, in the most convenient hollow, so far below which the old gentleman had tediously blasted his way through expensating strata of limestone that he made daily appeals to the rod in hope of new revelations, or detection of some miscalculation. After showing me the persistent but deceptive movements of the rod, he placed it in my hands for trial. My recollection is that I was led in his courses, and that I agreed that his interpretations of indications were in perfect accord with mine. A gentleman who has lived on an adjoining farm for more than forty years told me that the hole was abandoned, filled, and a spring half a mile away is still the dependence of that farm house, no owner having had the enterprise to dig a cistern. My observation has been that to topography is a prime motor with all operators left to their discretion—a natural fallacy, in view of the illiteracy of the average wizard.

Some years ago a charlatan gravitated into our neighborhood, in whose hands the divining rod performed such wonders in the direction of coins concealed within mysterious bounds that many believed him gifted as were Pharoah's magicians; and he had a soft time sponging his board and a few dollars, till a skeptical old farmer, in discussing his abilities, led him to a climax from which he could not decline a proposed wager without virtually confessing himself an impostor. The old gentleman was to conceal a half-dollar in a field of growing corn, within agreed limits, which, by aid of the divining rod, the wizard was to find on first trial. He was accurately led in the old man's very direct footsteps till a sudden deflection of the treacherous rod—where the keen eyes of the rascal discovered a very slight disturbance of the surface—led the unsuspecting to exclaim: "Here it is." But it was not there; nor could repeated efforts locate it, so skillfully had the old man concealed the coin and "set his traps." That was the last performance of that magician in that locality.

A neighbor began building a new house last spring, near a point where one of our popular amateurs had located a strong, superficial stream, in the bottom, and so strong was his faith that he sold off that portion of his farm on which was the house and surroundings and pushed the new house up much faster than he did the well down. Result: After digging much below the indicated depth and drilling four feet deeper, without sign of anything to drink, he availed himself of a lucky chance to sell out, and invested in a perpetual spring, of which he had some knowledge.

I know of no statistics by which conclusions can be reached as to the comparative merits and demerits of the water-wizards and comparisons made of successes and failures; but there is a preponderance of failures in this limestone region. Some persevering individuals, confident of water at insignificant depths, in their disappointments have obstinately pushed on till artesian depths, coupled with pecuniary stress and insufficiency of human power to run the hoisting apparatus, constrained suspension of operations. Allusions to water-witchery is all-sufficient in most such instances to cause a more or less complete thrashing. In the more favorable part of Kentucky faith in the divining rod is extinct, and the party who decides upon a well selects a point most convenient to the cook-room, and puts a well-bor to work, though the nearest alluvium is ten thousand feet below his site.

KENTUCKIAN.

PORT ROYAL, TENN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 1, I notice an article, headed "The Divining Rod." Evidently the writer of the article thinks the divining rod a delusion and a humbug, the outcome of a more or less scientific knowledge of mathematics, and can be clearly and satisfactorily demonstrated. I can show you several men down here who can convince the most skeptical that the rod is not a fraud. I can show you a man who can not only locate underground streams with the rod, but will manipulate the rod in such a way that it will point as unerringly and indicate the direction that underground streams flow as the mariner's compass points toward the north. The divining rod is no more of a humbug than the mariner's compass. All rivers and creeks are fed by small underground streams, but there are no sure indications of their existence. Now, I know a man who, with a rod, can find every underground stream that flows into a surface stream. You might set him down in California, or any strange place, might lose him in the "continuous woods where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save its wave dashings," and he would find every underground stream in the neighborhood and trace them from source to mouth. I have seen him do that very thing—have seen him put the rod under a creek, and he has never failed in a single instance to demonstrate clearly and unmistakably that the rod is not a fraud. Carry him to a well, and in an instant he will show you the direction the stream flows that sustains the well, and the side on which it flows into the well. Carry him within, say, a quarter of a mile of a spring that "he knows not of," and with the rod he will find it. Where his rod indicates that there is water, dig and you will find it. I set him down within a few hundred yards of two never failing wells that he is using the rod to find. When people want water below the surface they send for him. He never fails to find it. My father once put a rod man to a severe test. He claimed that with his rod he could locate deposits of precious metals as well as water. My father thought him and his rod a fraud. He thought he would test him. He said to him, "Please walk with me to my business house and work your rod, and see if you can find water." Now, the road leading to my father's house ran parallel with a creek for some distance, and he knew the existence of several underground streams that crossed the road and ran into the creek, and he wanted to see if the rod

would indicate them. He found every stream and traced them to the water's edge. He could not have been guided by surface indications, for there were none; for at the time the creek was flooded, and the streams flowed beneath the surface. My father is now a believer in the rod. Some years ago a certain journal in our State discussed the rod question quite elaborately *pro and con*. Correspondents had it up and down. The rod men offered to bet large sums of money on the rod. The anti-rod men would cry "fraud," "humbug" and "delusion," but did not dare come to the scratch with money. Then the editor came out and said the "who" thing was a fraud and a delusion." But, remember, the editor was a pompous, conceited individual, with A. M., Ph. D. stuck to his name, and had learned and forgotten more than the balance of mankind knows. Because they do not know the whys and wherefores in regard to the workings of the rod, many people are ready to cry "humbug." Does any one know why the needle points unerringly toward the North Pole and guides the mariner across the trackless ocean? There must be a cause, and when we see the effect must we not see it a humbug because we do not know the cause? Effects are more obvious than causes. Ignorant people contend that the science of astronomy is a humbug and a delusion. Can it not be easily demonstrated? It can. So can rhabdomania. Birdo.

THE SNOW GOOSE AND BLUE GOOSE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read Mr. Dutcher's communication to you in reference to the snow goose (*Anser hyperboreus*) and the blue goose (*Anser carolinensis*) in last number of your journal. I am quite sure an examination of adult and young specimens of both will convince one that they are an entirely different species. I have to-day visited our Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, and last week the Smithsonian collection at Washington, and find the full-plumaged adult bird of *Anser hyperboreus* is no larger than specimens of the young of the same species, yet the latter is of entirely different color, being a dull bluish or pale lead color, while the young of *Anser carolinensis* is much smaller, and has the bill shorter and the laminae less prominent. In color I find the latter darker and of a more solid shade than the young of *Anser hyperboreus*—gradually, as it grows older, assuming the brown hue and attaining the white head and rusty markings of the parent bird—while the young of *Anser hyperboreus* changes from its bluish or pale lead-colored markings as it grows older to the lighter hue, and at last dons the snowy plumage of the full feathered form.

Prof. Elliot Coates informs me he deems the species undoubtedly distinct. Prof. Baird likewise inclines to the same belief, and my friend, Mr. Spencer Trotter, writes me: "*Carolinensis* is certainly a distinct species from *Hyperboreus*. From specimens I have examined in the collection of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, the blue goose was apparently smaller and very differently marked than the young of the snow goose." It has struck the writer, in his examination of specimens of the *Anser* family of this continent, that very possibly some of the varieties which now exist and have become numerous, and bear marked peculiarities of plumage, may be prolific crosses of older known species. Without venturing an opinion, it struck me that a full-plumaged blue goose would be just what the result of a cross between *Anser albifrons* and *Anser hyperboreus* should be.

I will take this opportunity of stating to Mr. Dutcher that the bodies of snow geese that yearly appear in Delaware Bay make their appearance in the spring and not in autumn, although occasionally a stray bird is killed in the fall and winter.

Another variety of the snow geese exists which should not be confounded with *Anser hyperboreus*. It is named by Cassin *Anser albatus*, and is much smaller and more delicately outlined than the first named. They are plumaged alike in every respect, save that in the smaller variety the rusty head markings are seldom as distinct as in the larger; in fact, adult birds are often found without it.

Since writing the above I would mention that I met John McCullum, one of the market shooters who has posted himself as to the habits of the snow geese, and he told me that winter before last (it was a remarkably open one, it will be remembered) the bodies of snow geese remained in Delaware Bay, below Bombay Hook, until spring, and that they are there now. Daniel Wells, a professional gunner, well and favorably known to all Philadelphians, is at Bombay Hook at this writing, in charge of Mr. Chas. Matthews' yacht, and so remains the new season, in prospect of the snow geese. McCullum is about going down the river, and could readily procure for Mr. Dutcher all the specimens desired. Using McCullum's words, "The geese are not all of one color. Some are pure white, with red bills and feet, and black tips to their wings, and russet-colored heads; and some are of a light gray, with black bills and feet." Doubtless there are many grades of plumage in these flocks at Bombay Hook, and an opportunity now presents itself for collectors who wish to procure the former species in purity. I have seen one of John Krier, Second and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, will reach him.

I was not aware that the snow geese appeared on our bay excepting with spring, and have so written it, but the information received to-day assures me it is now a regular spring and autumn resident, and that in mild and open winters they remain with us until breeding season, when they move to more northern regions. The attraction seems to be the immense meadows which border the lower Delaware River and Upper Bay, in which they feed, and from the fact that they have not been molested owing to an ignorance regarding their merit as a food, and a consequent slow sale for them at the poultryer's, it is safe to suppose their numbers have gradually increased. It may be that among them the *An. carolinensis* and possibly the *An. albifrons* can be found.

O. S. WESTOOTT.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I was under the impression that the want of identity between the blue goose (*Anser carolinensis*) and the snow goose (*An. hyperboreus*) had been clearly settled, but the question is again raised in your correspondence column of last week. Permit me to say that in September, 1875, the Zoological Society procured eight specimens of the former species in purity. One of the snow geese was still living, and have of the snow geese, except possibly that the dark coloring has become slightly intensified. I cannot speak from personal observa-

tion, but authorities seem to agree that the young of the above species, and probably also *A. albifrons* resemble each other to a greater or less extent. As all ornithologists know how difficult it is to identify immature members of many closely allied species without a long series of specimens for comparison, any single shot of the supposed change from one of these forms into the other should be accepted with much caution, particularly when it can be shown that a considerable number of individuals, at least seven years old, have not gone through the transition.—ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN.

THE SPARROW PEST.—South Norwalk, Dec. 23, 1891.—Your article on the sparrow cove in Australia should be read by every farmer and fruit grower in America. I cannot fail to open the eyes of the most skeptical to the universality of this importation from old England. As you have already given much valuable space to this subject, I will make my remarks as brief as possible. I have three large bird houses on my place, each house containing twenty or seventy-five compartments, making 225 nesting places. They were formerly occupied by bluebirds and other birds. The sparrows have driven all these entirely off my place. For six months in the year every compartment in these houses is occupied by them in breeding, and the lack of nearly all signs of other birds in the town are used by them for that purpose, causing much annoyance to the owners. To say that the sparrows are very prolific is simply drawing it mild. Within a few years they have increased to an alarming extent, and if not checked will become more numerous than the leaves on the trees. A general war of extermination should be waged on them by every one. The past two years they have destroyed every grape on my arbor, picking each berry on a bunch as fast as it ripened. I have a friend whose peach buds were all destroyed by them, they not leaving one on a tree. They commenced nesting in the houses as early as February, and I shall shoot them off as fast as they go to them. In the fall and at this season of the year they collect in large flocks and offer good opportunities to make "pot shots." Your humble servant has made some heavy ones by scattering cracked corn and oats near the thick shrubbery, where they come to roost at sundown in large flocks. I have an 8-bore gun, and with 2 oz. No. 10 shot, backed by six drachms of powder, one barrel directed on them while feeding, the other just on the loop, this arm will do more to exterminate them than anything else I know of. They are very cunning, and after one or two pot shots of this kind will not alight on the ground to feed within a long distance of where the shots have been made. Poisoned grain and water will not work to any great extent, as they soon take the hint. Shooting them, breaking up their nests, and offering a bounty for their scalps and eggs will be the only way to get the upper hand of this most destructive of birds.—F. B.

THE WHITE-HEADED EAGLE AS A FISHERMAN.—St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 19, 1891. *Editor Forest and Stream:* To corroborate your reply to "Jack" in your paper of the 15th, with reference to the fishing propensities of the bald eagle, I have to advise that during the past fall, when on a hunting and bird observing tour on Lake of the Woods, B. A., my companion, Mr. George Mitchell, informed me that many times he had watched the eagle of that section catch fish. Oftentimes the fish would be so large—his estimate of six to eight pounds—as to be almost too heavy for the eagle to carry off. In 1874 on the same lake, a tributary to the Lake of the Woods, Mr. Mitchell killed a very large eagle whose head was just turning gray, and which was shot while in the act of killing a fish it had just caught, my informant having witnessed the catching. Mr. M. has, for a number of years, been a resident of this lake country, and who lives at Rat Portage, on the north end of the lake, and he is well acquainted with the habits of the osprey and other birds of that section, and having confidence in his statements, and from the description given me, I am convinced that the fishers this gentleman has so many times noticed are none other than our "Bird of Washington," emblem of the Nation—*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*.—D. H. TALBOT.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE CARE OF LIVE QUAIL.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., December, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have lately received from gentlemen in different localities many letters making inquiries about quail; and though I would be glad to answer each one in detail, it would take more time than I have to spare; and the fact that I have been for over a year under treatment for my eyes, and am still under strict orders from my physicians to use them "as little as possible, and for only necessary work," compels me to ask through courtesy of *FOREST AND STREAM*, the privilege of answering some of the many questions, and giving such information as a little experience has taught me, and she is said to be a wise teacher.

A correspondent asks: "Will they breed in confinement?" I have never tried the experiment, and do not think it would succeed with birds taken wild. Birds hatched under chickens are said to be easily tamed, and I learn upon good authority that a farmer, only a few miles from here, now has quite a brood that live and feed with his chickens and are equally tame. I am told that his moving machine killed the old bird last summer. He caught the young, took them home and put them with his chickens. I shall drive out, my first opportunity, and learn the truth of it; think it will prove that he took the eggs and hatched them under a domestic fowl, as the young, even when very young, are hard to catch. It seems reasonable to believe that these birds will mate in the season.

Do they become tame if kept a while? No; not by any method of handling I have ever practiced. On the contrary, those that we liberated last April had been kept, most of them, through the winter, and though fed and watered every day, grew more wild the longer kept. Same is the case so far this year.

Can I keep them in a barn? Should advise not, for impure their wings are trimmed they will soon batter their brains out. Better not to mutilate them in any way; but if so, pull out the flying feathers from the wing to may have to be done more than once, and, when they are cut, they soon grow out. If they are cut they will not grow until after the moulting season; and if the birds are liberated in this condition they will soon be prey for the skunk (their worst

enemy) as they must walk to their resting place for the night and leave a trail easily followed, instead of making a flight to it, as is their custom. I speak of skunks as their worst enemy. These vermin are constantly running about, night and day, and if they cannot find the old bird on her nest, they will suck the eggs. Hawks are also very destructive in winter. I have seen when fox hunting, one or two hawks in the neighborhood of a nice covey of quail, which would dwindle day by day until only a few feathers were left to tell the story. The birds are a shining mark on the snow while feeding, and getting terrified, become an easy prey for the hawk.

"How much do they cost?" This must be guessed at, as it cannot well be estimated. Shippers usually charge \$2 per dozen. Not less than half a dozen, which makes the cost \$4. Add, perhaps, \$1 transportation charges, and you have something near first cost. The best success we ever had was to save forty out of a shipment of fifty birds. Of the last lot received forty-five were sent; sixteen were dead when received, and at the end of four days only nine were alive. None die after the first week; they then grow fat and strong. Why this mortality at first I cannot explain. The cages indicate rather rough handling by transportation companies, possibly a little water put in for them to drink during the four or five days' journey would help them, but perhaps it is too much to ask, as the companies are only paid for carrying. The fact is that the cage this last lot of birds came in was the same one sent us from Meville with 200 birds in. They were over two months on the way, and not one in the whole lot died, or was in any way disabled. It looks as if the native birds were very weak or the expressmen very strong.

One correspondent says he would prefer not to buy the birds before March or April, even if they cost more, as he has no suitable place to keep them. Last year we could not get any after February, as the season was such they could not be taken. One must recollect that the spring is earlier in Tennessee than in Massachusetts. A few hours' work will make cages to keep them in, and the barn, if no cats or rats are around, is as good as any place to keep them. The boxes I have used are about five feet square, and seven inches deep, with holes bored in side and ends, and covered with lath, leaving spaces of about an inch, with feed trough at one end extending whole length. These boxes will keep fifty birds each. Give them fresh water every day and feed mixed seeds, rye, oats, wheat, buckwheat, cracked corn, etc. Put in clean sand occasionally, and hayseed; sweepings from barn floor are excellent for them. Be careful when making box that it does not exceed seven inches in depth, for it is in flying up that they do themselves the greatest injury, and they are liable to be panic stricken any hour of the night. What causes the alarm I do not know, but have frequently, on hearing the commotion, gone into the room and turning the gas light on, all was quiet, but dirt and feathers would be found flying from every cage, and a good many sore heads in the morning.

A correspondent from a hill town of Hampshire county, this State, asks if they would probably eat seeds from the weeds and support themselves. They probably would, unless something else was provided, but only until they could find some locality furnishing grain stubble. They are great travelers, and will go until they find feeding grounds to suit. The thing for him to do is to sow broadcast on ground, not cultivated, grain in three kinds. Enough will come up. Do not cut it. See that it is sown near running water and good bird or alder cover.

When liberating the birds see that they are well distributed. Don't put many in a place; two pairs is better than more. We have attained best results in this way, and put them about a mile apart. WM. M. WILLIAMS.

MARIETTA, Ohio, Dec. 26, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 22, your correspondent "Verde Mont" asks if it is difficult to keep quails in confinement. I am a lover of birds and have had some experience in just this thing.

Two years ago I bought ten quails and put them in a cage which I had made for them, 24 feet long, 7 feet high and 6 feet wide. A small part of it was tight or inclosed—the front and open part shut in simply with laths 7 feet long and 1 inch apart. The quail were very wild and would fly from end to end in a full rush against the laths; but they soon learned that it was no use hurt them, and in a few days quit it. I kept them all the winter and until midsummer, when I opened the door and let them out.

They became in a measure tame or at least quiet and I enjoyed very much their answer to my call of "Bob White." When I came home at noon I would rap upon the window-sill looking out upon their cage; they would jump up in the perches and answer me back as I softly whistled their beautiful notes—and very beautiful creatures they were.

I fed them screenings, corn, wheat, and kept a cake of cracklings or residue from the lard kettle all the time in the cage. I remember with what avidity they ate the seventeen-year locusts we gathered for them during the summer.

A box filled with straw or some covert place is necessary for them to hide and rest in. I have had a new cage, half tight and half open and a very much better one made this fall, in which I have at present twelve beautiful quails, and I expect in a few days twelve more. I have also a wire cage (woven wire) about 10 feet square and 13 feet high in which I have kept six birds for several months. During the fall I set up Shelbyville, Tenn., for live quail, and the birds came all night. I hope soon to get more from the Indian Territory and also from Texas, and am also expecting four or five prairie hens from Kansas. H. B. S.

A GAME CHRISTMAS TREE.—Buffalo Farm, Forest County, Pa., Dec. 24.—A wide spreading apple tree in front of the old farm house. Suspended from the limbs are eight deer—four fawns, one yearling spike, one three-yearling and a four-prong buck. The deer are all real, and the cause of the very dry Christmas. They have been about sixty deer killed within a radius of ten miles, by different parties, all still hunters. I have heard of no dogs as yet, and think it would not be healthy for any in this section. Our party, of three, use Sharp's, Winchester and auxiliary rifles.—LAURENCE OWL.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF WHITE TOP.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE, }
Washington County, Va., Dec. 24.
AS our open season for game draws to a close rapidly to its end, along with the closing year, perhaps a few notes from this remote corner, overshadowed by the mighty White Top, king of all the Virginia mountains, may not be unwelcome to the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

In most localities west of the Blue Ridge quails have been less numerous than usual, no doubt chiefly owing to the cruel cold of last winter, as the past hatching season was exceptionally favorable. Here and there, however, in well sheltered valleys it has been possible to make a good bag. A few days ago, four gentlemen of this neighborhood, all square and honest shooters, bagged fifty-one quail and five hares before 12 o'clock, when the weather grew so stormy as to drive them from the field, and all four confessed to having shot badly, and to having done great injustice to their opportunities. Stuffed grouse (called here pheasants) are very abundant, but it is no child's play to beat the ground where they "do mosty congregate." He is lucky or skillful indeed who takes a single shot from a dog's tramp. Ducks are unusually scarce on the mill ponds and on the various branches of the Holston River, perhaps because, so far, we have had no winter. One swan "*rarinaria avis in his tervis*," a straggler from some passing battalion, lost, no doubt, and perplexed in the extreme, has been shot on a neighboring mill pond, the "first seen here for many years." There are a few wild pigeons, and the woods are fairly alive with gray squirrels, that time-honored delight of the ancient countryman with a gun taller than himself, or a mountain rite carrying a bullet of a hundred and forty to the pound. Wild turkeys and hares are scarce, but are to be had by the persevering. Two bears were killed ten days ago on the slopes of old White Top.

The last deer hunt of the local club would have been most enjoyable, even without the trophies which marked its success. Those who only see the mountains in the glow of summer know less than nothing of what their beauty is; and on this occasion, landscape, weather, noble dogs, the presence of charming and gracious ladies, and the good luck to make a perfect scene, long to be remembered. The meet was at a height, crowned with grand old oaks and overlooking the lovely valley of the Holston. Our leader

"Gave an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunters call to Faun and Dryad known,
The oak-crowned sisters and their chaste-eyed queen,
Sisters and sylvan hounds, all were seen
Peeping forth from their alieys green."

and away, away flew the hunt, the "notes of the mellow horn by distance made more sweet" mingling with the ringing echoes of hoof and hound. "Twas enough to quicken a graven image into life. The trophies of the day were two bucks, one to the gun of W., the other to that of R., both of the crack shots and good sportsmen; and if any of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* think it nothing to knock over a deer from the saddle at 50 to 80 yards, while both hunter and hunted are going at racing speed, and every muscle is quivering with the excitement of the chase, why, all I have to say is "Let them try it." But I might say of such sport as good old Walton said of something else, "This is too good save for very honest men."

Later I will send you notes of our late sojourn on one of the great swamps of the coast, with its mixture of all sorts of sport. DEXHIGHT.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

BY GLOAN.

THE indorsements you have already received of your views in condemnation of wholesale pigeon shooting have been so numerous and strong that probably any other is superfluous, but yet I would like to add my concurrence, which has not hitherto been unavowedly delayed.

I never could understand how such a practice came to be tolerated at the meetings of sportsmen's conventions. I never could understand how any competition for gain, bringing with it the usual concomitants of gambling for money, could be considered a branch of sportsmanship or an adjunct of field sports.

It has been a task arduous enough, in all conscience, to educate the American public up to the point they have now reached as to sportsmen and game preservation. And even yet, outside of a few large cities, I fear that by the majority of the people, the name sportsman is held to mean a sporting man—i. e., a gambler, and that having gone that far in nomenclature, they generally go a little farther, and associate the name with criminal practices.

It has been the effort of your paper and of your co-laborers to remove this prejudice and ignorance, and to endeavor to inculcate a knowledge of the benefits to be gained to the individual from out-door life, and the good to be derived by the masses by the supply of cheap and nourishing food.

But how fatally are these efforts contrabated by the annual meetings of some of the clubs. There are gathered together ostensibly the very pick and flower of sportsmen, presumably the best representatives of the game and fish preserving sentiment, and the highest attraction offered in the contest at the traps, with either money or money's worth at stake, to be contended for with all the agencies of gladiators. Heart-burnings, jealousies and disappointments are not here in some instances, the only results of this strife. Charges of foul play have been too frequently made, and, if not proved, have nevertheless been believed and constantly reiterated.

This is not the way to promote high sportsmanship in this country. We may talk as we please of the open air, the beautiful sky, the green fields and the sparkling brooks, which bring bloom to the cheek and vigor to the frame, but these will be of no avail if it is supposed that to be a sportsman is to take a risk of a ruinous version of the moral tone, worse may be than physical disease.

We should draw the line here as it drawn is in England. There they have no such difficulties as we have as to game preservation. Consequently there do not exist at all any associations similar to ours, formed for such purposes. There is no need of them. There are many gun clubs existing, however, of high and low degree, all devoted to prize pigeon shooting, and men of title and men known to be fine field sports and keen sportsmen are to be found in them.

And it is distinctly understood and accepted, that when they go to the gun clubs to shoot, they go there, not as sportsmen or as game preservers, but solely and simply to win money by their skill with the gun, precisely as they would go to a card club to win money by their skill with cards, and they are estimated accordingly.

gun maker's name, and he will make you a gun that will do it every time, guaranteed. Above all, be sure that your powder is good; not necessarily expensive.

In concluding this brief paper I should state that the charges named above are for guns weighing from 7½ to 8½ pounds. But I am sure that I have given the maximum of shot for any gun that a gentleman ought to use. Pot hunters have their peculiar guns and they load them to suit themselves.

But I have found several very surprising things in my experiments, "things which," as Lord Dundreary says, "are met a fellow's flapping out."

With 3 drams of powder and 1 oz. of shot I obtained nearly or quite as good penetration at a target as I did from 3½ drams of powder and 1½ oz. shot. But when I tried the same loads on game there was no comparison. Can it be that the feathers and the wind would make this difference? Who will rise to explain? In the old muzzle-loading days a man who would use 4 drams of powder was considered as a mere pot hunter, and, indeed, the jar, smoke and general discomfiture precluded, as a general thing, the use of more than 3 drams. Now the muzzle-loader, bore and pistol, which takes more than half the recoil, and a better idea of making guns, have improved the modern breech-loader so that but little improvement can be asked by the most exacting.

Sportsmen will try the above named charges, now that most good guns are bored alike, I think that they will be satisfied that they have obtained the true charge for game shooting.

ST. CLAIR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue (which, by the way, let me say in your correspondent's judgment, is the best number he ever read) is an article on "Loading." I was very glad to see it, and hope the subject may now be fully discussed as you invite. In your issue you had an article on one and one-half drams of powder. He used an 8-b. muzzle-loader, 12 or 14 gauge. One I asked him, How do you load? "I always load the same," I would put in the same charge to shoot a robin as I would to shoot a bear," was his reply. This friend had the most uniform success in killing of any hunter I ever knew. He was very careful about his gun, and equally so in the selection of his ammunition, and never varied the amount of powder nor the quantity of shot, but would use different sized shot as others do. His theory was that when the capacity of a gun was found as to the quality of powder it would use to best advantage, to never vary from it. I have had the opportunity of late to test a No. 12, 10-b. breech-loader with different charges, and as I experiment, lean to the belief that my friend above alluded to was right. I have followed in many instances suggestions made in your journal—to use "plenty of powder"—using from three and one-half to four and one-half drams to one ounce and one and one-eighth shot. I expected to get greater penetration from four and four and one-half drams and one ounce than from three and three and one-half drams and one ounce, but I have failed to discover it. The recoil coming from the larger charges was not at all unpleasant, but somehow both at target and at game three and three-quarter and one and one-eighth has done the best work even at sixty yards. Why there should not be a decided difference in penetration with four and one-half drams and one-ounce, over three and three-quarters and one and one-eighth, is something I cannot account for. Your valued correspondent speaks of "impulse" in its article—that he considers a number of shot driven with even less velocity more valuable than two or three set at higher speed. Perhaps he is right, but much of our game must be shot for at long-range and penetration seems the great essential. So far as my experience has gone, I think guns of the game weight, bore and make, differ very much as to the kind of loading each needs to bring out its very best qualities. (Why this is so, let the gun-makers tell us.) What that load shall be is no easy thing to determine, both as to how much powder, how much shot, and the size, how coarse the powder shall be, how many wads to use on the powder, how hard to press them down, etc., etc., but I leave this subject to abler hands, and trust to see the whole matter thoroughly ventilated.

QUINOT, Ky.

Editor Forest and Stream:

All the varieties of game we have here are geese, ducks, quail, quail, quail, and in the spring plenty of snipe and a few woodcock. For all but the last two my favorite charge is 3 drams. Hazard sea-shooting and 1 oz. shot. In my gun, which is a modified choke, I have no use for any shot larger than No. 6. Once, while after geese, loaded some shells with ¾ drams. powder, and 1½ oz. No. 1 shot. I found my old 3 drams and 1 oz. No. 6 charge much more effective. My gun is a Parker, and on the card was this target: "3½ drams. powder, 1½ oz. No. 8, 45 yards, 24 in. circle, 140 pellets in circle." I cannot get that pattern, but the gun is entirely satisfactory. Now my experience affords me that the 3 drams and 1 oz. is the best charge. With 3½ drams and 1 oz. I do not get as much penetration as with 3 drams. In this part of the country we can never tell what will be next to shoot at, whether a grouse with his rapid wile, a squirrel with his tough skin, or a quail or woodcock, and we have to load to meet the wants of them all. I have owned and shot No. 10, No. 12 and No. 14 guns, and in none of them would the big load of powder and shot fill my bag as well as the lighter ones. In the 10-bore I only used 1½ oz. No. 6, the same in 12 bore, and 1½ drams and 3 oz. No. 4-bore. The game is wild and much shot at in these parts, and it requires a nice shot to get any game.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., December 24, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 13th inst., you invite the relation of experiences of particular interest in loading for game. I have that some of your correspondents will give their ideas as to the proper proportion of powder to different sizes of shot.

I have known the theory advanced and plausibly supported, that the charge of powder should be less with large shot than with small. This theory is, I think, contrary to the generally-received idea, but its supporters urge that the greater momentum of large shot will give them sufficient penetration, even at long distances with small charges of powder, while the lighter charges will scatter the shot too much to be effective at long-range, and the argument seems reasonable.

I find that the best method of keeping a gun clean is to use refined kerosene, no water and a little oil, such as is sold for use on sewing machines—Schrader.

FOUR QUAIL AT ONE WING-SHOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps you may consider these two incidents of a recent day's sport of sufficient merit for publication in your "valuable paper." Tuesday, Dec. 20, was a beautiful day for our-door sport, and I took advantage of the opportunity and enjoyed a fine day's shooting. Although late in the season, the day was as pleasant as in October, and all that remained to make it equal to an October day was the bright-hued foliage on rough winds lately cast. I had been informed where I could probably start a bevy of quail, and upon reaching the desired locality my setter, Scout, made a fine point in a stubble, and then commenced tracking, finding the birds in the centre of a low swale adjoining. It was a large bevy, and we raised them with good success. They then scattered in the edge of our wood. My dog worked well, finding two or three single birds and then made a staunch point in a little opening. I stepped in ahead of him and flushed four birds, which flew between bunches of brush. And here comes the almost incredible part of my story; but a young man that was with me at the time will corroborate the following: As the four birds gathered in their flight, between the brush, I fired, and with the contents of one barrel killed every bird. Two birds fell where they were when I shot, about three rods distant, and the other two fell further on, but perfectly dead. The gun I used is modified choke, and, considering the short distance, I think the shooting was remarkable.

The other incident which I mentioned above was not as disastrous to quail as the foregoing one, but was quite laughable. My dog made a good point, after the birds were well scattered in the edge of the wood. The bird lay close, rising almost under the dog's nose; it flew right into his mouth. Scout held the bird until, in my excitement, I commanded him to "nose." He obeyed, and the imprisoned quail made good his escape, notwithstanding the volley of shot we sent after him.

I wonder if any of your readers ever did better than to raise four birds and kill every one with a single shot, at short range?

NIMROD.

Middletown, Conn., Dec. 26, 1881.

KILLING WOUNDED WILD FOWL.—Deering, Me., Dec. 26. —Editor Forest and Stream: To kill wild fowl that were wounded in the head, I have found the following to answer as well, if not better than any other way, and I have tried them all. Take a long and rather slim-bladed knife, open the birds bill and run the blade up through the roof of the mouth into the brain. At little practice will enable you to reach the brain with the knife. If "Bay Ridge" does not wish to practice on a living specimen, let him take a dead bird. Split the head open from the top down; then open the bill and introduce the knife, and he will see at once where to put the steel. I should hardly want to try to press the life out of an old drake with my thumb and forefinger as "Early Bird" suggests.—JACK.

Answers to Correspondents.

R. L.—Rabbit season in New York State will close Feb. 1.

Hur.—The "possum story" was published in this paper long ago.

W. N. L., Belaire, Mich.—Wild rice may be procured of Mr. Chas. Fitcher, Port Hope, Ont., or of Mr. Richard Valentine, Janesville, Wis.

W. B., Portage La Prairie, Manitoba.—The gentleman you refer to is the regular accredited American agent for the guns, and has a wide reputation for square dealing.

J. B. T., London, Ont.—I would refer to the pattern that your gun was a choice-bore. 2. See our game columns of last week and today for hints on loading for different guns.

G. H. B., Watertown, N. Y.—Where can I purchase cartridges for a Sauer sporting rifle? English manufacture? Ans. Made by T. M. Cartridge Co., and for sale by New York dealers.

YOUNG NATURALIST, Greenville.—Manton's Taxidermy without a Teacher will help you to learn to make up ornithological specimens. For information as to where to get Dr. Coues' works see our Natural history columns.

W. A. F., Lennoxville.—See hints on loading in our game columns last week and to-day. Buck-shot should be chambered to fit the choke of the gun. This may be done by pressing a wad down into the choke and squirting the shot on to it.

DEERING, Abington, Va.—The rifle felt flat on the market, and the company manufacturing it were compelled to close out for what they could get. The breech-action is clumsy. Should advise you, if you cannot get the rifle, to look for other patterns. The cost is immaterial compared with the superiority.

SCHREIBER.—I have a half-setter half-shepherd puppy, both parents full blood. Will he make a squirrel dog, bird dog, or can he be made to follow rabbits? Ans. Your dog may (if properly taught)—make a good squirrel dog, but not a good bird dog. He is a pure bred animal. He should make an excellent farm dog.

W. Elmira, N. Y.—In a rifle shot on the third prize does it follow that in shooting off the winner has third and his competitor fourth? or does the winner of the fourth prize remain undisturbed? This applies to match with four cash prizes. Ans. See answer to "W. R. O." in our last issue. Draw up your conditions before shooting, then there can be no dispute.

E. T., Norfolk, Va.—What can I do to make my dog go into briar patches? He is a high and black pointer and is thoroughly broken in all other respects. But I cannot coax or make him go into the briars. Ans. We have ever found—if our dog was possessed of the right courage and the right training, he would go into the briars. The example and showed him the way, instead of remaining outside and trying to send him in. You will probably find this course successful, especially if you take care to bribe.

W. H. H., Waterson, O.—Will you hurt the shooting qualities of B. L. shotgun, 28-b. barrel, to cut off two inches from the muzzle? 2. What will it cost? 3. Would it be well to choke after cutting off? 4. What expense? 5. In choking are the barrels rendered so contracted at the muzzle? 6. Can I muzzle-bore? 7. What is repaired. Ans. 1. No, if it is a cylinder-bore. 2. From \$2 to \$5. 3. If you want it to shoot closer, 4. \$3 to \$4. 5. See Game Bag and Gun column of last week. 6. Practically. 7. The English gun probably has good reputation.

G. C. E., Milton, N. C.—1. Out on a turkey hunting expedition some days ago I carelessly placed my gun on the ground where it was struck by a lightning bolt. The gun was damaged, and I was very perceptible from the inside and out. I have shot several times since and do not think the shooting qualities of the gun injured, but it is damaged. 2. What kind of powder and what number you think best suited for my gun, 10-bore, 30-inch barrel, choked, breech-loader? I have been using Brown, E. & Dupont's Fig. and No. 4 shot. 3. Would it be any risk to injure the gun? 4. Can a gun be sighted by a competent gunsmith without injuring it in the least. 5. Try Ozone ducking No. 5, or Dupont's ducking No. 2.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

FRESH WATER.

Pike, *Esox lucius*. Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*. Rock Bass, *Ambloplites rupestris*. White-bellied, *Channichthys lucicola*. Pike-perch, (Walleye), *Esox lucius*. Crayfish, *Pontoporeia nigricaudata*. Striped Bass, *Morone americana*. Rock Bass, *Ambloplites rupestris*. Rock Bass, *Ambloplites rupestris*.

SALT WATER.

Smelt, *Osmerus mordax*. White Perch, *Morone americana*. Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Morone americana*. Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*.

A PICTURE of the past visiting the present, as time glides on, making more perceptible the cruel changes which come to mortal strength. How now do his feet touch the heather? Not as of old, with a bound, but with slow and unsteady step, supported on the one hand by his stick, while the other carries his rod. The breeze gently moves his locks, no longer glittering with the light of life, but dimmed by its decay. Yet are his shoulders broad and unbent. The lion-like presence is somewhat softened down, but not gone. He surely will not venture into the depths of the water, for only one hand is free for a cast, and those large stones, now slippery with moss, are dangerous stumbling blocks in the way. Besides, he promised his daughters he would not wade, but on the contrary walk quietly with them by the river's edge, then gliding at his own sweet will. Silvery bands of pebbled shore, leading to loamy-colored pools, dark as the glow of a Southern eye, how could he resist the temptation of near approach? In he goes, up to the ankles, then to the knees, toiling every other step, but never falling. Trout after trout he catches, small ones certainly, but plenty of them. Into his pocket with them, all this time maneuvering in the most skillful manner both stick and rod; until weary he is obliged to rest on the bank, sitting with his feet in the water, his hands on his daughters' horror, and obstinately continuing the sport in spite of all remonstrance. At last he gives in and retires. Wonderful to say, he did not seem to suffer from these imprudent liberties.—The Last Cast of "Christopher North," in *Memoir of John Wilson*.

GAME FISHES.

IN our issue of November 24 we noticed the work entitled "Game Fishes of the United States," basing our remarks mainly upon an inspection of the truthful and elegant plates by Mr. Kilbourne. The character and importance of this work demand that the text accompanying the plates should receive more than a passing notice, for, instead of being a mere compilation of what others have written, as is too often the case in fishing books, Prof. Goode has given us much new material from his studies of fish life and habits. The fact that the text was prepared by him is a sufficient guarantee that this portion of the work is of a high order. The descriptions of the fishes and their habits were originally intended to be subordinate to the plates, and, with this in view, they are limited to two pages for each fish pictured, which Prof. Goode has filled with matter mainly new. Wisely omitting discussions of tackle and other questions over which anglers dispute, and which can be found in *cazoo* in any angling work, he has taken higher ground and given an array of facts and observations on the life history of the fishes of which he treats that places this book far above any popular work on the subject ever published. He has kept it as free from technical terms as possible, in order to make it truly a work for the people, and yet he has not impaired its value for scientific readers.

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"Game fishes are those which, by reason of their cunning, courage, strength, beauty, and the sapidity of their flesh, are sought for by those who angle for sport with delicate fishing tackle." It was the design in preparing this book that twenty species only should be illustrated, and after consultation with several prominent anglers the selection was made. The fishes chosen belong to both salt and fresh water and to several families. No technical descriptions are needed with the admirable pictures of Mr. Kilbourne, but the habits and geographical distributions are the prominent points in the text. Acknowledgment is made of assistance from Prof. Baird, Mr. Charles G. Atkins, Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, Mr. J. Matthew Jones, Prof. David S. Jordan, Mr. Fred. Mather, Mr. James W. Miller and Mr. Burnett Phillips. Other acknowledgments appear in the body of the work.

THE EASTERN SALMON AND RED-SPECKLED TROUT.

PART I. contains plates of the salmon and brook trout. Of the plates of all the fishes are of uniform size, 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches, and we have before spoken of them as being the best illustrations of fishes yet made. The salmon (*S. salar*) inhabits the North Atlantic and its tributary waters; but the Arctic Circle. One hundred years ago the salmon fisheries were one of the most important resources of Southern New England, but in 1810 the Rev. David Dudley Field stated that they had scarcely been seen in the Connecticut river for fifteen or twenty years. In 1878 five hundred large salmon were taken in that river, the direct result of the labors of the State Fish Commissioners in 1874. A curious fact is noted by Mr. Atkins, who calls attention to the absence of great runs of grise in the rivers of the United States, which are so frequent in the streams of Canada and Europe, our own fish not returning from the sea until they have become adults; also that with us the male grise only is sexually mature, while in Europe the male part and female grise are found in that condition. Mr. Kilbourne's painting represents a dead fish of 30 lbs. weight, drawn on a scale of three inches to a foot, lying on a bank near a stream; and the artist has perfectly delineated this noble species.

The Eastern brook trout, or, as often called in localities, "speckled trout," "mountain trout," etc., is now called *Salvelinus fontinalis* by Gill and Jordan; the former nomenclature.

"Game Fishes of the United States" by J. S. Kilbourne. [Text by J. G. Brown, Goode & New York.] [Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 157 N. 5th St., New York.] [Copyright 1878, by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

SALT WATER VS. FRESH WATER FISHES.

THE issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* for Dec. 1 contains as a motto for its fishing columns an extract from the writings of H. W. Herbert, which affirms that "with very few exceptions, the game fish are those which do not confine themselves either to salt or fresh water, but visit one or the other as their habits or taste direct them."

This seems to be one of the generalizations of that great writer, who, however, was familiar only with the fishes of New England and the Middle States, as known in his time. Recent investigations show the incorrectness of these statements.

Professor Jordan in a late work describes of bass, 3 species; perch, 4 species; pike, 2 species. Total, fourteen species of game fish found east of the Mississippi and north of North Carolina, which inhabit fresh water exclusively. Besides these there are several species of *Silimoidna*, which live wholly in fresh water; the lake trout of Northern New York and New England, as well as two species in the great lakes.

West of the Mississippi, in the waters of the great plains and the Pacific slope, are other game fish which never visit the sea.

Mr. Herbert also affirms "that those fishes which never visit the salt water at all are unquestionably so much inferior to others of the same family which run periodically to the sea, that they are with difficulty recognized as belonging to the same order with their roving brethren; while of those none of which are known to leave fresh water, but two or three kinds are worth taking at all, and even these are not to be compared with the migratory fish."

Either Mr. Herbert had never tasted the brook trout of Wisconsin and Michigan, the silverside, the black bass, the muskellunge, the great Northern pike, the pike-perch, and the whitefish of the great lakes (considered by many to be the best of fresh water fishes), none of which visit the sea—or he might have brought with him his British prejudices.

Another of Mr. Herbert's theories was that there were no large trout in America, and that trout in this country were confined to small streams, and never occurred in rivers of any size. He had never fished the Maine lake, the Penobscot, or the Magalloway—the Kestigouche or the Novelle in Canada—or the big rivers of Lake Superior. His experience was confined to the trout brooks of New York and New England. As far as that went his writings and descriptions are valuable, and as one of the earliest of our sporting writers, especially so, but he did not live to know the works of the new school of American observers and writers upon natural history and field sports. Perhaps they also will appear obsolete in 1920. S. C. C.

SILK WORM GUT.

THE color and quality of gut is a most important topic of consideration to the angler. He may have the best of rods and the strongest of lines, but if the gut that composes his leader, or "casting line," as it is called in England, be of poor quality, or contain one poor strand, his whole outfit is rendered worthless. In gut the first requisites are strength and pliancy, and it is not easy to judge of these. The color is important, as there are many receipts for treating the gut invisible to the fish, which see it from below against a cloud, a tree, or a clear sky. Some of the coloring processes employed render the gut brittle. There have been lengthened discussions on this subject in the *London Field*, which are still being carried on, and we propose to quote from them for our readers, without expressing any opinion on them at present.

Mr. Francis Francis says: "I quite agree with your correspondent as to stained gut—viz., that a deep stain makes it brittle and more easy to see in water than gut which is unstained. If you want to prove this, get some strands of gut stained of various shades, take a glass shade such as you put over ferns, etc., half fill it with water, lay the strands on the surface of the water, and then look at them from below with only the sky for a background, and I doubt if you will ever stain gut again. The color which is affected by many anglers, particularly some of our Winchester friends, is perfectly absurd. I have seen it often almost black; and as they use very fine-drawn gut, it is almost impossible to tie it in a knot if kept any time, and when on calm water you can see it any distance off. If it must be colored at all, the palest smoke color is sufficient. If you can only dim the exceeding brightness of new gut, it would be far better than any stain. I have heard of waxing the gut slightly, but though that would dim it and waterproof it slightly, would it not materially add to the weight?"

Another correspondent, Mr. John L. Moilaws, of Scotland, writes: "Fine fishing, go where you may, is a necessity in our day, more especially on open public rivers. I have been charged with having underrated the light, delicate casting powers of English anglers, but most unjustly so. On the contrary, I have had occasion frequently to admire and envy the skill and dexterity which several of these fishermen exhibited on reaches of water difficult to approach and *down* to kill in. But then I said to myself, 'Matters are pretty even; here in Scotland we have little or no private water on any river of importance; our best fly reaches are daily waded through and fished over by hundreds of anglers. The same thing is repeated during the long summer nights; and when our streams present more rough broken water than the English rivers, where the current is more sluggish and canal-like, still we on the Tweedside have to deal with trout as wary and wide-awake, as well fed and willful, as any down south.'

"Such being the case, two questions naturally present themselves: Of what color and quality should my gut consist? These two points deal with the whole subject raised by your correspondents. A third one might be suggested—the length of each casting line. I would briefly refer to the first—viz., color.

"This is a much disputed point. For salmon fishing I consider stained gut quite superfluous, though its use is perfectly harmless. What does a salmon in its sober senses take as a gaudy parson or a glittering Jock Scott for, and why? Let this matter be settled before we become over-fancied in our notions of dyeing. I have seen a Galashiels weaver, coming down over a salmon 'lie' after it had been carefully fished some half-dozen times, hook and kill the capricious brute which had obstinately rejected the most tempting looking flies nuzzled on to one of Forde's finest stained gut. No man disputes about the gut. It was double twisted, old, worn, frayed and unstained. Yet I saw from the high bank, with the forenoon sun glaring upon the water, the dainty

little fish of 11lb. swiftly shoot upward from behind the stone where she lay, and, regardless of the white, stringy-looking gut wrabbling over her nose, take down the quiet commonplace steel-drake with it.

"As regards trout fishing, the matter is a much more difficult one to settle, if it ever will be settled, which I doubt. Mr. Brander prefers opaque gut, while 'Corribian' argues in favor of the unstained material, because it "is far less observable in the water than the stained," having tested it on the Usk; and, in *The Field* of the 19th, Mr. Francis lends the weight of his wide experience in upholding this clear gut theory. I cannot, in the limits of a letter, enter fully into the discussion here opened up. I trust others will give the results of their experience; allow me to state only this:

"Your correspondents, in their strictures against the use of stained gut, fall into the common error of trying to prove too much. Granting, for a moment, that unstained gut, as a general rule, is superior to the dyed material, I would ask: Are there no exceptional cases in which the latter is not only preferable but absolutely necessary if you want to kill? I hold there are. And these instances are so numerous and critical that I am constrained, in the absence of further proof, to reach a conclusion, not only broad, general rule, universal in its application and true in all circumstances. In every condition of water, weather and sky, whether clear or colored, still or broken; calm, wet or windy; bright or dull; stained gut is an essential. This rule, however is constantly violated by indiscreet anglers. Some stain their gut over-strength; others, the great majority, use colors which when the gut is drawn through the water, must convince the astute trout that the deception is too 'thin.' The great thing to be aimed at is to get a dye which will harmonize with that dull grayish-blue light which floats between sky and water when seen from the trout's point of view. Opaque gut will not give you this, still less can clear gut. Accordingly, we must resort to staining. Logwood, copperas, coffee and tea, however skillfully combined, produce too strong a dye. After long experience I have come to the conclusion that, to obtain that light gray slate shade, a mixture of walnut and ink, well diluted, is about the nearest approach one can make in the present state of matters. Mr. Francis' test of stained gut, by placing it in a large glass globe filled with water, and not to the eye, but to the camera lucida, is not the same as in a river, with its rapid current, its swirls and eddies, its combination of shade, sunshine, and shadow which trees and hills and passing clouds help to deepen or soften—these and many other circumstances of river life render the comparison one sided and the test fallacious.

"In fishing a stretch of not over-deep fly water, you observe an exceptionally heavy trout leisurely feeding in mid-channel. The sun is not over bright, the current is not too swift, but nicely broken; an on-off fly is only casting down now and again, just serving to whet his appetite and disarm his suspicion; the cast is not a long one, and you are eager to draw blood. The case is now on its trial—stained vs. unstained gut. What will the verdict be?"

We will continue this subject from *The Field* and other papers, and would invite our correspondents to give their views. It will be seen that there are two questions at issue—the best color, and the dye which does not impair the strength of the gut.

PIKE FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

LEWISTON, Me., Jan. 1.

Editor *Forest and Stream*: Among the winter sports of the people of our State there is none more vigorous nor exciting than that of taking the pike, or pickerel as we call it, through the ice. It is one of those sports which have an exhilarating effect upon the human system, and instead of fatigue one feels refreshed the day after.

Pickerel bite well after the ponds have just frozen over, and the fishermen like to get on the ice about as soon as it will bear their weight. Talk with an incorrigible angler for an hour, and you will find him full of all sorts of old chimney corner superstitions and traditions of the forest and stream. One of the current beliefs is that the first time a green hand goes out he is bound to have good luck. Another tradition is that pickerel sometimes swim or scoot on a down grade, and that when they have their noses pointed toward the bottom, you can't catch one, if your pickerel bit were peaches and cream.

The piscatorial belief in the influence of the sign of the almanac is profound. A few old fisherman generally consult his almanac before he catches his bait. When the signs are in the belly they'll bite well every time. I don't know what the meaning of it is, but I suppose they're hungry," said a veteran whom we consulted on the zodiacal question. Fish will bite well when they are spawning. Their many trails afford a wide range of study. "Fish are crafty creatures," is the way the aforesaid veteran sums up his philosophy.

When the pickerel fisher finds the signs and the weather right, he goes to his dip-net and goes down to the river after live minnows for bait. These foolish little fish are attracted into the fine meshes by meal liberally fed to them. The pickerel doesn't relish dead food, and must be caught with live bait. The fun of pickerel fishing is in your ability to have so many strings a-going at once. Twenty-five is a fair number, although two men can fish with 40.

Cutting the holes through the ice is fun, if you have a sharp chisel and the ice isn't over four inches thick; but when you lay two rows of solid freeze under you, one old axe with which to penetrate it, it's more like business. Two men generally go together, and one sets the sickle and arranges the lines while the other cuts the holes. The man who sets the lines first gets the bottom and adjusts his bait about two feet above it—more or less, perhaps, according to his own idea of the correct thing. The lines are attached to poles set in the ice at an angle of about 45 degrees, over the holes. Each line is also looped over a bob screwed loosely on the pole, so that when a pickerel bites and darts off, the bob is turned and forms a cross with the longer stick, thus signaling to the fisherman.

One of the ways of the pickerel is to chew his bait a little while, and this is in favor of his catcher. When the pickerel begins to bite before the lines are all set, as they frequently do, the excitement is at its pitch. "There goes one!" shouts one man. "There's another!" shouts his elum, dropping his axe and running to pull him up; and when the 25 or 40 lines are all in and are pulling sharp, you then wouldn't be a pickerel fisher for Lewis.

FRANCIS AND LOCHT, No. 45 Maiden Lane, this city, publish a handy "Ice Fishing Almanac" for 1882. It is just the kind of note-book that almost every body wants.

Fishculture.

MAINE LOBSTER CULTURE.

WRITING to Mr. E. M. Stillwell, one of the Maine Commissioners of Fisheries and Game, Professor Spencer F. Baird says: "There is a very great promise of success in cultivating lobsters on a large scale by including them in small salt water bays, where there is a free circulation of water, and the eggs of the lobsters can be prevented by grading or netting. If they can be fed, as I understand, very largely upon clams, and will not only grow very rapidly under such circumstances, but carry on the propagation of the young. The young can either be kept in the inclosure or go out to sea, and the latter is the more desirable, by far, the most feasible way of solving the problem in regard to the depletion of lobsters along the coast of Maine and the Provinces. Is there any provision in the fishery laws of Maine by which an individual undertaking this work can prevent unauthorized persons from going in and reaping the benefit when the individual cultivator actually owns or leases the adjacent shore? Of course no man will be willing to go into the business unless he can be protected, and if there is no provision in Maine; as there is in Massachusetts, by which the Fish Commissioners can lease a pond to particular individuals for the purpose of propagating fish and secure to them thereby exclusive rights in the waters, it would be well to have such a provision, with the understanding that it is to apply to salt waters as well as to fresh. If the experiment proves as successful as I have no doubt it will, it will be a great benefit to the resources of the State, as there are hundreds of localities where such ponds could be established to the best advantage. Of course I suggest no interference with high seas navigation."

TROUT AND SALMON IN NORTH CAROLINA.

RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 22, 1881.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

During last September I captured two specimens of *salmonoides* in Mill Creek, McDowell county, differing from the brook trout, *Salmo fontinalis*. I recently forwarded them to Prof. Baird, and I have received from him to-day the following letter: "Washington, D. C., Dec. 21, 1881: Dear Sir—Dr. Baird reports that the two specimens sent by you, one the 24th of November, the small one of $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches the land-locked salmon, and the one of 8 inches is the California trout, *Salmo iridia*. Yours truly, Spencer F. Baird."

The above specimens are of the planting of 1850, and it affords me much pleasure to record the fact that they are flourishing in North Carolina. Mill Creek contains but few brook trout, but is of the same pure character of most of the head streams of Western Carolina. Over two hundred land-locked salmon were taken in 1880, and I have seen by you, one the 24th of November, the small one of $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches the land-locked salmon, and the one of 8 inches is the California trout, *Salmo iridia*. Yours truly, Spencer F. Baird."

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The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

1892.

BENCH SHOWS.

January 17 to 19. Terre Haute, Ind., Fifth Annual Bench Show. J. B. Harris, Secretary.
January 17 to 19. St. John, N. B. Second Annual Bench Show. H. W. Wilson, Secretary.
March 7. Pittsburg, Pa. Bench Show. Chas. Lincoln Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

September. National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Prairie Chickens. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn., Secretary.
December. National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. B. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

YANKEE.

BY JEROME BURNETT.

CONCERNING dogs—you ought to know
The pointer we call Yankee;
He's smart and sharp and full of "go,"
And never dull nor cranky.

Bring forth the gun, he leaps to life
In all his proud elevation;
He's eager for the joyous strife,
The soul of animation.

Say but the word, he's right with you,
What'er the wind or weather,
He'll take the field and work it through,
And never mulls a feather.

And when he strikes the subtle trail,
You'll watch him every minute,
His action shows he cannot fail,
Because his soul is in it.

Then when the steady point is made,
The climax he intended,
No workman better knows his trade—
"Tis art and nature blended.

The right form, the foot upraised,
The breast that's gently swelling,
The beaming eye so often praised,
Of rarest sport are telling.

A picture list, here rudely done,
Of wondrous combination,
A pose of grace that c'er has won
Our greatest admiration.

It tells of one that's true and tried,
As friend we have no dearer;
What'er may come, what'er betide,
No love can be sincerer.

He's taught us much that men receive
Their doubt with faith to leave,
For knowing him we can believe
That good dogs go to heaven.

TRAINING VS. BREAKING.

IN TEN PARTS—CHAP. VI.—CONTINUED.

SHOULD you desire that your dog become proficient in the fancy department of this accomplishment, there is no end to the tricks that you may teach him; but until he is fairly proficient in bringing his bit of meat and ball, you should confine your practice strictly to these; for although he may understand you and readily bring anything that you may ask him to, you will find it the better way to go slow and sure, ever bearing in mind that anything that is worth your while to teach him, should be taught in a thorough manner, that he may not forget it should it happen that he should go a few days without being called upon to perform it.

We like our dog to carry, as well as to fetch, and deliver his bird to our companion who has shot it, and we wish him so well trained that he will carry any article and lay it down at the word "drop" in any place that we may designate. This he may be taught to do understandingly if you pursue the proper course with him. To teach him this, you will require an assistant, who should be one of your own family, or some one that the dog is well acquainted with. When you give the first lesson, your assistant should be a few feet from you. Calling your pupil to you, give him his ball and bid him "carry" it, at the same time moving with your hand in the direction that he is to go. Your assistant should not say a word, but should merely hold out his hand for the ball, and when the dog delivers it, he should praise and pet him a little, while you should make much of him, and if he has performed the task in a pleasing manner, reward him with a bit of meat. After a few lessons of this kind, the distance can be gradually increased and he will soon carry as far as he can see your assistant. If there is any difficulty in getting him started right, let your assistant take the ball and send him to you, until he understands what is wanted, which he will do after a few lessons. Of course, you have told him to "drop" every time that he delivers anything to you, and as he knows the meaning of the word, it will be an easy task to teach him to lay down his ball or bit of meat in any place that you really wish him to. In order that he may learn to do this in a proper manner and readily drop his burden at the word, and instantly leave it without regret and come to you, we will commence at the beginning and give him the order for the first time when he is close to us, and with his hand extended as if to take it. As soon as he opens his mouth the hand should be instantly removed and the article allowed to drop on the ground. At once praise and pet him and give him to understand that this is all right. On no account must you pick up the article or he may be led to think that he should have delivered it into your hand as usual, nor should you allow him to pick it up, but at once call him away and interest him with something else. This will be enough for the first lesson. This should be repeated until he appears to understand what is required, before you attempt to increase the distance. Your pupil must be made to understand that when he hears the order to drop he must instantly lose his hold, and leaving the article, at once obey whatever signal you may give him. You should so teach him that when coming in with anything that you have ordered him to bring he will at the word drop it and wheel at the motion of the hand in any direction that you may indicate. You will derive no little benefit from this accom-

plish, and not only save yourself much worry, but also spare your dog much labor, by bidding him drop his dead bird and first secure the wound, one, which may make it difficult to escape unless attended to at once. The same thing often occurs in quail shooting, and many birds are lost that might be brought to bag, did your dog understand this fancy training.

The careful reader will readily understand that our so-called "fancy training" is in reality not so useless as some would-be critics would have us believe; but is a part of our system whereby we not only bring our dog a "killing" dog, but we make of him an intelligent companion and elevate him to our own sphere, as it were, and by the wonderful development of his reasoning faculties we not only greatly increase his capacity for intelligently entering into the enjoyment of the ever changing phases of our woodland sports, but we greatly add to our own pleasure in witnessing the marvelous manifestations of reason and intelligence that he will display in his encounters with some wary patriarch of the forest, whose tricks and subterfuges will outvie the wily strategems of a Halliard.

There are many things that you can readily teach your pupil after you once get him fairly started on the road, for the more you teach him and the more pains you take with him the more readily will he understand what you wish. You must use great caution when you begin teaching him to bring anything that is new to him; and be very sure that he will understand your orders before you issue them. This point is worthy your careful consideration and you should strive to make yourself perfectly understood at all times. This you can easily do by closely watching his disposition and the workings of his mind as he performs his tasks. Some dogs are possessed of remarkable reasoning faculties and appear intuitively to understand just what you wish, while others are slow to learn and require more time to develop their latent powers. From personal experience we are well satisfied that the former requires to the full as much painstaking, careful handling as the latter in order to perfect his education, and make of him a steady, reliable dog. Therefore, unless you wish to see exemplified the truth of the old saying "quick learned, quick forgotten," go slowly, and be very sure that every step in each lesson is well learned before you advance any further. You should never ask your dog to bring anything that will tax his powers too severely, especially should this rule be observed until his education is complete. Your judgment will tell you better than to bid him bring the crossbar or a piece of custard pie; you should likewise refrain from asking him to bring you anything that is hard or bulky, at least until he has arrived at maturity and is well established in all his lessons. Many good retrievers are ruined by allowing them to bring articles that they are obliged to grasp hard in order to hold on to. For this reason we never allow our dog to bring our knife nor anything of the kind, for just so sure as this is allowed just so sure will the dog acquire the habit of pinching his birds.

We once owned one of the best retrievers that we ever saw. In an evil hour we bade him carry into the house the earthen plate from which he had eaten his dinner. After this it became the regular thing for him to do at every meal, but also at every dinner, and he was so proud of our pride and boast, was so sure forever, and after this every bird that he brought that was not stone dead, would show the marks of his teeth. We are well aware that there is a great difference in dogs in this respect, and that we occasionally see one that will bring anything that he can drag along and at the same time he will hardly ruffle a feather of a struggling bird; but for fear that you may not possess such a paragon we advise you to be very careful about trying any experiment that will tax your dog, especially when there is no possible benefit to be derived that is at all commensurate with the risk that you run. Your hat and gloves and slippers, you can safely allow him to bring you, and it will take but little time to teach him this if you carefully follow the instructions that we have given. You can even teach him by constant practice to distinguish between them so that when you send him for either one he will make no mistake, but, understanding your order, bring the article you wish. In order to teach him this you should first accustom him to bring each article at the same time to take him to his name. Take, for instance, your hat, and after placing it in his mouth, bid him "bring the hat," and be sure to use the same language every time that you practice him at this. The same course should be pursued with the gloves or any other article that you may wish. After he has had practice enough to bring readily the article desired you can place several articles close together. Put your hat and gloves with his ball and other light articles, then order him to bring them, and he should be able to do so, and he will be very likely to do so, you must praise and pet him, and as you talk to him you should speak the word "hat" in order to impress upon his memory the meaning of the word. This should be done in an intelligent manner, perhaps by saying he "is a good dog to bring the hat," just as you would talk to a boy. Should he pick up his ball, or any other article, at once tell him to "drop," and repeat the order for the hat, and do not allow him to bring you anything else. After he brings the hat ready to drop, you can change to something else, your gloves for instance, but until he has learned the meaning of the words and brings the articles readily, do not place the hat near them, nor where he can see it, as it may confuse him. When he has become accustomed to the gloves you can place the hat with them and he will soon understand which to bring. This course should be pursued with each article, and in a short time he will understand the meaning of the words; and when you send him for any article that you have thus taught him the name of, he will seldom make a mistake. While teaching your pupil to retrieve, you should never allow yourself to become careless, nor let him do this work in a slovenly manner. Always insist upon a perfect performance of his task, for if he is once allowed to depart from the accustomed manner that you have taught him he is sure to get the impression that this is right and pleasing to you, and you will have a harder task to set him right than you would have kept him straight in the first place; and worse than this, he will be very likely to become careless and will fail to understand just what you want; therefore, firmly insist upon implicit obedience to your orders, and never allow yourself to devote one iota from the course that you have marked out.

We have ever found that all intelligent dogs are very prone to look to their masters for guidance and instinctively to take their cue from them as to their behavior. You should take every advantage of this trait, and by cool and collected behavior, under all circumstances, strive to impart to your pupil a steadiness that will ever be to you a source of pride.

This trait is especially to be cultivated when trying to make a careful, tender-mouthed retriever. You should always handle with the greatest care any article that you are teaching him to bring. There appears to be a natural tendency in the careful manner in which you handle the object that is potent to impress upon his mind a corresponding carefulness in taking hold of it that is not apparent when the object is roughly thrown upon the ground; and we have frequently taken pains to go, and with ostentatious care lay the article down instead of throwing it, and have in this way succeeded in obtaining the best of results, especially when our dog was a little inclined to be rough or hard-mouthed.

There is one rule that we have carefully observed for many years, and will can assure you that it is well worthy your consideration. We never allow a pup to retrieve a bird his first season, until we have first handled it, and found that it was stone dead. You should allow him to point it for a short time and then daintily pick it up; and, after smoothing out the feathers very carefully, lay it down in front of him, taking care that he can see your every motion. Now retreat a few steps and very quietly bid him "bring dead." By pursuing this course you will improve, not only his mouth, but his steadiness and will; and also give him a chance to become acquainted with the difference in the scent between a live and a dead bird; and so render him less liable to make a mistake by pouncing upon a close-lying bird that chances to be near where he has marked the dead bird down.

Having intimated in the first chapter that we are in favor of using the whip when it is needed, we will briefly explain. As we have before stated we never use the whip until our pupil's education is complete, and there is no occasion to resort to it even then, unless our orders are willfully disobeyed. When we find that our pupil is willful, and deliberately refuses to perform his task, we seek occasion to give him a lesson that he will never forget. We are very careful to select an occasion for punishment when the order disobeyed is of a passive character, like *To he or Charge*, as better results are obtained than when the command is of an active nature. Provided with a heavy whip, we take the opportunity when our pupil is very much engaged about something that will be pretty sure to cause him to disobey, and give him the order in *Charge*. If we positively know that he plainly understands and willfully refuses to obey, we instantly take him by the collar in such a manner that he cannot bite nor break away, and repeating the order, strike him once with all our force. Retaining our hold, we calmly wait without speaking, long enough to slowly count ten. We then repeat the order and blow simultaneously. This we continue until our judgment tells us that he has had enough. You may depend upon it that a dozen blows thus administered will accomplish more in the way of reform than a hundred thrashings as generally inflicted, for your pupil not only knows why he is punished but he has plenty of time between the strokes to reason it all out, and he will surely come to the conclusion that you really want him to charge when you give the order; and that the best thing that he can do is to instantly obey. Unless he is uncommonly stubborn, you will find that one or two such whippings will last him his lifetime. You must be very careful to issue your commands in your ordinary tone of voice; and on no account must you display the least sign of anger or impatience, and so soon as you have through with the punishment must speak a few kindly words to him in order to let him understand that you are still his loving friend. As soon as he recovers a little, you should repeat your order, which he will at once obey, when you must pet and praise him without stint, thus indelibly impressing upon his mind that the way of the canine transgressor is hard and that obedience will bring a sure reward. We very much dislike to punish a dog; but if this has to be done, we greatly prefer that the lesson should be given before we take him into the field, as the knowledge that he incurred may prevent the necessity of resorting to this extreme when among the birds.

GERMAN HUNTING DOGS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I saw in your paper of the 15th Dec. a short description of the German dachshund, the schwehdend, and their use. Thinking that it would be of some use to some of your readers, I send you a description of the dogs used in Germany for sporting purposes.

The English setter and pointer are used as well as in the United States, but you will find very few retrievers. There are in Germany three breeds of dogs used for hunting purposes, namely, snipe, woodcock and other shooting, called *Kurzhaare deutscher jagdhund* (smooth-haired) and *langhaariger deutscher jagdhund* (long-haired). The former is very like the English pointer, with which he shares the derivation from the old Spanish pointer, but is more strongly marked in many respects. The latter is a pointer, which are much in fashion now, are, however, almost as strong as they are, and the well known champion Wegg, winner of many prizes at English and German dog shows, who was considered in England a typical dog of his race, looked very much like a German smooth-haired jagdhund. The color of these smooth-haired dogs is liver, white and liver, or white and black. Of the long-haired dogs, liver, white and liver, red, or black and white. They have coarser hair than the English setters. Both kinds are used for the same purposes. They will, if of good breed, point as well as any English pointer or setter, and range as speedily as they do, but are very obedient to their handler. This is of special advantage when in search of pheasant or woodcock in a thick cover, where, to order, they will only range a short distance from their handler. Both kinds are extremely hardy, and can do their work in very warm weather, adding very little water in comparison to the English setters and pointers. The long-haired jagdhund will also do the work of the water spaniel, for he is very fond of going into the water, being an extremely good swimmer, and cares little for bitter cold weather, or even the ice covering the surface, but will go into the water anywhere you send him to stir up some wild ducks hidden in the reeds, or to retrieve wounded or dead birds. Both kinds will sit during a long time motionless to your feet, without attempting to follow the passing game, but when ordered will retrieve anything you can carry, or kill a wounded fox. I have seen some of the smooth-haired kind, which are a little stronger in their loins, retrieve large red hares, carrying them into the house on their backs. They will follow you when stalking on deer, going in the most cautious manner, avoiding any noise which would frighten away the deer, and, if properly broken, will not run after the deer after you have shot. I saw some of these dogs long crouched in the brush, and when the deer was close, they would spring forward, and blood of a deer. But this quality is found rather seldom, and only if the dogs are used for a long time in the forests. They are extremely courageous, and will defend their master against any enemy, whether it be a man or a bear, and are very intelligent animals. Notwithstanding this they are a very gentle nature, very obedient, and are good playmates for children. During the last fifteen years the German breeds have been much mixed with English blood, but for the last five years much has been done to purify the German races, and the pure German breeds are especially called "Verein zur Veredlung der Hunderrassen in Deutsch-

E "REX."

MASSACHUSETTS KENNEL CLUB.—At a meeting of the Massachusetts Kennel Club held last week the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. Fother, Jr.; Vice President, E. E. Haley; Secretary, J. W. Brewster; Treasurer, J. Sawyer; Jr.; Judges, J. W. Fother and J. R. Foster. This membership list shows possibilities of a bench alone in the spring, and the club will undoubtedly hold one, of which due notice will be given. We are sure that the members of the club will be able to give a very good show, as they have in the past, and will have a very successful one at least so far as the number and quality of the dogs are concerned, and we feel assured that, with the greatly increased number of sportsmen in the State, the dog, there is no doubt about it proving a success financially.

ST. JOHN'S ENCH SQW. We have received a copy of the rules, regulations and premium list of the second annual bench show of dogs, to be held under the auspices of the New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at St. John, N. B., on January 17, 18, 19 and 20, open to the competition of the Maritime Provinces of British America only. There are to be four classes of dogs, viz:—(1) English Bred, (2) American Bred, besides which a special prize of ten dollars is offered for the best animal in each of the seven largest classes in the show. Entries close on January 9, and should be addressed to the Secretary, H. W. Wilson, Esq., 16 Waterloo street, St. John, N. B.

CORRECTION.—Mr. Washington A. Costar desires us to say that the name of his pointer by Croxeth out of Royal Fan is Royal Cara C. and not Cora as it appeared last week.

NAMES CLAIMED.
C. Mack, Indiana.

RICE LAKE CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a yachting experience covering many years I have been a member of several clubs. My invariable experience has been that the fostering care of all clubs, without exception, has been given to but two classes of yachts, to the entire exclusion of a third class, which third class, in my opinion, is the most important one of all.

The first class of clubs, such as the New York, Atlantic and others which may be deemed the first-class clubs, the entire interest is centered in schooners and large sloops. In all other clubs, which may be here called second-class clubs, interest is only taken in open sand bag racing machines.

Editor Victor and Stream:

To a yachting experience covering many years I have been a member of several clubs. My invariable experience has been that the two classes of yachts, the "wildcat" exception, have been the first and second classes of yachts, to the entire exclusion of a third class, which third class, in my opinion, is the most important one of all.

All large clubs, such as the New York, Atlantic and others, which may be called first and second class, the entire interest is centered in schooners and large sloops. In all other clubs, which may be here called second-class clubs, interest is only taken in open sand boats.

For these clubs in their respective clubs all the money is expended, all the handsome prizes are given, and regatta committees cipher and "scryphage" matters so that each and all of their pots can win a prize. The money is expended in the regatta, and the money is generously bestowed upon the small cabin yacht class. As this communication is written in the interests of this latter class of boats, as the owner of one I may be thought of as the imputation of being prejudiced. But, you will say this is the interest of the small portion of large yacht owners who know one end of their boat from the other, all have originally learned all they know about a small boat from the same source, and the interest of the small boat skippers of a cabin boat not our own backsided to a sandbogger, to my knowledge.

In this, as it may, I feel that there are a large number of gentlemen who own small cabin yachts and who would like to belong to a club, but who are unable to do so because of the expense. Yacht clubs with fifteen tons can be enrolled there. The A. Y. C. has a price list of the same, as, although there is a small cabin class there, it receives little or no attention and is so meagre in numbers that, practically, it is not a class. The A. Y. C. has a small cabin class, which is represented in prizes for schooners and first-class sloops, Corinthian matches, etc., and the small fry are being gradually more and more neglected.

This ends the list. In the second-class clubs, if they raise \$100 for a race, all cabin boats, big and little, 20 feet to 50 feet long, are put in the same class and the prize money for \$10, while 50% is divided among sundry classes of open boats.

The only remedy that I can see is to start a club of our own, and, to prevent confusion, we will bar out the millionaire with his big yacht and the talented "sharp" with his 2-foot sandbagger.

The proposition is that we, the small cabin yacht owners, do establish a sailing club for the 25-foot cabin yachts, with membership, sailing, cruising and racing. In small cabin yachts, in which the maximum cruising water line length can be enrolled; that all yachts enrolled must be cabin boats and must carry fixed weight only; that the fees must be fixed and moderate, not to exceed \$10 for initiation and \$5 for dues—no assessments; and that great scrutiny be used to avoid membership, so as to make the organization acceptable to gentlemen.

Now, as an old yachting man, I extend an earnest invitation to all who are willing to form such a sailing club to send in their names to the Yachting Editor of this journal, who has kindly consented to receive them; and I propose that, as soon as twelve yacht owners besides myself have indorsed my proposition we have a meeting, in which a general plan of organization can be agreed upon, views interchanged, and rules and regulations can be discussed, by all.

I can state here that many yachtmen have long urged me to make public this proposition, and that four yachtmen besides myself will join. With twelve others this would make seventeen yachts to start with. I think there is no doubt but that a club can be formed so strong that it will at once take front rank over all those devoted to small yachts.

FRANKLIN BEAMES.

Dec. 28, 1881.

[illegible]

Editor Forest and Stream:
I forward you, on behalf of the Toronto Yacht Club, copies of our by-laws and regulations, as we are the only yacht club owning small boats on this side of the Atlantic that does not believe in shifting ballast, and that the height of ambition is to sail an extensive skimming dish with an excessive crew, and therefore feel that there is a bond of union in that respect between us.
H. F. W.
Toronto, Dec. 25.

[illegible]

diversity of the officers of the Toronto Y.C. are: Commodore, T. McGraw; Vice Commodore, H. E. Kyle; Lieut. Captain, G. H. Duggan; Secretary and Treasurer, I. P. Wyatt. Burgeo is red pointed, with white cross and a yellow maple leaf in upper red square. Club ensign, the red bottom half with maple leaf in the field. The Commodore's flag is red with white leaf; the Lieut. Captain's white with red leaf; the fleet Captain's white with yellow leaf.

The most excellent rules adopted by the club is that of prohibiting driving promiscuous hunting, and the sailing committee is

charged with enforcing the rule. We commend this to many of our junior clubs whose boats fly all manner of hideous rage with names and fancy devices, generally hoisted only about half mast or not, check apeak at that. Like all live institutions the Toronto Y. C. throws open its matches to all comers, reserving a few special races for club members only. Annual subscription \$5; for non-residents \$2, payable in January every year.

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Editor Forest and Stream:
As you do me the honor to publish a letter sent you some days ago, I thought I would in relation to what I wrote of the Madge, I want of freighting for a cruise, since you say in your issue of Dec. 2d that she has plenty of it, "having no less than \$ it at the lowest point and 4 ft. 9 in. at the highest." I am sure that such a small point and 4 ft. 9 in. at the highest would be detrimental. I did not measure the Madge's height, but I shall be much surprised if you have not added at least a foot to it—at any rate, in a firm in which I have confidence. I have been told that the Madge has very low sides, and questioned her sailing master particularly on that point, but, as I was before, he was right. She was high enough for raising the amount of cubic contents you propose to give him, that by keeping his model low sided he can get a good many cubic feet to put in the hold, and I am sure that where they will tell much more than they would above water.

Besides, if, as I say, every half inch added to Madge's height would hurt her, why should you seek to tax such an addition? If I want a trust deck vessel, with good height below, it is just as unfair to tax her high sides as it would be to tax the unsightly trunk I should otherwise be compelled to put on her under cubic contents rules.

EDWARD HURGESS.

The above was received too late for insertion last week. We believe most of the points raised by Mr. Hurgess have already received consideration in our last issue and in the answer appended to the letter from "T. C." in this week's issue.

fixing upon the length, the beam and depth will not alter them selves into the least shaned boat. As a general proposition, the more beam the less depth, and vice versa, but both taken together, will, in the best of boats, be in the same ratio. The length of the beam will include the largest bulk possible on the length, since the power derived from the use of bulk is such a great advantage in overpowering small boats. The beam is the only part of the boat that is not fully utilized its value for winning on a length rule. It is this we object to in such rules. They compel us to adopt the largest boat on her length, whether the bulk be up to beam or depth, or to the least bulk possible on the length. The beam is not beam and to add length with a view to producing a more satisfactory as well as economical and roomier boat, for the tax on the use of extra length is as a rule, small. The beam is not beam, and the length is not length, and therefore, driven into excess in the remaining two dimensions in the pursuit of power, but we are at liberty to infringe *these three dimensions in any proportions* we please, to select the best, instead of merely the largest, as under the length rule.

Editor Forest and Stream:
In your remarks on the letter of Mr. David Hall Rice I notice a statement that "Madge" has "no less than 11 feet of freeboard at the lowest point and 1.9 at the bow." Is it a fact that these figures are correct, or has there been a misprint?
I have never seen Madge, and a reply to my query would oblige not only myself but also many others.
T. C.

[illegible]

RICE LAKE CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream.—

In your last, "Nauticus," I read about the mark. Rice Lake canoes are copyrighted, and the mark is the font; that is, if you give them a shadowy sheer and a Shadow's midship keel, and a deck and a double keel and build them as you would a shadow and keep them going with a shadow, you will get the mark. The best kind of a canoe—a regular start out and our shadow. Rice lakes are good enough to sell to foreigners, who buy their launch in the same spirit as they do Indian bows and arrows—as a sort of reminder of the frontier; and they may be strong enough to carry a load of goods, but they are not strong enough to hold one as a gift. There is no accounting for tastes, still I think the man who would, in sober earnest, choose a Rice Lake canoe, would be able to get something else, is little better than the savage who would buy a canoe because it has been appropriated by the white man's source. To my knowledge there is not a single Rice Lake canoe in use in New York. They would make a very poor figure in our country, and the graceful lines and handsome work of the redoubtable Stepiens, Isham and others. Since your canoeing correspondents all seem to belong to the high aristocracy, including notables like the Statesman, "Alderman" or "Commodore" and such, I will sign myself, as you do, "Nauticus," and

AVIS COMMENS.

New York, Dec. 23.

After cruising for a thousand miles and more in canoes of all sorts, let me say that, in my opinion, there is nothing like the regular shadow and similar models for open waters; but for river work they are no umbrous. You must have a quick boat under paddle. I have ridden on the Hudson's American Travellers' canoes, and I have seen them from every standpoint. Although, for everyday work, I like her better than anything I have tried. As for an open Herald canoe, one might as well go back to the stage coaches of our forefathers at once. Those I have seen are always heavy, ugly and slow. That was the case with the first one I tried. If you are a canoeist, you should suppose they are by way of copying from the most modern styles.

A. R. TREVIS.

Editor Fiske and Moore: The heartless paragraph signed "Nautilus," asking if the "connoisseurs" and the "critics" are still using nice lake canoes, and "stout yet hot," has just row caught my attention, and I hasten to say that I am at present the owner of a canoe various, but first let me ask "Nautilus" if he has ever heard of a broken-hearted mother, who, while mourning the loss of her first-born daughter has consorted herself with a son? She might, perhaps, have been a little more particular in her choice, but she is together within her control send her a son and she wishes the best of him. So with my loved and lost nice lake, I might have preferred a different one, but I have no choice. I am sure I should have had something to do with the non-fulfillment of my desires, and other reasons which I need not publicly enumerate may have contributed to my present state of mind. I am not, however, in a position to lacerate by still tender feelings. Therefore, and I think with justice, do I characterize his note as "heartless." As for the "critic," he has never consulted himself with a successor to his last "adventure," and he has been very much like the "connoisseurs" who is by a second impression of the same type. Something went wrong at a critical moment, and, if it may be allowed the expression, the "critic" has been "cooked." I am not, however, in a position to lacerate the Custom House, although the "Cook" declares solemnly that the professional fees were all duly paid. I trust that "Nautilus" will be able to do better, even if he cannot fully understand them, and permit us to be at least to comfort myself as best I may.

[illegible][illegible]

size of more bulbo depends upon the disposition made of it by the modeller. If the apertions it wisely his boat becomes faster, for the good reason that she has become larger. If the apertions it badly his boat may become slower, but it has enjoyed the use of the bulk of the bulbo. The bulbo is not a good reason for the slowness of the development of a speeder in his boat than his neighbor, who has had to go without it in a smaller boat. The relative success of the two builders rests fundamentally upon the bulk they have developed, and the bulbo is compensated in material only to the extent of making the bulbo a better reason for the slowness in two boats than in one, and not some difference in the shape they have imposed upon it of their own free choice, as, for example, the burlins selected.

AN INDOSEMENT OF VALUE.

WE are in receipt of the following, from the owners of a fleet of twenty fishing schooners, which we value highly as coming from experienced men:

"You have our heartiest approval and congratulation for what you have done and are doing in Forest and Fishery to promote abundance and sensible rights in this country, and we wish you every success. We have a 31 ton schooner that will be overhauled next summer and are thinking of trying the yawl rig on her.

"In the winter sloops are almost useless for our fishing business, and schooners, as they are commonly rigged and modeled, are not much better; so we want to try the yawl to see if a boat so rigged will be able to stay out longer and to work over the grounds more easily in bad weather."

YACHTING NEWS.

MEASUREMENT.—Mean length, however, is received with derision by many in America; and one writer, better than the rest, pronounced it "idiotic." We need not apply any indigestible adjectives to this fraudulent suggestion, as a similar proposal has been made in this country; but, at any rate, there will be no harm in showing that there is no more reason for including the counter in a length measurement than there is the length of bowsprit. Each is used to extend a sail; but the counter, whilst forming a sort of outrigger for the mainsheet, also provides some extra deck room. The idea, however, sometimes prevails that the counter, when the boat is heeled, helps to support the boom, or gives additional power in some way by adding to the stiffness of the boat. It is almost needless to say that a counter could not help to support the boom any more than a life buoy on deck could; and if the counter is made so full and heavy that it becomes immersed as the boat is heeled, and thereby adds to the volume of the "wedge" of immersion, the boat had much better be without the counter at all, as the counter would tend to aggravate the boat's pitching in a sea, throw her out of trim, check her speed, and make her generally unhandy. The fact is, in designing a boat which has a counter, the greatest care is taken to provide against its becoming hampered as the boat heels; and the supposition that "power" can be gained by immersing the counter involves the absurdity that the buoyancy of the boat can be made greater in the heeled position than it is in the upright. This would be an entirely unknown achievement in hydrostatics, and is simply an impossibility. There is not the smallest doubt that it length is to be included in any expression for the rating of boats or yachts in competitive sailing, it should be length on the load water-line, as that length cannot be altered by any conceivable means so as to impart additional power to the boat. For many years length from stem to sternpost in a line with the gunwale was used on Southampton water and other places; but there was no objection to this, as, owing to the upright position and surmount, length so taken was the same as length on the load water-line. Now, however, for the sake of small additional comfort, and for greater convenience in working the sheets, a counter has been introduced on many of the boats in the South; but to put a penalty upon them would be almost as absurd as taxing a man for having a spring mattress in his berth instead of two inches of hair and a deal board.—*London Field.*

THE OTHER SUNDAY evening, down at the village of Greensboro, Md., religious services in the church were greatly disturbed by the persistent pursuit of a coon by a dog in the immediate vicinity. The colored portion of the congregation was greatly excited, and when it became evident by the barking of the dog that the coon was in a tight place there was a general exit from the church, and on the following day one of the colored brethren was smacking his lips over "roast coon and plenty of grabby."

TWO WEEKS AGO 600 partridges were received by Mr. Churchman, Secretary of the Delaware Game Association, at Wilmington, Del. They came from Danville, Va., and will be distributed in lots of twelve, six males and six females, among the Delaware farmers. Another lot of 1,000 arrived subsequently and will be similarly distributed. It will be some years until the bird again becomes numerous in Pennsylvania if like efforts are not made to propagate it.

G. G. GUNTHER'S SONS

Seal-Skin Sacques & Cloaks

Fur-Lined Garments;

Fur Trimmings,

Muffs and Collars.

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NOTICE!

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week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished

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COLORS.—Should the new club of small yachts be formed according to the plan of Commodore Franklin Hughes, laid before the reader this week, how would it do to call it the Corinthian Yacht Club, and adopt for a burgee a blue field with yellow (gold) wreath of laurels, as bestowed upon the victors of the Corinthian games held by the Greeks in ancient times? We have had play enough upon the red, white and blue triangles with stars interjected here and there. A flag with some idea in its composition would seem more appropriate as well as more easily distinguished from the usual run. As it is, most flags of our yacht clubs are meaningless calico patterns—one commonplace borrowed from another—and very confusing in their similarity of plan or shade. There should be some derivation to club colors, conveying a distinctive meaning, a trademark of character, locality or purpose, so to speak, and not the tiresome repetition of variegated patches and bars of three prime colors.

EXHIBITION OF SPORTING ARTICLES.—It is intended soon to hold an exhibition of articles used in sports in London. The show is to include everything appertaining to yachting and sailing. This suggests the advisability of instigating a similar exhibition of yachting appliances here. Could not some club take the matter in hand? A collection of models, drawings, books, miniature craft, all kinds of boats, canoes, prizes, photos, historical records, etc.—grouped together in a hall would be pretty certain to attract a paying number of visitors. The surplus funds obtained might be devoted to the furtherance of the sport in some public way. By this means, if properly managed, the general public might have its interest drawn prominently to the most fascinating, instructive, useful and many of all sports.

NEW SCHOONERS.—Mr. A. Cary Smith is busy getting out the lines for two new schooners, besides half a dozen other yachts. The demand for designs exceeds anything yet known and promises lots of new boats, besides proving that capable men are beginning to be appreciated in their true worth, and that the days of gaudy boats are passing away. One schooner is for light summer work and, therefore, only 1½ ft. draft on 35 ft. water-line and 23½ ft. beam. She has 5 ft. 2 in. freeboard. The other is for a cruising cruiser and is 9 ft. water-line, 19 ft. 5 in. beam, 10 ft. 5 in. draft with 3 ft. 5 in. freeboard. She is to cruise to the West Indies in winter. All the latest wrinkles will be combined in these yachts.

VISITING CUTTERS.—The London Land and Water is in doubt about our custom house practices concerning cutters shipped out for racing here. We can assure our comemporary that any boats sent out by steamer will be entered here free of duty. The Treasury has decided that yachts imported for racing and not to be sold in our waters will not be classed as "wood manufacturers," subject to a duty of 25 per cent. The Midge was detained only to await a formal deci-

sion of this kind, as no dent existed upon which the local collector could act. The decision will hold in future cases of the kind, bringing on our cutters.

STEPHENS' CANOE.—Mr. Stephens has removed from Rahway to a more convenient point at West Brighton, Staten Island, where he has secured ample shops and will devote attention to building small yachts as well as canoes and boats. We may add that Mr. Stephens knows what a ship's draft means and can design yachts with understanding, while his work is well known as the best. To get to his shops take North Shore Staten Island ferry from the Battery to third landing, including the stoppage at Sunnyside Harbor. Post office address: P. O. box 662, West Brighton, S. I.

NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.—The following officers have been elected for 1892: Commodore, C. Bowyer Vaux; Vice Commodore, Chas. P. Oudin; Secretary and Treasurer, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.; Executive Committee, William Whitlock and C. J. Norton; Regatta Committee, C. K. Monroe, F. B. Ward, W. M. Cook, Fred Reid and W. P. Stephens; House Committee, Dr. E. D. Bronson and Wm. Whitlock.

WREN.—Mr. C. G. Y. King, well known as one of the leading cronels of the Clyde and as a writer over the cognomen of "Wren" has arrived in this city and may remain with us permanently. It is that case his Clyde canoe will be shipped to him and a welcome addition made to our fleet, bringing about very interesting trials between the most advanced style of Clyde canoe and our native productions.

FIVE-TONNER.—We learn that it is contemplated to buy one of the narrowest two-tonners of record, English build and import her to this city for experimental purposes. Also that a shaver of half-a-ton like the Dodge will likely grace our waters next year and disgust the rowers in a blow.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.—The Atlantic Yacht Club have finished their new anchorage basin at Bay Ridge. The club's new steam launch Atlantic is about finished, and next season will run daily between the club house at Bay Ridge and the dock of the Sea Beach Coney Island passenger boats, near by.

NEW NONPARRELS.—Mr. Clapham, of Roslyn, L. I., is getting out the frames for two 66 ft. nonparels. He has also just shipped one of 23 ft. to France to race with the shifting ballast boats. She has a 29 ft. mast, 5 in. at partners and a 50 ft. boom.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB.—Commodore Asbury has returned his thanks to the club for the friendly attentions bestowed during his recent visit to the California coast.

ABBEY & IMBRIE'S

"Highest Quality"

Spring Steel English Hand-Made FISHHOOKS.

10-0	9-0	8-0	7-0	6-0	5-0	4-0	3-0	2-0	1-0	1/2	1	2	3	4	5	6	7 &c.	PER 100.
		2.36	2.13	2.37	1.80	1.63	1.51	1.36	1.22	1.22	1.05	.98	.86	.56	.56	.56	.56	
		3.50	3.50	2.58	2.45	2.23	2.09	1.87	1.66	1.44	1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30	
6.50	5.50	4.50	4.01															
	5.90	4.90	5.50															
				1.33	1.26	1.11	1.03	.97	.90	.86	.86	.86	.82	.82	.82	.82	.82	
		2.16	1.87	1.65	1.44	1.33	1.18	1.08		1.00	1.00	.96	.96	.96	.96	.96	.96	
		2.16	1.87	1.65	1.44	1.33	1.18	1.08		1.00	1.00	.96	.96	.96	.96	.96	.96	
						1.15	.97	.90	.79	.75	.75	.72	.72	.72	.72	.72	.72	

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Wanted.

WANTED, second-hand D. B. L. gun, 10 or 12x box; Damascus; close, hard shooter; proven; cheap for cash. Address F. O. box 136, Findley's Lake, N. Y. Dec29,91

WANTED on Chesapeake Bay shore, or some river near, a small house for a shooting box with from ten to fifty acres of ground. Send description and cash price to P. O. Box 1,925, Phila. Jan5,92

WANTED—A young man as salesman, who is acquainted with the fishing tackle business. Must be active and intelligent and willing to begin at moderate salary. Address FISHING TACKLE, FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE, Jan5,92

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WANTED—A number of Live Prairie Chickens (pinnated grouse) for stocking a preserve. Must be delivered safely boxed, in coops of twenty birds each, at a railroad station, with food and water to carry them to this city. Address, stating price per hundred and all other particulars, S. C. C., this office. Dec24,91

For Sale.—A fine country residence, about 30 miles from New York; 45 acres improved land. Partridge, quail, rabbit and duck shooting; also good fishing for bass and pickerel. For particulars address N. E. J., at this office. Dec25,91

For Sale.—A beautifully located country residence, 10 miles from New York. Pure air, fine views; plenty of fruit. Apply to T. B. C. this office. Nov24,91

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THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SPORTSMEN, AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A WHOLESOME INTEREST IN

OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

The conductors of the *FOREST AND STREAM* point with much pride and satisfaction to the past and the present of the paper, and pledge their readers that the same high standard of excellence will be maintained in the future. The *FOREST AND STREAM* will preserve the reputation it has earned for being:

I.—ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The "Sportsman Tourist," "Game Bag and Gun," and "Sea and River Fishing" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc., etc.

"Natural History" will be so conducted as to stimulate habits of observation and study. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and ichthyology; Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarrow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"Fishculture," edited by a practical and well-known pisciculturist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "Kennel" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "Rifle and Trap Shooting" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "Yachting and Canoeing" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

II.—HIGH IN TONE.

The tone of the *FOREST AND STREAM* is exceptionally high. It is edited for men of healthy minds in healthy bodies. Its reading and advertising columns will be clean. Its pages will sparkle like the mountain stream in the sunlight, and its contents will be redolent of the exhilarating fragrance of the forest. Primarily intended for gentlemen, it is also a paper for the family circle, and one which the entire family, old and young, read with pleasure and profit. The best guarantee of its thoroughly high character is afforded by a reference to a list of those who write for it.

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE FOREST AND STREAM.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Its editors aim to make the *FOREST AND STREAM* a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

We beg to suggest to the friends of the *FOREST AND STREAM* that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

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II.—ADAPTED TO THE TASTES OF ALL.

Among the hundreds of correspondents of the *FOREST AND STREAM* are Business Men, Lawyers, Physicians, Clergymen, Army and Navy Officers, Naturalists, Pioneers, Trappers, Prospectors, College Professors, Tourists, Civil Engineers, Artists, Editors of other papers; young men who have not yet struck out for themselves, and old men who have retired; in short, members of every trade, profession, and occupation.

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IV.—INDEPENDENT.

The position of influence now occupied by the *FOREST AND STREAM* imposes upon the paper responsibilities which it has no wish to shirk. The organ of no clique, it will be perfectly free to criticize everything inimical to the interests of the highest and manliest sportsmanship. Its attitude on all important questions within its field is well understood. For the benefit of advertisers and readers alike, it will also, as in the past, expose and denounce all dangerous frauds. Advertisements of doubtful character will not be admitted to its columns on any terms.

V.—COURTEOUS.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* will have no room in its columns for personalities and bickerings. Its editors have neither taste nor time for "mud throwing." They do not share the opinion, held by some other journals, that blackguards and indecencies are essential characteristics of a sportsman's paper. Readers who want that sort of thing must look for it somewhere else than in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. *Verbum sap.*

VI.—BROAD IN SYMPATHY.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* will ask for, and strive to win, the continued support of readers in every part of the country. It never has been narrow in spirit; nor has it ever held itself up as the organ of any one "section." The paper is, and will be, *American*, in the broadest, highest and best meaning of that term. Every State, Territory and Province on the Continent, with many foreign countries beyond, are represented in our list of contributors and subscribers. The very wide geographical distribution of the friends and correspondents of the *FOREST AND STREAM* is a sufficient guarantee of the variety and excellence of its contents.

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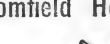
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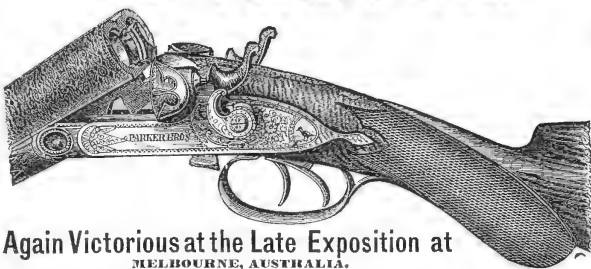
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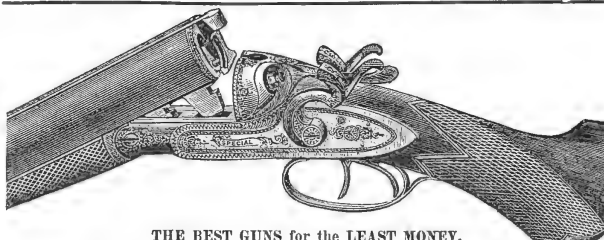
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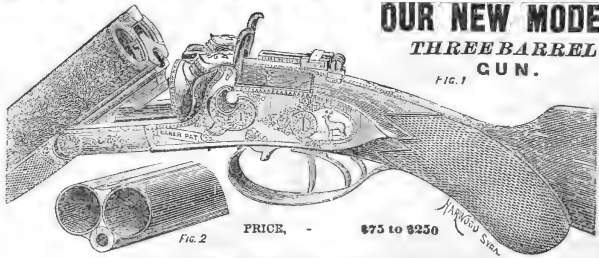


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{ Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions.

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Address: Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, January 12.

BOSTON BENCH SHOW.—The energetic sportsmen of the Massachusetts Kennel Club have decided to hold a bench show at Boston next May, commencing on Tuesday the 9th and continuing four days. Well knowing that the gentlemen who have the matter in charge will be content with nothing short of a first-class show—with all that this implies—we heartily congratulate the sportsmen of the country upon this opportunity to see and compare the most prominent dogs from all sections, as well as many new aspirants for fame and for the privilege of enjoying the generous hospitality of the whole-souled sportsmen of the old Bay State.

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH.—No new steps have been taken in the matter of the visit of a band of American National Guardsmen to Wimbledon in July next. On this side the water there is a willingness to have the match, but there is a desire to wait until the conditions under which the Englishmen would like to have the match fought have been received and examined. The Eastern States are coming forward with promises of assistance in the way of men and money, and if a proper care is taken in pushing the matter of the match, there is no doubt but that the visit will be made and an interesting contest ensue.

BOUNTY FOR SPARROWS.

FOLLOWING closely upon the recommendations of the report, which we noticed a week or two since, of the injury done to the agriculturist by the English sparrow in Australia, comes the news that the government has offered a bounty for these birds. A premium of sixpence a dozen for the heads, and of 2s. 6d. per hundred for the eggs, ought to have some effect in reducing their numbers, and thus relieving the farmers of the burden with which they are now saddled. The testimony printed in the article above referred to gave a very alarming idea of the amount of damage that these wretched birds may do, but it is to be hoped that they may never so increase in this country as they have in the Australian colonies. Traps, nets and poison seem ineffectual to check their increase or their depredations, and to destroy them in any large quantities by shooting is scarcely practicable. Here, in North America, they have severe winters to contend against, which, of course, check, to some extent their increase, and the severe cold undoubtedly kills more or less of them every season. The small hawks and the shrikes, which are the natural enemies of the sparrow, kill a few, and would do good service if they were encouraged during the winter months. The sparrow-hawk and the sharp-shin and the mottled owl are too small to do any serious injury to our game birds, while the shrike, although sometimes killing our smaller song birds, is in reality one of the farmer's best friends. Its food, and the same may be said of the sparrow-hawk and the screech-owl, consists very largely of insects injurious to vegetation, and of field mice.

We certainly have no pity for the sickly sentimentality which expresses sympathy with the sparrow grasped in the strong claws of these birds. As well shed tears over the capture of the rat that is taken in the trap set in your corn crib. Sparrows are vermin just as rats and mice are, and should be destroyed whenever it is possible. It is to be hoped that the energetic measures put forth by the Australian government may succeed in ridding this flourishing colony of the plague of sparrows, and although we can imagine that the bounties paid out on this account will at first be heavy, we cannot doubt that they will prove to have been well expended.

THE MENHADEN QUESTION.

A LITTLE fish is the menhaden, and its importance is not at all commensurate with its size. It is, indeed, one of our most valuable coast fishes. It not only gives employment to thousands of men and fleets of steam and sail vessels, in the oil and fertilizer interest, but indirectly it is one of the greatest sources of fish food, as it feeds many of our best fishes. It has also entered into politics in the State of New Jersey, where the fishermen near the coast favor a law prohibiting the capture of the menhaden by steam vessels, on the plea that the fishes which formerly fed upon them are forsaking the New Jersey shores on account of the present scarcity of this favorite food, which has been nearly destroyed by the purse-nets.

There exists also a Menhaden Association, which is composed of the owners of steamers and other vessels engaged in the capture of the fish, and the proprietors of the "factories," as the oil works are termed. This society meets yearly in New York city, usually in the month of February, and discusses questions of interest to the business and often listens to essays from men of science. This society is also troubled about the decrease of the menhaden, and at the coming meeting will probably consider plans of remedy.

We would respectfully call their attention to the following facts: The capture of the menhaden, for manure only, begins with the appearance of the first fish in the bays of Long Island and elsewhere. The fish then contain little or no oil, and would not yield enough to pay for their capture; but they are carted off and plowed under the soil for manure. This continues all through the spawning season, and, in fact, as long as the fish remain upon our coast. Any fishculturist could preach a sermon with this for a text. Any farmer could tell what the result would be to his poultry yard if he killed every fowl on sight, all the season. The Menhaden Society know this as well as either the fishculturist or the

farmer. But the society is composed of individuals; each individual says to himself: "If I don't catch the fish some one else will, although I know it to be destructive to my interest."

What is the remedy? Let the Association obtain concurrent legislation in all the States, on the coasts of which the menhaden are captured, forbidding the taking of the fish for any purpose whatever before the middle of July or the first of August. Then will the fish fulfill their destiny in increasing their species, and consequently their numbers; and waxing fat, they will furnish food for our valuable fishes and also oil in increased quantities for the factories. Such a law, and this only, will restore the menhaden to its former abundance and remove all complaints against the use of the purse-net.

THE INVASION OF THE GERMAN CARP.

THE introduction of the carp from Germany has been a fruitful topic for the past two years, and it promises to be more so in the next two years. There are several reasons for this. The fish grow fast and they are new. The same may be said of the rainbow trout of California; and yet they have not made the stir that the carp have; and those persons who only look at the surface of things suppose that the reason lies in the fact that the carp is a fish for the farmer to grow in his duck-pond, while the trout is a fancy fish for the epicure, and demands a spring brook.

The fact that the carp is a monarchial emissary in disguise is not perceived.

We now publicly throw off the mask from the disguise, and will show how this foreign-born fish threatens the liberty and permanency of American institutions, and how if this fish is not immediately expelled from our land our Republic is in danger. The object of the introduction of the German carp is to furnish cheap food for the coming swarm of Chinamen who are spawned along the coast of Asia and, having almost rendered California uninhabitable, are now preparing to overrun the Middle and Eastern States. It is well-known that the carp can be cheaply grown in great quantities in water that is now useless, and which will support nothing else. Carp can be grown on a large scale (no levity intended) at two cents a pound. The Chinese bred the carp, it is alleged, before the Germans did. A Chinaman can live on carp and rice and work for so near nothing, that a low grade of decimal approaching the infinitesimal, will represent his day's wages. It is most significant that this introduction of carp did not take place until some years after the abolition of slavery in the United States. It is also worthy of note that the carp thrives best in the most Southern States where labor has formerly been cheap. But the carp can be cultivated very cheaply even in Vermont, and will furnish a cheap food to a frugal Chinaman in every State.

At first the introduction of this fish was regarded by all as a great boon; and enthusiastic fishculturists, who saw no ulterior object in its introduction, regarded it as of great economic value to our people in the way of cheap food, and we must admit that we thought the same, so carefully was the Chinese project covered up. This imported imperialism may drive our native cars from their bayous and the catfish from the sloughs by quietly devouring the vegetation on which these native species indirectly depend. Every true American must feel his blood tingle at the thought. True, the gars are worthless, but they are American. Certainly the gross catfish are eaten in all their oleaginous rankness by the native American of African descent and are despised by the epicure, yet they were hatched beneath the banner of freedom and should not be crowded from the enjoyments of life by a fresh importation, even though that imported fish comes under the disguise of an edible fish which has the merit of cheapness.

We will admit that this view of the subject is new even to ourselves, and came as a sort of inspiration when we learned that the United States Fish Commission had proposed to invade the Trans-Mississippi with the carp; and that Colonel McDonald left Washington on the night of January 3 with a car-load of them, and that thousands more are to follow by express to stock one thousand ponds and lakes in the great interior of the continent the fertile fields of which are destined to support a dense population. It then flashed upon

us that this was but a preparatory step to a flood of Chinese cheap labor, and that it was a step which threatened the very existence of our people by making food so cheap that the Mongol would set up a "washee" on every quarter section.

Oh, for the lungs of a stump orator to exclaim in stentorian tones over the land where the buffalo now grazes in quietude and the wolf howls in solitude "Beware the introduction of this cheap food which is but a prelude to an invasion by a cheaper people!"

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER has reached the green old age of sixty years, having entered upon its sixtieth volume last week. It carries its years with dignity and strength; and to-day is the most able journal of its kind in the world. The Irenaeus Letter in the current number recounts some interesting facts in the history of the paper. "Very few are now living who subscribed for the *Observer* in 1823. Many who as children read it then, are its constant readers. A few of the original subscribers survive. Four families are now residing in 37th street, in this city, to whom the paper has been going in the same name from its first number. Rev. Calvin Yale paid his sixtieth subscription last week, and, more remarkable still, he began with the *Boston Recorder*, six years before the *Observer* was begun. Mr. Cunningham, now our Superintendent of printing, was a boy in the office in 1829, and he has been in it ever since. He remembers the first line he set up at the desk." The life of a good paper is not measured by the span which limits the career of the men who make it. Men may come, and men may go, but the paper goes on forever. The *Observer* has the wisdom and experience of old age; it has also the vigor of young blood; and time will be when these sixty years will be accounted its youth.

PSEUDONYMS IN NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—The point advanced some time ago in our natural history columns by Dr. Merriam, and again referred to this week by Dr. Fisher, is, undoubtedly, well taken, and deserves the serious consideration of our contributors. The value of any published note on natural history depends on its authenticity, and this cannot be determined unless the name of the author is given. We must much prefer to have all our contributors on this subject sign their articles with their full names, for there are numerous observations recorded each year in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* which are of great value, and might prove of much importance to naturalists, were it possible for them to learn more of the topics recorded and the individual by whom the record is made. The matter, of course, is one which each writer must decide for himself, but in the interests of science we hope to see the plan advocated by Drs. Merriam and Fisher, generally adopted by our natural history contributors. There is no reason why articles outside of this special department should not be signed by pseudonyms, and we have no desire that any change in the manner of signing should be made.

BARON ERNEST LAGRANGE, of France, well known to readers of our *Paris* contemporary *La Chasse Illustrée*, and a prominent sportsman in his country, has come to America for a two-years' stay, to visit some of the famous game grounds of this country, of which he has heard so much. Accompanied by J. C. Gregory, Esq., Naval Agent at Quebec, Canada, Baron Lagrange called at this office last week on his way to Florida. They propose going into the Kissimmee game country, the charms of which we may believe will, in due time, be eloquently described in *La Chasse*.

PITTSBURGH BENCH SHOW.—Mr. Edward Gregg, the President of the Pennsylvania Poultry Society, under whose auspices the coming bench show at Pittsburgh will be held, writes us that the prospects for a large show are very flattering. They have already received many applications from prominent sportsmen for a place in the hall for their dogs. Mr. Charles Lincoln is there, and the premium list and entry blanks will soon be ready and may be had by addressing the Secretary, Mr. C. B. Elben.

NEW YORK BENCH SHOW.—The Westminster Kennel Club will hold their sixth annual bench show in April. The date will be determined at a meeting of the club this week. Full particulars will be found in our next issue.

FLORIDA.—Dr. C. J. Kenworthy's "Climatology of Florida," contains just the information that very many people are seeking now. It may be had from the author, whose residence is at Jacksonville, Fla.

KILL THE OWLS; kill the hawks; kill the foxes; kill the skunks; kill the red squirrels. Remember that this destruction of vermin means something toward the preservation of the game supply.

MUZZLE-LOADING RIFLES are discussed in our game columns to-day. Mr. Van Dyke will find many to agree with him as to the muzzle-loader's accuracy at short range.

THE FLORIDA CATTLE GROWERS.—Can any of the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* furnish information about the life of the stock growers of South Florida?

SECRETARIES OF GAME ASSOCIATIONS will confer a favor by notifying us of the coming meetings of their societies.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE FORESTS OF YUCATAN—II.

THE glassy surface of the "aguada," soon after dawn, reflected the rosy hues of the sky, and the sun crept slowly up, dissipating the coolness of the night, and before seven it was very hot. The sand-dust came out and clenched us, while the birds commenced their cries. I dressed and went out. Coffee was ready and cigarettes; and after taking breakfast we were ready to start for the coast. We were to have started "muy temprano"—very early—but the sun climbed higher and higher and still the horses were munching their corn and my friend still unprepared. It is always "mañana—to-morrow—in this country; "mañana temprano"—early to-morrow; but is ever "mañana" and never "temprano." The people lose the best hours of morning and work in the heat of the day.

Across the "aguada" there was a strange bird called the "marinero" or sailor—that uttered a succession of harsh cries for hours. The wood was full of birds of certain species, such as orioles, flycatchers, blackbirds, doves, and a host of others. I shot a very beautiful trogon with a yellow breast, and parrots were crying out all the time. "Temprano" meant ten o'clock, when the sun nearly blistered our backs, yet even then Alonzo wanted to know if I would not like to wait till later.

The trees that composed the wood we first entered, many of them, supported great nests of the white ants, which looked at a little distance like black bears. We passed through a broad area covered with wild "heneceno"—sisal hemp—showing where the plants come from whence the plantations are stocked. Near some lovely "aguadas" was a new "rancho" with a nice-looking girl preparing tortillas, and some hundred rods beyond I saw an Indian mound of shells. An hour later I saw a man-of-war bird (*taquipes aquila*) and felt that, from this sign, the sea could not be far off; nor was I mistaken, for we soon struck a sandy plain with small salt ponds and espied the great lagoon that connects with the sea.

Mangroves and stunted trees had been features of the landscape thus far, but a mound of green cocoa palms now rose up and relieved the monotony. This was the "cerro"—or hill—we were looking for, a shell-heap made by the ancient Indians, covered and surrounded with a few hundred coco palms. Here were two small thatched and wattle-dwells, dilapidated and dirty, within which were two Indian women cooking some fish. They had but little corn and nothing else but fish, but they brought a great fish called "lisa," which had been broiled on the coals in its own fat, and this was delicious. It was, as it lay split open, nearly two inches thick, and we ate and relished exceedingly great slabs of it. These women had never seen a spoon, knife or fork, and as we had none with us, we used our fingers and tortillas, each one taking his turn at the fish and gravy. Fortunately, we had hundreds of coco nuts at hand, and were not obliged to drink the nasty coffee they boiled for us, but had, instead, the refreshing water of the cocos. A man came along as we finished our cigarettes and we engaged him to take us in his boat to a point up the lagoon where there were, according to him "muchos" manatees. The "cerro" is at a point where the lagoon meets the sea, called "Boca de Gilem" and "Punta Arenas"—or point of sand. There are here long sand-bars and shoals, and naturally the fish congregate here by millions and the sea birds by thousands. A wall of mangroves comes down to the border of the lagoon, and beyond the sand point is the open ocean. Flocks of pelicans, sea gulls, terns, cormorants, "peeps," plover, snipe, herons, egrets and spoonbills were lying, wading and swimming in and above the water. Here it is said the flamingoes come by hundreds on the bar, about a gunshot from the lagoon among the palms; but they were not there then, they would come that night or "mañana." The man poled the boat up the lagoon, disturbing hundreds of snipe and sandpipers, to a point where the stream narrowed and where the mangroves came down to the water's edge forming solid green walls with the placid water between them. These trees were dotted with white herons and cormorants, and at a place where there was a spring—a spring of fresh water—bubbling up in this salt water lagoon—we put up a hundred ducks and two dozen spoonbills—"platales ejajaj"—which were roosting on the trees.

Having shot some of these birds we tried to land, but the mud was so soft and we sank so deep that it was impossible, and we had to leave them there. Leaving the main channel we entered a narrow water lane, where many egrets and night herons, with broad boat-bills, flapped across our bows. The mangroves were in bloom, the small concealed flower being hardly perceptible. At last we reached the point where the flamingoes ought to have been, but where they were not, a broad mud flat, where they always have fed till to-day. Disappointed, we turned the boat about, after causing it to be pushed over the mud as far as possible, and returned.

The sun was down then and the water smoother, and all the little water birds and the greater ibis and herons were going to roost, some on the sand bars, others on the trees. Our dinner, when we reached the hut, was the same as our breakfast—a large broiled fish laid out on a palmetto fan—which we ate by the light of an attenuated candle stuck near by on a "matate" table. The interior of the hut was black with smoke, dried fish were stuck up all about, nets and other paraphernalia of a fisher's hut hung in the corners, and one end was filled by a great pile of coconuts. Into the six hammocks, hung side by side in the centre, ten people stowed themselves as night came on, though Alonzo and I, in virtue of our silver, had a single one each. I slept uneasily because they told me the flamingoes would come in the night and we must get up at moonrise and hunt them. Insects of some kind—I could not tell what nor how many, save that I knew they were numerous and they were crawling over me all night. The hammock next me was occupied by an old woman with two babies, and she, with the men and boys on either side, was smoking and spitting all night. It was very dark, and the wind was howling through the spaces of the hut all through those weary hours,

* Perhaps the reader may recall the accounts given of the wonderful fresh waters in the Atlatzli of St. Augustine, on the Florida coast, known forty years ago. "On the northern coast of Yucatan," says Humboldt, "at the mouth of the Rio Lagartos, four metres from the shore, springs of fresh water gush out, and mix with the salt water. It is probable that from some underground hydraulic pressure the fresh water, after bursting through the banks of calcareous rocks between the Atlatzli and the sea, rises above the level of the salt water." Florida and Yucatan are of similar geological formation, hence to have been these springs on the coast of both peninsulas.

and in the morning there was a perfect "norther" and the long leaves of the cocoa palms were lashing their winks in fury. At sunset the Indians told us the flamingoes would come at midnight, then at dawn, and when daylight came they were on an island two leagues off, and would appear "mañana." When I heard this last I knew the case was hopeless, and prepared to depart. The only sight of flamingoes we obtained was early in the morning, when two long lines flapped over the water far at sea, distinguishable miles away from their bright color. Forty years ago Mr. Stephens and Dr. Cabot had similar fortune to mine in this same locality, having been lured here from the port of Yucatan by the stories told them of the abundance of ibis and flamingoes, and having returned empty-handed. Then, as now, Punta Arenas was simply a station for fishermen, and had but a single hut. I perfectly agree with the distinguished traveler that, "for mere sporting, such a ground is not often seen, and the idea of a shooting lodge, or rather hut, on the shores of Punta Arenas for a few months in the season presented itself almost as attractively as that of exploring ruined cities."

COZUMEL AND THE ISLA MUGERES.

Stephens was then on his way back from an extended exploration of the ruins of the island of Cozumel, and the east coast of Yucatan, and perhaps, as this is the point we shall reach in that direction, it will be well to interpolate a short description of that portion of Yucatan. The first point at which the Spaniards under Cordova landed upon the then unknown kingdom of Mexico was at its northeastern extremity, now called Cape Catoche. An Indian chief invited them ashore, saying "Con-Escotech," which signifies come to our town, and it was from this that he gave it the name of Punta de Cotoche. It was determined by us to accept the invitation, says the old chronicler, observing the proper precaution of going all in a body, and by one embarkation, as we received the shore to be lined with Indians." They were attacked by these, the first acquaintances of the new country, and fifteen of the company wounded. "These warriors were armed with thick coats of cotton, and carried besides their bows and arrows, lances, shields and slings; they also wore ornaments of feathers on their heads."

Near the place of this ambushade were the buildings of lime and stone, wherein were idols of clay, with distasteful countenances, and several wooden chests, which contained similar idols but smaller; some vessels, three diadems, and some imitations of birds and fishes in alloyed gold. The buildings of lime and stone, and the gold, gave us a high idea of the country we had discovered. On our return to the shore we had the satisfaction to find, that while we were on the island, the Spanish General, who had taken care of the chests and their contents, which he had, with the assistance of two Indians of Cuba, brought off safely to our ships. Having re-embarked, we proceeded as before, onward to the westward." The island of Cozumel was discovered the next year, 1518, on the voyage of Grijalva, and for it Cortez set sail in 1516. "There was," says Bernal Diaz, "on the island of Cozumel a temple, and some hideous idols, to which all the Indians of the neighboring districts used to go frequently in solemn procession." These idols were of wood, and the Indians, with the aid of the crucifix in their place, which the Indians finally consented to accept. Here they heard of two Spaniards, finally captured among the Indians, one of whom they rescued, and who proved of great service afterward as an interpreter. North of the great island of Cozumel is Isla Mujeres, about six miles from the coast, five or six miles in length by half a mile wide. Here some of the sailors of Cortez were on shore, and found in the town, besides the temple, four idols of which represented human female figures of large size, for which reason we named this place *Puntas de las Mujeres*. They thought the island a cape, or point, and called it *Point of the Females*. What Stephens in 1842 did for Isla Mujeres and Cozumel, in a superficial manner, the learned archaeologist, Dr. Le Plongeon, has also done more thoroughly and satisfactorily. In a communication to Stephen Salisbury, Jr., of Worcester, in 1878, he gives a complete survey (the first) of the Isla Mujeres, and describes the ancient buildings, the shrine, or altar, formerly containing the *loa*, spoken of by Bernal Diaz, and the "altar." A valuable discovery by the Doctor was made there of a terra cotta female figure, which formed the front of a "brasero," or incense burner. It was of excellent workmanship, and valuable, not only from this fact, but owing to the extreme rarity of works of ceramic art in and near the peninsula of Yucatan. The Doctor's description of Mujeres is so delightful that I cannot resist quoting it, especially as the book in which it is embodied is not accessible to the general reader. "The village of Dolores is built on the beach of the pretty little bay, where the fleet of fishing snappers from Havana, as the pilots of old, find a sure shelter from the violence of the stormy northerly that dash the waves against the iron-bound shores of the eastern side of the inlet, producing a terrific and deafening noise. The houses are snugly encoined in a thick grove of cocoa trees, whose evergreen foliage shields them from the scorching rays of the tropical sun. Three streets run north and south. The principal street, the middle one, half a mile in length, crosses the bay at deep sand, and leads, leads in a straight line to the necropolis. The dwellings, though with very few exceptions, are mere thatched huts. The walls are composed of palisades of trunks of palmetto trees. They are stacked inside and out and then whitewashed. Among the five hundred houses of which the village is composed, a dozen may have their walls of stone and mortar, but all are covered with the leaves of the palmetto trees. Each hut is separated from the next by a courtyard. In some the owners, with great patience and labor, try to cultivate in the sandy soil a few rose bushes and other flowering shrubs of sickly appearance, of which they are very proud. The interior of the houses is the same for the rich as for the poor, consisting of a large single room, which serves during the day as parlor and reception room. It is converted at night into a common sleeping apartment by hanging hammocks from the rafters which support the roof. Oftentimes an old sail, hung across the room, divides it into two apartments, and serves in lieu of a curtain. The articles of furniture are few and old fashioned—some wooden chairs and tables, supported on reed stools to isolate them from the damp floors of the *patina* (Maya for concrete) and the stone of the *loa* family, containing the wooden statuette of the patron saint of the place, before which is constantly burning a small lamp. A coarse hammock or two, together with fishing nets, oars,

* See "Proceedings of the Ann. Riccio Antiquarian Society, for 1878, article entitled "Terra Cotta Figure from Isla Mujeres."

masts, sails, and divers other tackle, complete the list, not forgetting a few cheap colored lithographs of the Virgin Mary, and some saint or other.

"The inhabitants, as a general thing, a fine set of people. The men, mostly of Indian race, speaking among themselves the Maya language, are sinewy and athletic. The women, of medium height, are handsome, graceful, not over shy and rather slovenly."

He carefully surveyed the ruins and made photographs of the "temple," which shows that it has suffered from the hand of time since the visit of Stephens. He, however, locates it at the south end of the island, while Stephens erroneously places it at the north. The building is twenty-eight feet long and fifteen deep, of stone. The interior is divided into two corridors, the ceiling has the triangular arch, and according to both Le Plongeon and Stephens, it gives evidence of being the work of the builders of the main land. Portions of the structure have been used for building purposes, but to-day, says the doctor, the people obtain stone from a large ruined city on the main land opposite Mugerres, where they go with fear and trembling, lest they should meet with Indians from Tulun and be made prisoners.

"A very happy confirmation of the statement of Diaz that these people burned incense was made here. "Desiring to varnish the negatives, in order to carry them safely home, I put some live coals in the bottom of the incense burner, and entered the shrine to be protected from the wind, which a slight vapor arose from among the coals, and a sweet, delicious perfume filled again the antique shrine as in the days of its splendor, when the devotees and pilgrims from afar used to make their offerings and burn the mixture, carefully prepared, of styrax, copal, and other aromatic resins on the altar of the goddess." The northern and eastern shores, especially the latter, are dotted with ruins, a cordon of ruined villages, cities, temples and palaces is drawn along the coast. None more interesting has been described than the City of Tulum, which Stephens identifies, with much show of reason in his support, with the great cities of lime and stone seen by the first Spanish visitors. Here he found a grand "castle" and extensive buildings, some with roofs of beams still supporting a crust of mortar. Buried in a dense forest he found sculpture. Limestone, altars, watch-towers, paintings, stucco work and a beautiful style of architecture.

The whole northeastern portion of Yucatan is a wilderness, a section of country that was once teeming with people and all of populous cities. It is the most unknown, and it is today not impossible to suppose that the people of this secluded region may exist, unknown to white men, a living, aboriginal city, occupied by relics of the original race, who still worship in the temples of their fathers."

From this long detour to the north, let us return once more to Puntas Arenas, where I left my friend Alonzo ready to renew the search for flamingoes. He was determined to find some and to put me within gunshot of them; even if we had to go to the Rio Lagartas, fifteen leagues away, for he had promised the Consul he would. But I was determined to leave for Gijlan and civilization, as by another day's delay I might miss the steamer down the coast and be hindered another week in this journey. Mexico, finding me so obdurate, he yielded graciously, and to his already numerous favors added the crowning one that I should take his horse to ride, while he returned to the rancho. Then he embraced me and patted me on the back, commended me to the old Indian who had been our guide, and started on his walk of three leagues to the rancho, while I turned his horse's head westward and we parted to meet no more. My guide, a withered and wrinkled old man, mounted astride a little stallion between his hands, and, after leaning down by the horse's neck, led the way. I thought my misfortune ended, but this was an ill-starred trip, for we had not been ten minutes on the trail before my horse got stuck in soft mud of the shore and rearing up fell over on me, pinning one leg in the soft ooze. How I escaped from the wildly floundering animal is something I do not understand to this day, but I remember scrambling over the mud like a crab, on hands and knees, and afterward picking up cartridges, silver and a broken watch chain, while my guide captured the horse.

After being scraped, I again mounted, experiencing much trouble about this, for the horse, made fearful by the fall, snorted and fell to trembling at every soft place in the sand. At the frequent sloughs I was obliged to dismount and pound the horse with the branch of a tree from behind, while the old Indian dragged him ahead from in front. There were two long leagues of this kind of traveling and we were much rejoiced when some straggling huts announced the approach to the seaport of Gijlan. A large portion of the way was through a mangrove forest, where I had good opportunities for studying the peculiarities of shooting how it sent out and down its aerial shoots for a foothold in the water and at the border of the sea, and the entire absence of such shoots and lateral supports back a little distance on firm land. At the Puerta—a collection of thatched houses and a half-completed church—we sought for breakfast, and seeing a nice-looking girl in a doorway I asked if we could get it there. She said, yes, and gave me some tortillas and frijoles, but the table was guiltless of plate, knife or spoon, though it was clean. After breakfast I reclined in a hammock in an inner room, while the young girl swung a mosquito net a few feet distant, with a plump babe of a year or so. She was hardly fourteen, large and finely formed, with lovely oval face and large dark eyes. She looked so young and childlike, despite her maturity and maternity, that I could hardly believe her the mother of such a bouncing child, and asked if it were really hers. "Si, señor," she answered, slowly raising the lashes from her beautiful eyes. "es mio"—It is mine—and, she added with a charming frankness that astonished me, and young coo, I had interrupted saying something nice, in compliment, before I got this answer, but such an excess of politeness as an offer of joint paternity in a child I had never seen before that hour, fairly overwhelmed me, and I silently withdrew, settled my bill, mounted and rode away. The two leagues between the port and Gijlan were more soon gone over, and I slept that night in the "casa" of Don Juan "el viejo"—of Mr. John, the old man. "Manayana temprano," was the order I gave my Indian for the morrow, and for a wonder he appeared at daylight. We were delayed for about half an hour by the "casa" of Don Juan, the younger, who, while I sipped the drink and ate my "pan dulce," or sweet bread, timed for me on the guitar.

I rained at intervals as we rode toward Tixmar, for the air was pure and sweet with the odors of flowers, and the many birds in the thickets enlivened our journey, so that we arrived at our destination without fatigue. I was in season to go the rounds with the doctor among his patients of the village, and was pleased to find that he had lost but three

during my absence, and had only two in a critical condition. One man, who had been expected to die of a protracted drunk, the Doctor had physicked in vain, and this morning he had mixed up some powerful calomel pills, quietly remarking, "If these don't do the business that Indian will hand in his clucks before noon." They did not kill him, and my friend thereby added another laurel to his wreath and had another convalescent to extend his fame as a *medico*. I could not help reciting those classic lines of the poet:

They prepared some pills of hydragrum
And their patient traveled to Yucatan come.

The last day of my stay the Doctor naturalist arranged for a grand "poo" or turkey hunt, and early in the morning, after giving his patients some quieting medicines, we galloped out to a rancho, ten leagues distant. It was almost entirely abandoned, being solely in charge of Indians. The mayord or head man had on, like all the rest, simply a breech-cloth, hat and sandals, and carried a machete or great knife. His skin was hard, brown and polished. These poor people had nothing to eat except roots from the woods and what they could kill. The corn crop of this year had failed, and the population of Eastern Yucatan were subsisting on roots, small game, lizards and snakes. Speculators had got control of American corn, though every steamer was bringing vast quantities to Progreso, and many people were starving in consequence. We wait an hour under a big *ceibo* tree—a silk cotton—while an Indian knocks down some coconuts, and brings us paw-paw fruits as large as pumpkins, which taste like musk melons. Then we are taken across a large *malpa* or field, in the blazing sun, and posted in a wood, while our Indians range about to beat up the game. In the dry dead woods, which in this dry season much resemble our Northern woods in autumn, we waited for hours. My only visitors were a brown and golden humming-bird, a chachalka and some inquisitive blue jays; but the Doctor got a shot at a flying gobbler, which escaped, and that ended the hunt. We walked back to the rancho in the heat, covered with garzapatos or ticks, that are so small as to be hardly visible, yet bite like red ants. In the evening we strolled through the town, seeing many pretty faces, as at that time the ladies appear and sit in their doorways and chat and smoke.

The next morning the Indians brought in three turkeys, the result of our inciting them to hunt for them, and among them was one fine old gobbler, whose plumage was resplendent with sheen of polished copper and gold, who had two buckshot through the lungs. This was undoubtedly the one the Doctor shot, and which the wild Indians had traced out after our departure. This magnificent bird, representing the finest of its race, the Doctor presented to me as a souvenir of the occasion, and his assistant aided me in skinning and preserving him. My friend had a "corner" of these ocellated turkeys, having killed and bought over one hundred. All were shipped to Paris, to a large dealer in bird skins, who supplied the museums of Europe. Never before had so many been sent to the museums, and even now there are not a dozen in the United States. Since my departure the Doctor has returned to his home in the North. If he can be prevailed upon to prepare his adventures for publication, the record of his three years' sojourn in the solitary forests of Yucatan, the world will be delighted with the richest mine of forest and aboriginal lore ever opened to the public.

The *correo*, or mail coach, left at two in the afternoon for Merida, with myself and two Yucatecos as passengers. In learning that they were Yucatecos we naturally inferred that they were gentlemen, as they were, and that they would linger at every possible point on the road, which they did, first at "fiesta," where there had been a bull-fight—a "toro"—and then at a dance. We reached the town-house of the General just in time for dinner, stayed with him an hour or two, and parted with him with an affectionate embrace, and arrived at Motul at dark. Here my companions ordered supper, refusing to let me pay for it or share in the expense, saying that I was a stranger and their companion, and that it was their duty to see me through. It is the custom here, before eating or drinking, to offer what you have before you to the people about and they thank you, but don't accept.

We charged mules at Motul and galloped nearly the whole distance to Merida, stopping now and then to stretch our limbs and smoke. As there were four of us, including the driver, the "volan" was full. There was no room for reclining, and we were cramped in unnatural positions throughout the long twenty leagues. It was one o'clock in the morning, by the dim light of a waning moon, that we entered the suburbs of the capital, and waked the echoes of the silent streets by driving furiously to the plaza.

OVER.

MY FIRST ROGUE ELEPHANT.

DIMBLEB, Ceylon, 16th Nov., 1881.

I SUPPOSE that long since you have given me up and promised to write to my mind that my oft repeated promises to write to you and give you a full, true and particular account of me, animals and things in general in this far away isle was never going to be fulfilled. Well, I plaid guilty of delay, but better late than never, and I'll promise faithfully to make up for lost time and tell you exactly how we live and "how it's done." One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." So from the East I will touch you up in something I know is common to us both—viz, the love of true sport, and try and relate briefly and succinctly (in time for dinner, say) how the morning the price of coffee is low how I had that never-to-be-forgotten joy of shooting my first elephant.

It is early morning. The pale light just beginning to show itself eager to throw off the dark mantle from the land and expose all its loveliness. Brighter and brighter it grows. The delicious cool breeze is wafted through the jungle and over the small strip of patna (or open ground), on which we were encamped—laden with all the "spicy aroma" of Ceylon's Isle, as Bishop Heber sings, but where he carefully adds, "only man is here." The morning grows still brighter, that faint "shimmer" of the atmosphere, which betokens, however cool the morning, a day of intense heat, warns us all that it is time to be on the track of that old rogue that we have been following up so assiduously for the last two days.

The jungle cocks have come crowing. The tent is struck and safely packed in the bullock cart; and Appahumi, our Cingalese servant—a man tall and gaunt, but, singular to say, not cadaverous looking; on the other hand, like all Cingalese,

he has the appearance "as to" a certain part of his body of a well fed alderman—has received his last orders "to be sure and be ready by ten at latest, at that strip of patna behind the village; and that if he is not there he will get the 'sack,' as sure as his name is Appahumi." "Suah, sah! certain I be there; master hungry; master want breakfast! Why I don't exactly see what it matters to you." "Oh, you come on Mr. Rogue it is equal odds on our not being there."

"Now, Jack, have you got that Rill! all right to-day? You know it was all that beastly cartridge that made us play the fool yesterday; and if we don't get him to-day, I'll be hanged if I'm going to tramp after him any more, but go in for small game. Much better fun."

"All right," replied Jack, "there is no fault with the old gun to-day; but as you couldn't hit a haystack at a yard, I don't exactly see what it matters to you."

All the same, *mon ami* Jack, as I happen to be the one that is to have the honor of carrying, and I hope firing with the said gun, and as elephants, and especially this old boy, are rather apt to charge sometimes, and, moreover, as I happen to be at the present moment in the possession of good health and very full of life, I don't see why I should not be a "leetle partikler" about this 'ere shot-gun. Do you? "Oh dry up, and let's get along," was the rude remark to my very natural appeal.

"Now, Mootisami, lead on. Strike right over there and hit that bit of jungle at the corner, and I'll go over here, while you, Jack, take the centre and meet at the big rock, and *oo-ee* if you hit the trail."

Off we started, each to our several points, with the gun bearers bringing up the rear, each bearer with a spare gun and ammunition, we going like human sleuth hounds, eagerly looking out for tracks. Soon we were in the jungle. Dense masses of undergrowth and creepers, thick as a man's wrist on either side, undergrowth so thick that if you went off the narrow trail, it would take a sharp eye to cut through it, and even with a knife one would hardly make more progress in a day than the crew of an abandoned ship are said to make in the Arctic regions. The jungle is teeming with life. "Twitter, twitter, twitter," right and left, above, and, I was going to say, below, and I don't think I would be exaggerating if I did add it. No matter, however, tempting though—no matter if the graceful "cock" comes with a "whirr!" over your head and you get a chance of a shot that makes your fingers itch to pull the trigger—you mustn't fire if you are after big game, no! Monsieur Rogue Elephant is just as cute as you can make him. It is really marvellous how such an enormous beast as his Lordship is can keep himself so quiet and be so hard to find. I have known an elephant to come right down through a coffee plantation where the trees are planted about five by four, and he being so minded has hardly broken a single branch. But, let my gentleman be in a different mood and woe-betide the place he has set his elephantine mind on destroying. There was to be much of that crop to assess on.

Presently a loud *oo-ee* was sounded to my right, and pressing on I soon found myself at the edge of the jungle we had been passing through—a strip of patna before me, and Jack just beginning to give another vigorous *oo-ee*!—on my right. "Don't make such an infernal row, you idiot. You would frighten any elephant within ten miles." "He's there! He's there!" said Jack, jumping like a maniac, and indicating a small island of jungle just in front and surrounded on three by patna; "I saw him just going in. Here are his tracks, and I'm sure to do in him before he gets to the ground—no doubt of it now. There they were with the ground hardly yet recovered from the pressure of the huge carcass. In fact, as we looked, one little sprig of grass slowly raised itself and once more renewed its life."

"Now, Jack, he's there sure enough, and it is your turn for first shot. He won't turn on his tracks, so you whip round to the other side with your gun bearer, and I and the rest will beat through here. But, mind you, *oo-ee*! loud, if you miss him, for then he is sure to turn, and I must look out."

Here let me explain that the great difficulty and danger in shooting a rogue elephant, or, in fact, any elephant, lies in this: that there is only one really vital spot in the body of the Ceylon elephant, and that is just above the trunk. It is about seven inches in circumference, and I believe you might discharge a mitrailleuse into other parts of his body without doing any further harm than perhaps giving him an attack of indigestion. When an elephant charges, he raises his trunk just above this vital spot, and the trunk, which is about fifteen to twenty yards off, he lowers his trunk and head simultaneously and comes straight at you. This is your time; and woe betide you if you miss and are not quick on your legs. If you have a quick and steady bearer, you may have a chance of a second shot, but it is only a chance, and it is odds on the bearer having bolted before you have fired your first shot.

But to resume. Jack had hardly got round to the other side, and I had not yet begun to beat when I heard a shot. A loud *oo-ee*, followed by something that sounded like "Look out for yourself," proclaimed that Master Jack had missed; and that the man "that couldn't hit a haystack at a yard" ran a pretty good chance of killing his first elephant, or his first elephant killing him, a case of paying your money, etc.

Soon I heard a crash a little to the left of me, and I quickly retreated further from the jungle, and placed myself, with my bearer behind me, opposite to where I heard the crunching of the boughs. A deathly silence followed—not a sound. A white man, standing like a statue, with the butt of a heavy elephant rifle at his hip ready to present, and a bronze statue behind with a rifle in his hands, eagerly bending toward the white statue—patna around—the brilliantly green jungle in front—and, above, the clear blue sky. I remember thinking this at the time, and what a good photograph it would make; and all the time I was, to tell the truth, in mortal "funk." Not that I thought of "bolting," as we have never so braced up that I don't think I could have run if I had tried. But I had a sort of feeling that I would not be angry with M. Le Rogue if he went another way. In less time than I have taken to write this there was another crash! crunch! crash! of the jungle, this time on the right, followed by a trumpet loud enough to wake the dead, and out came the huge brute and made right at me, his trunk waving in the air, and a hoogh, hoogh! coming out of his open mouth. On he came, and just as he was about to sever my yard off, down went the trunk and up went my rifle to the "present." One glance along the shining barrel, a strong pull on the trigger, and what was two seconds before an infuriated "rogue," by whose side, in point of height, Capt. Bates would have looked a pigmy, now came with a run to the ground, and lay a huge inanimate mass at my feet,

* This turkey is now in the museum of Wheaton Seminary, North, Massachusetts.

Alas for Casar! I am not ashamed to say that when I did see him tumble the high-strung nerves of the bold hunter gave way, and that it was not until Jack came round and we had tossed him in some good "Scotch," that I had the power to join Jack in his war dance round the slain.

After that all went to work with a will to cut off his head in order to preserve his skull and his tail, which went to me as the trophy, and his feet to be made into footstools, with polished ivory toes or liquor stands. I have eaten elephants' feet, but take warning by my experience, and when you have the chance, don't. Dreams! Why, sir—but I can't detail them all, only this, if you want to know what it is to fall over a precipice, to be murdered yourself, or be hung for murdering someone else, trial, judge, black cap and all thrown in, then eat elephants' feet—well-baked and with some native pudding to follow.

It may appear cruel to shoot such a noble animal as the elephant, so docile and sagacious as he is in captivity, but one must remember that only "rogues" are liable to be shot, and that all others are strictly preserved by the Ceylon Government, who capture and tame them, and then utilize them in the Department of Public Works, where their sagacity in moving and placing in position huge blocks of stone is simply marvellous, and must be seen to be believed. A "rogue," I may here explain, is an elephant which, from some cause or other, has been ostracised by the rest of the herd and wanders about by himself. He is the terror of a native village and does an incredible amount of damage to their crops, so his removal is as much to be desired as that of the man-eating tiger.

And now all our operations are ended. The sun is beginning to beat down with its full strength on our devoted heads. We send a boy up a cocoanut tree to send down a fresh, cool nut full of delicious milk, and, after one more toast, we return to camp to breakfast, and in the after "snooze" I dream of again shooting my first elephant.

SHIKARIE.

Natural History.

BIRDS OBSERVED IN CENTRAL DAKOTA.

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1881.

BY W. L. ABBOTT.

1296 CHESTNUT STREET,
Philadelphia, Dec. 29, 1881.

THE following is a list of birds taken on a trip through central Dakota, during the past summer, by Jos. C. Krieger and the writer. We arrived at Huron, on the Dakota River, July 15, and remaining there about a week, started out with a team on a trip to the Missouri River, through the region known as the *Coteau des Missouri*. First stopping at the Westington Hills, twenty-five miles west of Huron, we traveled north and west for about one hundred and twenty miles to the Bourne River. From there we went westward until we reached the Missouri, at a point about ten miles south of Grand River Agency. Thence we went southward along the Missouri, past Fort Sully to Siding No. 8, on the Dakota Central Railroad. Then, following the railroad line back, we reached Huron, August 9. The whole journey occupied sixteen days, much of it through country about as fertile as the desert of Sahara. We saw a few traces of deer and antelope, but none very fresh, and did not see a mammal larger than a prairie dog on our whole trip. Back from the Missouri and north of the railroad (Dakota Central) water was scarce, and the country generally very barren. In some places there was nothing to be seen for miles except bare, gravelly hills, without a blade of grass. In the absence of larger game we lived mostly upon upland plover and sandpipers, the first of which were generally very abundant.

1. *Harporhynchus rufus*—Thrasher. A few met with near the Missouri, above Fort Sully.

2. *Sitta canadensis*—Red-bellied nuthatch. We noticed a single individual of this species fifteen miles west of Huron, many miles from timber; it was running up and down the sides of a railroad cut, apparently perfectly at home.

3. *Tringoides acdon parkmani*—Western house wren. Common in the Westington Hills, twenty-five miles southwest of Huron.

4. *Cistothorus stellaris*—Short-billed marsh wren. Taken at Huron and in Hand county.

5. *Neocerys spraguei*—Missouri sky lark. Generally common as far west as when on the ground, so that we took very few specimens. Their song could be heard in almost any place, however barren, especially in the mornings, the bird itself being scarcely visible as a tiny speck in the sky. The song does not seem to me to be inferior to that of the European sky lark, the only objection to it being its brevity.

6. *Dendroica aestiva*—Summer yellow bird. Common in the Westington Hills.

7. *Lanius ludovicianus excubitorides*—White-rumped shrike. Quite common near Turtle Creek Siding, on the railroad Dakota Central.

8. *Petrochelidon lunifrons*—Haven swallow. There was a large colony under the eaves of the round-house at Huron, and we found them throughout our route, often in places that were many miles from cliffs or anything else that could afford them nesting places.

9. *Hirundo erythrogastra*—Barn swallow. Common along the Missouri.

10. *Otello riparia*—Bank swallow. A number met with about twenty miles southwest of Grand River Agency.

11. *Sceloporus gramineus*—Rough-winged swallow. A few noticed at same place with last.

12. *Centropus ornatus*—Chestnut-collared bunting. One of the commonest birds, and abundant in the most barren localities; most of the specimens were in extremely worn and bad plumage.

13. *Centropus bairdi*—Baird's bunting. Very common everywhere, excepting in the neighborhood of the Missouri. We did not see any within twenty or thirty miles of this river. The specimens were mostly in fresh and good plumage.

14. *Poocetes gramineus confinis*—Western bay winged bunting. Common at Huron.

15. *Coturniculus passerinus*—Yellow-winged sparrow. Very common at Huron and along the railroad line.

16. *Chondestes grammacus*—Lark finch. A flock met with fifty miles north of Fort Sully.

17. *Zonotrichia querula*—Harris finch. A male seen at Turtle Creek.

18. *Spycia pallida*—Clay-colored sparrow. Common near the railroad.

19. *Melospiza fasciata*—Song sparrow. Common in the bushes by the Dakota River and near the Missouri.

20. *Passerina amoena*—Lazuli finch. A male taken near Swan Lake, Missouri River.

21. *Sitta americana*—Black-throated bunting. Common wherever a few tall weeds were to be found on the prairie.

22. *Calamospiza bicolor*—Lark bunting. Very common everywhere. The males had nearly all lost their black breeding plumage by the first week in August. They were shy near Huron for some cause, but we found them nearly always quite tame in other places.

23. *Dolichonyx orizivorus*—Bobolink. Everywhere abundant.

24. *Molothrus ater*—Cowbird. Common and extremely tame, coming about the camp within a few feet of us to forage for crumbs and scraps.

25. *Xanthocephalus texanophilus*—Yellow-headed blackbird. Common in many places along our route.

26. *Agelaius phoeniceus*—Red-shouldered blackbird. Common.

27. *Sturnella neglecta*—Western meadow lark. Very abundant.

28. *Icterus spurius*—Orchard oriole. A few seen in the bushes by the Dakota River.

29. *Ectophasia cyanocapilla*—Brewer's blackbird. Common about Fort Sully, and near the line of railroad we met with vast flocks of blackbirds of which this species formed the majority.

30. *Corvus corax carolinensis*—American raven. One seen near Huron.

31. *Corvus frugivorus*—Crow. We saw a few at the mouth of the Okobaja Creek, Missouri River.

32. *Eremophila alpestris leucoloma*—Shore lark. Generally common. I think all the shore larks we met with belonged to this pale colored form.

33. *Tyrannus carolinensis*—Kingbird. Not so common as next.

34. *T. verticalis*—Arkansas flycatcher. Very common. Wherever there were a few trees or bushes to be found, this species was sure to be present. At Huron they were not so common as the kingbird.

35. *Empidonax pusillus trillii* (?)—Traill's flycatcher. A flycatcher which apparently belonged to this species was seen in the Westington Hills.

36. *E. flaviventris*—Yellow-bellied flycatcher. A single specimen taken thirty miles southeast of Grand River Agency.

37. *Chordeiles pictus hyemalis*—Western night hawk. Very common everywhere.

38. *Melanerpes erythrocephalus*—Red-headed woodpecker. Common along the Missouri, near Swan Lake.

39. *Colaptes auratus*—Plicker. Not very numerous; obtained a male at Swan Lake that had the red cheek patches of *C. melanurus*. Other specimens, some from Northern Iowa, show red feathers in greater or less amount in their cheek patches.

40. *Ceryle alcyon*—Kingfisher. A female shot on Turtle Creek.

41. *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*—Black-billed cuckoo. Met with in the Westington Hills.

42. *Spytoptis cuculoides hypogaea*—Burrowing owl. We met with a small colony near the mouth of the Little Cheyenne, and a large one in a very large dog town on Medicine Creek. They were very shy and hard to shoot.

43. *Hierafalco mexicanus polygynus*—Prairie falcon. Very numerous along the line of the railroad about August 10.

44. *Tinnunculus sparverius*—Sparrowhawk. Common near the Missouri, less so near the railroad.

45. *Circus hudsonius*—Marsh hawk. The commonest hawk.

46. *Buteo borealis*—Red-tailed hawk. Common.

47. *B. borealis calurus*—Western red-tail. Several hawks of this variety met with about fifty miles southeast of Grand River Agency.

48. *B. Swainsoni*—Swainson's Buzzard. A female taken on Medicine Creek.

49. *Archibuteo lagopus sanctijohannis*—American rough-legged hawk. A female shot on Medicine Creek.

50. *Cathartes aura*—Turkey buzzard. Several seen at Huron.

51. *Ectopistes migratoria*—Wild pigeon. One seen in the Westington Hills.

52. *Zenaidura macroura*—Carolina dove. Numerous along the Missouri and near Medicine Creek, and in places many miles from timber.

53. *Pipilo fuscus columbianus*—Sharp-tailed grouse. Said to be common along the Missouri and at Huron, but we only met with one specimen.

54. *Colinus leucurus*—Bittern. One seen at Huron.

55. *Nycticorax nycticorax*—Night heron. Several seen near Huron.

56. *Oryzopsis vociferus*—Killdeer. Common.

57. *Gallinago media wilsoni*—Wilson's snipe. Several met with thirty miles west of Huron.

58. *Macrophthalmus griseus*—Bay-breasted snipe. Common near the railroad.

59. *Actropatema himantopus*—Stilt sandpiper. One specimen taken.

60. *Aetodromus maculata*—Jack snipe. Common.

61. *A. minutill*—Last sandpiper. On August 7, thirty miles west of Huron, we fell in with vast flocks of sandpipers of many species, this being the most numerous. All kinds were very fat and unfit for specimens.

62. *Limosa fedta*—Marlin—Several taken forty miles southeast of Grand River.

63. *Totanus melanoleucus*—Greater yellow legs. Common.

64. *T. flavipes*—Lesser yellow legs. Very common.

65. *Symphictia semipalmata*—Willet. Less common than either of the last two species.

66. *Rhyacophilus solitarius*—Solitary sandpiper. Rather common.

67. *Bartramia longicauda*—Upland plover. Abundant everywhere.

68. *Tringoides rufescens*—Buff-breasted sandpiper. We met with one flock near the mouth of the Little Cheyenne.

69. *Tringoides macularius*—Spotted sandpiper. Not common.

70. *Numenius longirostris*—Sickle-billed curlew. We met with large numbers about thirty miles southeast of Grand River, in company with flocks of marlin and willet; they were mostly young birds, and extremely tame and unsuspicious.

71. *Steganopus villosus*—Wilson's phalarope. Met with only in a slough in Walworth county.

72. *Porzana carolina*—Sora rail. Common in all the sloughs about Huron.

73. *P. nasorum*—Yellow rail. One met with in Walworth county.

74. *Bernicla canadensis* (?)—Canada goose. A flock of

geese that seemed to be of this species were seen forty miles west of Huron.

75. *Anas boschas*—Mallard. Generally common.

76. *Querquedula discors*—Blue-winged teal. Common.

77. *Lophodytes cucullatus*—Hooded merganser. Two young ones shot west of Huron.

78. *Pelecanus erythrorhynchos*—White pelican. Three seen in a slough in Walworth county.

79. *Larus* (sp. ?)—We saw a flock of gulls on a sand bar in the Missouri River, but were unable to determine the species.

80. *Sterna forsteri* (?)—Forster's tern. A tern that was probably this species was seen flying over Medicine Creek.

81. *Podilymbus podiceps*—Carolina grebe. Rather common.

THE RED SQUIRREL.

A WELL-KNOWN inhabitant of our "forest primal" is the red squirrel or chickaree (*Sciurus hudsonicus*). In those parts where the spruce and pine clothe the country for miles around, it is especially numerous, and may be seen jumping from bough to bough, stopping meanwhile to nibble at the cones and scatter their parts over the ground beneath. A merry, sociable little fellow he is, too, loving to come near the farmer's house, and even to the very door; now running with a sort of mimic chatter about the walk; then, suddenly surprised by the opening of a door, scurrying off to the nearest tree and quickly appearing at the summit.

Let the frost be ever so severe, and the snow storm rage in all its fury, our little friend takes his daily rounds in search of something wherewith to please his appetite. It may be a nut, or tasty fungus, or a pine cone, it matters little which, he quietly takes his seat in some cozy nook—generally in the angle formed by the junction of a bough with the trunk. Here, with his back pushed up against the sheltering tree, and tail held like an umbrella above his head, the red squirrel natches away, heedless of the gale which roars through the forest. He is a fearless and confident creature, for often and often have I tried to get as close as possible to one when thus occupied, and sometimes have succeeded in getting my face within two or three feet of his, and as long as I remained quiet he would continue his repast, as if aware that the eye of one who would not willingly injure was upon him.

At the summer the red squirrel makes a nest in some convenient spot—the hollow of a tree, or outside on the bench. In the latter situation it is made of a rounded form of sticks, with a small hole for entrance at the side. I have also known one to rear its family of six young ones in an old nail box, left on a beam in a barn a little distance from the house.

This squirrel will sometimes change its usual color to black, and skins of this color are sometimes sent from Labrador.

It is much more numerous some years than others, and people account for this by stating that it occasionally migrates from one district to another. During sunny days in early spring these squirrels, amorously inclined, chase each other from tree to tree, uttering a peculiar screaming noise while in pursuit.

A more cleanly little creature could scarce be found, and well would it be if the dirty, swarthy Indian who traverses these never-ending forest wilds would take a lesson of neatness from this humble denizen of our northern clime.

FERN LODGE, WATERVILLE STATION, N. S.

THE ENEMIES OF GAME BIRDS.

FAIRHURST, VT., Dec. 31, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:—Mr. Bishop's novel theory of the disappearance of ruffed grouse will certainly not hold for this region, for red squirrels are no plendier here than they were thirty years ago. They are not "as thick as house flies," nor is there "one to every square rod of woodland," yet, for some cause, our grouse seem doomed to destruction.

The decrease in their numbers is very noticeable this year, for many lines since the last of October I have ranged through miles of woodland while fox hunting without flushing more than two or three a day's tramp, whereas years ago I should not have thought it remarkable to have flushed thirty. Four years ago, after several seasons of scarcity, they suddenly became quite plenty, and this greatly strengthened my belief in their partial migration. But now it seems as if I must give this up—which I am exceedingly loth to do, as it is like giving up the grouse—for "Charles Mayo" tells us that he has been in the back towns where they were reputed plenty and found them even scarcer than about Rutland. It looks as if the tick must be the villain who is murdering our grouse, and if so, how is he to be circumvented? If he is the same fellow that infest ovals and hawks, may it not be that the scarcity of his old victims has driven him to getting his living off the grouse? Not an unpleasant change for him, one would think, but very bad for the grouse and for us.

"Canada" finds only one female in a score of twenty-one killed in November. The nesting bird is, of course, most likely to fall a victim to the prowling fox, the owl and the hawk, and very likely the tick would take kindest to a quiet bird, but this will not account for the lack of females in this year's broods. Will "Canada" please tell us whether there were more old birds than young among those he killed? This grouse question is a puzzling one, and if we find that our theories will not hold when discussed we must give them up. Mr. Bishop dislikes to give up his—as I do mine. I would like to believe that either was correct, for the bobolinks and the oven birds and the grouse might come back to the old haunts, where cover and food in plenty await their return; but alas and alas, if it is the tick. I do not see the nonsense of thinking squirrels destroy tree-nesting birds much more than ground-nesting ones. Which are the most conspicuous? And where do red squirrels mostly keep, on the trees or on the ground? Compare the number of robins' nests, blackbirds', vireos', hairybirds' and other common tree-nesting birds' nests you have found with those of the bobolinks and the oven birds both found in the open fields, with nothing but the green grass to hide them. The squirrel does not stand so good a chance as a man does of finding a ground nest; a much better one of finding and getting at a nest built in a tree.

R. E. ROBINSON.

—NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The decrease of our game birds seems to be meeting with considerable attention in your columns, and it is well that it is so. This matter cannot be discussed too much. Allow me

to quote a few lines from a letter just received in connection with this subject. The letter is from Fishkill, N. Y., and dated Dec. 27: "Something is playing the mischief with game birds about here. Early in the fall there were a good many quail and grouse—more, in fact, than for four or five years before—but all at once they were gone. A number were found dead in the fields and forests, but I have not been able to account for it, as I have only seen one with my mark on it, and that looked as if it were dead killed it. It was a grouse and in fine condition, with no ticks or flies on it."

My friend goes on to say that hawks are unusually numerous and this, I think, is the reason of the disappearance of the birds. When we think of the many enemies our game birds have, as enumerated in your many letters, it is a wonder that any live over. In the first place, there are the hawks and owls, always on the watch from one year's end to the other. A pair of hawks will stick to a bevy of quail day after day, and if not disturbed, will use up a bevy, sometimes, to the last bird. Then there are the weasels, minks, skunks, cats, hawks, foxes, etc., all of which are on the alert for quail and grouse all the year through—to say nothing of the constantly-increasing number of sportsmen armed with the deadly choke-bore breech-loader, and all this destruction is assisted by pot-hunters, nets, traps and severe winters. Flies and disease I have left out of the question.

Now, when you think of all the poor birds have to contend against, no wonder they constantly diminish while their enemies constantly increase. If every sportsman would do his share toward protecting, restocking and feeding game and killing vermin this might be remedied, but talk is cheap and will not help the birds much.

I have just returned from a shooting trip to Virginia and quail are scarce there also. A hard winter and an immense number of hawks are the causes. Almost daily we found the hawks at work on a bevy of quail. W. HOLBERTON.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—During my annual vacation for a short time in Vermont, in October, I found ruffed grouse in places where there were none last year; and since the red squirrel question came up it brings to my mind that in 1880 the reds were very plenty and the grouse very scarce; this year, more grouse and less reds. Sportsmen can draw their own conclusions. On October 31, I killed a ruffed grouse in a field that had in its crop twenty-seven white oak acorns (*Quercus alba*), several frost grapes and one of the red partridge berries. Was not that rather a large meal? All the birds that I found, if they were not killed at the first flush, were invariably found in a tree at the end of first flight and afterwards. I think this a fashion with Vermont grouse. I join the call for a law to prevent the export of game.—J. H.

PSUDONYMS—Sing Sing, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1891.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has always surprised me that so many of your correspondents still persist in using a pseudonym *non de plume*, initials and the like, especially in matters relating to natural history. *Un de plume* may be tolerated in articles which are of no scientific value, but in natural history, where all facts should be indorsed by their writer, it is unfortunate that so many still adhere to the use of an assumed name. Many notes which would be of great value and interest, even to professional naturalists, have to be thrown aside as worthless, on account of their anonymous or pseudonymous character. The only reason that I can see why they are used is either from modesty or fear of ridicule on the part of the author. I can only say that in writing a truth no one should be ashamed or fear ridicule, for the simplest thought or original observation is an addition to our knowledge, and hence thankfully received. I was glad to see that Dr. C. Hart Merriam, in a footnote to one of his articles, condemned their use.—A. K. FISHER, M. D.

WRIGHT OF GRAY SQUIRRELS.—Henderson, N. Y., Jan. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed in your issue of Dec. 29 "Will" your Virginia correspondent, asks for information concerning the weight of gray squirrels. I shot one this fall that weighed 28 ounces. It was a common gray squirrel, but extra large for this section. We often kill those that "Will" describes and call them a cross between the black and gray; they are generally quite large.—GRAY SQUIRREL.

Game Bag and Gun.

NOTES FROM WORCESTER, MASS.

Jan. 3, 1892.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having almost the entire month of December the ground remained bare and the weather exceedingly mild and tempting to the sportsman. We have, in common with sportsmen all over the country, been waiting and lamenting the scarcity of partridges, at the same time relentlessly pursuing the few remaining ones, even up to the last hour of the last day in which shooting was legal, more partridges having been killed in December than in any other two months of the shooting season, and during the last few weeks a much larger proportion of the birds have been killed than in any other part of the season. We shall settle for this nonsense next year and it will hardly be becoming to lay it all to the partridge fly, ticks, red squirrels, etc. However, there are a few birds left, and if the "pest" whoever or whatever he be, will let them alone we shall have some birds next year.

The woodcock flight commenced about Sept. 20th and continued much later than usual, a few stragglers being killed in this vicinity in December. Not so large bags were made as in seasons when the weather turns unusually cold and the birds come in with a rush, but those of us who keep a record of our shooting find that the footings on woodcock are fully up to the average. A good many quail lived over last winter, and during the summer seemed to be nesting well, but when the time for shooting arrived not many were to be found. A few good bags have been made, but they certainly cannot be said to have been plentiful. Worcester county is not good quail ground anyway, and when we make a business of quail shooting we must go either to Cap Cod or Connecticut.

The fox hunters are having a regular picnic. As soon as many foxes have been killed since the list appeared in the *FOREST AND STREAM* a few weeks ago, I will give a revised list as it stood on Jan. 1. Our party are residents of Worcester, with the exception of Mr. J. M. White, who is the general proprietor of the Tourtellotte House in the adjoining town of Millbury. The old veteran, Mr. N. S. Harrington, is now in his sixty-eighth year and likes the sport just as well as ever. Six years ago, while out fox hunting, he fell and shot him-

self in the foot, necessitating amputation at the instep, and was obliged to lie by about a year, but "blood will tell," and as soon as his foot was well enough to allow it he was at it again, with all the old relish, and can now put in a good day's work at either bird or fox hunting. He has proved himself "no slouch" this season, having already killed S. J. M. White and partner 19 John A. Slocumb 13, W. S. Perry 7, Horace Adams 7, J. T. Balcorn 3, Henry Locke 3, A. B. F. Kinney 1, J. K. Thayer 1, E. H. Smith 1, L. Rand 2—a total of 65.

Now that the bird shooting season is over it begins to be lively at the club house on Friday afternoons. The team is now in practice for the match which is pending with the Marlborough Club, and which is to come off on our grounds on Jan. 13. The two clubs have already shot five matches, three of which have been won by the Worcester Club. The new rifle club is in a flourishing condition and hold their weekly shoots at the new range at Lovell's Grounds, where they have recently erected a cozy club house. They number about thirty members. K.

A VIRGINIA PHEASANT HUNT.

SOUTH WEST, Virginia, Jan. 2. "RUFFED GROUSE" seems to have raised the "in-jin" in some of your correspondents in his denunciations of what he calls the "murder" of the king of game birds; and some of the goodnatured fellows are coming back at him with a friendly vim. Now, this ought not to be; because a moment's reflection will demonstrate that "Ruffed Grouse" sees the inefficiency of game protection laws, and wishes to inculcate the practice of shooting pheasants (as we call them in the South,) on the wing for their protection; and if he succeeds they will be efficiently protected. But suppose a person does not just want to have his gun crack in a crazy manner all the time, but wants to broil (or stew if he likes better,) this delicious bird, how then? I'm going to tell you, in confidence, how I proceeded to hunt the other day, and if it should leak out, pray let "Ruffed Grouse" restrain his wrath.

During the week of holidays, some beautiful days came for hunting pheasants, and I received a happy thought to excuse myself from my partner. Entering our office one morning, I said, "Henry, don't you think it a shame to have an old father as near as I have, and not spend a day or two during Christmas with him. I'll go and see the old gentleman, if I can be spared." "Certainly, I'd go," said he. "Soon gun and traps were ready. Horse saddled, and my little iron-works red setter whining, barking, tumbling and springing around my horse's head. Into the saddle I go, and a ride of seven miles, through a muddy road, brought me to the old gentleman's." "Hello, hello," said he, "tell the truth, did you come to see me or to hunt?" "Truth? well, both." After dinner the old gentleman says: "Up the branch yard, in the hollows, in the laurel, mountain tea and green briars, they say there is a gang of pheasants, but, son, I've grown too old now to hunt and walk with you in the rough. I will go up the path and get a tenant living near the grounds to show you." Up the path we go. A walk of a quarter mile brought us to the gap in the ridge—and down to this gap along the ridge came a ravine fanned on each side high by tall sandstone cliffs—on which grows the rough, barked birch, the fragrant and lithe hemlock and the dwarf ivy. Down the ravine comes the mountain branch, gurgling under occasional windows of ice, trickling over tiny falls; the ice tipped ferns touching the current and dancing to the little ripples—all inclosed with frequent groups of oak laurel. Say, you've seen all this kind; do you remember how your blood shot through your veins? How you could hardly suppress a yell?

I cannot wait until my father sends my guide, but up the ravine I start. My headstrong little dog is brought to heel. No listless sneaking behind with him, but he takes an even chance by my side, half crouching, his feet hardly tipping the ground, tail straight, mouth half open, eyes only displaying excitement. Say he don't know as well as I do what I am after? My gun is cocked and at a position for quick work. Up the hollow we continue stealthily, when a stick snaps behind and I turn to greet my evening's companion. I wait till he comes up, and he reaches out his hand for a hearty shake, he hugs his shoulder his squirrel rifle. The hummers of my gun are down. Just as we grasp hands, *whirr, whirr, whirr*, up flies a pheasant like a streak of lightning. I wheel. Just one lock has time to click. Bang! The vicious crack, round and round swings the bird and to the ground it comes. Rover don't understand whether it is down safe or not, so out of abundance of caution he runs up and puts his paw upon it. Now, under all the circumstances this was a fair wind-up.

After taking in this modesty, a shower of flattery from my companion, off we go again. Three hundred yards tramp, dog still at heel. "Look yonder! see that pheasant sitting by that tree," says my man. There it was, sure enough, looking precisely like the leaves, tail tucked, neck stretched. My gun comes up, and he lay "murdered" on the ground. We turn for home, and as we neared the old side of the farm, my companion told me that a brood of pheasants had, in the last year, been raised in a thicket near by. A mother hen, and her eight or nine girls, he dog goes to the spot. See how cautious! He gallops up to a log, puts his forefoot on it and looks around. Maybe he'll be laughed at for using his eyes as well as his nose. Presently he gets windward of the thicket and proceeds, not to quarter, but to go where his experience (or reason, perhaps,) has taught him to believe a pheasant is apt to be. We kneel upon the ground and watch his movements by keeping under the boughs of the brush. There he stands, his body half-curved. "Watch that dog stopped that way for," said John. "You'll see the repeater and down we come, but before we get near, *quack! quack! quack!* whirr! whirr! whirr! One lights in a tall birch sapling, another two hundred yards away in a tall oak, among the still hanging dead leaves, two fly up the knolls on the branch. A sharp, fox-like bark from Rover, and the bird in the bush looks down at him. Maybe you think a setter is a dumb dog; any way he holds that bird's attention until I "murder" it. Now for the one in the oak.

"You'll see my mountaineer." "Whistle, then." This bird is "murdered," too. Off we go after the two on the knolls of the branch. "Careful, Rover." I caution him as he trails with the wind. He stops and seems to reason that if he proceeds he will flush, so he quits the track, comes back and circles around some distance, gets against the wind, then turns and half trots, and gallops back carefully, with head high. See now quick he turns his head to the left, crouches, draws and stops stiff, with one foot up. "Too brashy for me to flush and kill, John. I will go to the

opening at the branch, where you can drive him across as you flush." He was accordingly flushed, and through the brush just the wrong way he went, and he wasn't murdered with a cent.

Now for our last bird. Its hiding place is approached, and Rover gallops off to come back to us against the wind, which he does in a careful pace. His hind feet fly off a shock log, but just in that position he stands pointing straight toward me, stoop, peep under the thick brush and see the bird sitting on a fallen limb, two feet off the ground, right between me and the staunch little dog. Who in thunder can kill that bird on the wing when you can't raise the gun to your shoulder, much less turn it? Should I flush it idly and make my business canine believe I am joking with his stands? Not much. I crawled till I got out of range of the setter statue and "murdered" this fellow. My excited comrade, the executioner of many a deer, turkey and pheasant, could contain himself no longer, and a hearty whoop rolled from his broad lungs, hiding the dusky silliness of the closing day, and as he followed the reverberations on the rugged steps, I raised my hat to the forest wilds in reverential thanks, and a whispered "good evening."

So, to be honest, I kill these birds on the wing and consider it a feat highly honorable in myself; I kill them from the tree and consider the feat highly honorable in my dog; I kill them on the ground for fear I won't kill any at all; and in neither of these ways do I ever have time enough to kill more than myself and a genial friend or two or even cat. It is not that I am a coward—if it lingers in me it may be untoward sport, but if it be reason, make the most—I beg pardon. Am I benighted? GRAEME.

THE RIFLE OF THE FUTURE.

FALL BROOK, Cal., Dec. 1891.

IN THE *FOREST AND STREAM* for Dec. 1, a correspondent signing himself "Iron Ramrod," under the heading of "Muzzle-Loader vs. Breech-Loader," asks the following questions: "Is a muzzle-loading with a round ball more accurate in its shooting than breech-loading with a slug or conical bullet? Or is it the fault of the factory-made cartridges? If the fault is in the rifle, why is it more accurate with round balls loaded from the muzzle?" These questions are based upon experiment with a .32 cal. rifle, which, when loaded from the muzzle with round ball and patch, far excelled its best shooting with either rim fire or central fire cartridges. I have myself tried the same experiment with different rifles and always with the same results, and the answer seems to me easy enough.

During the many years that breech-loading rifles of the best quality have been upon the market, and at low prices too, a large class of hunters have persisted in adhering to the old muzzle-loader. It has been the custom among those who deem themselves advanced, to denounce this class as fools or old fogies, and lavish unqualified praise upon the breech-loader. Unfortunately, however, for this theory of their action, that class consists largely of men who have thoroughly tried the best breech-loaders, and men like Major Merrill, who know just exactly what they are talking about. And it is useless to deny that this class is on the increase. I have several who belong to it. And one of the most successful and skillful hunters of my acquaintances this year laid aside the most popular of repeating rifles, bought an old single-barreled muzzle-loader, and has killed more deer with it than he has killed in any year before, and has done it with one-fourth of the shots formerly required to get the same number with the breech-loader. He says no one can ever again talk breech-loader to him.

Although myself a firm believer in the use of fire, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that in all the breech-loaders I have ever tried—and I have tried many—this advantage is attained at the expense of some accuracy. Those who have never shot a muzzle-loader may talk of the breech-loader's accuracy. But he who has never shot a muzzle-loader, knows not what accuracy is. The man who has grown up with the breech-loader is only a callow youth, who knows nothing of what a rifle can do.

For very long range the breech-loader may be ahead, because the extremely long barrel necessary for a long flight can be loaded from the muzzle by the best system of patching.

The patch will wrinkle too much if put on in the ordinary way, and if patched as for the long range breech-loader, it cannot be fitted tightly enough to the grooves. But I believe it impossible to make a breech-loader that at short range will excel the muzzle-loader; and I believe there is now nothing that will equal it. You may talk about the "unerring" this or "never failing," that; the makers may baptize it "Mid Surcove" or "Old Centrifugal Splitter," or whatever they like, but there is no maker on any one else who can match a rifle loaded at the breech against one loaded from the muzzle to be fired 100 times with dead rest and telescope sights at a hole the diameter of the bullet at 50 yards distance. I admit that some breech-loaders shoot splendidly; that they will throw few wild balls, and those but slightly out of the way; but for every time one will hit a silver dollar at 50 yards the muzzle-loader will hit a silver dime by its side; for every one that will cut into the edge of the same bullet hole you may find a muzzle-loader that will shoot into the hole without cutting it into a hole at all.

By muzzle-loader I here mean a rifle loaded from the muzzle with grease patch in the old style, with the bullet left in the grooves near the bottom. It may be an old-fashioned muzzle-loader or a modern breech-loader. There will be no difference in the results, provided, of course, that the breech-loader is well made and is not choked at the muzzle—as many very needlessly are made. It must also be beveled a little at the muzzle, so as not to choke the patch.

The difference between the two modes of loading might almost be predicted without experiment. In loading from the muzzle the ball is swaged gently to its place in the barrel; all parts of the bullet yield about alike; the patch prevents any scraping off of the lead or cutting by the edges of the grooves. It is pushed gently to its place at the bottom, and—mark now an important point—it is left in the exact place from which it is to start. It goes out exactly as it went in, without a bruise, jam or smash upon any side, and being pushed without any tearing of the barrel.

When loaded from the breech the ball lies below the place where it is to be fully and firmly adjusted to the grooves. Instead of being pushed gently into that place it is dashed into it with tremendous force, and it is thrown across an intermediate space in which it rarely if ever fits tightly enough to prevent a slight wobble, even in case the ball should leave the cartridge on a line true with the axis of the bore of the rifle. Several results may follow. The ball may be unduly thickened or "upset" by the blow of the powder against the dead weight. The patch (if it has one) may be stripped,

cut, frayed, or have an edge doubled over by collision with the shoulder of the chamber or the place where the barrel first tightens upon the ball, which even if bevelled would, under such violent speed, have nearly the effect of a square shoulder.

It is also nearly impossible for the ball to adjust itself so evenly to the grooves as where it is done slowly and gently. Thrown in at such a speed, if its point be turned a hair's breadth from the centre line of the barrel, one side will strike the grooves first. That side is sure to be bruised, and the opposite side of the butt of the ball shares the same fate. It may go out of the barrel in this way, with its point deflected from the line of flight; or it may be bounced and jammed nearly into place by bounding against the other side of the barrel. But two things are certain. First—That where the ball is left in the grooves this cannot happen. Second—When left below the grooves and passing over an open space that is wider than the ball in order to reach them this must occasionally happen.

There are other causes of the superiority of the muzzle-loading rifle to the common breech-loader as generally treated by its owner. But space allows consideration only of this one which is, by far, the most important, and is, in fact, the only fundamental difference between the two. The problem for the rifle maker of the future is this: How to adjust the ball fully, firmly and gently to the grooves before firing, and do it quickly enough to retain the gain at advantage of rapidity of fire. The accuracy of the breech-loader keeps even pace with the approach to this. The long-range rifle owes its accuracy mainly to its ball being pushed in so far before firing, and the .22-cal. owes its accuracy to the extreme lightness and lack of momentum in its bullet. It cannot jam so badly as a heavy one.

Until such an invention comes to the front, there is one sure way to accomplish the same result, viz.:—Load from the muzzle with your double rifle. By care in loading, bullets I now make it shoot as well as any sporting breech-loader I ever saw. But its very best performance when loaded from the breech is nothing compared with its work when loaded from the muzzle, than it is the old muzzle-loader in every respect, and with all its advantages. I keep it loaded with two round balls patched from the muzzle in the ordinary way. I carry a rod in a long pouch like a quiver over my shoulder, and a few bullets and patches. In my belt I carry some shells loaded in the ordinary way for quick loading, and a few loaded with my double rifle. These blank ones are loaded to the end with powder and wads. When there is no need of haste in loading, I take out the rod, wipe out the gun and, loading from the muzzle, push a ball nearly to the shoulder. Then putting a wad in the breech, I put in the blank cartridges, close the gun and then push the bullet gently home. If one of those balls fails to hit, I know positively that the fault is solely and exclusively my own, for, fired from a rest, they will all enter the same hole at forty yards.

If he had, a spook of poisoning in ahead of the blank cartridge, is to insure the suppage of the ball before it comes to the slightest looseness in the barrel at the shoulder. So necessary is this that if the ball drops a trifle too low, or where there is the slightest widening or bevelling at the shoulder, its accuracy will be at once affected.

In this way the round ball and the old-fashioned cone, two of the best balls in the world for 160 and 250 yards, respectively, can be shot as well as from a muzzle-loader. These balls, as well as a cylindrical one with very short bearing, it is nearly impossible to shoot from a breech-loader without great care in loading. And the cone—the truest and swiftest ball ever known for from 200 to 300 yards—cannot be shot at all. It is impossible to get a ball with so short a bearing delivered true into the grooves with a violent jam.

Any breech-loading rifle, if cut straight, bevelled a trifle at the muzzle, and furnished with a ramrod can thus be given all the advantages of the muzzle-loader without losing any of the advantages of the breech-loader. A ramrod should be carried anyhow for cleaning. A joined rod is good enough, and can be carried in a pouch hanging to the cartridge-belt behind. The first action may be used as a "starter," a countersunk ferule being put on the end of the handle. If I were a rifle-maker I should quickly have on the market a muzzle-loading breech-loader of this sort. Any rifle and any action will do. Then the hunter can put in a handful of powder behind an express or light conical ball, and have the highest velocity attainable. He can have one shot or two shots if he has a double gun that will forever and eternally go where the gun is pointed, and not occasionally somewhere else.

If "Iron Ramrod" will try a few more rifles in the same way he will find that the fault is not in the rifles, all of which are now cut well enough, not in the factory ammunition, which is now made as nearly perfect as possible, not in the bullets, all of which will always go well when loaded from the muzzle, and often badly enough when loaded from the breech. Everything else being equal, of course the difficulty lies in the ball being violently smashed into place. This may be partly, though not entirely, remedied by excessive loading. I loaded as high as forty per cent. of tin with steady increase in accuracy, but still there was a tendency to occasional wildness of flight.

The repeater has advantages that will always commend it to many, and it will always be a popular rifle. But there is a large class of hunters who demand absolute precision. Probably, no repeater will ever shoot well enough to suit them. For such I believe the rifle of the future will be the combined breech and muzzle-loaders. And many of this class will rest satisfied with nothing short of a double hammer breech-loader, built just like a shot gun, neat, light and well balanced, having a ramrod beneath the barrels. Use shells with moveable anvils, so that nothing but a bit of stick is needed to de-cap and re-cap them, and such a rifle is good anywhere where powder and lead can be obtained. It will cut a squirrel's head as neatly as the old Kentucky rifle, and will be, if recoil be made even, a short range, express and mid-range rifle at your pleasure, and still can be fired as fast as a repeater. This is my *beau idéal* of a hunting rifle.

I can hardly conclude without saying to that numerous price who owns a choice breech-loader (one of those that "shoots exactly where you hold it") I have seen lots of them and owned them myself, that if he wants a little conceit taken out of him, let him try it against itself, loaded both ways and fired fifty times at a hole of its own calibre at fifty yards, with telescopic sights. But see that it is not choke-bored too much, that the muzzle is not sharp enough to cut the patch, and that the ball does not get into the shoulder in the least.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

CAMDEN, N. J., Dec., 1891.

There has been considerable discussion from time to time,

about the relative merits of the breech-loading and muzzle-loading rifles for short range hunting and target practice. The long range theory has been clearly demonstrated by the wonderful success of our national teams, against the crack loads of our regular army with muzzle-loaders—the breech-loaders in vainly winning and making a better score when both kinds were shot by one person.

For short range—from fifty to one hundred yards or even under—the champions of the muzzle-loader claim much finer shooting than can be done with any breech-loader. If we carefully consider the conditions to which the average breech-loader is subjected, we have no cause to wonder that it does not go quite as well. In the first place it has a much greater charge of powder than is necessary for one hundred yards, the conical or cylinder-conical bullet, gives a greater recoil, disturbing the aim for getting a fine bond on any thing, and the high block on which the fore sight is set, cannot be caught as easily by the eye for snap-shooting.

The muzzle-loader, on the other hand, had low sights, the front one being the broad knife-blade style, made of silver or nickel, and in the rear was one of the Rocky Mountain pattern in the shape of a buck horn. The muzzle-loader also could have the powder charge regulated in a second for the distance fired at, and the round patched bullets gave no recoil, enabling the shooter with a rest to make a dozen in the same hole at twenty yards. The advantages of round balls are so apparent at short range in shooting small game and in fancy marksmanship that I have often wondered why cartridge companies do not make their shells of the regulation sizes, filled with half the ordinary load of powder and a round ball, of course I refer to rim-fire, as those who shoot central fire rifles can re-load them in any desired way. Many do not do so though, because they imagine nothing is better than conical and cylinder shaped bullets, often saying that only muzzle-loaders are good for round balls and the patch must be used invariably with them.

Some years ago I had a small muzzle-loading rifle, taking one hundred balls to the pound, and which, when loaded carefully, was very accurate at close distances. This I tried against a Ballard and Maynard rifle with their conical bullets, and it beat them badly, but as soon as the cartridges of the latter were loaded with round balls there was no apparent difference between them all in accuracy. Lately, I have tried round balls with extremely light charges of powder, in a regular .45 calibre Gaisler cartridge load, giving excellent results at the distances where they were fired. Using a paper wad over the powder, and bullets fifty to the pound slightly greased, I loaded, for fifty or under, with five grains of powder, at one hundred feet ten grains, and at fifty yards fifteen grains.

These loads made no perceptible report, the charge of five grains, in fact, could be fired in the house, as it was not any louder than a Florent rifle.

The round balls and small charges of powder will prevent pistols from rebounding as much as they do now, besides allowing persons to aim directly at an object instead of a foot or two below it, which is now necessary, as any one knows who has shot with a revolver of modern times. I loaded the shells of a Smith & Wesson improved .44 calibre with half the usual load of powder, and a round ball, fifty-five to the pound. There was no kick to the weapon then; it shot up to fifty yards nearly twice as well as before, and could be aimed directly at the mark. With these cartridges on one occasion I struck an ordinary negro pole-lift three times in succession at fifty yards, whereas with the factory made ammunition it would not hit more than three out of five. Pistols more than rifles would be benefited by shorter size cartridges, instead of the long ones now in use, which have more powder than is necessary to kill a man when held straight, besides giving so much recoil that it has to be aimed almost at persons' toes at fifty feet to hit him in the head. There is a special short size .32 calibre cartridge made, which I have fired in a rifle and pistol with favorable results, but the bullets seem to get lost in the barrels of other than the particular pistol it is intended for, and, of course, will not carry as far as it might.

In conclusion, I wish to say that if more persons favoring muzzle-loading rifles would load with round balls and slight charges in their breech-loaders, letting us know what are the results, there would be a change of opinion in those who admit the convenience of the breech-loader, but doubt its accuracy at short ranges.

TREEING VS. WING-SHOOTING.

FERRISBURGH, VT., Dec. 31, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the grouse have become so scarce that one can hardly get three shots in a ten hours' tramp, it is late in the day to learn how to shoot them, but I like "Iron Ramrod's" idea of shooting with both eyes shut. When one gets the hang of doing this successfully he may reasonably expect to become a fair wing shot on ruffed grouse even in such cover as they are often found in here, that is among low evergreens and thick white birch and poplar sprouts, where half the time they only give evidence of having flushed a bird in the thick clatter of its flight through the maze of branches. If one could learn to shoot straight at the racket, and had a gun that would drive its charge of shot through fifteen or twenty yards of brush, he might delight to have a grouse do its most in such places. But for my part, with my lack of skill, I would rather have the grouse make it as easy for me as possible, and would not think him running what a life insurance agent would count any great risk at that.

Our legislators have made it unlawful to use dogs in the hunting of grouse, making no discrimination between curs and cockers or setters and pointers, so in Vermont the law-abiding sportsman must find and flush his own birds, and the law-abiding pot-hunter must still hunt his. Yes, most gentlemanly sportsmen, if shooting ruffed grouse sitting makes one a pot-hunter, such an anomaly as a law-abiding pot-hunter does exist. Without shame I confess myself such a one. I shoot ruffed grouse wherever I find them, on trees or on the ground, and blaze away at them when they are in the water like a chukar, sometimes getting them, often not. But though I had carried a gun more years before there was any law for their protection in Vermont than I shall again this side the happy hunting grounds, I never yet shot one out of season, nor did I ever kill any game bird, animal or fish at any time or in any manner prohibited by the laws of the land. But for all that I suppose I am a pot-hunter. It is time some one arose to explain the inconsistencies of sporting rules; to tell us why it is more sportsmanlike to shoot into a huddle of ducks sitting in the water than to single grouse on a tree. Why it is legitimate sport to shoot a deer or a hare before

hounds, and an outrageous act to kill a fox under like circumstances. Why ducks and snipe may be shot in spring and other game not, just because some of the ducks and snipe do not happen to breed among us. Why it is a manly and noble spirit to crust-hunt a moose, and not, as it certainly is not, to crust-hunt a deer, and why it is fair to call a moose and not fair to call a wild turkey, or fair to fool a fish with a feathery semblance of a fly, and unfair to fool him with a bit of metal that to him seems a minnow, and so on and so on, almost without end. As L. I. F. says, "give us more light." I like him and M. P. McKoon's manly letters in the last FOREST AND STREAM. In my opinion all the difference in practices of those writers and those who kill their ten-out-of-six grouse on the wing, and like to have them go in the worst places, is that the first tell just what they do, and the others—well, if they ever do for themselves and "murder" a treed grouse, he can't tell of it, and they can't.

R. E. ROBINSON.

CAPERCAILLIE FOR AMERICA.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several years ago I suggested, through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, the experiment of introducing the Capercaillie into our Michigan and Maine pineries, where I believe it would thrive and multiply largely, as it is a much worthier bird than our native white turkey and much slyer. Our Canadian cousins are likely to take the initiative in so laudable an effort, as the following extract from the Quebec Chronicle shows:

"An application was made at the last monthly meeting of the Literary and Historical Society, by Mr. Adam Waters, on behalf of a Scotch taxidermist, to exchange the duplicate bird skins belonging to the Society for fine specimens of the Scotch game, such as Scotch grouse and ptarmigan, black cock, pheasants, capercaillie, etc. The Society had much pleasure in giving its fullest concurrence to a movement calculated to still enlarge the collections in its rooms. Though the museum of the Society was twice destroyed by fire, it has attained such dimensions as to render it very valuable for the study and identification of species. It is to be hoped measures will soon be taken to increase its local so as to be in a position to exhibit the large denizens of Canadian forests. The moose, caribou, wapiti, red deer, long-tailed deer, etc., would make a splendid group. Mr. Waters made a further suggestion, that the Society should attempt, in an attempt, to be made next spring, to introduce the capercaillie in our Northern pine forests. The capercaillie is a large and beautiful game bird of the size of a turkey. It is found in the Northern portions of the European Continent, flourishes even in the intense cold of Siberia, where Mr. Waters stated it was observed and noted by our respected fellow-citizen, Dr. Rowan. It existed of yore in Scotland, and was some years back, re-introduced by the Marquis of Breadalbane and Earl of Fife. It lives on spruce, larch, etc., in winter—eats all other insects in summer, and roosts on the summit of the loftiest forest trees. If the capercaillie and Messine quail can be added to our fauna, it will indeed be a great achievement. Mr. Waters thought \$50 or \$60 would suffice to bring over a large number of capercaillie eggs in April next, to be hatched under the domestic turkey or placed in the nest of the Canadian grouse. The Society was appealed to as being interested in Natural History pursuits and asked to allow a subscription list to be deposited on its tables in order to raise the necessary funds for an experiment. We commend the subject to our veteran sportsmen, Col. Rhodes, Charles Temple, Mr. Gregory, Messrs. Dobell, Becket, W. Jeffery, Col. D'Ossonne and others."

Why not join forces with them and thus insure the success of the undertaking beyond a peradventure of doubt?

G. M. FAIRCHILD, JR.

DEER HUNTING IN ARKANSAS.

A DOUBLE.

LAST evening I shot a "spike" buck, at about seventy yards, with my 5-bore, 19 pound gun, charged with 8 drs. of powder and 3 oz. of No. 3 buckshot. This gun is choked especially for buckshot, and shoots them closer than any gun I have ever seen. I can put an average of twenty-two No. 8 buckshot in a foot square at 40 yards. She shoots larger sizes in the same proportion, and when loaded as she was last night, she makes a half yard. But at forty yards a good way to kill a deer lead in its tracks, so he rattled off through the brush at a lively gait. I saw he was bit very hard, but as it was getting dusk, and the White River bottom is not by any means a pleasant place to get lost in, and as the ground was strange to me, and I was a long way from camp, I concluded to let him go until morning. This morning I took his trail and found him about two hundred yards from where I shot him, hung him up, and concluded to "blaze" a trail to a lake two miles away. I traveled along, marking the tree with my hatchet, and when within about one hundred yards of the lake, while going along without any care whatever, I saw three deer rise up in a patch of green briars to my left, about eighty yards away, and moved diagonally to my right behind a tree top. I sprang forward quickly and softly a few steps, expecting them to "lope" off in the direction they started, but I saw nothing of them. Stepping a few paces further, I saw four deer gazing at me. Two of them were near breast to breast—a large doe and a yearling—about sixty yards away. I brought the other two deer to the same place, and they were looking at me. The young buck dropped in its tracks with a broken neck, and struck with several other shot. The doe started off with the others, but soon fell behind, and I knew she could not go far, but still went out of sight. I took her trail, and so on found her dead, not over one hundred yards from where she was shot. She had one shot square through the butt of her heart, a shot through her back just behind the shoulder, her left fore leg broken in three places and a shot through her neck. She was very fat, and the nearest doe I have ever seen, weighing 146 pounds after disemboweling.

This proves that the right kind of a shot-gun is deadly to deer, and that a deer can get over a good deal of ground carrying a big load of lead. The buck shot last evening had a thigh broken and four shot through the body—one of them through the lungs. He had lived quite a time after lying down.

These incidents prove also how tame the deer are here, in these immense White River bottoms. The buck, last evening, I caught up to him just as he was about to get up a tree, about eighty yards away. I stepped up diagonally about ten steps, so as to bring him in sight. When I shot, another

Homo

together with similar exhibits by Eisener David, completed the Swedish exhibit. In the Netherlands exhibit were nets for the capture of small life near the surface or beneath it; ground drags and oyster catchers.

In the display of the United States we notice that the Coast Survey made a creditable exhibition. Sigbee's apparatus for decaying and analyzing is figured and described as that saves time and labor. It appears to be a complicated machine to the uninitiated and two full-page views of it are given. Sigbee's apparatus for bringing up specimens of water is figured. Dredges, oyster-swabs and "tangles," and similar implements, together with Prof. Hillebrand's apparatus for determining the specific gravity of the water, receive commendation.

Under the head of Meteorological and Signal Apparatus appear implements from the lighthouse at Hamburg; John Holmes, Regent's Park, London; the Meteorological Council, London; and Otto Bolme, Berlin. Reflecting instruments, compasses, balances, ships' glasses, etc., were represented by E. Springer, Berlin; G. Heckelmann, Hamburg; A. Oerthing, Berlin; H. Haecke, Berlin; J. Wacchall, Berlin; L. Reimann, Berlin; Voigtlander & Son, Vienna and Braunschweig; Picht, Bros., Rittenow; A. Meissner, Berlin; and T. Wegener, Berlin. Many useful and curious implements appeared in this collection. The display of microscopes was also interesting and the report on them is well made up.

The History of the Fishery occupies considerable space and includes that of many nations. It glances at the ages of stone, bronze and iron, those of Germany receiving much attention. The ancient books of Switzerland are illustrated and their history is the most interesting of all. No mention of the fine collection of Esquimo and Alaskan wooden and bone hooks, which appeared in the Smithsonian collection, is made.

Chemical and physical experiments follow, and include analyses of water, the flesh of fish, of fat and lean kinds, salt fish, dried and smoked fish. The biological investigations continue the above analyses in comparison with beef, the development of the herring, by A. W. Malm, Director of the Museum of Nat. Hist., Gothenburg; the eel, by Dr. Hermes, model of the zoological station at Naples. Notice of the large chart by Professor Goode, of the U. S. Fish Commission, showing the distribution of the important coast fishes of the United States. Statistics then precede an article on the injury to fish from infected sewers, with analyses of specimens.

The transportation of live fish is, in Germany, not entirely a fish-cultural question, as in America. Fish of fresh waters are taken to market and sold alive, hence the separation of the question of their transportation from the fish-cultural department. The firm of Busse & Co., Berlin, have a steamer with a well in it to bring live fishes from the coast of Sweden and Denmark to Stettin. Mr. Schuster, Freiburg, showed a cask with air-pump for transporting fry. Dr. Hermes, of the Berlin Aquarium, exhibited a large apparatus, consisting of one great tank, which overflowed into a small one in the rear, from which the water was pumped into a third tank standing on the two lower ones, from whence it flowed again into the first.

Botany of the waters is followed by an account of the amber fisheries, which we missed from former reports. A good description of the amber industry and the elegant display at Berlin will be found in *FOREST AND STREAM* of June 3, 1890, from our staff correspondent at the Exhibition. The literature of the fisheries is a vast subject, and is referred to by the titles and dates of the works and includes general zoology, the lower animals, fishes, aquatic mammals, fishery products, packing, etc., the in-land fisheries and pond building, sea fishes in general, descriptions of implements, oyster and lobster fisheries, angling and fly fishing, culture of water animals and the literature of scientific explorations relating to the waters, history of fisheries, biography and catalogues. So extensive was this literature that the mere titles cover forty pages with double columns. The history of the Berlin Fishery Exhibition is a history of the fisheries of the world from pre-historic man down to the year 1890.

MORE GAME PROTECTORS NEEDED.

Dec. 24, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As our Legislature will soon convene it is not improbable the usual number of changes and amendments to our game laws will be presented for consideration; and, therefore, it seems a suitable time now to protest against any action, except possibly to make penalties larger and punishment more certain for infringement.

The laws are now sufficiently plain and guarded to accomplish their designs, if they be enforced, but by whom they will be enforced is the unsolved problem, and the one thing lacking to preserve and protect game and fish, not for amateurs alone, but for the many, the laboring class, who have neither time to spare, nor money to spend, in going from their homes for recreation or pleasure.

To accomplish this and to make the laws something more than dead letters, I would suggest, instead of using the annual appropriation made for the propagation and distribution of game and fish, that this sum be used in securing the services of thirty State Game Protectors, at a salary of \$750 each, to be located in such counties as naturally would most need their services, and the selection of these men be made by local protective clubs, and the appointments made by the Governor.

It seems to me, with such a number of men distributed over the State, and acting under the advice and surveillance of local clubs, having a direct interest in protection of game and fish in the immediate vicinity, there would be an effective work done that has never heretofore been accomplished, and a result attained that would meet with general satisfaction and approval.

It is simply absurd to make annual appropriations for hatching and distributing fish, only to have them, in fact, when grown to maturity, illegally caught, as they now are, and will continue to be, unless laws protecting them be stringently enforced.

There is no claim for an argument about this. The depletion of waters in many portions of the State, and the disappearance or scarcity of game, are incontrovertible evidence that laws are of no consequence in the eyes of poachers and marksmen. They must be made to respect and obey these laws. Therefore, let us this year have the appropriation for the thirty game protectors.

S. R. CROSBY.

SALMON AS PICK FOOD.—A pickerel (*Esox*) was recently taken in Lake Auburn, Maine, which had several salmon in

its stomach. The latter were of three inches in length. The fishermen about there think that a pickerel fed upon salmon ought to be finely flavored.

ANOTHER ROUTE TO TIM POND.—New Britain Conn.—There is another good route which I have before spoken of. Leave the railroad at North Anson and proceed by stage or private team through North Newport and Dead River and Flagstaff to the Smith farm. The scenery is grand. There are good pickerel ponds near North Newport and Flagstaff, and good trout ponds not far from Parsons's Mt. Bigelow House at Dead River. Parsons told me last August that he was about to put up cabins at "Carry Pond," not far from his hotel. I have not my notes by me, and cannot state the number of miles. The guests at the hotel told us the trouting would be good. There is an excellent place for a few hours' trouting on this road, just before going upon the so-called "horseback," and all along the road from here to the Mt. Bigelow House ruffed grouse are very plenty. As we rode along the banks of Dead River we found ducks on the water. There appears to be everything along this route a sportsman needs, and when he gets to Smith's, six miles takes him to the Tim Pond cabins, and ten or eleven more to the Seven Ponds, by a forest road cut out wide enough for a buckboard wagon with a span of horses.—J. W. T.

HOW CAN THE OYSTER SUPPLY BE MAINTAINED?—The consumption of the oyster is constantly increasing, and as the demand increases so will the disposition to fish the beds, and, should there be any failure of the supply, the increased price consequent upon that failure will induce even more exhaustive fishery; and it will become so great, if it has not already, that only strict protective laws, rigidly enforced, will be sufficient to protect the beds, and prevent the destruction of the fecundity of the beds which merits consideration. During the summer of 1879, Professor W. K. Brooks was successful in securing, by artificial means, the fertilization of the eggs of the female, and in protecting the offspring for some time. Though, owing to various unforeseen combinations of natural causes, and to the accidents incidental to all tentative work, he has not been successful in maintaining the embryos until such a time as they could be deposited upon the beds with a certainty of survival, yet he has accomplished sufficient to show that the impregnation of the female cells can be easily and certainly achieved by a very simple process; and, as probably the greatest loss of the young is due to the failure of the male to deposit the male fluid at the proper time, any method which will insure such contact and protect the embryos, for even a limited period, is of great value, and well worthy of the attention of those interested in the preservation of the oyster-fishery. Any protection afforded the young oyster assures the maturity of a great number, and, as the beds are failing from a want of reproduction, due to the absence of mature oysters, any method which will insure the maturity of an abnormal number should be brought, if possible, to a point of practical benefit.—LIEUTENANT FRANCIS WISLOW in *Popular Science Monthly* for December.

NEW ENGLAND FISHERIES.—We have received the seventh annual report of the Boston Fish Bureau from its Secretary, Mr. W. A. Wilson, a most interesting history of New England fisheries and is followed by a report of the year with nine pages of statistics which give "large catches and 'stocks' by the mackerel fleet in New England waters—season of 1891." "New England fleet catch of codfish, as reported to the Boston Fish Bureau." "New England catch of mackerel—amount of inspected barrels packed at home ports, as reported to the Boston Fish Bureau." "Receipts of fish by Boston dealers from foreign and domestic ports," and "Massachusetts catch of mackerel for 78 years." The record for the past year has been the most successful one for years. The loss of life and property has been great, as usual, nearly all falling on the Gloucester bankers.

A HANDSOME GIFT.—Winstead, Conn., Dec. 17, 1891.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to acknowledge through *FOREST AND STREAM* a present of about four volumes of your valuable journal from Mr. W. W. Woodcock, of Huxford, N. Y., which completes my set from the start.—FRANK D. HALLIETT.

TRYING TO RHYME TARRAPIN.—IV.

There is an old lady, named Sara Pinn,
She's trying to rhyme the word tarrapin;
And if she makes it, she'll be a poet,
She'll sing, dance and shout;
And if not, I'm sure she don't care a pin.
Good day.

Somerville, Mass.

IRON HAMROD.

Fishculture.

CANADIAN FISICULTURE.

THE following paper, the facts in which were gathered from the annual reports of the Canadian Fish Commission, was prepared and read by Mr. E. I. Miller, of the Michigan Fish Commission, at a recent meeting of the Commissioners of that State, at Detroit, December 29, 1891.

There are now a total ten hatcheries in the Dominion; the first one was erected by Mr. Samuel Wilnot, the Superintendent of the fish breeding establishment, at his home in New Castle, Ont., in 1869. Two more were constructed for each of the years 1878, 1879 and 1879, and the most successful one for years.

The running expenses of these ten hatcheries for the year 1890 was \$29,109.61, (our entire appropriation for that year was only \$5,000). The Canadian work for that year was as follows: Total number of fertilized eggs put down, 26,212,000, of which there were 18,784,000 salmon, 4,684,000 lake trout, 4,000,000 brook trout, 125,000. There were hatched and planted same year, 21,520,000 fry.

During the time the Canadian Commission have been engaged in this enterprise, over 200,000,000 fertilized eggs have been laid down in their hatcheries, and the total number of live fish planted during these years I am not able to state.

The value of the fish taken in the northern districts of Ontario in 1879, was \$307,134, being an increase over the previous year of over \$24,000, and for 1880, \$318,345, as follows:

"The yield of fish in this division continues to show a steady increase; and for the present season being considerably in excess of any previous year. Overseer Belding feels no hesitation in attributing this happy result to the breeding operations of the Sandwich hatchery, and to the fact that the fish caught this year are the fry put in the Detroit River and which are just coming into maturity. The yield would have been greater had not cold

weather taken every one by surprise, and interfered with the fishermen's operations."

The Canadian catch of whitefish in the Detroit River division of hatcheries in 1879, was 1,579,777, and in 1880, 1,035,000; showing a remarkable increase in the number of fish taken, which is attributed by the people following the business to the plants made by Canada and Michigan as appears by a voluntary statement made December 9, 1890, and signed by between thirty and forty of the principal fishermen and dealers on the Detroit River.

It will appear by the foregoing, gathered from official reports, that our brethren in the Dominion are zealous, active and successful in their enterprise, and appear to have made by their government to do more than we of Michigan are able to accomplish. We have, however, as appears by reference to our books, planted since the commencement of the work in 1873, nearly 100,000,000 of living fishes in Michigan waters. Judge Potter, Superintendent of Fishes in Ohio, in the first report of that State made in 1875, speaking of the work accomplished by Canada and Michigan, says: "Lake Erie may be so replenished with the whitefish as to bring its consumption within the reach of all, and instead of ten cents, it will ultimately be sold for three cents per pound. The same gentleman three years later in his annual report, rejoices thus: "There is no uncertainty about the whitefish, their multiplication by artificial means is reduced to a certainty, whitefish for the last season have been sold at the fisheries at an average of three cents per pound, a little more than the cost of hatching."

These and other facts in the increased catch of whitefish in waters planted, encourage our Commission to continue the enterprise to the full extent of our financial capacity.

COLORADO.

DENVER, Col., Dec. 31, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our last legislative assembly made an appropriation of \$5,000 from the State Treasury for the establishment of a fish hatchery and to begin the business. That was in February last. Several months passed before a location was made, but that was finally accomplished in the latter part of the summer by the donation of ten acres of ground eight miles north of this city. It is near Platte River, but far enough away to be safe from floods, and embraces about two-thirds bottom land, and one-third level or second bottom, about thirty feet above the bottom. About ten feet above the foot, in the side of the bluff, a great number of springs break out, supplying an abundance of water, at least for the present season. The temperature of the water at 54.

A few rods from the foot of the bluff is a long, narrow pond, filled with vegetation and admirably adapted for carp, but, unfortunately, it is now filled with catfish, wall-eyed pike and other native fishes, and it will be pretty hard to get them out of the pond. The carp pond is a small one, and the water in it has been removed to the ground and placed for the present in a very small pool near the springs, but it is too small and will be too cold for them in summer.

Between the bluff and the pond is a natural growth of cottonwood and box elder trees, and the hillside is covered with wild plum and other shrubs. About one hundred feet from the springs Commissioner Sisty has erected a frame building about 25 by 35 feet, in which are arranged sixteen hatching troughs of the material most approved for use. Early in the present season we have down the first spring water (100,000 from New England, and will add a like number weekly for the next three weeks. He has placed in charge a practical fish-culturist—Mr. Bogart—from our Eastern hatchery. So we will soon see what can be done toward hatching our carp and trout. Strongly recommended by the Legislature in the front part of the hatching-house, and Mr. Sisty says he can get through comfortably with his present plans upon the money provided him until the next meeting of the Legislature, in January, 1893.

Between the hatchery and the pond are distributed to private parties are reported as sent here remarkably well, but the public stock, I am sorry to say, have not grown to be whales by a long shot. First, they were kept for a time in a spring pool at the foot of the bluff, in water very cold and shallow, and a piece of office. Next, they were transferred to a newly-excavated pond in which there was no vegetation, and no food was given them. Of course, they had to "rustle" for a bare living. Now, at last, they are in better quarters, but yet not good, and they go for the water cross with a vim.

N. B. H.

SALMON CULTURE IN MAINE.—1891.

IN published extracts from the forthcoming report of the State Fish Commissioners for 1891, furnished by Hon. E. M. Stillwell, we find a list of interesting facts relating to the fish culture of Mr. Atkins at Grand Lake Stream. It appears that they form a successful and profitable business. The contributions to the Grand Lake Stream fund were as follows: Maine, \$290; dividend, \$1,000; Massachusetts, \$1,000; Connecticut, \$1,000; New York, \$1,000; United States, \$1,450; dividend, \$230; eggs, Total money \$3,000; total eggs, \$50,000 (net).

Total number of eggs taken at Grand Lake Stream is.....400,000
Losses estimated at.....100,000
25 per cent. reserved for hatching for benefit of Grand Lake Stream.....200,000

Not dividend.....100,000
With regard to the salmon culture on the Penobscot we gather from State papers the following: For this year's work, the contribution of Maine to the Bucksport and Orland works was \$2,000; dividend of salmon eggs, 1,000,000, all of which are to be contributed and hatched in the rivers mentioned. Also, the contributions to the Orland works were as follows: By Maine, \$2,000; dividend of eggs, 1,000,000; By Massachusetts, \$500; dividend of eggs, 270,000; By Connecticut, \$300; dividend of eggs, 162,000; By the United States, \$1,457; dividend of eggs, 950,000. Total—money, \$4,557; eggs, 2,462,000 (an advance having been already made for 100,000 loss.

This much we have gathered from non-paper extracts taken from the coming report, which we will review when received. From private sources of information we learn that the facilities for the culture of salmon on the Penobscot are greatly improved. At Grand Lake Stream they have built a hatching house covering about 1,150 square feet of ground, on a side hill close by the lake, with facilities for a fall of nine feet between the upper and lower troughs, which will insure well watered water, and there are now facilities for developing three millions of eggs.

At Bucksport-Orland they have built a cement aqueduct 1,500 feet long, with a 4-inch bore, and have now at command copious supplies of both brook and spring water, sufficient to serve many of the hatcheries, and to take the place of the water from the lake, and obviates the necessity of shipping the eggs in December, as had to be done with a large number of them last season. Mr. Atkins expects now to begin shipments in January and finish in March.

There has been most extraordinary weather up to the end of December—warm, with rain. It is thought that its result on the spawn at Grand Lake Stream will be to retard the hatching if anything. There has been a great deal of snow and ice water mingling with the ordinary supply, which is largely spring water.

FISHCULTURE IN SCOTLAND.—The extracts from a letter written by the gentlemen who brought the turbot and salmon to America and took out carp in return will be read with interest, as in the letter he gives a glimpse of his brother's life in the fish culture. He is Mr. Hall, Dalkett, Scotland, 6th December, 1891, and reads as follows:

Professor S. F. Baird: You will be pleased to hear that the

twenty-five leather-carp have been safely landed, after a very stormy voyage. The gale was a very severe one, and on Wednesday, November 23, the wind blew with hurricane force, and we were obliged to "heave to" for twenty-two hours. The seas were very high indeed. We shipped once during the night which disabled the four seamen on watch; one laid two ribs broken and another his head badly cut; the other two were lamed. The wheelhouse was "stove in" and the galley bulged in. One boat was carried away on duck, breaking down the chimney stack of the boiler engine. Through all this storm the carp did well. The temperature of the water was 50 degrees F. at New York, and during the voyage varied from 51 to 62 degrees. I also fed them with a little oatmeal and potatoes four times. The temperature of the water here at this time of year is about 41 to 50 degrees, which, I suppose, will be rather too cold for the carp. Year by year a little oatmeal but I don't think it will do them any harm. Year by year a few and a few latching troughs with *Salmo leuciscus* eggs in, but the ponds outside will be laborious work. The hatching house is 80 feet long by 30 feet, and built of granite. The first fry pond is just finished, and is 60 feet by 4 feet. The bottom is made of concrete and the walls built up with granite and Portland cement (three of sand and one part cement). This makes a capital pond.—A. WATSON ARMISTEAD.

THE EFFECT OF CULTURE ON THE SPAWNING TIME OF TROUT.—The following is a translation of a communication by Mr. Muller, of Tschischdorf, to the *Fischerei Zeitung*, of Stuttgart. "During the past year the time occupied by the spawning of my trout (in Saxony) was not the same as in the previous year. It becomes more apparent that artificial culture has changed their habit in this respect. Before I began stocking with artificially bred fry the time of spawning was divided into two periods, part of the fish spawning generally about the 1st of October and occurring from nine to ten days, and the rest of the fish spawning afterward, sooner or later according to temperature. If the frosts were early they spawned sooner, but if the weather continued mild the spawning covered a long time. Those which spawned first were the brighter colored ones with reddish tints, while the later ones were darker and had the white parts duller and blacker. "Now we find the fish all come up together to spawn, and this last season they could be seen on the spawning beds every day for five weeks. As a consequence the later ones used the same beds as the first and thereby much spawn was lost. This cannot be explained on any other basis, in advantage, for the reason that if a flood should occur during the time of first spawning all the eggs in the stream would be lost but would be replaced by a later deposit."

FISHLIKE ON LONG ISLAND.—The lease for the Cold Spring property has been signed by Mr. John D. Jones and his brothers, and by the Fish Commissioners of the State of New York, who have selected the property for the reason that the Fish Commissioners is talked of in order to determine when to begin and what to do.

Mayor Grace, of New York, is having a trout preserve to cost \$2,000 built on his place at Great Neck. Two ponds are also to be built on the farm of General Cady, at West Deer Park. In several of the ponds on the south side of the island that have been depleted by eels and pike the German carp has been introduced with success.

Mr. Asaph Furman, who for many years has owned trout preserves at Massena, owing to his heavy losses at the hands of poachers, has moved his establishment and fish to the Smithtown River, where he has created several hatching shanties. He is having a boat built to take his fish alive to the New York market.

CONNECTICUT SHELL FISHERIES.—The Commissioners on shell fisheries of the State of Connecticut will soon issue their annual report. It contains a full and complete account of the meeting of the Commission Mr. Bogart, the Surveyor for the Commission, stated to the members that the cost to the State of a survey of some sixty acres of ground made recently was about \$20, while the revenue was only \$6.50. In large tracts, however, there was a great deal of shell, in advantage, for the reason that the State, B. E. Cutts, of the United States coast survey, has sent the Commission 106 bottles containing samples of the sound bottom at different points in the oyster grounds of the State, and also three packages of oyster shells, showing the growth at one, two and three years from the time of spawning. The specimens of shell were dredged up from the United States steamer *Palomares* last summer, and are expected to prove valuable in showing the relative productiveness for oyster growing of different kinds of bottom.

A STATE ASSOCIATION PROPOSED.—It is proposed to form a fish-cultural association for the State of Ohio, and we have received the following call, which has also appeared in some of the local papers: *Editor Forest and Stream:* As fish culture is growing rapidly within this State and others, it seems advisable that those already engaged in this profession, as well as others who take an interest in fish culture, should form an association which will meet twice a year to advance the science in private as well as in public waters within this State, by collecting facts regarding pisciculture, protection or cultivation of our own good varieties, introduction of new ones, and arranging for the culturists' interchange of information. The association will please communicate their place in the subject, and oblige, yours truly,—HROD MURKETT, 507 Race street, Cincinnati, O.

DEATH OF A FISH COMMISSIONER.—We regret to learn that Mr. J. H. Dinkins, Fish Commissioner of Texas, died recently from the effects of injuries received by falling under a moving railway car while attempting to board it. Mr. Dinkins was a prominent citizen of Austin, and was well known to the sportsman. He had already accomplished much in the way of awakening the people and the Legislature of Texas to the importance of pisciculture. His usefulness was just beginning to be felt. His wife is left to his children.

BLUE CARP.—A blue variety of carp is cultivated in Germany and France. It has lately become a favorite, and is called by some the best of all carp. On Saturday last the North German Lloyd steamer *Donan* brought a can containing a dozen specimens to Mr. Hackford. That gentleman afterward learned that they were from the ponds of Mr. Eckardt, at Lubbenchen, and intended for Professor Baird.

TROUT EGGS FOR GERMANY.—The steamer "Mosel," of the Bremen line (North German Lloyd's), which sailed on Saturday, the 6th inst., took out 15,000 brook trout eggs for Mr. F. Dusse, Geestemünde, this being the second shipment made by Mr. Dusse this winter by Mr. Livingston Stone.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ART INTERCHANGE publishes colored plates from time to time, and these plates, which have also appeared in some of the local papers: *Editor Forest and Stream:* As fish culture is growing rapidly within this State and others, it seems advisable that those already engaged in this profession, as well as others who take an interest in fish culture, should form an association which will meet twice a year to advance the science in private as well as in public waters within this State, by collecting facts regarding pisciculture, protection or cultivation of our own good varieties, introduction of new ones, and arranging for the culturists' interchange of information. The association will please communicate their place in the subject, and oblige, yours truly,—HROD MURKETT, 507 Race street, Cincinnati, O.

"COUNTRY PLEASURES." By George Munier. Published by Roberts Gray, Boston. The author has looked at nature with the eyes of a painter and the soul of a poet, and his chronicle of a year's text is full of Mr. Munier's passionate Shepherd, who invites his love to come and

in the country. It represents impressions and moods of mind induced by the scenes portrayed, with special reference to that little book on the same subject, *Sketches of a Year's Life in the Country*, whose every page is represented in this picture is situated. The book is rich in quotations, and the author has not only been an appreciative observer of himself, but has been a student of other gifted residents of nature. Read under the light of our new world metaphors and beside one of our hard cold facts, the pages brought with them a delicious odor of the forest, while the splash of the water in the mountain brook made much matter that will be found useful to the poetic moods the book will be a volume to be read and read again.

THE LIVESTOCK JOURNAL ALMANAC FOR 1893.—We have received from the publishers, Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., the above-entitled volume. It contains, in condensed form, but conveniently and attractively arranged, much matter that will be found useful to the farmer, the stock raiser, the thrasher and the country gentleman. The book is attractively produced in illustrated paper cover. It can be furnished by mail from this office, on receipt of the price, fifty cents.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

JANUARY 11 TO 19. Terre Haute, Ind., Fifth Annual Bench Show. H. H. Harris Secretary.
JANUARY 17 TO 20. St. John, N. B. Second Annual Bench Show. H. W. Wilson Secretary.
MARCH 7. Pittsburg, Pa. Bench Show. Chas. Lincoln Superintendent.

MAY 10, 11 AND 12. Boston, Mass. Third Bench Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Edward J. Foster, Secretary; Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

September. National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Prairie Chickens. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn., Secretary.
October. National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

TRAINING UP. BREAKING.

IN TEN CHAPTERS—CHAP. VII.

IN the preceding chapters all of our work has been of a preliminary character. We have expended much time and patience in order to perfect our pupil in the rudiments of the education that is so indispensable to that pride of the sportsman's heart, a good dog. Long ago we thought our pet was just about perfect in the performance of his duties, and have anxiously awaited the coming of the crisp October days that we might put to the test our hopes, and, by actual trial in the field, demonstrate how much of wisdom pertains to the course that we have pursued. Do we live among the forest-crowned hills, the home of the lordly ruffed grouse; long ago we have located several broods of these regal birds, and as we have paid them an occasional visit, how our blood has warmed up, how our nerves have thrilled as we fondly dreamed of their store for us when the falling leaf should proclaim that

The hunter's glorious days have come,
The best of all the year;
When through the woodland shades we roam
With rosy speckled gun.

Should our home be toward the setting sun on the broad prairie, whose vast expanse teems with numberless broods of the toothsome chicken, with ever-growing delight and satisfaction have we witnessed from day to day the added strength of the whizzing pinion, and with ever-increasing impatience at legard time's slow flight have we awaited the dawn of the auspicious day that brings such wealth of joy to the sportsman's heart. Or, perchance, our hopes of happiness are turning to the pride of the sables, the gamy, beautiful quail. In eagerly we hasten the feeding grounds, as the merry breeze, with twinkling wings, has burst upon our sight, how have we, with throbbing pulse, watched the ditting wings, and carefully marked their flight as they settled in the friendly cover or upon the distant hillside. What visions of the little bounding forms suddenly transformed into living statues, mingled with flashing brown sprites, the creek of the gun, and the cloud of fleecy feathers floating in air, have filled us with anticipated satisfaction, as we thought of the pleasure to store for us when the early flocks should call us forth to the field. Do thoughts of that lone-bellied aristocrat, of birds, of woodland sport, and of alone engage our thoughts. "Well, we know their sure abiding place, and as we have paid them our debt and seen them depart through the openings, and heard their querulous whistle, how have we thought that the serene and yellow leaf would soon be here to bring to us most royal sport. Do not look upon this as a digression, for we dearly love the pursuit of every one of these favorites; and we hope that you, dear reader, like ourselves, will so train your dog that, no matter where your line cast, you will find sport to spare.

Our favorite sport, since disclosed, has been the pursuit of that best of all game birds, the magnificent ruffed grouse, and we have ever found, when our dog was anywhere near perfect in circumventing this most wily bird, that but few days, or perhaps hours, of practice were required to make him equally adept in the pursuit of any of the others. Many writers pronounce this beautiful bird unfit to train a dog upon; they rail against his subtle cunning, and are unimpaired in condemning his swiftness of wing; and they will give you counsel in disparagement of his preternatural wisdom, which they misleadly witness, and earnestly advise you to keep your young dog away from the ruffed grouse's haunts. Notwithstanding the evident sincerity of these writers, we must beg to differ from their views, and can only regret that their knowledge of the habits of this king of birds is not equal to their skill in framing sentences for his vilification.

Having decided to give our pupil his first practical lessons with this most potent instructor as our co-worker, let us "hie away to the fields with eager dog and trusty gun," and test the sport so long anticipated. Our pupil should be kept at heel until we reach the usual haunt of the birds, where he should be encouraged to go on. Let him go where he pleases, taking care only to keep him within bounds and always under your eye, that you may see just what he is doing. Do not bother him with any orders, if you can possibly avoid it; above all, do not make him beat each particular corner that you may think desirable, but rather allow him to take the lead and to have his own sweet will, content to follow him until he has gained some little insight and become somewhat accustomed to the new life just opening before him. Start with what eager pleasure he explores the hidden mysteries of the covert, how his ever graceful motion tells of joy; how his sparkling eyes mirror his delight; but look, and proudly test your eyes upon the welcome sight, he has discovered that something is in the wind and the "heaven-born instinct" within has frozen him rigid as the rock by his side. Choke down that rising lump in your throat; quiet the quick throbbings of your heart; and, while blessing your good fortune, be cool and collected, for

never more need of cool, deliberate action than now. Your dearest foe is near, and faltering eye or trembling hand will insure his triumphant escape and cause you unwelcome discomfort. Do not hurry, but, with deliberate haste, walk forward and force a rise; calmly now, and, as though on prairie and about to shoot at a chip tossed in air, coolly bring your gun into position, glance along the trusty barrels, and, with "eye of faith and hand of instinct," "out loose!" and, "fortune grant your aim be true!" The chances are greatly against your obtaining a close shot at the first rise, unless among young and unsophisticated birds; but shoot you must, nevertheless, even should the flashing game be far beyond your reach or, as very often happens, entirely out of sight, for we have not done with him yet; and most potent is the sound of gun and whistle of the hurling lead to drive from his crafty brain the wisdom that causes him to shun our close acquaintance. Should your shot prove deadly and the conduct of your dog be all that you could wish, with a loving pat and kindly words, lead your pet straight to your victim and as soon as his sensitive nose locates the bird, at once pet and praise him without stint and talk to him as to an intelligent companion. After a few seconds you should pick up the bird in a dainty manner, and while carefully smoothing out the feathers, allow the dog to sniff the grateful perfume, but on no account let him mouth it, nor poke his nose among the feathers, thus teaching him that the greatest care must be taken that not a feather should be displaced.

When your pup first shows sign that he has scent, do not on any account speak to him nor make any sign, but allow him to act his own pleasure. Should he go through the trying ordeal to your satisfaction, congratulate yourself that you are possessed of a wonder; should his earnest inclination overpower his innate sense of duty and cause him to become musty and flush the bird, you must at once call him in and place him as near as may be in the exact position that he occupied when he should have pointed, and commanding him to *hold*, give him to understand that you are displeased with the performance. If you have killed the bird, and can readily find it, you will add to the force of this lesson if you oblige him to retain his position while you go and bring it to him, and as you hold it a foot or two from his nose, repeat your command of *to-ho*. This, you will find, will cause him to be more careful in the future. Should he become demoralized at the rise of the bird and give chase, do not despair, but calmly say *to-ho*, and if he disregards the command, let him go, and the next time that he has an alarm, commanding him to *hold*, with the knowledge that you are short time you can eradicate the fault, while the virtue will remain and afford you great satisfaction in the future. When he returns you should at once replace him in the position from which he broke, and make him *to-ho* for a short time, while you talk to him about the enormity of the offence. It is not advisable to shoot when he starts to chase, as should you kill, he may seize the bird and handle it too roughly for his future good. Neither does the sound of the gun exercise a steady influence upon his excited nerves. Above all else, do not fail to keep perfectly cool yourself under all circumstances, and to issue all your commands in your ordinary tone of voice, for there is nothing so conducive to unsteadiness in your dog as his knowledge of the fact that you are demoralized, and he is sure to become possessed of this knowledge almost before it is apparent to you. Therefore earnestly strive to retain your self-control, for without that you can never succeed in turning out a steady dog.

Should your bird escape the first sight, let no common occurrence disturb you, and immediately following him put your dog to work, and do not allow him to follow him, but put your whole soul into the work and rest not until you have again routed him. Give him a shot as he rises, and if he again escapes be not discouraged, but with renewed efforts try him again, secure in the knowledge that, can you but find and keep him moving—although he may be the wisest and, consequently, the wildest grouse of them all—at last your reward is sure; at last, utterly demoralized by the relentless persistence of your pursuit, he has clung to his toes, and, finally, crouching on the ground with fear and trembling, waits for you to pass. Fatal mistake! The keen-nosed dog, more eager at each successive defeat, again becomes statuesque and unerringly indicates the bird's hiding place. Now is the supreme moment. With nerves of steel—hardened by the excitement of the long continued chase—you literally kick him from his retreat and coolly bring him down. What satisfaction is in your heart as you smooth his beautiful plumage. What light is in your eye as you gaze upon his plump form. What pride in you as you survey him, a noble prize so gallantly won. A glance at the speaking countenance of your four-footed friend tells you that he, too, is happy; and, our word for it, a few days among these crafty birds will do more to develop the hunting sense of an intelligent animal than thrice the time devoted to the pursuit of any other game.

CANINE AILMENTS.

WE give below chapter fifteen of the appendix to Vere Shaw's illustrated book of the Dog which will be found to contain much valuable information regarding the course of treatment to be pursued in some of the most common cases of illness and accidents which are liable to befall our "dumb friends." This appendix is a treatise on canine medicine, as surgery, by Dr. W. Gordon Stubbs, C. B. N. and should be in the hands of every breeder, as many of the prescriptions are invaluable. This number concludes the series of this valuable addition to the canine literature of the day. We should have published many of the more important articles contained in this book, had not our pages been so crowded. It is our intention, however, to give our readers from time to time such selections as we deem of interest to them. The work can be had of the publishers, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Co., New York.

ASCUSSES, DISLOCATIONS, FRACTURES, WOUNDS, STRAINS, ABSCESS,

Alcusses may be defined as matter or pus generated and collected in any of the glands or tissues of the body. They are met with in all regions of the body, and are sometimes small and sometimes very large. They are usually very painful, and in some situations may be highly dangerous, from the effects of their pressure on important parts.

The causes of abscess are numerous; the presence of some foreign body, as a thorn, may give rise to it, or the deposit of unhealthy matter from constitutional reasons. In dogs blows very frequently give rise to large abscesses, and in some cases the abscess and the abscess is the acute or phlegmonous; there is swelling, a glazed and glittering appearance of the skin, which is considerably reddened, and there is great pain and tenderness, accompanied with heat, and the dog is more or less feverish. It is alone the abscess in the eye, and in the eye, it is called a pterygium, and is a very dangerous disease. Mammary abscess is common in the teats of a bitch, frequently occurring where there is milk in the teat that is not removed, at about the time she would have had pups had she been in whelp.

ALL THE PLEASURES PROVE

This hills and valleys are the fields.

Woods or steep mountain yields.

Mr. Munier's work is merely a transcript from a diary of a year spent

The fact appears to be that Mr. Murphy has read some book some time or another about hunting and coursing, and, on becoming author, served up his very mixed ideas as an *olla podrida*; but as coursing seems to be a sport coming more and more into favor in America, I think it well to warn young men who desire to follow the leash against taking Mr. Murphy as a guide and instructor and to enforce my views let me quote: In the "Laws of the Leash; or, Coursing," drawn up by the Duke of Norfolk in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it is stated that "not above on broad

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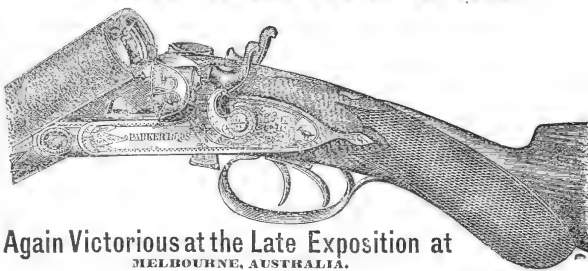
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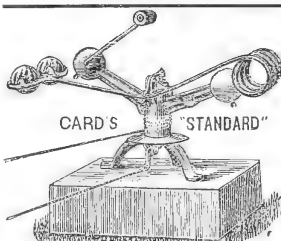
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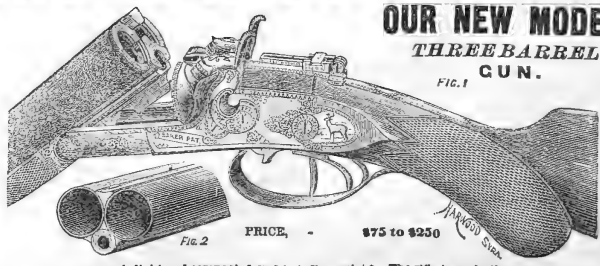


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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, January 19.

PISTOL SHOOTING.

THE doubt with which some of the correspondents of the FOREST AND STREAM met the assertion that the story of the cowboys of the West and South-west hitting telegraph poles from sixty yards off was somewhat of a myth, opens the question as to what may fairly be done with these small arms.

The subject is very barren of record. We have pistol shooting displays in plenty and, probably, in one case in this city may be seen as fine a showing of *bona fide* targets as can be met with anywhere in the world. Each record has upon it, too, the exact conditions under which it was made, and those conditions were the best possible for the production of high scores.

The pistols used in gallery practice are made specially for such employment, with ten or twelve inch barrels, single breech-loaders and carefully balanced, with sights open, but capable of the finest adjustment. It is very rarely the case that peep sights are employed, but they may be if thought desirable. With such a weapon the good holder may rely on securing satisfactory results. Using the short .22 calibre cartridges these pistols afford an endless amount of amuse-

ment at a very limited cost, and up to moderate distances are unexcelled. With them shots may be grouped by ten or a dozen on spaces to be covered with a silver half dollar. It is such shooting as this that stands recorded in our weekly accounts from the shooting galleries.

But there is another class of small arms, and they outnumber the gallery shooting machines one hundred to one. They are the revolvers of all classes that are turned out in such immense numbers from the various factories. They are marvels of strength, ingenuity and cheapness, and in many cases are as inaccurate as they are pretty to inspect and handle. What these weapons will do under careful test is very wide of an unknown quantity. A few days ago the question was put to the agent of one of the most popular and generally regarded as the best of this class of weapons, whether any test was made of them before shipment from the factory, and the idea of trying a pistol for accuracy seemed to strike him as a novel one. With him a pistol was a pistol, and having been carefully made, as he knew this particular brand of revolver to be, he could not conceive how it could be anything but an accurate and exact shooter. There is a great deal of pot-luck work in the pistol manufacture, and the majority of those turned out are blank failures when called upon to do any hitting, even at the most moderate distances. Taking, for instance, the regulation distance of 12 paces or 36 feet; over this any pistol worth the making ought to shoot with the utmost exactness.

We have received many letters from correspondents speaking of fine scoring done; and we should be pleased if the writers would send on a target of 10 consecutive shots fired strictly off-hand at 12 paces distance. We will measure the string and publish the results. In each case particulars of the sort of pistol used ought to accompany the score diagram. In this way something practical in the way of record may be arrived at as showing what the various classes of small arms will do. We have seen 10 shots from a smooth bore dueling pistol, carrying a $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce ball, crowded on the space of a trade dollar, but this was fine holding and the weapon was of a capital make. What is wanted is some determination of the average value, as shooting implements of the million odd pocket-poppers of every description which are scattered here and there over this land.

THE DELAWARE FISH COMMISSION.

ONE of the last to enter upon pisciculture, as a State industry, was Delaware. A reason for this might be found in the fact that the culture of salt-water fishes has but just begun, and her fisheries are mainly in salt and brackish water. With the exception of the Delaware River on her Eastern borders she has no large rivers; and her small streams, which mainly flow into that river and the great Delaware Bay, are short.

But little interest had been taken in the culture of fish in Maryland, until the appointment of Col. Enoch Moore, Jr., as Commissioner, on the 22d of April, 1881. His appointment was for two years, and the sum of three hundred dollars was appropriated to carry on the work, allowing the Commissioner \$2 per day for each day of actual service. This fall Col. Moore received and distributed 3,000 German carp, mostly to private ponds, and, such is the desire of the people for more, he has over fifty applications for them, which he cannot fill until next spring. This is a very good showing for the few months during which Col. Moore has been in office, and shows how an energetic man can awaken public interest in this subject, even with such an insignificant appropriation, by merely taking hold of it.

Since the appointment of a Commissioner an interest in the good work seems to have sprung up in all parts of the State, and in the city of Wilmington a piscicultural club has been formed, called "The Delaware Piscicultural Association." Its officers are: Dr. E. G. Shortledge, President; Hon. Mayor John P. Almond, Secretary; S. N. Pusey, Treasurer. This society has for its object the stocking of the streams with food and game fishes, and they have one pond of seven to nine acres with a few carp in it; one pond of three-fourths of an acre, containing 30 leather and 29 scale carp, which will spawn this coming spring. From these small beginnings we expect a future for pisciculture in the State of Delaware.

OSCAR Y^e WILD GOETH a-ANGLING.

THE advent of the English esthete Oscar Wild has nearly turned the heads of the ultra-impressables of New York; and we felt flattered when a highly-perfumed note, in an envelope which exceeded in glory the cover of *The Century*, invited us to a little lunch and fishing excursion.

We missed the lunch and hastened to Pier 42, East River, the spot designated as the one to be honored by the poet, artist and piscator. It was a bright morning; and the end of the pier was occupied by little Patsy Hooligan, and a few friends of his own age, seven to nine, who were fishing from the string-piece. The sun, glancing brightly upon the liquid surface of a passing mud-scow, caused Mickey Gilhooly to turn his face to avoid its glare, and looking up the dock, he exclaimed: "Hi, Patsy wots this a-coming down the dock?" Patsy turned quickly, and dropping the broken barrel-hoop which did duty for a rod, simply exclaimed: "Well, I'll be blowed!" We also turned and saw a tall form enveloped in an ulster which reached to his shoes, a sunflower stuck in his button-hole, hair down to his shoulders, and a general lankiness which, to our trained optics, plainly denoted the esthete, even if he had not been accompanied by "twenty love-sick maidens," each with her waist under her arms, or none at all, and decorated with daisies, lilies, cat-tails and other emblems of the Renaissance.

We lifted our hat as we bade him "good morning," feeling that its nine dollar's worth of Broadway style paled before the artistic seal-skin cap with beaver trimmings, which surmounted the esthete's dome. The maidens exclaimed in chorus: "O, isn't this the uttermost verge of the utter?" Patsy Hooligan picked up a stump of a Third Avenue cigar and chewed the end in meditative silence, as became a disciple of the gentle Izaak. The gulls flitted toward Blackwells Island, and the breeze laden with the spicy odors from Hunter's Point played with the flowing locks of Oscar the Wild.

The poet produced a rod made by Keats & Co and a reel by Walt Whitman, and using a silk fly for a fly proceeded to cast. The maidens folded their hands and sighed. Patsy Hooligan whispered to Mickey Gilhooly. We caught the words: "She's a-lying on top of a spile down under dere; slip down and fix it." "Won't you give me away?" asked Mickey. "Naw, what dye yer take me fur?" scornfully answered his preceptor; and the younger of the two disappeared up the pier, and then down under it.

The gulls screamed and the water lapped merrily against the pier. We were wrapt in admiration of the beauty of the scene when one of the rapturous maidens exclaimed: "A bite!" The poet's eye and his reel, both in fine frenzy rolling betokened resistance on the pliant rod, which bending under the weight of its prey seemed a sentient thing of life enjoying the struggle. The maidens clasped their hands firmer. We held our breath. He landed on the pier at our feet, his feet and the forty feet of the maidens, a drowned kitten, which was not a recent one. The gulls laughed, the maidens blushed twenty blushes, and the odors of Hunter's Point subsided in deference to superior force. We ordered a horse-car, on the "belt line" and gave directions to drive to Fulton Market, pondering in the meantime upon the uses of the cat-tail in decorative art, and sorrowing that on Pier 42, there was only one to divide between those twenty-one persons of refined and elevated tastes.

THE ST. NICHOLAS GUN CLUB has recently been organized. Its membership is limited to the members of the well-known St. Nicholas Club of New York. The new organization starts out with a roll of sixteen names, and includes some experts with the shot-gun. The management is in excellent hands, and the club's future most promising. A novel feature of the published set of rules is the provision of some blank score leaves bound up with the book to serve as a permanent record of the scores made during the year. We welcome the St. Nicholas Gun Club to the long list of similar societies of business and professional gentlemen, who seek relaxation from their work in the manly sports of the field.

A MACHINE FOR TESTING GUNS has been devised by Mr. F. G. Farnham, who publishes a description of it in this paper. We understand that it answers its purpose most admirably. It is a very important addition to this class of machines.

BYE-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

ELEVENTH PAPER.

THE year 1881 will long be memorable in the annals of British Columbia salmon fisheries. As indicated in a previous letter, a good run was looked for in the river this season, but up to the middle of July no fish had been taken. The boats had, however, been drifting for them for a week previous, and the presence at the mouth of the river of great numbers of bonaparte gulls, or, as they are called here, hoolachan gulls, was regarded by the fishermen as a sur sign that the fish were at hand. About the twentieth of July salmon began to be taken, and it was not long before the run had so increased that it became impossible for the canneries to use all the fish caught, and a portion of the boats were taken off. Early in August the catch was from 75,000 to 80,000 fish per diem, with only one-half the boats employed. The canneries were all run at their fullest capacity, and the enormous catch was the talk of the town. At all hours of the day and night some of the steamers employed in collecting the fish from the small boats which do the drifting, were tied up at the wharves, unloading their glittering freight, and great piles of the shapely fish were to be seen at the landing-places all along the river. No matter how fast these piles were removed, they were almost at once renewed. The fish were mainly the sockeye salmon and averaged from eight to ten pounds in weight, but there were not wanting specimens of the quinnat, the so-called spring salmon of the Fraser, which ran from fifty up to seventy, and even eighty and one hundred pounds.

The nets used in the capture of the fish are ordinary drift gill-nets with a 5-7-8 inch mesh, about forty meshes deep and one hundred fathoms in length. They are cast off in the usual manner and drift down stream with the current, meeting the advancing salmon which are swarming up the river. From Ewen's cannery I procured a record of the catch of a few of the boats on one or two average days, which is as follows:

August 9, five boats took 970 fish.

August 9, six boats took 1,607 fish.

August 10, six boats took 1,493 fish.

August 11, six boats took 1,533 fish.

Which gives an average of about 244 fish, or rather more than 2,000 pounds to the boat. All the canneries employ steamers to patrol the fishing-grounds, and as soon as a boat has a load, it proceeds to its steamer and transfers its catch, the fish being counted as they are received. In this way no time is lost by the fishermen, who are enabled to keep their nets in the water almost all the time. When the steamer has a full load, she proceeds to her wharf, where by means of iron forks and pikes, the salmon are tossed on to the platforms. A steamer will land from 8,000 to 20,000 fish each trip. All the canneries are at the water's edge, and the fish are no sooner landed, than the work of preparing them begins. An Indian throws them into a large tub of clear water, from which they are taken one by one, by a woman who places the fish on a table before which she stands, and with a large knife removes the head; she then slides it along to a man who, by a single cut of his knife, removes the entrails, and cuts off the fins and tail. The offal is pushed aside into a gutter which leads into a chute, and that into the river. The fish is now passed on into a tub of clean water, and after being washed is carried to the cutting table. Here there is a man armed with knives about four inches apart, which cuts the fish into lengths, and the pieces are then placed in the cans, which are filled up even with the top. These are then passed to another set of workmen, who put on the covers, and then go to the solderer. Several new inventions have been recently patented for soldering on the covers, so that the rendering of each can perfectly air-tight occupies but a small fraction of a minute. Twelve dozen soldered cans are placed in a shallow tray made of strap iron, and this tray is suspended by a chain in a vat of boiling water. The cooking occupies but a few minutes, and on its removal from the water, the rack is placed on a table, and a Chinaman with a small wooden mallet taps each can on the top. The expansion of the contents has made the cover bulge outward, and by tapping it with the mallet, the operator is at once able to determine whether the soldering is perfect, and the can air-tight, or not. If on being tapped, the cover yields noticeably, it is evident that there is an escape for the air, and the can is rejected. The operator then reveres his mallet, which is armed on the other end with a small tack, and with a light blow punctures each can, allowing the escape of the air and steam confined in it, and often of a portion of the juices of the fish. As soon as this is done, another workman seals up this aperture with fresh solder, and the cans are ready to be labeled, boxed, and shipped to a market. The amount put up at this cannery was about 500 cases each day, each case holding, on an average, ten fish. The run of sockeye salmon lasts usually from four to six weeks, and during this time the factory is run from four o'clock A. M. to seven or eight o'clock P. M., and the work goes on without interruption on Sundays as well as week days.

Notwithstanding the enormous numbers of fish which are caught, it was said by old fishermen that in their opinion not one out of ten thousand of those that enter the river were taken. That the proportion of escaping fish is large,

can be inferred from the great numbers that are secured, and that without any special effort, by the Siwash and others further up the river. Two million fish is a very small estimate for the number taken to supply the New Westminster canneries during the fishing season, yet further up the river the salmon are scooped up in purse nets by the Indians almost as fast as the net can be swept through the water.

An excursion up the Fraser River to the town of Yale, the head of navigation of the lower Fraser, had been planned by Mowitch, and taking one of the comfortable river steamers, one afternoon, we set out with a charming party of friends. The river near its mouth is very muddy, thus resembling the Missouri, but as progress is made up its course, it becomes less and less turbid until when Yale is reached, the water, though not yet limpid, has lost its muddy appearance and is beautifully green like that of Niagara. The current is everywhere very rapid, and at certain points, where the channel is narrow and the banks steep, its violence is so great that it seems as if it would be impossible for the vessel to overcome its force. The valley of the river for some distance above New Westminster is rather broad and the bottom extensive and covered with a superb growth of large cottonwoods. The mountains are not very high, seldom exceeding 4,000 feet, and only occasional patches of snow are to be seen on them. Their sides are for the most part very steep, and we saw frequent evidences of extensive landslips, which had laid bare great areas of dark-red rock, which served as beautiful contrasts to the prevailing dark-green of the foliage. Sal's Peak is a noteworthy mountain of great beauty, and Silver Peak, another fine mountain, takes its name from a silver mine which has been opened near its summit. In many places along the river are to be seen the evidences of the mining operations which began here twenty years ago. The gravel and sand bars, and often long stretches of the bottom land, were in many places mere piles of cobblestones, which had accumulated after the finer sand and the soil had been washed for the precious metal which it contained. Many of the bars had been worked over a number of times; all of them twice. Here, as in most other sections of the country where placer mining has been extensively carried on, the white man had gone over the ground at least once, and had been followed by the more patient and persevering Chinaman, who found in the abandoned claim enough to reward his industry.

On the way up the river I talked with a Mr. Hunter, a civil engineer of great experience, who had secured a grant from the Dominion Government for a mining enterprise of great interest to me. From Quesnelle Lake a river of the same name runs to join the Fraser, and its bed is supposed to be very rich in gold—so rich that it is said that the Chinamen, anchoring their boats in the river, and dredging up the dirt from the bottom, make good wages from washing it. Mr. Hunter has obtained the right to mine this river, or so much of it as he can make accessible by turning the water from the bed, so that it can be reached and worked in the usual way. His plan is ingenious, but very simple. He purposes building a dam across the river near Quesnelle Lake, by which, during three or six months of the year, the water can be held back in the lake, so that the volume flowing through the river channel shall be greatly diminished. Of course, the practical success of the scheme depends on a good many contingencies, but if the dirt is as rich as is supposed, it seems likely to be very profitable.

During our passage up the river we passed at frequent intervals the fishing camps of the Siwash, and could see that they were taking great quantities of fish. Their drying stages—thickly hung with the bright-red flesh of the salmon—stood out in bold relief against the green of the deciduous trees or the cold gray of the rocks. Only a small portion of each fish is saved by the Indians, the greater part being thrown back into the river. By a single slash of his knife the Siwash cuts away the whole belly from the throat back to a point behind the anal fin and extending up on the sides as far as to where the solid flesh begins, and this portion he retains, throwing the whole shoulders, back and tail into the river again. The Indians of the coast, however, save the whole fish.

The method employed in taking the salmon is sufficiently simple, and yet owing to their abundance very effective. A purse net is arranged to run by means of wooden rings on a wooden oval, about four feet long by three in breadth, to which a long handle is attached, the frame resembling that of a gigantic landing net with an oval ring. When the implement is to be used a string is pulled, which spreads the net, and it is swept through the water with a slow motion, against the current. The string which holds it open is passed by a loop over the little finger of the left hand, and, as soon as the fisherman feels anything strike the net, is loose, the rings run together, and the object is held securely in the bag. The fish, in their efforts to stem the current, pass close to the steep banks, where the force of the water is least and the eddies help them along. The fishing is for the most part done from stages, which are built of poles and extend a few feet beyond the rocky points which here and there project out into the stream. The right to occupy these points descends from the father to the oldest son of the family.

A short distance below Yale is the town of Hope, a small settlement beautifully located in the wide bottom. It is from this point on the river that the trail for Kootenay, distant about 500 miles, starts, and all the mail and express

matter goes by this route to this inland settlement. Hope was founded during the early days of the mining excitement, and when it was thought that the diggings of the Fraser were inexhaustible. Great expectations were entertained of the future importance of the place, and an active speculation was carried on in building lots. But the tide of emigration passed on as the washings on the lower river ceased to pay; Hope was left behind, and the owners of town lots will be obliged to wait long for the return of the money invested in them.

We found Yale an orderly and respectable town. It was on a Sunday that we reached there, and that the Sunday after pay day, and yet we saw no fighting on the streets, and but few drunken men, probably not more than one in twenty. It is from this point that the Canadian Pacific R. R. is being built eastward, and this is thus the supply point, and the locality where all the laborers employed on the road congregate during holidays. Liquor saloons, of course, abound, and at frequent intervals one stumbles over a drunken man who is sleeping off the effects of his potations heedful of the clamor that is going on about him. Yale is cosmopolitan. You may see here men of all races, but English, Scotch and French predominate. There are a few Germans and Scandinavians and some Americans. Of course Indians are numerous, as are also Chinamen. Negro cooks and washerwomen jostle Mexican packers and muleteers, while mixed bloods, whose parentage can scarcely be conjectured from their countenances, abound. From this point stages run to Lytton, where the river is again practicable for steamers, and this is the route taken by those who go to the mines at Caribou.

I had learned that there was at Yale a taxidermist, who had quite a collection of bird skins, and as soon as the town was reached I set out to find him. In this I was unsuccessful, but I managed to obtain access to his collection, which was in some respects interesting. Among the species noted were the cat bird (*Galusopus carolinensis*), Maryland yellow throat (*Geothlypis trichas*), evening grosbeak (*Hesperiphona vespertina*), pine grosbeak (*Pinicola enucleator*), a species of *Leucosticte*, snow bunting (*Plectrophenax nivalis*), black-headed grosbeak (*Zamelodia melanocephala*), lazuli finch (*Passerina amena*), white-tailed ptarmigan (*Lagopus leucurus*), in winter plumage, gray snipe or dwitich (*Macrorhamphus griseus*) in summer dress, and many others. After looking over the birds, which, however, had to be inspected through glass, owing to the absence of the owner, I walked along the railroad track two or three miles up the river and into the canon. The scenery here is very beautiful, the stream rushing along between high mountains, which rise steeply from its very banks.

Just above Yale, at the entrance of the canon, is a large rock, or, perhaps, more properly, a small island, which divides the current into two streams of nearly equal size. About this rock there is told an Indian legend of some interest. The salmon fishing has always been the most important event of the year to the Fraser River Indians, as it provides them with their winter food, and, indeed, with provisions for almost the entire year. The advent and capture of the first salmon of the season was, therefore, eagerly looked for, and in old times was celebrated with solemn religious rites. This first fish was regarded, not as the property of its captor, but as belonging to the Good Spirit. It was, therefore, as soon as caught, taken to the Chief of the tribe, and delivered into his keeping. A young girl was then chosen, and, after being stripped naked and washed, crosslines in red paint, representing the meshes of a net, were drawn upon her body, and she was then taken down to the water's edge, and, with solemn ceremonies, the net was washed off. This was supposed to make their nets fortunate. Prayers were then made to the Deity, the salmon was cut up, a small portion sacrificed to him and the remainder divided into small pieces, one of which was given to each individual of those present. The story of the rock runs somewhat in this way. One season the first salmon caught was taken by a woman, and she, being very hungry, said nothing about its capture, but devoured it at once. This was neither more nor less than sacrilege, and for the crime she was changed by the Great Spirit into this rock, which was placed where we now see it, to remain for ever as a warning to wrongdoers. Some believe that, although changed to stone, she still retains her power of thought and feeling, and that each year she is obliged to endure the misery of seeing, re-enacted about her, the scenes in which, as a child, a young girl, and, at last, a mother, she had taken part. Each year, too, she must see her people change, little by little, their habits; each year perceive their numbers lessening, and the land that once was all theirs passing into the hands of strangers to her race and to the soil. Already the thunder of the blasting has shaken her, although so steadfast, already the scream of the locomotive and the rattle of the paddle wheel have sounded in her ears. Some day an enterprising engineer, who wishes to improve the navigation of the Fraser, will introduce a charge of dynamite into some crevice of the rock, and the poor sinner, whose punishment has surely by this time expiated her crime, will pass from our sight and at last find rest.

At a point above the first tunnel, an old Siwash was fishing with a purse net, catching a salmon at every sweep that he made. I clambered down the rocks to his stage, and, after watching him for a while, borrowed his net and fished while he dressed those already caught. In about five

minutes I caught as many salmon, each of which would weigh about ten pounds.

The next morning at three o'clock the steamer started down the river and by ten we were at New Westminster. Here we had to part with our friends Mr. and Mrs. H., whose kindness to us, strangers, I can never sufficiently acknowledge. Then we passed on down the river and across the island dotted waters of the gulf; through the narrow passages, where the Indians were still catching their herrings; out again into the straits, whence were to be seen white, majestic Rainier, and the snow-capped peaks of the Olympian Range, and then around Clover Point and into the snug little harbor and Victoria was reached.

A day of hard work enabled us to pack up our traps and take the steamer next morning for Tacoma. All our friends in Victoria had been so kind to us that it was a real pain to me to leave the town. Never have I met more charming or more cultivated people than in this far-away place, and certainly never were strangers more hospitably and genially received than the three whose wanderings I am detailing. But good-byes have to be said, although I think that they are repaid more regretfully each time that the word has to be used, and the traveler who feels a lively sense of gratitude for kindnesses conferred upon him, by those on whom he has no possible claim, uses the word with a deep appreciation of its meaning which most people would never understand. He has perhaps been received into the home and, although never seen before, been treated as an old acquaintance or as a family friend, and he must, if his spirit be at all sensitive, be deeply touched by treatment such as this. Money can procure ease and comforts wherever he goes, but it can never furnish that friendly solicitude for comfort and well-being which is so grateful to the heart of the stranger in a strange land.

The sail over the blue waters of Puget Sound is delightful, but too short, and the evening finds us at Tacoma. A day was spent here, part of which we devoted to an excursion to a rich coal mine at Carbonado, thirty miles distant, since purchased by Colonel Crocker for the Central Pacific Railroad. The branch of the Northern Pacific R.R. which we took passes through a country of great beauty and fertility. Near Puyallup the principal agricultural industry is hop growing, and it is said that 2,000 Siwashes come in every year to help harvest the crop. In 1879 the growers received, we were told, 40 cents per pound for their crop; in 1880 the price had fallen to 19 cents, and in 1881 it was estimated that they would get 16 cents, but even at this price there is a fair margin of profit. The houses for drying the hops are a feature of the land-cape. There is a large stove factory at Puyallup. Much of the land along the track is cultivated, but as the mountains are approached we pass through valuable tracts of timber land. At Carbonado is a sawmill where splendid timber is put out. On our return to New Tacoma we met a number of gentlemen, enthusiastic fishermen and hunters, who gave us valuable hints in regard to our proposed trip over the lines of the N. P. R. R., hints which when adopted, as they afterward were, added greatly to the interest of our journey eastward.

From here we proceeded by rail to Kalama and thence by steamer to Portland, the sail between these two points being marvellously lovely. At one time we could see from the steamer's deck no less than six enormous snow-clad peaks from nine to over fourteen thousand feet in height. These were Mts. Rainier, St. Helens, Adams, Hood, Jefferson and the Three Sisters.

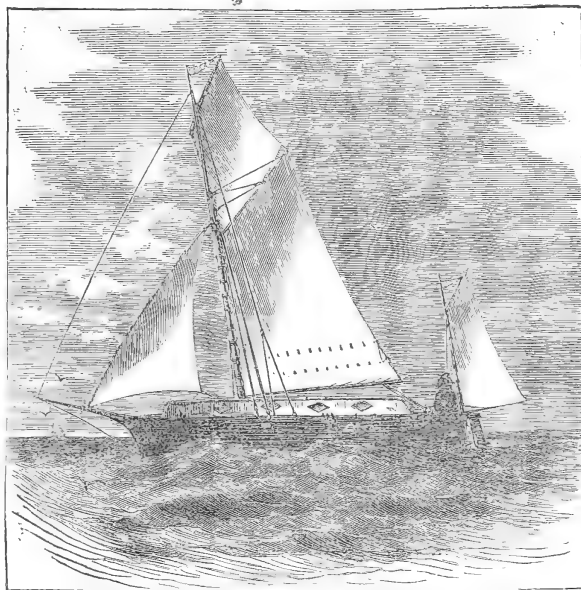
Portland we left early next morning, and proceeded, on a very comfortable steamer, up the Columbia. The river is magnificent, and the lava country, through which it has cut its way, is very beautiful. For the first few miles the bottom is wide and the hills are distant, but after a while we enter a stretch where there is no bottom land, and the river flows between walls of rock. We lounge on the steamer's deck and lazily watch the changing features of the scene. The long grass, over which the maturing touch of summer has passed, shines yellow on the gently undulating curves of the hills which sweep upward from the river banks, but in the shadow of the numberless walls and piles of lava it is brown and dull, without the glimmer and sheen which it takes in the sunlight. The country is open and park-like, the slopes, dotted with dark spruces and pines, which grow most thickly in the ravines and on the steeper hillsides. Their dark foliage and the paler greens of the deciduous trees and shrubs at the water's edge are the only pronounced colors of the landscape. Except these, there is only the dark gray of the rock piles and the yellow of the ripened grass. Over all a dome bluer than the serene of Italian skies, a hot August sun and a purple haze that veils the more distant hills and, while not hiding them, softens their sharper outlines and gives to them a vagueness and a dreamy indistinctness which add to their loveliness by calling in the imagination to aid the eye. The beds of lava between which the river hurries are the most striking characteristics of the landscape and are, indeed, the real reason of its beauty. Without them it would be almost commonplace. A sheet of lava of great thickness covers the whole face of the country and appears everywhere, taking the peculiar forms which characterize eroded volcanic rocks. The vertical bluffs which rise from the water's edge are composed sometimes of a breccia which, weathering easily under the influence of wind and water, has assumed a thousand fantastic shapes, seeming sometimes like columns, or like statues, or obelisks, or great ovals set on end. Or we see

a precipice composed of small, basaltic columns, which easily break up, and, falling out in small cubical fragments, form a high talus at the base of the cliff. Sometimes the columns are of large size, and these offer a greater resistance to atmospheric influences, so that there may be no visible wearing away, and the bluff rises bold and bare from the water that dashes against its base. Often bold headlands extend out into the very river, crowned with a fringe of graceful evergreens, and from these rise rounded, smoothly-sloping hills covered with the yellow grass, and above these are lofty, frowning bluffs. Along the bank of the river the O. R. & N. Co. are building a railroad, and thousands of blue-bloused and broad-hatted Chinamen are busily at work on it. At the Cascades we took the train which carries us seven miles around the rapids, and then, boarding another steamer, proceed until, just at dusk, we reach the Dalles. Here again we change from steamer to rail, reaching Walla Walla early next morning. This is a charming town of 6,000 inhabitants, with a delightful climate and a fertile soil—a veritable garden spot.

ALL HANDS ASLEEP.

LEAVES FROM A LOG-BOOK—VII.

SHE was built—no matter where—by an old oysterman; and, as to her age, it isn't quite the polite thing to inquire a female's time of life, so the Captain forbore asking this question. She was hearty and strong, however, was Peggy, and cheap as dirt; and if bulk gives speed, as our friend of the yachting page declares it does, she should have been a clipper. But whether it was the model, or the barmies on her bottom, or the undersize of her sails, or the faulty handling of her skipper, certain it is that the Peggy's pace was a very moderate one, and she was more famous for a steady, sober plodding along in all weathers, than for any



spasmodic bursts of speed in certain winds. After the old oysterman had made such alterations in rig, cabin, etc., as the Captain demanded, and cleaned, to the best of his ability, the interior, which was replete with the odor from many years' hauls of fish and oysters, the Peggy was, withal, quite a trim little ship, and, before completing his first cruise in her, the Captain conceived a lasting affection for the easy-steering, comfortable-handling, and safety-assuring old smack.

The tide was ebb in Coh Creek as the Peggy dropped down toward the sea, floating slowly, while the Captain cooked his dinner on the spirit-stove near the cabin door, occasionally peering over the house to see that her nose was right. The sails were loose, ready to hoist, ropes and rigging coiled or belayed in place, and everything prepared as carefully as if the Peggy were a man-of-war, or fitted out to find the Northwest Passage. And with good reason. The Captain, crew, supercargo and all were one man—a so-called consumptive at that—and where the sailing, cooking,—ay, and the scrubbing, of a twenty-two foot two-master depends on so small a crew, there are many things to be carefully pondered that would receive but slight attention were there a man or so "before the mast."

As we—the Peggy and Captain—drop down through the mouth of the creek and into the bay, a slight whiff of air is felt as we clear the range of the forest of hackmatacks, and preparations are made for action. The little mizzen is first hoisted and the halliards made fast. Then the jibs run up, the Captain not leaving the cockpit to hoist it. Now the Peggy begins to feel the breath of the light land breeze and, as the mizzen is hoisted, slopes the water from her bow with a musical gurgle. With such a light zephyr we can use all sail, and, as we are anxious to see how our hitherto untried topsail will work, that, too, is sent aloft, and the Peggy has donned her "racing rig" complete.

The voyage is to be made through waters entirely unknown to the Captain, but the chart shows a plenty of harbors along the coast, and the sea-going qualities of the little smack are so well-known that but little anxiety is felt for the possible dangers to be encountered. "She'll find her way all by herself," said the old oysterman, when the Captain bade him

good-bye at the dock, and, verily, his words were not without reason. As the hooked end of Crab Point was passed and the open ocean lay before us, the breeze freshened considerably and the topsail was lowered. The little eight-foot life-boat that served as a dingy, which hitherto had lain to the windward of the house, was shoved into the water, and its painter made fast to the Peggy's stern. Then the Captain leaned back against the dandy mast on the first long leg out to sea and smoked his pipe, while he watched the porpoises playing and the distant sails of a fleet of fishing vessels on their voyage home. There is something soporific in thus sitting silently steering under the rays of the summer sun, with the light waves plashing around, and only enough wind to rock one gently up and down as in a cradle, and soon the Captain began to feel a drowsy sensation stealing over him. An innate facility of sleeping anywhere and under any circumstances, which was a very happy possession in most cases, was here very unwelcome. For a while the somnolent sensation was pleasant, and the Captain abandoned himself to a dreamy reverie, but as his head nodded forward there came a sudden "rat-tat" from the loosed jib-sheets, and, awaking with a start, he found the Peggy rounding to; so, bringing her to her course again, he sat up straight, and began to puff vigorously on the briar-root to keep awake. It was no use, however, and again the head dropped forward on the breast, the pipe fell from the lips, and the lone sailor was in another doze. This time the Peggy kept her course, and worked her way gradually further and further out into the open ocean. A party of young people, passing in an open yacht, saw the sleeping steersman sitting at his post, but took no more notice of the passing craft than to remark the peculiar rig, so seldom seen in those waters. A lumber schooner passed so near as to endanger the safety of the little smack, and the angry skipper bailed with a gruff, "You blasted lubber, haul off! I'd ort to run you down!" But the Captain of the Peggy made no heed of the lumber vessel sailed away, still hurling maledictions back at the solitary voyager. And on and on went the Peggy, and further and further out to sea, and still the Captain slept. At length he dreamed. He seemed to bencar a rocky island, searching for a harbor for his little smack. None appeared, and every moment the waves were growing fiercer. He would certainly be lost. A huge, jagged rock was dead ahead. He seized the helm to chance his course. The tiller would not stir. He gave it a sudden wrench. It broke in two, and he fell over with the force of the shock. The hissing waves engulfed him, and as he struggled vainly to combat them he awoke. The tide had turned, the Peggy had rounded to, and a wave had come "splash" against the Captain's face. Rubbing his eyes and looking around with amazement, he saw the faint dark line of the shore far away. He looked at his watch. He had been aloft four hours, and during the greater part he had slept.

But now work must be quick, for the hours of daylight are passing quickly, and there are low growlings of thunder away off in the West. The Peggy is put about, and away we speed for shore. If we can make Cornerstown Harbor before dark we are all right. If not, we may be lost. Let us examine the chart. Cornerstown lies in a bay midway between two points, Rodney's and Henderson's. These are nine or ten miles apart. The Peggy's nose is headed for one of these, but the question is, which one? If Rodney's, we must bear off to the southward to find the harbor. If Henderson's, we must change our course northward. The distance already sailed cannot be accurately calculated, because the wind has doubled its force since the start, and it is impossible to tell how long its present strength has been kept up. From the distance out at sea the captain is led to believe that Rodney's Point has been passed and that Henderson's is the one in view. There is no craft of any kind in sight, so information from that quarter cannot be expected. A nearer peal of thunder warns that hesitation is dangerous, and the prow of the smack is turned immediately northward, though not without many misgivings. Now, every effort is made to discern the expected harbor as the Peggy bows along. The wind has increased to half a gale, and with reefs turned in in every sail the smack still heels fearfully. A sudden wave dashing into the cockpit wets the chart, and its lines are rendered almost illegible. The Point is still a mile behind, and still no signs of the harbor. The Captain begins to feel that he has mistaken his bearings, but it is too late to turn back now, and hoping that by some chance he may sail into a harbor, he keeps his eyes fixed on the black cloud is chasing rapidly across the sky, and as its heavy folds obscure the light the darkness seems almost like that of night. It is now a certainty that the Captain has taken the wrong course, so, determining to prepare for the worst, the Peggy is laid to, ship's lamps lighted, hatches all tightly closed, heavy coat donned and some of the water in the cockpit pumped out. By the time all this is done the gloom of night has fallen on the water, and, avoiding the perils of an unknown shore, the Captain steers boldly for the open sea.

One of the dangers of a summer thunder shower is the perplexing way the wind has of blowing now this way and now that, and then seemingly from every point of the compass at once. It was this waywardness that troubled the Captain, the sails being at one moment distended to their utmost, and in another moment flapping wildly as he tried to "catch" the new direction of the wind. The whaleboat's compass used on the Peggy had to be scanned by a lantern held between the Captain's knees, and as he gazed for a moment at this bright light it was impossible to see a boat's length ahead in the darkness, and the rain, which beat down into the face at an angle, made looking out ahead an

utter failure. Occasionally a bright arch would shoot across the heavens for a moment, then all would be pitch dark, the air and water bleached in one color, inkly black. The red light of a passing vessel suddenly visible within half a mile, and the Captain cried out, "Hello! Where's Connerstown?" "God knows," I came back over the water, and the red light passed away in the darkness. The little dingy behind began beating like a battering ram on the stern of the Peggy, and the Captain crept back to secure it in a different way, steering the while with his ankle pressed against the tiller. Finally the wind settled in a southwest direction, and although it blew a hurricane the little fishing smack stood up to it bravely; and the crew, gradually becoming accustomed to the state of affairs, began to feel a sort of pleasure in thus flying along at full speed over an unknown course, and even began to light his pipe in the momentary lull of the storm. But the gusts were all damp, and only spluttered without lighting, so he had to content himself with shouting a gay song to the accompaniment of the roaring elements. The storm had lasted over an hour, when straight ahead there appeared a line of light on the water. "Breakers!" shouted the Captain, instantly putting the helm to starboard. But they were not breakers, being instead the reflection on the water of the summer full moon, which had just shown its face at the ragged edge of the black thunder cloud. Now the force of the storm was nearly spent, and the clouds were fast passing away; and the wind asserted its right to stay awhile longer, and the waves still rolled angrily. As the moon shone out with all its brilliancy the Captain saw, to his astonishment, that the smack was only a short distance from the shore, when he had thought her to be far out to sea. And did not that looked point of land and that forest of hackmatacks have a sort of familiar look? It was, it surely was, the bay at the mouth of Cob Creek, the same place from which he had started the afternoon before. As he became aware of this the Captain gave a shout of joy, and raising the Peggy into the well-known channel he soon had a safe anchorage, and with everything made snug, was soon lying comfortably in the little cabin, sipping a hot glass of grog to take the chill off. "I told ye," said the old oysterman, when the Captain afterwards related to him the adventure. "I told ye 'ye' 'smack could find her way all alone by herself; an' 'ye' needn't tell me she didn't know what she was doin' when she brought ye straight home out of 'that gale.'" SENECA.

MEMORY IN LIONS.

DURING the month of September, 1890, whilst residing in Natal, South Africa, I came into possession of a fine pair of lions, about one year old, and as they were exceedingly tame and good, I had a large cage especially constructed, and was constantly in the habit of going in and romping with them. It was always my custom to go inside the cage and feed them from hand, and January, the Kaffir brought me meat, never failed to take a stand in front of the den, in order to see the last of "N'kos," whenever the lions should see it to add him, by way of dessert, to their regular diet of fresh beef. He always met me, on my exit from the rear of the cage, with the astonished ejaculation of "Wau!" and I never could succeed in convincing him that that some sort of ceremony had been observed.

In the year 1870 I was smitten with the "diamond fever," which was raging throughout South Africa, and leaving my lions with a friend, with directions to sell them, I started with January and a Buxton pony, used as a pack animal, on a weary tramp of 550 miles to the "Fields." Having repeatedly traveled with wagons over the road before, the whole country was well known to me; consequently, I was frequently able to take the main road and make short cuts across the country at will. In doing so we would often pass in the neighborhood of Kaffir kraals. So sure as one happened to be seen some little distance off our path, January would suddenly remember that it was the residence of a brother, or some other relative, and would ask leave to pay a passing call. Generally I would stop, light my pipe, enjoy a whiff and allow the pony to graze while the ceremonious visit was being made. Immediately after the arrival of my henchman at the kraal I would notice that there would be a sudden emptying of all the huts, where inmates would assemble in clusters and view me, for a moment, as I passed by. In the mean while January would harangue the crowd for a short time and then return, reporting how much pleased his relative had been to find him traveling in such good company. These visits finally became so frequent that I began to suspect January either of claiming consanguinity back to Ham, or of using me, for some purpose best known to himself, to advance his own interests. A few nights after my suspicions were aroused, and January had during the day had several ceremonious visits, I was lying rolled up in my blankets when I was suddenly attracted by his suspicious movements about the expiring fire. Feigning sleep to throw him off his guard, I saw him cautiously produce from underneath his blanket an extremely dilapidated and abbreviated workman shirt—several pieces of shriveled meat, which he proceeded to grill over the coals. Knowing the perfect craze which all Kaffirs have for meat, even in a hard condition, there was but little difficulty in arriving at a solution of the visiting mystery. Springing to my feet I rebuked the trickster and made him acknowledge that he had been eating my meat for a longer time than he had been relating the wonderful things he had seen me do with the lions, and threatening his end with dire evil if he did not instantly seek my pardon by sending as a present a bit of meat. From that time forward there were no more relations on our road; and whenever I thought January needed meat, a bit of biltong (dried antelope meat) was handed him from the small store carried in the pony's pack.

A few months after my arrival on the Fields, my friend, in whose care I had left the lions, came up also, and informed me that they had been sold to some party, who wished to take them to England. After some two years' diamond digging, I started overland to Cape Town en route to Australia, whilst January turned his face homewards, in company with some returning ox teams, instead of N'kos.

In October, 1873, I reached Melbourne, and the day after my arrival very naturally found my way to the Zoological Garden. It was a fine Sunday afternoon, and after wandering around the grounds for some time, my attention was attracted by a crowd of people in front of a large den standing alone under a huge eucalyptus tree. On approaching and looking into it, I saw that it contained a pair of sleeping lions, which, on a closer inspection I was sure were my old South African pets. In order to test the matter, I drew back until I reached the outer edge of the group, and concealing myself behind a slanting umbrella, held by one of the visitors, I

called out to my old friends, as I had been accustomed to do before leaving Natal. Both animals instantly sprang up and began rapidly pacing to and fro, anxiously looking out between the bars, as if they were endeavoring to ascertain from whence came the sound. Finally the female reared up and looked for some time over the heads of the visitors, but the umbrella screened me, and I gradually worked away unseen for some distance, when I met a keeper, whom I accosted, remarking that the Society were in possession of a pair of fine lions.

"You may well say that, sir,"
"How did you get them?"
"I brought them from South Africa."
"But how did you get them from South Africa?"
"I went up in the interior and got the natives to catch them in pitfalls for me."

"My friend, the natives of South Africa are not in the habit of catching lions in pitfalls. Moreover, I am positively certain that those lions were not my property."

"Beg pardon! but you must be mistaken."
"Do you really think so? Let's go back to the den and I will convince you that I am right."

I instantly began to retrace my steps with the keeper following, and looking very much as if he had "caught a Tartar." On getting up to the rail in front of the cage, I found that both lions had lain down and were dozing. On calling their names, they again bounded up, and I, in spite of the frantic efforts of the keeper to prevent me, and the terrified exclamations of the visitors, scrambled over the rail, ran up to the bars, and, no doubt in the eyes of many of the spectators, made a great fool of myself in fondling and caressing my old pets. At length the keeper ventured to approach and say:

"Be kind enough not to blow on me, sir?"
"I will keep quiet under one condition."
"What's that, sir?"
"That you never attempt to tell that pitfall story again."

"I'm bluffed if I do, as I've managed to tumble into the blasted thing myself."
By this time it had been noised around the garden that something unusual was going on at the lion's den, and in a few moments the space in front of it was filled with people, all anxious to see the Yankee play with the lions. After satisfying their curiosity I got the versatile keeper to pilot me to the office of Mr. de Sout, Secretary of the Society, who kindly informed me that the animals had come direct from Natal, in a vessel laden with sugar, the Captain having purchased them from the party who originally intended to take them to England. FRANK J. THOMPSON.

Zoological Gardens, Cincinnati.

MINNESOTA GAME RESORTS.

THE first point is Sauk Centre, a quiet little town of from St. Paul, on the line of the St. Paul, Minn. and Manitoba Railroad. This town lies at the foot of Sauk Lake, from which it derives its name, and is in the very heart of a splendid prairie-chicken country. Sauk Lake abounds in game fish of a superior quality, is nine miles long, and its sandy banks afford fine shelter for the angler. There are some five sail boats on the lake, notably one owned by E. J. Harrison, who is a true lover of the rod and gun. One can find plenty of sport in this nice little sheet of water—fishing, ducking (in the fall large numbers of ducks congregate here), yachting, bathing and picnicking.

Westport is ten miles due west of Sauk Centre, and here is where one will find the ducks and geese in quantities to suit. Between this point and Sauk Centre is a broad prairie country, partly settled, and with plenty of grain fields wherein *Tetrao capidus* browses in quiet undisturbed by the sportsman's gun. You can enter any of these fields and rest assured no one will disturb your "piece of comfort" while you make the prize ring with the brook-head's brazen voice. A farm can be had at Sauk Centre for \$3.50 to take you out to this place, where you can then find board with some farmer, who will show you every attention. Board, \$3.50 to \$5 per week.

Birch Bark Lake lies twelve miles east and north of Sauk Centre, and is one of the most attractive resorts, especially for "variety hunters," or those who desire to fish a little, hunt a little, sail a good deal, and have a general good time, driving all day and night.

The lake is surrounded on all sides by a real wilderness, where the red cedars bounds lightly in his wildwood domain where the grave yet fierce-looking "bruin" meanders leisurely over hill and dale; where the partridge rises on whirling wings, and flits like a shadow away from his strange intruder; where the plunge of the pickerel, as he makes a grab at some lesser than he, is heard, coupled with a nice little waterfall which sings a wild, soothing lullaby, and where I nearly baptized myself and companion in "running" the rapids.

Swan Lake, proper, is situated twenty miles northeast of Sauk Centre and four miles southwest of Pillsbury, Todd county. It is a broad expanse of bright, blue water, about four and a half miles long and from one-half to three-quarters of a mile wide. Immense beds of wild rice form a very attractive lure for the wary old mallard, blue-wing teal, canvas-back and "whistler." The bank on the east side is heavily timbered. In this forest are found plenty of deer, bears, partridges, squirrels, etc. At this lake my old friend, J. Frank Locke, who is a true lover of all the beauties of nature and a genuine sportsman, and myself have had some capital sport with rod and gun. On one trip we killed sixty-seven ducks, and we did not count those that went away, either; only the dead ones which were brought to bat. Mr. Locke still resides there and could, no doubt, entertain a party of four.

Bass Lake derives its name from the endless quantities of black and striped, or calico, bass, with which it abounds. In company with a gentleman I took forty-five bass as ever one saw, in about seven hours' time. Some of these beauties weighed as high as 8 lbs. They are "clean grit" and will make a reel sing the time merrily. This lake lies one mile east of the one above-mentioned, and is about a mile long by one-half mile wide. It is very deep, and on the east bank may be found a limpid stream of ice-cool water away up on the bluff above and overlooking the lake. There I have lain and enjoyed the view of the surrounding scenery; or have fished, and drank the cooling spring water and listened to its murmur, as it dashed over moss-covered stones and finally to mingle with the waters of the lake. This would be a grand place for some wearied business or professional man. Here he might refresh and lighten life's heavy burden. It would be necessary to take a boat at this point, for there

were none on the lake but an old Indian's dug-out when we were there. The proper way for a party to get to this point is to come direct to Sauk Centre, and then hire a team and go out by the way of Round Prairie.

Rice Lake is about ten miles northeast of Long Prairie, and twenty-eight miles north from Sauk Centre. It is a large sheet of water, well supplied with wild rice, whence its name. Messrs. A. W. Shells, editor Todd County Argus, and W. C. Brower, editor Sauk Centre Tribune, in company with several other gentlemen, spent a most enjoyable time here among the ducks last fall. All would have passed pleasantly enough had it not been for W. C. B.'s unlucky plunge into the lake, with the mercury a "little low." But more than one hundred ducks were brought to bag by the party in a very short time. We think that any one desiring to visit Rice Lake would find capital sport, and if they wanted a jolly good boy along, let them take Arth.

Goose Lake is situated in one of the best sections of country I know of for the pursuit of this magnificent game bird. It is 9 miles northeast of Sauk Centre, and is 123 miles from St. Paul, on the M. St. P. & M. R. R. The sportsman should leave the train at Sauk Centre and hire a team. He could go nearer by rail, but would not be likely to get so good an overland rig at West Union, the nearest place by rail. A camping party could have a grand time by hiring a team and go for a two weeks' sojourn to this splendid resort. I have killed many a very old "honker" here, and sent many a "whistler" on his long, long home. Around this lake is a good settlement, and plenty of stubble fields, fairly alive with prairie chickens and mallard ducks. There are other smaller lakes in this vicinity which abound in ducks of all kinds. No fish worthy of note are found here.

The Ashley River heads in West Port Lake, and winds around among hills, through valleys and level prairies, for a distance of about fifteen miles, the bend taken into measurement, and finally empties into Sauk Lake at a point about one mile above the town site of Sauk Centre. If you do this river after ducks is to take a good ducking shell with a team up to West Port; there launch the boat, and with a good pilot, or in fact any one who can keep a boat in the centre of the stream, paddle and float down, keeping a sharp lookout for ducks in the bend and bays. In some places the boats will require a little "working" in order to progress properly. In this way one may go for a distance of fifteen miles or more and find most excellent shooting all the way, and without getting fatigued, meeting your team at Sauk Centre in the evening, or next day if you choose to linger by the way. First class shooting is the reward. Your boat is back where you started from with little or no trouble.

Some of my best ducking I have had in this very river, where, at times, they flew so fast I hardly had time to throw out the empty shells; and I did most of my shooting on the wing.

I have given a brief sketch regarding several important points, and by the great variety every reader will see I have written in the sportsman's interest only, as I have no "axe to grind." Any one desiring to visit these places can do so and will find my figures facts, not fiction. I have been as explicit as possible. DELL.

Natural History

DO CROWS HOLD COURTS?

NAGARA FALLS, N. Y., Jan. 1891.

GOAT ISLAND, as all the world both know, is the island which divides the falls of Niagara. It is now, and has been time out of mind, a great roosting place for crows. Thousands of these dusky scavengers roost there every night, scurrying off in all directions with their discordant crowing at the first streak of daylight, but always returning at dusk every evening no matter how stormy the weather or how far they have strayed during the day in search of food. It is curious to notice how cunningly they keep out of the way of the hunters until they get over the island, "where of course they are protected, to one being allowed to shoot there." There, feeling themselves perfectly safe, they seem to call a meeting, appoint officers and call the roll, each member answering to his name separately, after which they all join in a chorus flitting from limb to limb, and gradually quieting down for the night. I have never seen them start in the morning, but have no doubt they go through some such regular routine.

One evening last fall, while on the island, I noticed three crows in a row on a limb of a tree, two of them being very noisy, the other quite quiet, but looking sick; his feathers seemed all to grow the wrong way and a more miserable looking crow it would be impossible to imagine. I came to the conclusion that the middle crow had been shot at and wounded, or was sick, and the other two were looking after him. After a while I noticed the two outsiders make a start to fly, like starting for a race, but as the sick one, which was in the middle, did not start, they immediately came back to roost. This they repeated several times, the centre crow not appearing to pay any attention to them. Suddenly the two crows commenced to behave the sick one with beak and wings, until he screamed most piteously, and on the next trial there was a good start, and the three crows flew away together in a line as they had sat on the tree. I have thought much about this incident since, but could never satisfactorily explain it to myself until I noticed the following clip from an English paper, which has convinced me that these were two courtiers of the law and the third a culprit.

The extract says: "I have just now an authentic case of curious intelligence or instinct in birds, which I have verified for the benefit of my readers. A clergyman living in Yorkshire tells me that in the spring of a few years ago he and his daughter were walking in some fields, where the crows were busy in the trees building their nests. Always noisy at this time, they were more than usually so on the occasion, and a number of crows were coming to dinner stopped to see what was the matter. Close by the gate where my friend stood he saw about a dozen crows engaged in the most noisy and violent gesticulations, and on the branch of a tree at hand sat two crows, with a third dejected and miserable-looking crow between them. When the clamor had in some degree subsided, a crow stepped forward from the crowd and seemed to address those seated on the trees—when, quick as thought—the two side crows flew upon the unfortunate wretch between them, and with their beaks began to deliver a blow on the head that he did not wait for a single flutter. After this act of justice, as it undoubtedly was, the birds ceased to make any sound and then flew off as if satisfied.

"This tale is corroborated and supplemented by an incident

of a similar kind, seen by a lady whom I knew, who was present at a court-martial in a field of crows, formed in the same way; and the execution of the criminal took place in a precisely similar manner. Who shall say that gregarious birds have not their judges and juries, and code of laws by which their colonies are regulated, as well as condigna punishment for transgressors?" P.

THE MISTLETOE.

THE mistletoe of England (*Viscum flavescent*), of which mention is made so frequently in ancient superstitions and legends, is a true parasitic plant, that is, it not only grows on trees, but penetrates their bark and draws its support from the sap of the tree. In this respect it differs from the parasitic mosses, ferns, fungi, lichens and orchids, that are to be found growing on trees, but which obtain their support from the atmosphere; these are simply lodgers, while the mistletoe demands both board and lodging.

The word mistletoe is of Anglo-saxon origin, and is derived from the word mistle-tan—mistle, different, and tan a twig, a prong, a shoot of a tree. The mistletoe belongs to the natural order of Lamiaceae, which contains more than 400 known species, mostly tropical evergreen shrubs that are parasitic in their habit, some having showy and odorous flowers.

The mistletoe, when very young is succulent, but as it attains age becomes woody. Its repeatedly forked branches form a pendant bush of from one to five feet in diameter. The mistletoe is very brittle and breaks readily at its joints, particularly so after it has been separated from the tree on which it grew. At each of the joints on the terminal branches grow a pair of opposite sessile, thickish, nearly nerveless leaves, which vary from narrowly oblong to obovate, but are always entire and obtuse. The flowers are deciduous, inconspicuous, of a light green color, and are situated at the ends of the terminal branches (see Fig. 1). The male and female flowers (Figs. 2 and 4) are borne on separate plants.

The berries are about the size of currants (Fig. 3.) are white and semi-transparent in color, and contain a very viscid juice. Birds, when feeding on the berries, reject the seed which, becoming attached to the bark of the tree, in time takes root. In this way the mistletoe becomes detached from the bark is raised, and the seed is placed beneath it. To hide the seed away from birds and small animals, it is planted on the under-side of the branch. No matter in what position the seed may be placed, the radical, which in ordinary plants extends downward, will, with the mistletoe,

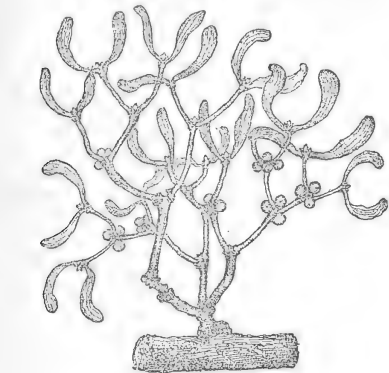


FIG. 1.—ENGLISH MISTLETOE.

always reach to the surface of the bark without reference to sunlight, heat, gravitation or other influences. So strong is this habit, that the radical is often obliged to curve itself over before reaching the bark on which to attach itself. The attachment is effected by an expanding or flattening out of the end of the radical into a disc, which gives a firm hold after which roots are developed from the disc, and penetrate the bark till they reach that part of the tree containing the most sap and juices. Nurserymen in England often establish young specimens of the mistletoe on apple and other trees by means of the artificial propagation above described, and dispose of the trees to dealers in the most northern parts of Scotland and England, where the mistletoe is not a native.

The superstitions and legends associated with the mistletoe

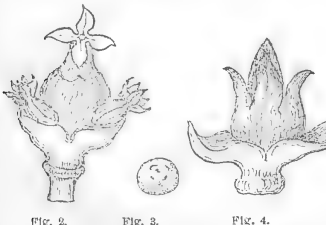


FIG. 2. FIG. 3. FIG. 4.

by the ancient Britons and Germans were many. By the ancient order of Druids its collection was attended with great solemnity and religious display and form. In England the mistletoe was more rarely found growing on the oak than upon any other tree, although this fact is contrary to popular belief; hence, that which was found growing upon the sacred oak was considered more powerful, and was regarded with greater honor and sacredness than that which grew on other trees. As soon as it was discovered, the Druids assembled about the tree and a banquet and sacrifices were prepared. These sacrifices consisted not alone of the carcasses of animals; living human beings, also, were offered up on the sacred altars. A priest robed in white vestments caught the sacred mistletoe in an immaculate white cloth as it was detached from the oak bough with a sickle of solid gold; after which two milk white heifers were instantly dispatched and roasted in the way of a burnt offering, the rest of the day being spent in rejoicing, prayer and feasting. By the Druids the misle-

toe was considered the most potent of all substances as a cure for diseases, an antidote for poisons and a charm against all evil powers, and was distributed to the people and carried about their persons.

Another powerful talisman these enterprising and cheerful Druids greatly valued was the egg of a serpent, which, according to Pliny oozed out of the mouths of serpents when collected together, and when supported in the air by their co-operative hissings was the propitious moment in which to seize it or otherwise it lost its magic virtues; but he who attempted to so seize it must suddenly dart from his hiding place and catch it in a napkin, mount a horse (the first one he could get on top of, no anxiety as to who owned it) and gallop off at full speed until he had placed a river between himself and the serpents.

The only uses to which the mistletoe is now applied in England are for feeding cattle when a scarcity of other food prevails, and in the manufacture of bird-lime, which is produced in the following manner: The berries and bark are placed in boiling water for several hours until the viscid and adhesive material contained in them is extracted. This is strained through a cloth to get rid of the woody portion,

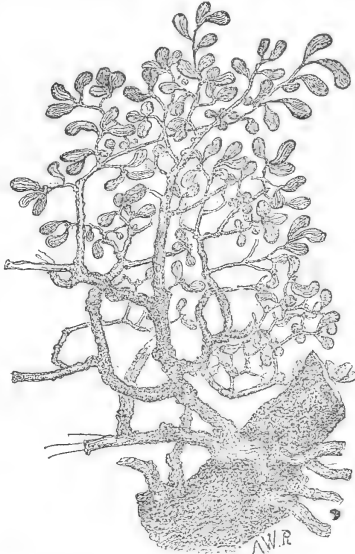


FIG. 5.—MISTLETOE OF SOUTHERN STATES

after which it is concentrated by evaporation, when the substance assumes a consistency like that of dissolved caoutchouc. This substance is known to chemists as viscin. The bird-lime when used is smeared on the branches of trees, a live or stuffed bird being used as a decoy. When a bird alights on the charged branches it sticks fast, and as it beats with its wings they also become deluged with the bird-lime so that its wings become useless to a greater or less degree. Only the vilest of pot-hunters and bird catchers use it. It is the most utterly ugly, dirtiest of dirty mean ways of catching small native birds.

The mistletoe in England is in great demand during the Christmas holidays, both for the purpose of decoration and from the custom that if a gentleman discovers or can beguile a lady under the "mistletoe bough" he is entitled to a kiss from her. This is a very ancient custom which has been handed down from the feudal times.

Some years ago the mistletoe was considered a valuable remedy for epileptic fits, blind-falling and other ailments; but it has passed out of use of late years.

The mistletoe of the Southern States differs from the English not only in having both the male and female flowers on the same plant, but also in the form of the leaf, which is stouter, shorter (see Fig.) and of a more yellowish-green color. This variety was first described by Nuttall, who made a new genus for it—*Phoradendron*—"a tree thief." We have many species of *phoradendron*, the commonest being *P. flavescent*, which ranges from southern New Jersey to Illinois, Texas and Mexico. In Texas the mistletoe is so abundant on the mesquite trees that their natural foliage is hidden. Some years ago a Mrs. Millington made known a minute variety which she found growing on the black spruce in Warren county, New York, it being scarcely more than an inch long, but so plentiful as to injure the trees. In the cider-producing districts of England the mistletoe is so abundant on the apple trees as to cause great injury to the crop, often absorbing the entire juices of large trees in a few months and causing their entire destruction.

Few people are aware that large quantities of the English mistletoe are sent to this country during the two weeks preceding Christmas. This mistletoe is handled by the large dealers in the Christmas greens which are used for the decoration of churches, stores and private dwellings during the holiday season. From the hands of the wholesale dealers it passes to the retail florists, who dispose of it to their customers of English birth and extraction, at the rate of from one to two dollars per bunch. This season the dealers were stuck with the mistletoe because the English shippers did not send it here in season. It is not safe still to handle unless it reaches our markets from ten to twelve days before Christmas. It should be packed in a light but solid and firm case, and shipped as soon after being gathered as possible, so as to avoid its becoming dry and brittle before reaching Northern markets.

The Southern mistletoe was a drug on the market this season on account of its being nearly destitute of berries, a condition caused by the very dry season in some parts of the Southern States. The Southern mistletoe is sent North with the leaves of the palmetto and other palms, as well as large quantities of Spanish moss.

I find that very few people know the history of the mistletoe and the strange legends and superstitions associated with it, and very many persons are surprised when told that in the South and West it is so very abundant that it is often destructive to valuable trees. A. W. ROBERTS.

QUESTIONS ABOUT WILD TURKEYS.

SPARKILL, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1893.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This year, while hunting in south-eastern Virginia, I had the pleasure of killing specimens of at least two different species of wild turkey, viz: The "mossy-head" or "branch" turkey and the "red-legged" or "great woods" turkey, as they are called. I had heard for several years that there were at least two separate kinds, but until this fall I had never seen any save the red-legged. The "mossy-head" is one-third smaller, and on its head are many small feathers, which give it the appearance of being moss-grown—whence its name. They frequent, principally, the woods of branches and "wild fields," but are sometimes found in the big woods with their congeners, the large one, whose head is smooth, with pink markings, and whose legs are of a much brighter pink or red. These are generally found in oak or large pine woods, and call much more freely than the mossy-head and are a bolder bird in every respect. There is also considerable difference in their note.

My experience was as follows: During the month of November, having some spare time, I went to Spotsylvania and Greene counties, South Va., to try deer and turkey shooting for a few weeks; having heard that in that region the deer were quite plenty and that, although the turkeys were getting scarce, still there were quite a number to be found.

One Sunday afternoon found me at "Pleasant Shade," the hospitable residence of Col. Spratty. As Monday was Court day and his son (Masser William, as he was called by the darkies) having to attend, there was nothing special on hand. The day opened rainy; so I did not go out until after dinner, when, taking the turkey dog, who was also good for squirrels, Sam Barrow and myself started for the woods. We had not gone more than a mile from the house when we heard the dog bark. "Down," exclaimed Sam, "there are the turkeys." Hardly had we crouched when, sailing over the tops of the pines, came two large birds, which he declared to be a gobbler and a hen. Bang—bang, went both barrels; the hen sailed on untouched, but the gobbler pitched down, about 200 yards off. The underbrush was quite thick, and, although we hunted thoroughly, we could not find him; so, giving up the search, we went back to where the hen was flushed and built a blind. There, hiding ourselves, we yelped and yelled until dark, but no response came. Very downcast were we when we went back to the house, but the Colonel told us they were probably "mossy-heads," and that they would call to-morrow morning about daybreak. So before day Masser Willy and I were in the blinds. Mr. Spratt, who is a fine turkey hunter, had not made more than four or five yelps, when an answering whistle told us a young bird was coming through the woods. One little chuckle brought the bird up, there was a report and some feathers fell, while on the ground lay a fine young gobbler. Procuring the bird we again hid ourselves, and in about ten minutes he called up a pair, which were killed.

About a week after that Messrs. Buford and Spratty proposed that we should go in search of a gang of hybrids that were in the neighborhood. These hybrids are said to be a cross between the large and small varieties. They have some of the markings of the large kind, and also some of the small ones in that place of woods, but four or five years ago they got crossed. We found them without much trouble, and killed two on the flush and one from the blind. The following week our same party got on to the "red-legs." We were riding through a bottom when old B-pops gave tongue. Jumping off our horses, we fired at the birds as they came over our heads. I had the good fortune to drop an old hen, and Mr. Buford two young goblies. The old hen was a beautiful bird, weighing fully 15 lbs., with a head of bright brown and bronze plumage, pink on her smooth beak, bright legs, and, what to me was strange, a beard some 5 in. long. Judging from the beard, they decided she was at least 10 or 12 years old. Thus, you see, I have met two distinct kinds, with a cross between the two, inhabiting one locality. Now, will you please inform me how many varieties there are, for I have heard it claimed by some who profess to be well up in the fauna of our country, that there is but one variety, and yet, as I have just told you, I have seen two.

W. M. WAITE.

[Ornithologists recognize but one species of wild turkey in the Eastern States. This is what our correspondent calls the "red-leg." We should be glad to hear more on this subject from turkey hunters at large. A cross between the wild and the domestic turkey occurs to us as a possible explanation of the foregoing statement.]

PHILADELPHIA, January 8, 1893.—Editor Forest and Stream: E. Gray Paudel in sent us last week a white wild turkey, which he shot near Berkeley Springs, West Virginia. It was beautifully marked with stripes of black, and is considered very rare. This week he sent us an old gobbler, weighing 20 lbs., which was as singularly marked as the white one. It was the most brilliant bronze, shadings down to a blue green, and here and there on the breast and wings were pure white feathers, giving the bird a most peculiar appearance. The tail, which is very large, has a white feather on each side of it. The beard is about six inches in length. Are not these very old specimens of genuine wild turkeys?—VICTOR.

RED-HEADED WOODPECKER IN VERMONT.—FERRISBURGH, VT., Jan. 7, 1893.—Editor Forest and Stream: I must correct a statement which I made a few weeks ago that red-headed woodpeckers never winter here. To-day I saw quite a party of them, probably a family, and shot one. It does not quite agree with Wilson's description of the bird's plumage at any age, and the legs are gray and the middle of the bill brown color. But I suppose there is no question that it is a red-head. I never before saw one here in winter, but this has been an uncommon winter. The birds were wintered, and were quite plentiful till the cold weather set in, about the first of the month. They are not often seen here after the 1st of December. R. E. R.

HAIR SEAL AND PORPOISE SKINS.—The skins of the hair seal (*Phoca vitulina*) are now used for covering many articles of ornament, especially albums and books. The hair is left on, and its irregular spotted surface presents a handsome effect. They have also been used for ladies' capes and muffs. The tanned seal skin is also extensively employed in the manufacture of ladies' hand-bags and belts, and for pocket books, cigar cases and other small articles. Seal skin and seal skin are imported from England and are exceedingly strong and durable. They will outwear two pairs of shoes so says the shoemaker of FOREST AND STREAM.

Figure 2.

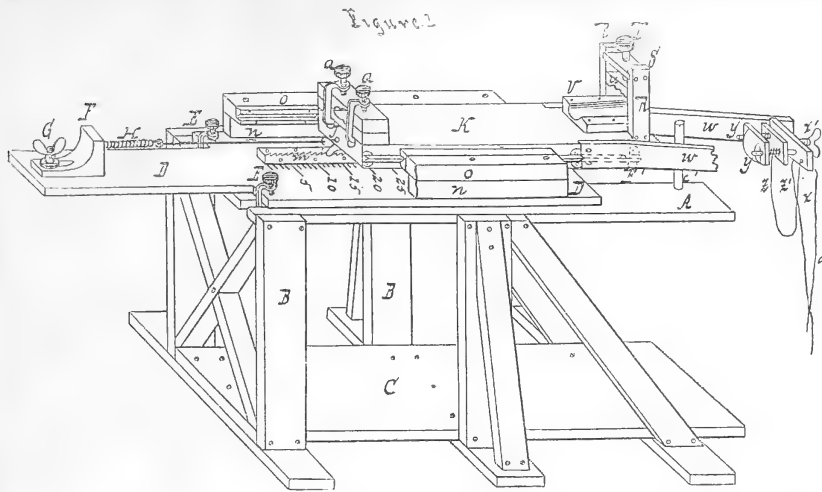


Figure 5.



Figure 3.

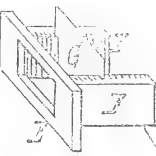
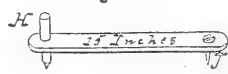


Figure 4.



Figure 6.



MACHINE REST AND TARGET FOR TESTING GUNS.

HEREWITH inclose rough outline pen and ink drawing of a machine rest and target, and below an explanation of same. If in your opinion it shall prove of any practical value to sportsmen in general, please give it space in the FOREST AND STREAM.

So far as I am aware, up to the time of the appearance of Mr. Greener's latest work, no drawing or plan for making a machine rest have been given to the public, with the exception of a very indefinite explanation of the apparatus used in the Chicago trials; and even with Mr. Greener's cut before one, it would be a very difficult matter to define its dimensions and arrange its working parts, saying nothing of the expense, as it seems to me, attending its manufacture. I have endeavored to combine cheapness with durability, simplicity and accuracy. I have fired from my machine over 700 charges during the season, with uniformly gratifying results.

I do not wish to set myself up as "authority," but I cannot deprecate too strongly the very common practice of testing the shooting quality of a gun by firing from the shoulder at a stationary target for pattern at 40 yards range, or in tackling up an old magazine and shooting at it, as a force or penetration test. Such tests are, in my opinion, worthless from lack of uniformity of conditions under which each shot is fired. If a sufficient number of thin sheets of paper are nailed up for a penetration test, it will be found almost impossible to prevent bulging of the sheets in different places, and these bulges will vary with each target placed. When the sheets bulge, there will be found the greatest penetration, hence results obtained in this way are of no practical value. I have found that while a 12-gauge 8-pound gun at 40 yards, with 3½ lbs. of C. & H. powder and 1½ oz. No. 8 soft shot, would penetrate only from 3 to 4 sheets of uniform straw board, the same being packed closely, it would penetrate only from 14 to 17 sheets of same when separated at intervals of ¼ inch; and this, to me, is conclusive. If a proper apparatus is ever devised and adopted with uniform rules either by clubs or individual sportsmen, it would lead to a higher standard of finish, so far as shooting qualities are concerned, besides adding to the knowledge and pleasure of ever gun owner.

In making the drawings I have omitted all shading, as interfering with outlines, and also drawn the apparatus without regard to scale, as I could show the parts to better advantage and with less elaborate drawings.

In Figure 1, A is a bed plate of seasoned white pine, 4 feet long, 2½ inches thick and 14 inches wide, substantially fastened to the frame B B as shown. The frame B B is made of 2-inch pine, the side pieces or posts being 8 inches wide, with braces of 2x4. The projecting ends of frame B B allow of pegging to the ground or screwing to a floor. C is a pine plank similar to A, and serves to hold the frame B B together in a substantial manner, at the same time it forms a convenient table for various purposes. Between the table A and piece C, I insert a shelf, not shown in sketch, for holding, shells, swabs, oil, etc. Full height from top of table A to bottom of cross ties is 20 inches. If desired, the table A can be fastened to posts firmly sunk into the ground, which is, I think, the better way.

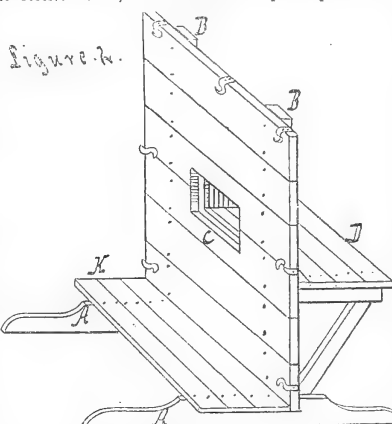
Resting upon the table A is a second table D, two inches thick, fourteen inches wide and four feet ten inches long, and pivoted at its rear end to plate A by a single bolt with nut and washers. This allows of free side-shifting to right or left of front end of table D when obtaining range, a portion two inches wide as shown on each side of front end of table D is cut away to allow for attaching two six-inch malleable iron screw clamps, E E, the lower bed A being slatted to receive them. To the projecting arms of table D an adjustable block P is attached by means of thumb-screw A. To block P a coiled, steel wire spring H is secured ten inches long, ¾ in. in diameter, a cord I ¾ in. diameter in connection with hook J joins the gun-carriage K with spring H. If preferred, a spring-balance may be substituted for spring H and the recoil be estimated by pounds. In centre of table D, and beneath gun-carriage K, a strip L, 20 in. long, 2 in. wide and 1 in. thick, is fastened to the narrow edge of which is screwed the ratchet plate M, made of ordinary strap iron and notched at intervals of 1-16 of an inch. Opposite each notch, and at right angles to same, is a series of lengthened marks, 1-16 in. apart; every fifth mark being numbered, 5, 10, 15, etc., is placed. Firmly screwed to outer edges of table D are two pieces N N, 8 ft. long, 1 in. thick and 2 in. wide, and resting upon their narrowest faces, and upon these are screwed the pieces O O, their narrow faces outward. Upon the inner faces of the pieces O O are screwed two iron V guides. K represents gun-carriage, 26 in. long, 2½ in. thick and 8 in. broad, to the edges of which are screwed the V, ways as shown, and extending full length of carriage.

Across the extreme front end of K are the blocks P P. The lower one, 1½ in. thick, 2½ in. broad and 5 in. long, is screwed firmly to carriage K, which is notched as shown to receive the feet of screw clamps A A. The lower block P is grooved across its centre to the depth of ¼ of an inch, and in shape to correspond to that of a gun barrel. The upper piece P is removable, and is the same size as the under piece and is grooved in a similar manner with the exception that in the centre of the large groove a deeper groove is cut for sighting when obtaining range. In front and secured to the middle of underside of carriage K is a flat brass spring, 4 in. long, 1½ in. broad at one end, and tapering to ¾ of an inch at its smaller end, and adapted to engage with the ratchet plate M. In thickness it should be 16, Brown & Sharp's gauge. Its small end must be filled to fit the notches, and its stiffness must depend upon the elasticity of spring H, either plain as shown, or balance. Two pieces R R, ¾ thick, 2 in. broad and 7 in. long, are attached to rear of carriage K, which is cut away to receive them as shown. Across and set into the upper portion is the tie S, ¾ in. thick, through which passes the thumb-screw T, and between the pieces R R a removable block U, grooved in the same manner as shown in P, is placed.

Between the standards R R, and securely fastened to carriage K, is a grooved block V, 1½ in. thick and 6 in. long. The groove is cut nearly through to fit the fore end, and should be padded and covered with strong leather.

Two arms W W, ¾ thick, 2½ in. wide and 30 in. long, are screwed to carriage K, which is cut away to receive them, and over this point passes the

Figure 4.



rear ends of V, ways as shown by dotted lines. The arms, W W, extend back upon K 6 inches, and one of them is shown cut away to show the rear attachments to same. A cross-tie X secures the two arms and carries the thumb-screw X' and two ¼ inch iron rods, Y Y, four inches long, firmly bedded in the same. Upon the rods, Y Y, are two pieces, Z Z', adapted to move freely, 6 inches long, ¾ thick and 2 inches broad. The piece Z is padded and between it and Z' are two coiled wire springs, 3 inches long and very stiff. A strong linen chord A' passes through two holes in cross-tie X as shown. A stop pin, C', is inserted in the table A, which prevents injury to the gun carriage K, should the chord I or spring H give way. A slot, P', 4 inches wide in table A extends back to rear of table D, which allows for dropping of breach when loading, cleaning, etc.

THE TARGET.

Figure 2 shows the target proper, and figures 3, 4, 5 and 6 parts in detail. To the two pieces A A, 4 feet long, 6 inches wide and 1 inch thick, are fastened the uprights B B, made of 2x4 scantling, 4 feet 6 inches long. To the uprights B B are nailed 6 pieces of 1½ inch pine, 8 inches wide and 4 feet long. In the centre of target is cut a slot, C, 7x10 inches. In the rear of target and below the perforation C is the table D, and resting upon and fastened to both target and table D is the device for holding the force or penetration sheets, figure 3. It is made of 1½ inch pine, 12 inches long and 9 inches deep, with a slot 6x2 inches, and to the screw and upon each side of said slot are secured the pieces F F, 12 inches long, 7 inches high and 1½ thick, with their

inner faces grooved to a depth of ¼ inch, and at intervals of ¼ inch to receive the penetration sheets of their straw board G. Spring brass clips, Brown & Sharp's gauge, No. 20, 5 inches long, 1½ inches at one end and 1 inch at the other, are bent as shown in figure 4, and attached to the edges of said block is a bullseye of 3 inches diameter. This block is to be used when obtaining range or in shooting for pattern alone. A trammel point, 1x1½ inches, 18 inches long, carries the pencil H at one end and the screw J at the other, the two points being 15 inches apart and is used for obtaining the 30 inch circle. In front and resting on the pieces A A is the table K, which offers a convenient rest for tools, etc., and at the same time adds to the stability of the device.

PATTERN SHEETS.

I know of no sheets in the market 48x48 inches. Sheets of suitable paper, 32x48 are obtainable, and by dividing one of these the 48 inch way you obtain two sheets 16x48. Now paste one of these to your full sheet and you will have a surface of 48x47, which answers all practical purposes. To fasten sheet to target, lift centre clip at top and slip sheet under and it is then easy to adjust to the others. In shooting for patterns only, the bullseye block (Fig. 5) may be left in place and the circle struck directly on the target, otherwise the sheet must be removed and circle struck upon a floor or table. Unless the range is absolutely free from wind effects, the circle should not be struck until after firing, and then the best pattern obtainable should be secured. The apparatus should be housed in all cases, and if possible a board fence, four feet high, should protect one side of range, at least.

TO OBTAIN RANGE.

Place bullseye block (Fig. 5) in slot C in target. Place the gun in the grooves and tighten up all screws but X' and clamps E E. Place gun in machine from beneath, and see that fore end will allow breech to drop freely. Now adjust forward sight on bullseye by running or adding sheets of paper beneath table (D) at front end, and tapping front end of table (D) to right or left. Your vertical and horizontal axis is now supposed to be correct, but should you now fire, say the right hand barrel, and your gun is accurate and no wind to deflect the charge, you will find your true centre to be from eight to ten inches to left of bullseye. Now fit an ordinary card wall, perforated in the centre by a ¼ inch hole, in the muzzle of barrel you are about to use, and insert a paper case in chamber, having first run a 3-16 drill through the anvil. You now have two peep line sights from centre of barrel. By tapping the front end of table D you will bring the axis of barrel in direct line with bullseye and your range is obtained for right-hand barrel. The same process must be followed in obtaining range for left barrel, but the shift will be 16 inches from left to right. I do not claim that all guns vary as much as this, but all guns, both foreign and home-made, which I have tested, vary from 6 to 10 inches at 40 yards. The point blank range, in any case, can readily be ascertained by moving the target nearer the firing point; but I digress. The range now being obtained, remove the block (Fig. 5), insert the force sheets and place the pattern sheet in position. Now load, throw up the breech and tighten the set screw X' sufficiently, which experience alone can teach you. The main dependence for holding the gun must be placed in the clamps Q Q and set screw T, though the padded block Z, backed by the coiled springs in rear of same, materially assist in maintaining the gun in position, any solid breach rest will in time strain the action.

One end of the cord A should now be passed around the trigger, and back through the hole in cross tie X, and its two ends joined by a simple knot.

To discharge the gun a sharp, quick twitch, directly downward upon the trigger cord A', and, since the cross tie X acts as a fulcrum, the pull and resistance will be equal and the effect of pull uniform.

When the gun is discharged, the carriage K slides backward, while the spring finger on front of same engages with ratchet M, and thus holds it until a coil is estimated.

If, however, it is desirable to find the recoil in pounds, a spring balance may, as before said, be substituted for spring H, but the spring finger and ratchet should still be retained, as it would hold the pointer in position on dial, and so give exact recoil, without the necessity of smearing with paint, as was done during the tests at Chicago.

White Mills, Pa.

F. G. FAIRBANKS.

THE CAUSE OF RUST IN GUN BARRELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have followed the correspondence on "Rust in Gun Barrels" with careful attention. It has the great merit of throwing light upon the subject from many different standpoints, and I believe, will have the ultimate result of producing not only a cure but also a preventive against these "menaces of the gun." Now, to arrive at this much desired result, the nature and the causes of this disease must first be studied and understood, then the remedies may be looked for and properly applied.

And here I would wish to direct attention first to the fact that many spots in the barrel are produced by scales of lead adhering to the iron, especially toward the breech; these, of course, can be removed by brushing and friction, and I shall not refer to them hereafter. But the influence, which is the result of an oxidation or corrosion of the iron, and which invariably produces unevenness and roughness of the barrel, will form the subject of my remarks. The following observations will assist us in arriving at some definite conclusions:

1. The iron which is used in the manufacture of guns does not oxidize or rust in dry air. In moist air, and especially in changing the amounts of water in the air—sometimes moist, sometimes dry—the iron oxidizes from the surface, and as the rust or oxide is left on the iron, will gradually be eaten, as it were, until nothing but rust is left.

2. Water, when free from air, corrodes iron but little; but when it is in its natural state and temperature it not only contains considerable quantities of air but also carbonic acid gas, as well as saline matter. This will assist materially the rusting process.

The above two points will at once suggest the rule of preventing the access of air and water to the metallic surfaces of iron, and indeed all the different varnishes, oils and rust preventers are in first line based upon the principle of covering the metallic surface with a thin covering, which will protect the iron from contact with air and moisture. It is, of course, of first importance that such oils and rust preventers do not decompose themselves in contact with the metal; and oils which are liable to produce in any instance free acids are to be strictly excluded, or else the process of oxidation or rusting might be going on quicker than in moist air or water. Perfectly neutral bodies, which are not liable to undergo decomposition under the given circumstances, are the best rust preventers, and I could suggest nothing better than solutions of pure paraffine in benzine. The fats and oils contain fatty acids, which are liable to produce an acid reaction under influence of warmth and air, and this, once commenced, does not prevent rusting or corrosion. I believe that the presence of substances in such fatty matters which are liable to oxidation, and probably more so than iron, would prevent the corrosion of the latter at the expense of the substance in the fat, and the good effects of blue unguentum, which is an intimate mixture of mercury and animal fat, is most likely caused by such circumstances.

I have already indicated that it is not only the air which is apt to carry oxygen to the iron, but that also other substances are apt to do so; and I pointed out that oils and varnishes, which under any circumstances can do so, should be, and may easily be, avoided.

I now come to the consideration of the effects of the remnants of discharged gunpowder upon the gun barrels; and, as it appears in this question call for investigation, I will endeavor to explain some of the things of it. No doubt some of my sportsmen friends will and their views corroborated by what I say; some may still continue to adhere to their own explanations, but I hope all will do me the justice of finding my remarks pertinent and made for the good of the fraternity.

"Californian," in your last number, has already referred to the possible difference in the composition of gunpowder and the effect thereby produced upon the gun barrel. I am not aware that any manufacturer uses soda saltpetre; in my opinion they do not—only potash saltpetre, and that as free as possible from any kind of sulphur. It appears, however, that, except in residue left in its containing soda and moisture, all analyses of gunpowder have lost their significance after it was once ascertained that our suppositions in regard to the composition and the process of decomposition in the explosion of gunpowder were wrong. It was generally supposed in theory that gunpowder should be composed of one atom of saltpetre, one atom of sulphur and three atoms of carbon, and that, as a result of its explosion, three atoms carbonic acid, one atom nitrogen, as gas—and one atom sulphuric acid—should be formed. Instead of this the powder gases contain, beside carbonic acid and nitrogen gas, considerable quantities of carbonic oxide gas; a part of the charcoal remains unburned, and, besides potassium sulphide, the residue contains large quantities of potassium sulphate and carbonate. This process, within certain limits, is also quite independent of the grainings of the powder, and, therefore, not much is gained by analysis or external examination of the powder. These may be considered as facts, and I have, therefore, always used one brand of powder after finding it good, and would even stick to that against all other judgments.

According to the above, the residue which is left in the barrel after discharge, consists of potassium sulphate, sulphide and carbonate. If this residue is left dry, it will remain unchanged; if left in moist air, it will change, form sulphurous acid and corrode the barrel; the charcoal, which is always left in it, will act as an absorbent of air, moisture and carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere, and thereby serve as a medium for the entrance of the latter into the residue distributed over the iron, and will accelerate the exchange of oxygen between potassium sulphide and the iron. This can be in some way experienced, if iron is left with powder residue and water or moist air together. It is also palpable that some little time will elapse before the chemical process will commence. It seems, therefore, to be the right way to clean the gun barrels from this residue.

That some powders are worse in this respect than others, these barrels resist the corrosive influence of the indicated process, and that some powder residues are soft, others hard, and the best methods of preventing their action on the barrel, would form an interesting subject of further discussion.

DR. VOLNEY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If the subject is not threads let me add my mite of testimony; and as I make an opinion of any weight the length of the spent in forming it should be given. I am sorry to say that I have gained it in what will next summer be forty-two years experience. In your last number your corre-

pondent "C. E." hit it exactly; leaving the dirt from shooting on the barrels will protect them from rusting "sometimes," and sometimes it won't, and when it does not your gun is ruined. One of mine nearly was, for I discovered this discovery long ago, and I am just lazy enough to make the most of every labor-saving arrangement. So I warn others against putting too much faith in it. Whether the uncertainty is caused by the grade of powder, as "Californian" says, or not, I cannot tell; but as I generally use common powder, having been cured of the weakness for expensive ammunition when I was quite youthful, I hardly think that is the reason. Let your readers try the experiment, but do not trust their guns to it too long at a time. The better plan is to get a warm nook in the house, say the corner by the kitchen chimney, and put up a closet. Keeping guns dry is, in the salt air near the coast, the only preventive of rust; and, my friends, "don't you forget it."

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

DUCK SHOOTING ON MORICHES BAY.

I HAD looked forward to having a duck shooting expedition all through the fall, at some point on the eastern end of Long Island, where or when I had not yet determined, when I received from my friend, J. S., the following characteristic letter: "Moriches, L. I., Nov. 6, 1891.—My Dear Duck Hunter: I have been out on the bay to-day, and have seen a very large number of ducks flying about. The prospects look very good, indeed. Bishop has plenty of room and is anxious to see you."

This settled the question, and the following afternoon found me with packed valise in one hand and gun in the other, on the way to the Long Island Railroad station. Securing a seat in the train, I resigned myself to the situation, knowing that when one has occasion to travel on this marvel of intricate railroads one is in constant anxiety lest he should be landed at a station miles away from his destination. But by a streak of good fortune, backed by frequent inquiries of the conductor, at the end of a three hours' journey I reached Moriches in safety, and bundling into "Syb's" ancient vehicle I left a stage, awaited shiveringly the end of my expedition, which proved to be the cosy quarters of John Bishop.

This worthy host was at once farmer, landlord and guide, and by hook or by crook managed the three occupations with both credit and profit.

We were awakened at three o'clock the next morning. The wind whistled from the south in the early part of the night, but had now changed to a steady breeze from the north, and the surf was breaking over the beach. Nothing could be heard save the dull booming of the surf as it broke on the outer beach. Before break of day we were on our way making good speed for our landing—Doctor's Point—a piece of land jutting out into the bay about a mile. In choosing the best points these baymen, whose power of perception is wonderfully acute, always prefer a lee shore, so that when the wind is from the northwest, which is considered to be the best quarter for their select point number of miles from the bay, and string out decoys to the leeward side of the point with their heads to windward.

Having arranged the stools in as duck-like and life-like a condition as possible, but which the fog caused to loom up twice their natural size, we ensconced ourselves in the bottom of the boat and awaited the breaking of day. Suddenly to the westward there was a bright flash, and a second after another, followed by two dull, muffled sounds of "ploong! ploong!" of guns. We knew the ball had opened. The warrant officer of Bishop, looking out, here they came from the eastward, the next moment showed, as painfully raising our heads above the gunwales of the boats, a bunch of ducks, which proved, on closer inspection, to be broadbills. They rapidly approached, and, with almost the velocity of a cannon ball, swooped over the decoys and were off, but not without leaving three of their companions behind, one dead and two crippled so badly that they were soon dispatched. Pre-emptory, a large flock of old squaws, numbering perhaps several hundred, started from their resting place far out on the bay, by a passing sloop, came swinging by just out of gun shot. The guide, seeing they were likely to pass by without noticing the stools, performed the curious action of kicking his feet up into the air, and at the same time uttered, in a semi-falsetto voice, "how-ah-shik-lik" which he afterwards assured me was the cry of the old squaws. The ducks, perceiving this strange feat, and at the same time catching sight of their supposed friends snugly nestled in the sheltered cove, changed their course and came to investigate, but, not liking a flock of old men, they turned back and followed their course for an instant and discharged their contents, and four ducks, arrested in their rapid flight, leave the flock and fall heavily to the water, rebounding from the shock, and lay on their backs stone dead. The fusillade is now general, as far as can be heard. Away to the westward, in the neighborhood of Smith's Point, comes the faint ploong! ploong! of a double report (a peculiar sound on water), and soon after a flock of whistlers appear, their low tremulous whistle proclaiming their species. Rising from the cramped position which the cautious gunner must naturally assume to remain unseen, we pour a volley into their ranks, and have the satisfaction to see three drop.

Five o'clock in the afternoon found us with decoys packed away on the way back to headquarters, with fifteen broadbills, three sheldrakes, seven coots and ten old squaws. Early the following morning we were on another point, in consequence of the wind having shifted to the north and blowing great guns. Not a cloud, nor a duck, could be seen for the thick fog. The guide, armed with old game and local incidents, of which baymen have quite a locker full.

He told, in his quaint way, of an old gunner of Moriches, who had owned, for the greater part of his life, a muzzle-loader, but his curiosity having been so excited by a city friend, who had extolled the merits of the breech-loader, that he was at length persuaded to purchase one. One morning he set out on the bay, bringing both guns with him for the purpose of seeing for himself wherein the merits of each lay. He presently came up with old game and local incidents, of which baymen have quite a locker full. He leveled the breech-loader, the leader and fired—a very fair aim, he thought—but, greatly to his surprise, they only wagged their long-tail feathers, and cried out, as if in derision, "How d'ye look." Again another bunch flew by, and the decisive cry rang out as they flew off unharmed. The blood of the old bayman was now fairly boiling. Muttering a word which is not found in polite rearing, he flung the breech-loader in the bottom of the boat, and snatched up "Old Scream and Blazes," he affectionately termed his old gun, just as he was to level it at a bunch of four passing by, and, to his extreme delight, saw

them all drop. Surveying them with grim satisfaction, as he picked them up, he exclaimed, "Now, d—n ye! how d'ye look."

My second day's sport proved as barren and monotonous as yesterday's had been fruitful and exciting. But along toward 3 P. M. a black duck passed by, and, yielding to increased ballast in the shape of No. 4 shot, set his wings and dropped far out in the bay. Bishop shouted and ran to get it, but it was difficult to tell whether he would be able to return, as he battled against wind and tide, and reminded me of a picture of Ajax defying the tempest. Dark—as put an end to an unsuccessful day's shooting; for on counting the spoils we found we had only a green-winged teal and a black duck. Nothing daunted by the ill-success of the previous day, we were again at our post the next morning. Now, fortune—that fickle goddess—again smiled, and before noon we counted twelve good ducks; but as it was necessary that we should take the afternoon train for home, we reluctantly packed away the decoys, and, casting one lingering, longing look behind, at places rendered charming by our short association, we bade farewell to duck shooting till next year.

GOLDEN EYE.

WING SHOOTING VS. TREEING.

ASHFIELD, MASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

First, as to the "whiskery." It was mentioned incidentally and no issue sought at that point; but since L. I. F. insists on it, I would say that—however it may be in his case—wherever you find a downright pot-hunter here the amount of whisky drunk is only limited by the supply; but I had not supposed that either the FOREST AND STREAM or its teachings was particularly acceptable to this class. Next comes the caribou comparison. Yes; when a scatter-gun is invented that handles easily and possesses the power to make it as certain of ridding a caribou at twenty rods as a modern choked breech-loader is of doing the same by grouse at a few yards, and when the caribou has the alluring habit of squatting and lying to pointing dogs after a short flight, then, by all means, start him up before you shoot and give him a chance, by a lucky jump sideways or behind some friendly bush, to e-cape your deadly fusillade.

As to the term "murder," the sense of honor and fair play possessed by the true sportsman should intuitively inform him when sport ceases and murder commences. Is it not surprising that, while the terms "trout hogs," "quail murderers," "baldie hunters," etc., are constantly found, without eliciting any reply from the sporting fraternity, the instant a voice is raised to prevent the extinction of the king of game birds by the most disgraceful butchery a tremendous opposition is encountered? What would be thought now of the sportsman who should send in for publication a full set of elaborate rules with valuable suggestions for the most successful method of huddling quail for a murderous shot, or for netting trout in the most killing style, and framed after the manner of our late directions for the more deadly laughing geese?

And yet, good friends, 'tis not a few years since that they were all butchered alike to fill the capacious maw of the pot-hunter. He has swallowed almost the last one of the quail and trout, and a few grouse alone have escaped by their superior cunning. Doubtless when, in a few years, he has—(if unchecked)—reduced the grouse in like manner he will hardly have the stomach to reply while we all storm about the shame of the "manner of their taking off," and talk loudly of their protection as we now do in relation to trout and quail.

The fact is that New England is in the same fix that our northern brethren soon will be. We have comparatively few grouse left, and an army of shooters coming on; and after all our efforts to get them started shooting in a sportsmanlike style, it is hardly to be wondered at that we regard with little favor efforts to proselyte them to pot-hunting. No one that lacks the amount of pluck and esprit de corps necessary to prefer fair play before "buz," need ever expect to acquire much skill in wing-shooting; or ever to taste the sweetest delight that fully possesses the true sportsman as he views his hard-earned spoils.

While we desire to deal justly in our discussions, we must say that a disposition to boast of slaughtering treed birds and giving minute directions for the best methods of accomplishing the same, plainly indicate which side is favored and are about in the same vein as that "solid" advice to our boys, viz., "try all fair wing shots, and perhaps in the course of time you will shoot them in no other way," though of course, on filling up the bag with the "pot-shots" possible. This is the only way to wing-shooters with a vengeance. Why? It reminds me of the advice that an old sharper gave his sons: "Boys, get money honestly, if you can; but boys, get money anyway." Wouldn't it be a curious temperance reformer that would tender the following "solid" advice: "Boys, drink all the whisky you can get, and occasionally take a drink of water, if handy; and perhaps in the course of time you will drink nothing but water."

Boys, I give you a motto which (though the pot-hunter might not consider it "solid") a faithful observance of through a wide and varied experience of twenty-five years has brought to me much solid pleasure. It is, *Take no sitting shots!*

Emblazon it on your banners. Practice it invariably, and you will never regret it.

RUFFED GROUSE.

CAMBRIDGE COUNTY, PA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some weeks ago I wrote a short article, which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, in answer to L. I. F., who had in a previous issue supported the theory that a man was an artist who could kill one ruffed grouse in twenty wing shots. I have noticed in almost every subsequent issue, correspondence bearing *pro* and *con* on this subject.

I do not wish L. I. F. or any one else to imagine that I would not shoot a ruffed grouse sitting, whether on ground or tree, for I most undoubtedly will, and always have done so, whenever an opportunity afforded itself. L. I. F. and I agree in one point only: I believe in killing a ruffed grouse the number of grouse which may be killed on the wing, out of a given number of shots. I have never been so far north as New Brunswick and am not at all acquainted with the character of the cover wherein lie the whirling grouse, L. I. F. and friends so frequently fail to kill when on the wing; but my shooting is mostly confined to the ridges and spurs of the Allegheny Mountains, where the grouse are almost invariably found in thickets of hemlock and laurel.

While writing the first article I decided to keep a record of my shots at grouse during the remainder of the open season and report the same.

I find that I have shot at fifty-six grouse, fifty-four of them on the wing, and two sitting.

Of this number shot at on the wing, I killed sixteen; and killed both of the sitting shots.

The greatest number killed consecutively on the wing, was three.

I shot most of the time a ten-pound, 10-gauge, full choke, hammerless gun. I loaded with 44 drams Oregon lightning powder, No. 6 and 1 1/2 oz. No. 5 or 6 shot, the former late in the season.

I believe that one pellet of No. 5 shot late in the season, when ruffed grouse generally rise wild, will do more execution than half a dozen No. 8's; for, as a late contributor remarks, they are a hardy bird and carry away, very frequently, quite a weight of lead, if a bone in the wing or neck is not broken.

I am, if shooting a ruffed grouse sitting be the criterion, a pot-hunter. But I shoot over a brace of setters and seldom get the opportunity to kill them in this manner. I may be wrong, but I do not believe that shooting an occasional grouse on the ground or in a tree will constitute the shooter a pot-hunter. I imagine that an individual who systematically prepares himself for the slaughter of ruffed grouse by "treecing" them and then deliberately, "with malice aforethought," kills them, deserves the name of pot-hunter and the condemnation of every lover of the "hurling grouse."

OCTO.

MUZZLE AND BREECH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Editorially you remark that Mr. Van Dyke will find many to agree with him as to the muzzle-loader's accuracy at short range. Possibly so, but, notwithstanding his preposterous claim as to the merits of his muzzle-loading rifle, the persons who still use them, as a rule have not made their "first visit to town."

Admitting his "dime" shooting at 50 yards, won't a ball that hits a half-dollar every time from a breech-loader, at same distance, answer every purpose on game at 200 yards and under?

He claims a *cone ball* "cannot be shot at all." Now, I have put 2 out of 10 naked cone balls from a breech-loading Maynard into an 8-inch bulseye at 200 yards, off-hand, and can send him the proof, if he wishes it.

Would that he could sit behind a glass and see where Charles, Richardson and Jewell plank their 330-gr. cylindrical every time on an iron target, 200 yards away. One visit at Walnut Hill (Mass.) will take the conceit out of him; that he intimates is in others, and show him *how* to shoot the "rifle of the present."

Mr. Van Dyke further says that "the extremely long ball, necessary for a long flight, cannot be loaded from the muzzle by the best system of patching." Now, it is a notorious fact that, at Creedmoor and elsewhere, long range breech-loading rifles have had the bullet put in from the muzzle and fired with as good results as though entered at the breech with the shell.

He states also that the ball, put in at the muzzle, cannot be fitted tightly enough for the grooves. How is it, then, that scores of 234 are made with long range rifles carrying bullets that can be pushed through the barrel by a rod, with scarcely a pound pressure?

It is evident that Mr. Van Dyke has something yet to learn about rifles. From his description one would think a breech-loading rifle barrel to a thermometer, with its bulge at the bottom for a ball to wallow in before starting on its journey.

LOADING FOR GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Many of your correspondents fail to give weight, length and bore of gun, leaving the reader to guess at the very important features. An article stating that 34gr. powder and 1 1/2 oz. of shot is the proper load for ducks, is about as vague as it can well be. I shall confine my views on the subject of loading for game, to guns suitable for general shooting, viz.: 12 gauge, 8 3/4 to 9 1/4 lbs.; 10 gauge, 9 1/2 to 10 1/2 lbs.; length of barrels 20 inches. For the 12 gauge, for general shooting, use 44r. Orange duck powder No. 4 grain, 3 pink lead wads on powder, with one black edge on shot, all on one wad larger than bore of gun; 1 oz. of shot, No. 8, for quail, pinch d and ruffed grouse, quails and rabbits; No. 9 for snipe and plover. For duck shooting use 44r. same powder, and 1 1/2 oz. No. 5 shot in first barrel and same quantity of No. 7 in second, shells loaded same, as to wads. For the 10 gauge use 44r. same powder and 1 1/2 oz. shot same sizes as 12 gauge for general shooting, and 5dr. and 1 1/2 oz. of shot for duck shooting.

Always use wads one size larger than bore of gun in paper shells, and two sizes larger for brass shells. I have found out by experience that trying to economize in powder is not economy. In loading as above mentioned the shells containing No. 8 shot can be used for duck shooting very well if you run out of shells loaded for that purpose. The most absurd idea about loading that I ever read or heard of is advanced by a correspondent from El Paso, Ill., signed "No. 12 Bore," in issue of January 5. No. 12 Bore says he uses 2 1/2 dr. powder and 1 1/2 oz. of No. 4 shot (for squirrels). Such a load will be all right "down in Egypt," but would hardly make muster in this part of the country, especially in the timber along the Chariton River.

The chapter on guns and loading in Capt. Bogardus' book "Field Cover and Trap Shooting," is about as practical as anything that has ever been written on the subject, and by a practical man too. The tallow question mentioned by No. 12 Bore is rather odd, notwithstanding No. 12 Bore says he thinks it is not generally known. It is time thrown away and does no good. Wire cartridges are expensive and are no better than lead shot in a breech-loader, and very little better in a muzzle-loader.

BORDER RUFFIAN.

VERMONT—Sheldon, Jan. 6.—Ruffed grouse are very scarce in this vicinity, and the few killed have been all old birds. We have had but little sport on the beech-ridges, where we have made some heavy bags of gray squirrels, with a few black ones for variety. Foxes and rabbits scarce. Red-headed woodpeckers are very plenty here this season, and are, I believe, a winter resident with us. In your issue of Dec. 15 I see that a caribou was killed near Gaspe Basin with a 32-calibre revolver. For some years past several of the moose and caribou hunters near Campbellton, N. B., use while hunting this large game the "Frank Wesson" pocket

rifle, 12-inch barrel, 32-calibre. "L. I. F." will accept my thanks for his kind expression regarding my former letter. Yes, I have been many times, and trust, that I may be spared to go there many times again. "To Mark West" I would say that every hunter knows and every naturalist should know that all wild birds and animals have certain fixed habits according to their several species, and a thorough knowledge of their peculiar habits make the hunter and trapper successful in their vocation.—STANSTEAD.

SHOOTING IN THE SOUTH.—I have just returned from a two week's shooting trip to Georgia, and can report finding ducks fairly plentiful. I went up the Savannah River about twenty miles and got seventy-two ducks, mostly bluebill, spoonbill and mallard in four days' shooting, and did not work very hard either. The weather was very warm, and, consequently, the ducks not flying well, or I should have made a much larger bag. I did not try for deer, though from reports should judge they were very plentiful this year. Quail and doves abundant everywhere. The best way to shoot on the Savannah is to hire a ducking skiff (about 50 cents per day), go up the river, say 150 miles, and drift down. There is a steamer up the river every Tuesday and Friday at 6 P.M. A dozen decoys are useful, but most of the shooting has to be done by sculling up on the ducks. You can hire a darkey to go with you at from 75 cents to one dollar per day. I had a very intelligent fellow that knew every nook and turn of the river and where to find the ducks. A trip of this kind is inexpensive, compared with Currituck, or even Cobb's Island, and, to my thinking, is quite as enjoyable.—JUNIS P.

ASTRIDE OF A STAG.—Murray's hero has been outdone by a European rival. In the London (Eng.) *Telegraph* I find the following since Mazonia most unwillingly rode to death the wildest Tartar steed of his period, few such surpassing feats of horsemanship have been recorded in the pages of history or romance as that to which publicity has been recently given by the majority of our Hungarian contemporaries. Perhaps horsemanship is scarcely the correct term to apply to this extraordinary performance; deermanship would probably be the more appropriate word. The other day, while a noble stag of ten was being hotly chased by the Kaposztasgyeger hounds—a subscription pack—one Karl Poros, a discharged hunter, managed to bring the terrified animal to a standstill in some close cover through which it was forcing its way, and, by an almost superhuman effort of strength and agility, to vault upon its back. After several desperate but unsuccessful attempts to dislodge its rider from his seat, the stag, stimulated anew to flight by the cry of the fast-approaching hounds, resumed its course, but it soon broke down under the weight of its unaccustomed burden and gave up the ghost through sheer exhaustion and terror. Poros was found by the houndsmen sitting on the wounded carcass of the stag, which he had literally ridden to death and resolutely claimed as the just reward of an achievement unprecedented in the annals of the chase. [THE FOREST AND STREAM office boy suggests that Poros should have fired that name at the stag, Kaposztasgyegercrayzetic.]

KILL THE OWLS.—Canal Fulton, Starke county, O.—I believe a true sportsman takes as much pleasure in killing all enemies of game as he does in killing game. All owls are great enemies of game, killing them while they are asleep and then sleeping in the day in hollow trees away out of sight of the hunter. I have discovered a way to shoot them. When I learn that an owl has located in the woods I get on a horse and take my gun and ride around through the woods where I think the owl are in a hollow tree examining carefully every tree that has a hole in it. I don't talk any, but don't care how much noise the horse makes, as that is what I want the owls to hear. This excites their curiosity and then they will crawl up and look out to see what is going on and give you a chance to shoot them. I one time caught a screech owl in a hollow tree that showed his inquisitiveness by crawling up to look out to see what was going on. It was five feet from the ground. I reached in and pulled him out, and he thought the owl are in a hollow tree that was just like the night before. I suppose the owl was as heavy as the owl.

—G. H.

MEDINA, N. Y., Jan. 12.—Our taxidermist has just received, to be mounted, a red fox, killed three and a half miles southeast of Albion. It is a fine large specimen, and weighed ten pounds. This reminds me that a fox was shot a few weeks since inside of our village corporation. He was seen to enter a drain, the mouth of which was afterward closed by a flat stone, and one of the covering stones taken up a few rods beyond. He was shot and killed. It was taking a rather mean advantage, but the killer felt justified by the number of chickens he and his neighbors had lost. A gray fox has been seen several times prowling around. Rabbit hunting has been good so far this winter, a great many being killed on the light snows we have had lately.—SAL NITZER.

GEORGIA.—Macon.—Middle Georgia has had a very short crop of game this season, our principal birds (quail) being scarcer than we have ever known. Some sections that have formerly had quantities of birds have been this year almost destitute. Though the weather has been warm, we have had a good supply of ducks. The writer had an excellent opportunity of testing the much discussed "hot or cold opossum" subject yesterday, and after a trial, was of the opinion "twas six for one and half a dozen for the other."—J. H. J.

BE CARBUREL where you drop your cartridges. Some person left one on the floor of A. G. Jackson's residence at Jericho, Long Island, and when Louisa Sands, the colored woman, put the sweepings into the kitchen stove last Friday morning, the cartridge exploded, whereby she lost the sight of an eye. We have heard of a case where a "22 short" got into a box of smoking tobacco and thence into a smoker's pipe, giving him a great fright and a narrow escape.

KANSAS—Crawford, Gray Co., Kan., Jan. 2nd.—This is a good time for antelope here, as the fires have burnt off the prairie for miles north of here and bunched up the antelope near the river. Cattlemen from 100 miles south report buffalo plentiful, but in bunches of four and five coming in from the southwest. The head of the herds were just 150 miles from here on the 28th. I shall go down to them on the 25th, to be gone fifteen or twenty days. When I come back will report progress.—W. J. Dixon.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

FRESH WATER.	SALT WATER.
Pickereel, <i>Roeo reticulatus</i> .	Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .
Pike or Pickereel, <i>Roeo lucius</i> .	Wal-mouth, <i>Chondrostichus</i> .
Blue-perch (wall-eyed pike), <i>Stizostedion americanum</i> , S.	Crappie, <i>Pomoxis maculatus</i> .
Grubee, etc.	Bachelor, <i>Pomoxis quadratus</i> .

Smelt, <i>Osmorus mordax</i> .	White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .
Striped Bass or Rockfish, <i>Roeo vitreus</i> .	Pollock, <i>Polachius carbonatus</i> .

THE ANGLER'S DREAM.

The earth is sad—mists dank and gray
Enfold her ancient breast;
The waves, all wearied with their play,
Have trembled into rest,
And silently the god of Day
Is sinking in the West.

Now dead delights, like ghosts, arise
Within my haunted brain;
The tender blue of April skies—
The sound of April rain—
The foaming break—the gentle rise—
The princely pounder slain!

Then fade the flowers from my sight,
O'ershadowed is the stream,
As yonder through the waning light
I see the pier-lamps gleam
And in the great midnight night
I waken from my dream!

F. B. DOVETON.

In the London Sporting and Dramatic News.

THE ALEWIFE IN INLAND LAKES.

IN the autumn of 1880 interesting accounts were published of the exhibitions which a man gave on Kauka, Seneca, and other lakes of western New York, showing his method of trolling for salmon trout. His success—about but was the mysterious alewives, or "sawbellies," about which there is so much speculation, the problem being how they got into those waters.

So far as appeared, this man obtained the indispensable bait by catching a salmon-trout with a hook baited with a young sucker, opening the trout and taking the alewives out of its stomach. Then he proceeded to troll with the bait thus obtained, and kept up his supply of it by opening every fish that he caught. As a young sucker with which to take the first salmon is not always obtainable by the average fisherman, it may interest some of your readers to learn of a more direct method of procuring the alewives. This is by fly fishing for them late in the evening.

Last July, one evening, I was catching large minnows for bait from a dock on the shore of Seneca Lake, using a fly-rod with the smallest of flies. When a lake became so dark that the minnows ceased to take the flies, I began to catch alewives, and soon had five. The next evening, at the same hour, I tried for them again, and took fifteen in a short time. We continued to take the flies after it was dark.

These lively little interlopers are not welcomed with universal heartiness by the sportsmen on Seneca Lake. It is true that they furnish an excellent food for the game fishes, but the supply is so lavish, so recklessly prodigal, that the salmon-trout and the glass-eye-pike are fairly surfeited, and regard with supreme indifference the most attractive lures of the angler. This is one reason they give in explanation of their inability to capture these fish. If this were all, it would not be so bad. Naturally enough, the alewives, to have excellent appetites, and they are charged with satisfying them with the spawn of their persecutors. It may be a question of "the survival of the fittest," and so far the alewives seem to be having the best of it. It is certainly a fact that trolling for salmon-trout and glass-eye-pike on Seneca Lake has become practically abandoned. Seneca and gilt nets are largely accountable for this, but still the conviction remains that alewives have damaged the fishing.

Up to within a few years past every grass patch in the lake was full of yellow perch. They have all disappeared except a few stragglers. Happily the black bass hold their own, and better still, are on the increase. They protect their spawning beds and have it all their own way with the multitudinous alewife. They, too, devour the little strangers without stint, but nevertheless are always ready for a tussle with the angler properly equipped with fine tackle and experience.

KANADISAGA.

COLOR OF GUT.

"THE FOREST CITY," Ontario, Jan. 9, 1892.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I observe in your issue of 5th inst. an article upon "Color in Fishing Gut." This is a question upon which men will never agree as long as there is a piece of gut to be had. There is, however, one color which I do not think has ever been tried and which has just suggested itself to me, viz., "green." In all paintings of water scenery the water is represented as being of one or more of the various shades of green, excepting, of course, in sepiæ and neutral tint pictures. As the past and present artists of Europe and America were and are, without doubt, deep students of nature in that respect, their adoption of green in its various shades in representing water (with the afore-named exceptions) would tend to prove that such is its normal or natural color, and that those who indulge in the noble art of fly-fishing would do well to color their "leaders" with a green tint.

I have fished in many waters in Ontario (in its western section), from the clearest pond to a turbid stream, and have used both blue-tinted and white gut for "lead-rs," and never found that I caught more or less with one than the other. It is the flies that the fish see, not your casting line or leader, and it is the fly only that he goes for, which is easily proved by casting your "leader" over the water without any flies on it; the entire absence of rises will solve the problem. Our *salmo fontinalis* are of such a variable temper that while on some days rising to the flies as fast as you can throw your line, on other days the most delicate tackle and skill will not allure them from their cosy beds at the bottom of the stream.

From my experience of about fourteen years, during which I have never used bait for trout or black bass fishing, I am satisfied that color of gut has nothing to do with success or failure. The right kind of flies for the day and the requisite skill is all that is necessary, together with good tackle, to insure good sport in trout or bass fishing.

Some years ago I leased a beautiful pond supplied by a spring creek of the purest water, about half a day's drive from home, which I often frequented. This pond covered twenty acres of ground, and I could nearly at all times catch trout in it, having carefully observed their habits and haunts. On arriving there one afternoon, I was told by my caretaker that a "colonel" from Buffalo had, without leave or license, gone to fish up the creek. From the description my man gave of his "fittings," I did not think he could commit great havoc among my peps, so I let him alone, and did not rebuke his impertinence. He made his appearance on the banks of the pond some two or three hours later, in company with a companion of languid appearance, complaining of delful lack—"noy trout." They were equipped in high boots, and had grand rods, immense fish-baskets and lovely "kinky" flies. I examined the ends of their lines, and found each had a non-descript fly perfectly useless, tied on to the ends of their lines by a piece of gut three inches long. I sympathized with their misfortunes, pointed out the very best places, and bade them go and enjoy themselves. By this time I had about sixty or due trout. On leaving the pond at dusk, I heard that the two had departed for their "ancestral halls" digested.

Whether "color" had anything to do with their want of success, I leave your readers to judge. They were decidedly "green."

C. O. D.

A PERFECT DAY.

I TAKE my rod this fair June morning, and go forth to be alone with nature. No business cares, no roar of the city, no recitals of other's troubles and woes which make the lawyer a human hyzometer, no doubts nor fears disturb me, as drinking in the clear sweet air with blissful anticipations, I cannot throw down the mountain line. As I brush the dew from the bushes around me, I spy in a glade, golden flowers glowing on a carpet of pure green, mingled with snowy stars of white blossoms; with their fragrance comes the liquid bell-like voice of the swamp-robins, hidden from our eyes. Soon, seated in my boat, I paddle to the shade of a tall, dark hemlock and rest there, lulled by the intense quiet. Ever and anon as I dreamily cast my ethereal fly, a thrill of pleasure electrifies me, as it is seized by a voracious trout.

I have long dined trout with flowers and birds, and bright sunsets, and charming scenery, and beautiful women, as given for the rational enjoyment and delight of thoughtful men of esthetic tastes. And if

"By deeds our lives shall measured be,
And not by length of days."

then a perfect life has been lived by many a noble trout whose years have been few, but who, caught by the fisher's lure (to which he was predestined as aforesaid,) has leaped into the air, and shaken the sparkling drops from his purple, golden, crimson, graceful form and struggled to be free, to the intense pleasure of the artist who has brought him to basket, where he belonged.

This resting, and floating apparently between the translucent crystal and the blue ethereal, I have felt the presence of a spirit who inspires me with pure thoughts of matters far above the affairs of daily life and toil of the universe, and what lies beyond the blue sky, and of the mind and soul of man, and his future after death.

I love the mountains, and the meadows, and the woods.

Later, satisfied but not satiated with fair provision of corn and wine, and oil, and my creel well filled, the shadows lengthen, and the day begins to die.

Some day I shall hear no more forever the birds sing in the green shadow of the forest with no more behind the woods I love so well. For the last time my feet will slowly tread this woodland road, and I shall watch for the last time the changing shadows made by the clouds upon the hillsides. Then will come a time when the setting sun will paint the West as the bridegroom colors the cheek of the bride, but I shall not know it, and I shall never again share such hours of peace with the leafy trees. Then, with folded hands upon my quiet breast, my friends will bricly gaze upon my face and I shall be gone. In that last day, so full of deepest interest to me and mine, will be pure.

Filled with such thoughts, I regret that I cannot express them like the poet, whose name I know not, but whose words I well recall:

"Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye!
I have loved thee, but I cannot hold thee;
Departing like a dream, the shadows fold thee.
Slowly thy perfect beauty fades away;
Good-bye, sweet day!"

Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye!
It was the color of the tranquil splendor.
Safely thou yieldst to the evening tender,
Who wert so fair for thy last morning ray.
Good-bye, sweet day!"

Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye!
Thy glow was the color of smiles and tone,
Vainly at first, and serene in advance,
Ah! couldst thou yet a little longer stay,
Good-bye, sweet day!"

Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye!
At thy light gifts my grateful heart remembers,
The while I watch thy sunset's soothing embers
Flie in the West beneath the twilight gray.
Good-bye, sweet day!"

As the balmy breathing night wind begins to blow, I turn my back upon the silver glaucous of the moonlight on the rippling waves of the fairy lake, and step bravely into the darkness of the woods, where I cannot see the places where my foot shall fall, but I know that others have safely passed it before, and that I shall find comfort and home at the end.

Geo. W. Van Stelen.

FLORIDA FISH AND GAME—Gainesville, Fla., Jan. 7.—Have been here at the Arlington, kept by J. B. Wislar, where I have gained more comfort than at any other point outside of Jacksonville. Have good bass (wide mouth) fishing at Big Sink, two and a half miles out. Quail abundant a few miles in the country. Was out fishing yesterday and took with reel and live bait some beauties, none under three and a half pounds, some six and one thirteen pounds. This is not guess work, but verified by that which is often a delusion and a sham—the pocket scales.—J. S.

DIRECTIONS FOR COLLECTING AND PRESERVING FISH.

BY TAILLOR H. DEAN.

1. Wash the fish thoroughly in water to remove the slime and dirt that are almost invariably present upon them, not omitting the in-side of the mouth and the gills. In cleansing fish that have a tough, scalesless skin, or such as have the scales firmly fixed, use a stiff paint brush or a scrubbing brush; for thin-skinned fish, and such as have deciduous scales, a softer brush must be taken. Some fish are covered plentifully with tenacious mucus that is with great difficulty removed by water alone; in such cases a solution of two tablespoonfuls of alum in a pint of lukewarm water will be found efficacious.

2. It is often necessary to preserve fish that are stale, or partially digested and offensive to the smell. Such examples may be thoroughly disinfected by the use of the disinfecting solution of chloride of soda. Use a tablespoonful of the solution in one pint of water. With this wash the gills, and pour it into the mouth and stomach, allowing it to return by the mouth.

3. Inject alcohol in the mouth and the vent to preserve the viscera. Make small incisions in the belly and in thick parts of the body, to allow the alcohol to penetrate the tissues. It is nearly always desirable to remove the liver, stomach and intestines from large fish, and to preserve these separately, numbering them so as to correspond with the fish from which they are taken.

4. It is a good plan to keep freshly collected fishes in weak alcohol for a day or two; a mixture of two parts of 95 per cent. alcohol to one part of water will answer for this temporary immersion. Some species are exceedingly soft and flabby, falling to the bottom of a glass jar or other receptacle, becoming partly imbedded in their own mucus, and rapidly disintegrating in consequence. Such specimens should either be suspended in the alcohol by a thread or string from the neck of the jar or the hook sometimes found on the inside of the stopper, or a bed of excelsior or muslin should raise them from the bottom. These are necessary precautions which will prevent many losses. After the fish have been kept for one or more days in the weak alcohol, transfer them to a mixture of three parts of 95 per cent. alcohol to one of water. Ordinarily this latter will preserve specimens that are not crowded too much at least three months. Some, of course, will remain in good condition still longer; but, generally, three months will reduce the preservative power of the liquid so far as to make a renewal of alcohol necessary. The tendency with many collectors is to overcrowd specimens, and, as a result, museums frequently receive a lot of half-rotten material which is too valuable to be thrown away and is yet always a source of trouble and disappointment. A jar, tank, or case of any kind should never be expected to accommodate more than half its own bulk of fish, and even this proportion will require watchfulness to avoid loss. If a collection freshly caught is to be shipped to a distant museum or private collection, observe the directions about cleansing the fish and preserving the viscera separately if needful, and then use nothing weaker than a mixture containing three parts of 95 per cent. alcohol and one part of water.

5. The extensive collections of the United States Fish Commission are usually packed in copper tanks, which are lined within. The lid of the tank is made to screw in the top, and its diameter is always as great as the dimensions of the top will allow. The tanks (called Agassiz tanks) are made to contain 4, 8 or 16 gallons. Strong chests, of a size large enough to accommodate a 16-gallon tank, are used for shipping; the hinges and hasps of these chests are riveted on; handles are screwed on at the sides, and each chest is furnished with a strong lock. The chest may contain one 16-gallon tank, or two of 8 gallons, or four of 4 gallons, or one of 8 gallons and two of 4 gallons, as may best suit the convenience of the collector. When several tanks make up the complement it is usual to separate them by thin wood partitions.

Cases made of ordinary tinned sheet-iron are much more generally used than the expensive copper cans, and they will answer well enough if the joints are perfectly tight and the top is securely soldered on. Oak kegs, holding about 10 gallons each and provided with iron hoops, are capital containers for large fishes, and they will stand the wear and tear of railway travel better than most other receptacles. Glass preserving-jars may be shipped long distances with comparative safety, but they must be treated, by inventorying them, to insure tightness. The stop of the jar and the rubber band should be wiped dry; wrap the jars in strong paper and pack them in some material that will prevent breakage. When corked bottles are used, tie a piece of bladder securely over the cork. Where seals and sea-lions occur, the throat, as prepared by the Aleuts for example, will be found an excellent covering. It is necessary to wet the membrane to make it pliable. Whenever jars, bottles, or any other small containers are filled with fish which are not provided with tin tags, write plainly with a lead-pencil on heavy Manila or writing paper the name of the place where the fish were taken, the date of capture, and the name of the collector. Put a label of this kind inside of each bottle; it will remain legible for years.

6. Each specimen should be provided with a numbered tin tag, which is to be fastened, whenever possible, by means of a string passed through the right gill-opening and out at the mouth. When the string must be tied around the body or tail of the fish it should be fixed securely and yet without injuring the fish. It is necessary always to fill the receptacle of the collector, in which the numbers corresponding with those on the tags must be entered, with notes as to place, time, and mode of capture, and other particulars which will be more fully mentioned further on. Wrap each fish separately in common coarse muslin (the coarser the better), and tie the ends securely. Do not tie the string so tightly around the body of the fish as to make furrows and wrinkles in the skin.

If tin tags are not at hand, a label written firmly on stout paper with a lead-pencil should be wrapped inside the covering of the fish. It is necessary always to fill the receptacle in which specimens are packed—a bottle or jar may be either filled with alcohol or the specimens may be wrapped in muslin. It is not a good plan to put wax, excelsior, or cotton-wool on top of fish, as it presses them close together and prevents the free circulation of alcohol between them. For long journeys it is desirable to secure better protection than the

muslin wrapper alone affords. This may be gained by placing beds of excelsior or thin wood shavings between the layers of fish and at the bottom and top of the case.

A plainly-written card placed at the top of the box, so as to be seen when the lid is removed, telling its contents at a glance by whom it was sent, will save much trouble when the collection is unpacked.

7. Notes of color, taken from fresh specimens, should be sent with them if the fish are to be described in the museum. The collector should also preserve in his own books a record of life-colors under the catalogue numbers corresponding with the tin tags fastened on his fish. He can then obtain the identification of his species by their numbers and publish his studies upon them at his own pleasure.

8. Local names of fish should always accompany the specimens when obtainable.

9. It is desirable to know whether or not the species is abundant; whether different sizes of the same fish are found; whether they associate in schools or not; whether they are permanent residents or migratory; if migratory, by what routes they come and go; whether they form an important article of food; what they feed upon and what species prey upon them; the depth and character of the bottom on which they occur; the mode of capturing them; the uses made of them, and the various products which they go to form—in short, everything pertaining to the life history or the economic applications of the species should be noted in detail.

10. Before washing the fish look them over for external parasites; examine the gills and the inside of the mouth carefully, as these are favorite situations; these parasites often furnish a clue to the migrations of the fish. Remove them if they can be taken off entire, if not, let them remain, and call attention to their presence in your shipping notes. Preserve the parasites in vials or bottles, and provide them with labels stating from what fish they came and in what situation they were found.

To preserve fish indefinitely in glass jars, observe the following directions: First, select a jar of the proper size to accommodate the specimen amply, without bending or distorting it in any way; put in the fish with the tail down in nearly all cases; the tail may often rest upon the bottom of the jar, or the fish may be suspended from the hook which is now found in the stopple of the modern museum jars; cover the fish completely with the alcoholic mixture referred to in the closing sentence of paragraph 4; discoloration of the alcohol is slight and its preservative power is weakened and calls for a renewal; fishes in alcohol will never make a good show unless the liquid is kept clear and clean. A label giving the name of the fish, place of its capture and name of its captor should be tied on the neck of the jar by means of a piece of narrow tape passed through holes punched in the ends of the paper. The jars must have accurately ground glass stopples. It is best to use no kind of sealing wax to coat the joint of the stopple; simply wipe the glass perfectly dry, close the jar properly, and there will be little danger of evaporation. Do not let the direct sunlight strike your jars, and keep them well removed from stoves, registers and the like.—Proceedings U. S. Nat. Museum.

NEW ENGLAND FISHERIES.

OF the numerous industries of New England that of the fisheries is no doubt the oldest, and possesses much of historical interest. The processes of the fishery have been particularly engaged in it. At numerous times much has been written of it, yet its history, particularly the statistical portion, is much broken, many of the old records having been destroyed with no copies in existence. As early as 1618 we find the abundance of fish in the waters of Massachusetts Bay had attracted attention in Europe. The Pilgrims going from Leyden to England in that year to solicit consent of King James to their going to America, the King inquired, "What profit might arise?" The brief reply was simply, "Fishing." To which King James responded, "So God have my soul, 'tis an honest trade; 'twas the Apostles' own calling." The request was granted. To the fisheries the credit is given of saving the infant colony from starvation, that the first free schools were supported with an income from the fisheries; that the government has always recognized the patriotism, bravery and important services rendered the navy in time of need by the fishermen, are all matters well known. With the growth of the country nearly all the important towns had quite large fleets engaged in fishing, with numerous vessels engaged in foreign trade, of which fish products formed a large proportion. For many generations the business was carried on in its primitive way with no marked change until quite recently.

Of late years many new industries have sprung up that in size far surpass that of the fisheries. A large number of ports have given up the business, others have but few vessels. The business is gradually being concentrated to a few ports, the export business with the exception of an occasional cargo confined to Boston.

Although fewer ports and smaller fleets are engaged at present, the business continues of importance, with probably as many fish caught at present as at any previous time.

The many new ways of preparing the catch for the market gives employment ashore to a large number of persons, the increased facilities for a catch making good any decrease in the number of vessels, with fully as many persons employed afloat and ashore as at any previous time with twice as many sail.

Before turning to the present it may be of interest to note a few of the changes and contrast the past with the present.

In the past, as at the present time, Boston was known as the chief port of distribution for all the varieties of salt water fish found in New England or Provincial waters. Here in olden time the fishermen came with their products, selling the same to the grocers or from the vessel and taken inland by teams that came from Vermont, New Hampshire, and other parts of the country, and then to the city and its provisions. Dry fish was handled loose or tied up in bundles, while mackerel and other pickled fish were shipped in barrels, halves or quarters. For many years the catch was made in the most primitive manner, for cool and other ground fish the hook and hand line only being used; the mackerel catch was taken by the gaff, or by "drailing" the latter made by having poles suspended from the side of the vessel, with hook and line attached, the vessel being under sail or no sail, and the hook and line being drawn in, "drailing." With these few appliances the amount of business was annually carried on, the catch, with the exception of the Grand Bank cod fleet, being confined chiefly to the New England coast.

Although Boston was the great point for a market and the distribution of the catch, there was not a single exclusive

bird. This practice you will find will soon make you a better shot than you can ever hope to be if you constantly keep in the openings and trust to the chances there to beings obtained. Your dog will also improve much faster if you pursue this course than if you trust to the chances of the gun with him body and soul, and consequently he will put forth his best efforts and soon learn the grand secret of "working to the gun." This very valuable trait is rarely found in a dog unless the gun has first set the example by working to him. Ponder this well and try to realize what the thoughts of your dog must be when you leave him on his point and, sneaking off to one side, or perhaps to his rear, out of sight, bid him put up the bird which he knows full

CARVER.—London, Jan. 17.—In the three days' shooting match at 1,000 lards, between Dr. Carver and Mr. Bingham, begun yesterday, the former to-day scored 237 birds, and the latter 244, making the total for the two days: Dr. Carver 573 birds, and Mr. Bingham 367.

The Maxwell ranch contains 1,700,000 acres of New Mexico land, and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad passes through it. The man whose name it bears got it by marriage and by purchasing various interests. He has put it into an English stock company, and a fence is being built around it, preparatory to the raising of blooded stock on a large scale.

THERE is a great deal of fox hunting in the western part of Massachusetts, particularly in Franklin county, among the mountains. This winter has been a good one for the chase, the mild temperature having caused the foxes to appear freely. Trapping is not generally practiced, but the chasing is done afoot, with hounds, and a run of ten or twelve miles is not uncommon for a brisk pedestrian. The men who engage in the sport make a pretence of doing it for profit, but as the skins sell for only 50 cents to \$1.50 each, and cost a day or two of hard work, it would seem to yield rather inadequate remuneration.



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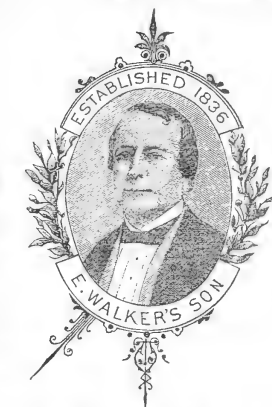
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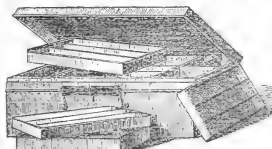
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I.—ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The "Sportsman Tourist," "Game Bag and Gun," and "Sea and River Fishing" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc., etc.

"Natural History" will be so conducted as to stimulate habits of observation and study. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and fishculture; Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarrow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"Fishculture," edited by a practical and well-known fishculturist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "Kennel" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "Rifle and Trap Shooting" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "Yachting and Canoeing" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

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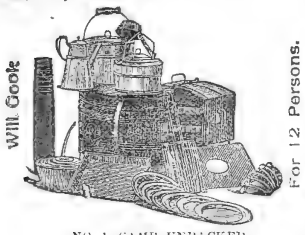
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Train 54. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 52. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 50. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 48. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 46. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 44. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 42. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 40. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 38. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 36. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 34. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 32. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 30. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 28. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 26. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 24. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 22. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 20. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 18. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 16. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 14. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 12. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 10. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 8. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 6. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 4. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

Train 2. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:55 p.m. Danville 7:15 p.m. Charlotte 12:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 below.

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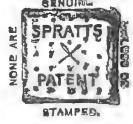
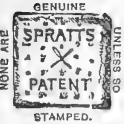
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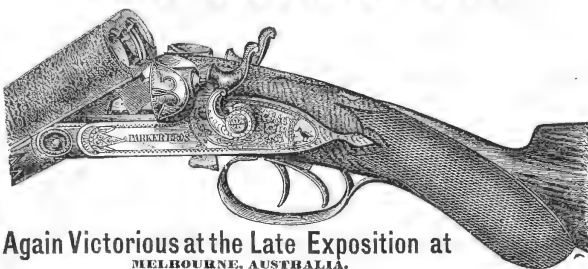
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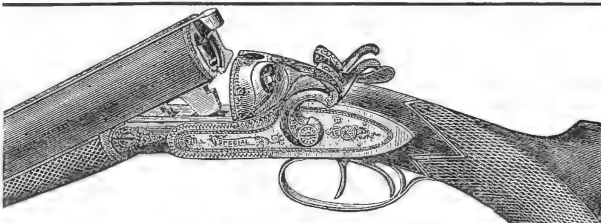
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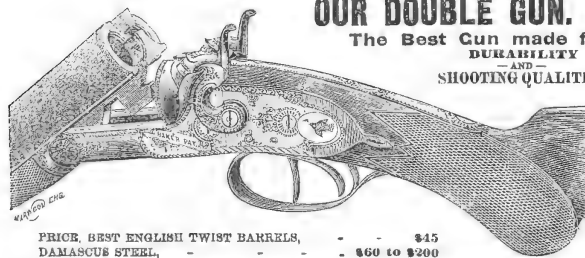
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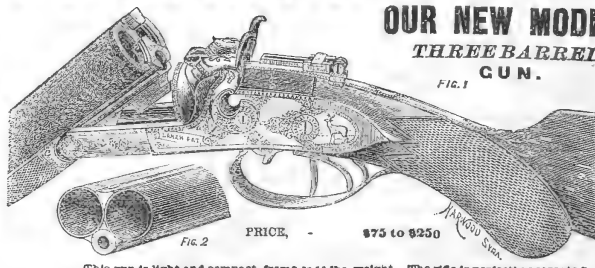
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1882.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.
Thursday, January 26.

"WE, THE PEOPLE."

AND why not? Why shall not we, the people, demand of our representatives at Boston, at Albany, at Lansing and Springfield and San Francisco and all other seats of legislation, the due protection of our, the people's, interests, by the conservation of our game and fish?

Laws prohibiting the destruction of game in its breeding season and of fish on their spawning grounds are not for the advantage of any narrow class or clique. They are for the good of us, the people.

Take this broad, level ground: the greatest good to the greatest number. Let there be no misapprehension about it, no popular misconception of the "game laws" and consequent inference to their importance and justice.

The only "class legislation" in game laws is in this, that such statutes are provided to protect the people from the ravages of certain lawless classes, whom nothing short of stringent laws stringently enforced can keep within bounds. These classes, as set forth in a communication elsewhere, comprises "the wolf," the poacher slaying the whole year round, the unscrupulous guide, the would-be "Nimrod," and the unprincipled hotel purveyor of game out of season. Queer company here; lawlessness makes strange bedfellows—the unkempt riff-raff of the "settlement" elbows

the city greenhorn greedy for gore. Class legislation? Yes, just as the statutes against highway robbery and murder are "class legislation."

Look at the other side. Who are the men most earnest in the endeavor to secure that protection which nature demands for the game of our fields and forests and the fish of our lakes and streams? They are business and professional men, tradesmen and mechanics, property owners and farmers—the respectable portion of the community—the people.

On the one side is respectability, thrift and worth; on the other, lawlessness, shiftlessness, vagabondage. There is no disputing the correctness of this classification. The lines are distinctly drawn.

Then how are we to account for this everlasting, annual wrangling over game laws; the constant tinkering of the old laws, the substitution of new, and the total disregard of all, both old and new? There are several partial explanations. One is, that the issue has not been clearly defined. The people have been deceived by this false cry of "class legislation," they are blind to their own interests, their apathy is deep, and from it they can be roused only by the persevering efforts of those who recognize the demands of the hour. Again, it is most unfortunate, that in some States the societies which, with much sounding of trumpets, have appeared before the public ostensibly to accomplish this very work, have proved recreant to their purposes, belied their professions, and worked incalculable injury to the cause so compromised. How best to overcome this apathy and prejudice is the difficult problem which must be solved before we can have any adequate system of game protection. The signs of the times are not discouraging. Progress is the report from one State and another; for the people are awakening, surely, though it may be slowly, from their indifference, and the right men are guiding the movement.

THE BRITISH CHALLENGE.

THE formal terms of the match under which the British marksmen would like to try conclusions at rifle shooting with the militia men of this country are now before us. They propose a trying test, as severe a one as military rifles may well be put to, and those who go to Wimbledon in July next to uphold the credit which American riflemen have already gained abroad must be very proficient indeed if they hope to make good stand against the experts who throng that common on the suburbs of London year after year. The word has been passed throughout the ranks of the half million volunteers of England and the Kingdom asking for the best and most tried men. This is not a match to which the National Rifle Association of Great Britain in its official capacity gives little or no support, as were the long-range international contests. Instead, it has its origin in a meeting of the Council of that organization. The whole shooting interest of Great Britain is backing the proposed competition, and it is in fact a test of the work which has been going on for a score of years past at Wimbledon and a hundred tributary ranges throughout the country. To be beaten would require a very good excuse to escape the charge of unfaithful stewardship on the part of these managing functionaries.

But apart from any thoughts upon the possible outcome of the match, it is fairly now within our province to discuss the conditions as they have been laid before us. We have heretofore pointed out our faith in the standing position and in the duty of the American Committee to insist upon some shooting from a fair off-shoulder attitude at some stage of the match. That view, it seems, struck the committee favorably, and the cable acceptance of the conditions does so with the proviso that the 200 yards range shall be shot over from a standing position.

A curious sort of disturbing element seems to have been flung into the matter by the demand for a guarantee that a British team shall visit this country next year. There was no call for any such demand. If the visiting team should win a victory, there ought to be no need of a second invitation to have a team of British Volunteers on our ranges in 1883 looking for a chance to wipe out the defeat. If our team should return the defeated one, then the full measure of retaliation and vindication will not be had until an American Militia team returns as victors from Wimbledon range.

Many contingencies may arise between now and the proper date for a match in 1883, which would make this exacted guarantee to send a team and our implied guarantee to receive such a squad extremely inconvenient and awkward to carry out. Of course there is much in the past which will make this demand for something like reciprocity in the matter of visits appear just. We have our long-range record to look back to, and a contemplation of the present status of the International small-bore championship does not reflect very favorably upon the vaunted British pluck. The "Palma" to-day rusts in its vault because British manufacturers cannot turn out a weapon accurate enough, or British marksmen cannot organize a team perfect enough to capture it. Still we must bear in mind that the invitation of the British Rifle Council is for a single match to be shot next July. While we sincerely hope and feel confident that it will be but the first of a series of annual trials before the butts, there is nothing to indicate that those who framed the invitation had any such idea, and the American Committee impugn the motives of their fellows across the water when they tack on such a demand to their acceptance of an admirably concise set of conditions.

Simple though they be, these conditions contain much to be studied. They open up an entirely new field of effort to many who thought themselves excellent military shots. The long range shooting must be carefully studied, and here we think that the experience gained by the long range men with their finer rifles will stand in good stead. There is no reason why team shooting with military rifles should not have as excellent an organization and the same perfection of detail which marked all, and more particularly certain of our old time winning teams. These match conditions carry with them all the rules and regulations of the English Rifle Association, and in the matter of targets it must be borne in mind that the sub-divisions are quite different from those in vogue here, and this difference will be apt to give the American marksmen practicing on our home targets following the Creedmoor model a wrong and deceptive idea of their progress and ability. In rifles, too, it will be the easiest thing possible to stumble over some obscure clause of those complex Wimbledon regulations which may work considerable annoyance, which is readily convertible into bad scores. There is ample time now, not only to look over our own field of selection, which is poor enough at best, but the opening of the season for out-door practice should find us thoroughly up in all the minutia of the conditions likely to come up as controlling the fight. It is especially important for our American shooters to find out just where our friends, the enemy, may be. It is not easy to make comparisons since changing targets on the other side destroy all continuity of record, while on our side we have hunted in vain to find a record of twelve men at one time using military rifles over the three long ranges. Still there is a sort of guide in the reports of the Queen's Match at Wimbledon, and a study and tabulation of these will show us how far we are behind. American pluck has done much on this subject in the past. The great impetus to modern rifle practice on this side the Atlantic grew out of the acceptance of a challenge when the accepters had neither men nor rifles to make the semblance of a fight. We have shown what may be done in the way of overcoming great obstacles in the past; there is a great one before us now. We shall be disappointed if it be not in time surmounted, but we are certain it will not be overcome except with hard, well directed effort.

THE CONNECTICUT COMMISSION.

THE terms of two of the Fish Commissioners of Connecticut have expired, and it pleases us to learn that Dr. William M. Hudson has been re-appointed by the Governor to fill his own vacancy. Dr. Hudson has been connected with the fish commission of his State since its formation, and has been its most active member. During this time the commission has accomplished much good work and is now in condition to do much more, having the experience of many years to guide them. The re-appointment of Dr. Hudson is for four years, dating from August 26, 1882. He will no doubt, accept the burden, for his heart is in the work which he has seen develop from a very small beginning to its present status, with no indication of its having reached its maximum. In this appointment the Governor has done wisely.

GAME PROTECTORS.

SOME of the New York game protectors have shown themselves to be great frauds. Others, like agent Dodge, have done efficient and faithful service. These men were not well selected. Localities which stand most in need of such officers were entirely neglected. The number of game protectors is insufficient.

Is it expedient to increase the force?

No, if Tom, Dick and Harry are to draw the salaries of the office, and wink when anything is said to them about moving their lazy stumps from the stove.

Yes, by all means, if the right men can be appointed, who will do their duty, or who can be made to do it.

It has been suggested that the usual State fishculture appropriation be assigned for protection of the fish already on land instead of for propagation of more, to go into the poacher's net. It is not advisable to cut off the funds for the maintenance of the regular work of the hatching house. But it is highly essential that both propagation and protection, should be adequately provided for. An increased fund should be assigned for the game and fish protective machinery of the State. The force of game constables should be trebled. But we don't want public money thrown away on skunks; there must be some way of holding the game protectors to account.

Unless this matter is taken in charge by the proper parties, and carried through by a well-matured and effective plan, the people of New York State will be no better off after the Legislature adjourns than they are now. We publish to-day a second letter on the subject. The writers are in earnest. They are backed by influence. Why can they not themselves form the nucleus around which shall gather the influence necessary?

If the great body of men in this State who are interested in these matters could be brought together to act in unison, they could ask and receive anything they wanted at Albany. What hinders such a union of strength?

WAB RELICS.—An interesting chapter might be written on the manufacture and sale of different bogus relics. A Chattanooga correspondent tells us of an enterprising genius dwelling on the famous Lookout Mountain, Tenn., who has struck a veritable lead mine. He buys up old lead, molds it into bullets, which are fired against the rocks, then gathered up again and smeared with mud. These eloquent "relics of the war" are then disposed of to curiosity-seeking visitors at ten cents apiece. We have in our possession several genuine war bullets, which we gathered ourselves from the rocks and fields, or dug out of the trees of Lookout Mountain. Bombshells, bayonets, an occasional rusted musket barrel, and such souvenirs of the strife often rewarded our expeditions. During our stay on the Mountain a paper-weight formed of such bullets was sent to the poet Whittier, to which he responded with some graceful verses. We trust that the good man may never be imposed upon by the base counterfeit relics of these degenerated times. What a mean, lying thing a manufactured war relic is! And what a mean man it takes to make and sell them!

THE WOLF SHOOTING CASE.—Some weeks ago we reported the case of a young man named Wolfe, one of the thought-it-was-n't-loaded idiots, who, as a good joke, fired a charge of buckshot into the young lady upon whom he was calling, in Peru, New Jersey. Much to the astonishment of her surgeons the girl recovered; but Wolfe is not yet out of trouble. He was arrested last week and is now committed to be held on a charge of atrocious assault pending the action of the Grand Jury. We shall watch this case with some interest. Things have come to a sorry pass if criminal carelessness of this kind is allowed to go unpunished.

AN ANTIPOACH PARK.—In another column will be found the announcement of a most important movement to protect from vandalism a portion of the great North Park of this State. It is said that corporations have no souls. The State of New York certainly has no soul to appreciate the importance of taking care of her great sanitarium regions; and it is, therefore, a most fortunate thing that private citizens are found who can see forward to undertake the work neglected by the State.

THE BELGIAN DEVIL.—A few weeks ago we gave an account of a machine called a Belgian devil, which was used by the fishermen of Belgium for cutting the nets of others in the North Sea and letting the fish into a net of their own which followed the vessel. A bill has just been introduced into the Belgian Chamber making it a penal offence to manufacture, sell, take on board or use engines for cutting or destroying fishing nets at sea. The fishermen of England and Germany have been sufferers from this practice and have made complaints.

DOG PORTRAITURE.—We have recently been shown an oil portrait of the Willoughby pug "Buster," the property of Mrs. C. Berdan, of Hackensack, N. J. The picture, which is exceedingly well done, is the work of Mr. W. Holberton, who is to be congratulated upon the life-like expression he has succeeded in giving to the portrait. As every one knows who has ever tried to paint a dog, the constantly changing expression of the dog's face renders the task a most difficult one.

OFF TO THE SOUTH.—Dr. S. Schoonmaker sailed last week for his annual Florida tour, and promises to give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM some notes. Messrs. E. M. Messenger, of the Bromfield House, Boston, Morrill and Bonnell, of the same city, and D. Greeley, of Nashua, N. H., make up a Florida party. They will stop in North Carolina for a while and will not return to the North before March.

DEATH OF MR. ROCKWELL.—Those who knew Mr. Henry E. Rockwell, for many years the Secretary of the United States Fish Commission, will be pained to learn that he died suddenly of heart disease at his residence in Washington at eleven o'clock on Sunday night last. Mr. Rockwell was seventy-one years of age and was a kind and genial gentleman.

A NEW RIFLE FIRM.—The Marlin Fire Arms Co. has been organized at New Haven, Conn., with Chas. Daly, president; J. M. Marlin, treasurer; and Joseph J. Sweeney, secretary. The company holds the patent of the Marlin arms, which they will manufacture.

TRAINING VS. BREAKING.—The marked favor with which the earlier chapters of this series was welcomed, has been followed since by many demands for them in a permanent form. To meet this demand, the papers will be republished as a book. Due notice of its issue will be given in these columns.

READY NEXT WEEK.—The Forest and Stream Publishing Company will publish, February 2d, "Shooting: Its Appliances, Practice and Purpose." By J. D. Douglass. The volume will be handsomely printed on fine paper and bound in cloth. Price, \$3. See further announcements next week.

A NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION is proposed by the Michigan Association. There was once a national society, which has never been formally disbanded. For all that we know to the contrary, however, it is dead.

THE MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION held its annual convention last week. A full report from a special correspondent will be published in our next issue.

Just as we go to press we are handed the following copy of a dispatch received to-day (Wednesday), by General Wingate:

LONDON, January 25.—Wingate, N. R. A., N. Y.—We accept standing 300 yards. Return match must remain open question.—HATROD.

GAME PROTECTION FOR THE PEOPLE.

ODDENSEBURG, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Syracuse," in your issue of the 12th inst., has struck the key note of game protection. His utterances are a condensed elaboration of the whole subject—of its justification and the means to make it effective. They express the revival from a languishing interest of large numbers whose efforts in the past have met so indifferent success as to have generated a sense of disappointment and disgust, without even the sorry alleviation of the thought that during their lives, at least, the game of the State may not be wholly exterminated.

I believe the utterances of "Syracuse" are the culmination of sentiments which in the last half dozen years have been surely enlisted popular support. Assuredly, their expression follows, and is the outgrowth of a fact generally understood by all, that the question has come to be one of protection or extermination. The issue is at last clearly defined. It cannot be further delayed.

Shall we enforce the laws and protect and perpetuate the game in our forests and streams for the good of all, or shall we utterly abandon it to the wanton destruction of the few who make a trade of lawlessness, and by indiscriminate slaughter in their wretched vocation, scandalize every sentiment of duty, humanity and decency?

And, just here, something more than mere general statement is demanded. It should be borne in mind that the public has come to be fully informed and appreciative of the great abuses existing, and of the methods and times of their perpetration. Indeed, the offending classes and of them only (do I speak in this letter) and their methods have been so ostentatiously paraded as to produce with the most indifferent a sense of outrage and resentment.

Count first the class of persons living in the vicinity of, or hanging about the skirts of our forests, whose acres—when they possess any—are abandoned to thistles in the indolence of lives demoralized for mainly industry by years given to the vagabond business of hunting and fishing. They prey with the voracity of the wolf upon forest-life, struggling for existence with the severities of season and weather, and make their villainy most telling when the game is least capable of self-protection. Their slaughter is indiscriminate and wholesale; and the "groceries" for which they exchange spoils are a new incentive to its repetition. Hides are so much apiece, though there be not meat enough on the carcasses to stay a stomach in the stripping.

"Wolf!"—indeed the name is already utilized.

"He is a wolf," already signalizes the creature—captain of one to half a dozen dogs, who in the months of spring and early summer makes havoc on the land and in the water. By every known appliance he slays mothers bearing young, or tenderly nursing their off-pring by their sides—kills day and night; for the shades of night which invite forth to the water's edge the mother doe, and seem to protect as with a mantle her tender kids, are by torch and shot-gun made the most certain helps to slaughter.

"He is a wolf," signalizes the "cruster," the wretch who tracks the frozen snow, hunts out the nearly starved deer, incapable of flight or resistance, instinctively luddled together for what protection that should give them, and with club and axe knock out their brains.

Why has it never occurred to the caricaturist to present, with the mastery of his art, the salient features of this sport to general appreciation? Never mind the scandal it would fasten upon "sportsman's associations," "game protective

associations," and their carnivals at the trap and in the tavern, but give the details to the public—the people—for it is true and of universal application that "the eyes of the ignorant are more learned than their ears." This business of the night-hunter and the cruster is of a species of horror that would not escape the merest tyro in its exposition.

Count, again, by hundreds, others of a class scarcely less iniquitous, the masters of as many dogs, who habitually and industriously violate the law by killing game and fish in the close season, and, in St. Lawrence county (where that iniquity, bounding, is forbidden at all times), by dogging deer to the water, to be there slaughtered for the amusement of those who can pay them for it.

These classes constitute the bulk of the army of guides. Their equipment—each a boat, dog or dogs, and a knife. In camp they are servants of all work, devoted to the tastes and wishes of their employers by presents, promises and pay. Nominally, but unjustly, classed with them are men whose instincts and feelings are averse to all this lawlessness and outrage, and who will bravely and earnestly second any efforts for reform.

As generally happens in the gradations of society, another class of persons is equally guilty with the guide, and without his excuse. This is the tourist class, those who resort to the woods to violate the law for pleasure and amusement. An army without taste for, or knowledge of, wood-craft, generally alien to the best sentiment and passion that covets forest-life for its proper and peculiar value and fascinations; and in their experience there, the victims of delusive hopes, of a thousand and one annoyances and of impositions they never know and so never appreciate. Fashion is the bane of this class. It is fashionable to go to the woods; once there, what can they do—what appreciate? Why, the chase, and "the chase" for them is the poor panting game driven by dogs to the extreme of endurance, and then made the victim of an instinct that seeks safety in the water, there to be mired, utterly feeble, helpless and forlorn.

To discriminate and appropriate the odium of this business is impossible. It is of such a grade of iniquity as renders all principals—though detestation attaches in the inverse order in which they shall be named—dog, guide, *per se* tourist.

Count again another class, the proprietors of public houses kept along the line of the forest-lakes and rivers. What a loss of caste to be without fresh venison steak in any season! And count with the offenders in this class the guides and others retained about their establishments in the close season for it is to be feared that the *best* of the woods, who supply the tables with "mountain mutton."

Quite a formidable combination, you perceive—formidable in its interests, connections and dependencies, but formidable to the better sentiment of the community only in that absolute indifference, which it is a consolation to know has passed away.

The institution of the game constable was a gratifying evidence of public attention properly directed, and so, too, is the prompt condemnation of that method in practice. Away with the whole hatch of local game constables. As a class they wink at, stand indifferent, or pander to the violation of the law, and this disgraces its administration.

Officials representing the State and its citizens, uninfluenced by local influences of fear, favor, affection or reward; appointed to office in the interest of local protective effort, and recommended by integrity and capacity rather than by political partisanship, are the proper guardians of the public interests in the protection of game.

That the present system of local officials, that "makes annual appropriations for hatching and distributing fish only to have them illegally caught" with impunity. An insane theory that, which spends the people's money for purposes rendered abortive from laxity in administration. The veto of the bill that passed the last Legislature amending the game laws was a positive service to game protection. It was a rebuke to the chronic listlessness that regales itself with the ridiculous notion that to pass laws is to protect fish and game. It virtually and truly asserted the adequacy of laws as they are, and commended their vigorous enforcement. And to this end any legislative aid in the creation of executive officers necessary will not be withheld.

That a larger number of State game protectors is required is unquestioned. That the whole northern section of the State—a forest border and peninsula of hundreds of miles, a region of mountain, lake and stream containing the principal fish and game of the State—was ignored, as were principal markets of illicit trade, is an indication of the influence that the apoplexy of the present crop of game protectors. Such abuses may be prevented in the future. Let us ask for thirty more game protectors. Their services, with the surveillance of local clubs, will organize a public sentiment of obedience to law, and secure for the fish and game in forest and stream a protection like that of our cattle in the pastures. "Syracuse" suggests "local clubs," not "local sportsman's associations," and you observe, there is an absence in his letter of any word or thought that suggests game protection with class or class privileges. He pleads for all—the people. Let us relegate the word sportsman and its derivatives to the knights of the turf and their congeners. It has contracted an odium—it has. It suggests class, class privileges and something worse. Besides, it has no proper significance to, no large affiliation with, the broader and better purposes and results of game protection which concerns the people in some of their broadest and best interests.

In the crusade against the poachers let us say "We the People." Why not? We have the same flat of the sovereignty written on the public statutes, denouncing penalties and imprisonment upon the destroyers of their game, and we have the duty of every good citizen to do what he may to bring offenders to justice.

There should be nothing in the purposes of those discharging a public duty like vindictiveness or gratification of personal resentment. There has been hitherto an indifference, an inattention to the enforcement of the game laws which has amounted, practically, to toleration. The true purpose should be to draw the public into the position, and invite the cooperation of all for the common benefit. To this end general amnesty should be extended. Let the offences of the past be remembered only in aggravation of the offences of the future.

Let us recapitulate:

1. The enforcement of the laws for the protection of fish and game for the common good.
2. The organization of local clubs devoted to that interest.
3. Legislation authorizing the appointment of additional game protectors, to be recommended by local interests most desiring their services.
4. General amnesty for all past offences, and so the co-operation of all for the common benefit.

In these purposes "Syracuse" will be supported by

ODDENSEBURG,

The Sportsman Tourist.

SIX WEEKS ON THE HEADWATERS OF THE
YELLOWSTONE.

AUGUST FIRST found Ned and myself leaving the Union Pacific train at Lawlons. We had already engaged Tom Sun and Lew Simmonds, two well known Rocky Mountain hunters, as guides, with eight ponies—four for saddle and four for pack animals. As there was a space for sixty-five miles between Lawlons and Tom's ranch on the Sweetwater, where we were to make our headquarters, it behooved us to make due preparations for this little journey, being "tender-foot." The considerate Tom had anticipated our tender-footed condition, and provided a lumber wagon to transfer us to his ranch; but, scorning the hinted appellation and the farm wagon, we ordered our traps and provisions to be placed therein, and, mounting our ponies, rode gaily and triumphantly out of the village into the wilderness. Tom was the only ranchman between Lawlons and the North Pole, as far as we were concerned, during a six week's tramp through the vast ranges of mountains lying between the headwaters of the Yellowstone and the North Platte. What a novel and exhilarating ride was that, the clear bright atmosphere and views of the rugged and peculiar scenery of the Rockies. We camped for the night in an old deserted log hut, and slept the sleep of the tender-foot after his first day's effort to keep pace with the hardened native. Within a few miles of the railroad we began to see antelope—singly, in pairs and in herds; and it was the exception rather than the rule to be out of sight of this game during our ride trip. Occasionally a jack-rabbit would start out from almost under our horses' hoofs like a flash, and gracefully bound away over the sage-brush. Occasionally we would flush a covey of sage-bens, which would lazily fly a short distance and alight. Next morning, bright and early, we were again in the saddle. We encountered a number of shallow alkaline lakes filled with wild (Canada) geese, but so tame were they that we easily approached our horses within fifty or seventy-five yards of them. About 5 p. m. we arrived in sight of the ranch and the beautiful valley of the Sweetwater.

After day's preparation and rest at Tom's mountain home, we took up our line of march for the Rattlesnake range, where we were promised elk, mule deer, and perhaps a grizzly or two. For a long distance our course lay up Sage Creek; but toward noon of the second day we struck into the foot-hills. From this time forward Excelsior was the motto forced upon us. "Onward and upward," over rocky cliffs and through deep canyons, until at last, as it seemed, that we could go no longer, we entered Tom's welcome shade of balsams, beside the clearest of tumbling, laughing rivulets, 9,000 feet above the sea level, where nature, in all her virgin purity, reigns supreme. Oh! tired dwellers in the whirling, dusty, fever-stricken city, what would you exchange for a few breaths of this life-giving mountain air? For a drink of this pure and sparkling water? But why waste words on you? Few of you would appreciate it. Habit has so enslaved you, that the best gifts of God to man you turn away from, preferring the idols you have set up.

"Why I am about to relate sounds like a 'big whooper' to an Eastern man, and I do not expect to be fully believed by any one who has not been placed in similar circumstances; but, nevertheless, it is true to the letter, every word of it. We had eaten heartily and arranged our tents for the night and had sat down to smoke our fragrant pipes when strange noises broke the stillness of the twilight hour. 'What's that?' exclaimed this ever-watchful 'big whooper,' replied Tom, as he gave an extra large puff from his meerschaum. 'Calves!' echoed Ned in astonishment. 'What? a herd of cattle way up in these mountains?' 'They are God's own cattle,' says Uncle Lew, solemnly. 'Come,' says Tom, 'I will show them to you,' and proceeding a little way up the stream, we suddenly came upon a herd of cow elk with their calves feeding quietly on the mountain side. After feasting our eyes upon them until the shadows of my shirt slung from our view we returned to camp. We had already learned to outwardly show no signs of surprise before Uncle Lew at any novel sight or occurrence, as our critical guide's level of excellence seemed wholly to depend on the tenderness or non-tenderness of the poetical extremities. So we said nothing, but wrapped ourselves in our blankets and 'lay down to pleasant dreams.'

As the first rays of the morning sun kissed the surrounding mountain peaks Tom, Ned and myself were in the saddle. Proceeding up the canyon about three miles, we left our horses and had gone a few hundred yards when the peculiar sounds beyond the night before greeted our ears. 'Duck noise,' says Tom, and we stood like statues awaiting the coming band, which approached us on a slow walk, fling past us within forty yards, apparently without fear. Occasionally one would stop awhile and look at us curiously, as much as to say, 'What kind of elk are you, anyhow?' There might have been two hundred in this band, more or less.

Now the reader undoubtedly begins to query something in this wise: Didn't you get any hunting? If so, what a pair of blockheads you must have been to have let all of this duck game pass by without firing a shot. Let me explain. It is true neither Ned nor myself fired a shot at them, and this is the part of my story that I fear will be looked upon with a great deal of incredulity; but I assert once more that not a gun was fired at this family of elk. I think the reason was that while gazing in wonder at this magnificent pageant a side show was going on in our rear. Another herd had approached the vicinity of our horses and, becoming frightened, they had stampeded. This caused so much confusion that we returned to look after our horses. Another reason why we did not kill any of the elk was the fact that one animal would easily supply our larder for a week at least, and we were satisfied that we could get one whenever we wished, which we did in the course of the day, as we came upon a large band lying down, looking in the distance like a vast herd of mules. Not selected a fine bull, whose antlers will one day grace his pleasant home in Connecticut. I dare say. One shot from his Winchester did the work effectively. We cut out the tenderloin, sirloin and tongue, hung the huge animal on the limb of a tree, and returned to camp well satisfied with the day's sport.

We spent several weeks in this delightful mountain camp, taking great pleasure in studying the habits of the numerous large animals we found so plentiful, for as to hunting them, we were not so cruel as to slaughter them for the mere sake

of slaughter. Whenever we wished a change of diet from elk (tenderloin or roast venison) a few hours would allow ourselves to bring down a fat buck of the mule-deer species. Did we long for mutton, a trip to the highest surrounding mountain peaks, would be almost sure to gratify that inclination. Antelope were always at hand. Sage hens were not favorites with us, their flesh partaking too strongly of the sage flavor, excepting the young chicks, which were very fair eating. But the willow grouse, coveys of which we often found, were delicious. We met in this vicinity no grizzlies, although their "signs" were frequently apparent.

One day, while riding up the bed of a stream flowing down a canyon, we observed far up the mountain side a large band of cow elk, apparently very much disturbed from some cause. A portion of them would suddenly be thrown into confusion, and running down the mountain incline for a short distance would there as suddenly stop and go to feeding again. Then another portion of the herd would go through the same manoeuvre. As this process was gradually bringing the whole band in our direction, we tied our horses, and walking to a good point of observation, awaited the result of this singular process. At length, the riding up the bed of the stream, a short time before they arrived near enough for us to determine the cause of their agitation. At length we observed the largest bull elk we had yet seen, running from one end of the line to the other, and driving the cows after the manner of a Texas cow-boy. Gradually they approached the stream, where the cows drank copiously, when the old patriarch seemed satisfied and drove them no further. Admiration for the sagacity, indomitable perseverance and fatherly care of his flock was uppermost in all of our minds as we stood gazing at this magnificent creature. But must I write it? Yes, for this is a true narrative. These thoughts in my mind gradually changed to those of a selfish desire to become the owner of his antlers. It took but a moment to level my rifle at his heart. At the report, he jumped into the air and fell to his knees, then gathering himself up, ran into a thicket, tangled undergrowth of willows on the margin of the stream. Without thought of the consequences that might ensue I ran in after him. I soon found myself entangled in the brush-wood and could proceed but slowly. Suddenly I was surprised to see him jump from the ground, where he was long hidden, not a dozen feet from me. With glaring eyeballs and an angry shake of the head, he was about to make a rush upon me. Retreat was impossible; and I knew that with a single bound he would be upon me. I lost no time in putting in my work. The "pump handle" on my .776 model Winchester "flew lively," and the noble animal sank to the ground. His antlers, which measure five feet and one inch in length, now grace my office in Chicago, and I will cheerfully show them to any of the readers of this sketch. To preserve and prepare them for transportation on pony-back, Tom first skinned the neck and head, unjointed the neck, cleaned the flesh from the skull and, with a small saw, which we always carried with us, divided the skull between the antlers, through the tip of the nose into two equal parts. The two sides could then be laid and tied together, taking up comparatively but little space. The taxidermist easily bolted the two portions together into their natural positions.

One lovely afternoon as we were returning to camp, we came in view of a grove of aspens growing down in a valley, said grove surrounded by a large and comparatively level area. At the suggestion of Tom, we rode up as nearly as possible to them, then put our ponies into a lively gallop in their direction, whooping and yelling at the top of our lungs. We succeeded in stampeding them, and with frantic efforts they attempted to rush across the plain, but their proximity to each other retarded their movements to such an extent that we were soon tiding in the midst of them. Then their condition was indeed comical to the majority of the readers of this sketch. They were so much frightened that they began to crowd and touch them with our feet and hands, and they would respond to a lively kick with the most ludicrous sounds, exclamations and efforts to escape us. At last they seemed to appreciate the condition of affairs and began to scatter, and as soon as they had sufficient space to fully use their supple limbs, they quickly left us behind.

After becoming surfeited with the sport in this vicinity we broke camp one morning and started for the buffalo range, lying between Lawlons and the Wind River Mountains. Passing by way of Tom's ranch, we left our trophies and replenish our depleted quartermaster's department. Then, taking a more northwesterly direction, we passed "Devil's Gate," a huge perpendicular chasm of solid rock, several hundred feet high and half a mile long, nearly meeting at the top, through which the Sweetwater flows. We saw, to the once famous "Independence Rock," a landmark of the old emigrant trail. This rock is perhaps two hundred feet high, and is egg-shaped, covering several acres of ground. It is a fine example of the finest volcanic work. As we approached it a jack-rabbit was flushed and started up the steep incline of the rock. By hallooing and firing our guns we frightened the animal so thoroughly out of his wits, that in his spasmodic efforts to get away he made for the highest point of the rock, often slipping and sliding backward. It was most amusing to watch his gyrations, but at length he mastered all difficulties and disappeared over the crest.

That night we camped on the banks of the North Platte, near the Great Platte Canyon. The river being low, we had no difficulty in fording it. The next day's ride was over high mountains, through deep gorges and through lovely green valleys. We arrived toward evening at the head of Horse Creek, which is formed by a large warm spring, the waters of which are impregnated strongly with sulphur and iron. Here we concluded to make our permanent camp, as we had already seen fresh buffalo signs. The next morning we mounted our ponies and started out in quest of buffalo. On arriving at a fine point of view, the Wind River Mountains in view of an extensive plain, with the Wind River Mountains visible in the far distance. Dark spots here and there broke the monotony of the plain, which our field-glass resolved into various sized herds of buffalo, quietly feeding on the sparse bunch-grass. The nearest bunch of them were perhaps three miles distant, and consisted of twenty or thirty bulls. These we determined to approach, which we were easily able to do by keeping behind an intervening ridge, with the wind in our favor. Tying our ponies, we crawled on our hands and knees to the top of the ridge, within one hundred yards of the nearest buffalo. Their huge bodies presented so large a target that it seemed almost impossible to miss them. At a signal, Ned fired at the one to the left, and myself at the one to the right. To our astonishment and chagrin neither of them fell, but with the remainder of the herd started at their peculiar gait down the mountain side. We emptied our magazine into them—twenty-four shots—and but two were apparently crippled, one of which we easily

approached and shot. We found afterward that it required close marksmanship to kill buffalo. With his tongue and hump we were back to camp satisfied.

In this locality we found but few elk, but plenty of mountain sheep, antelope and mule deer. One day, while out alone, I spied a herd of sheep on an opposite ridge, and being anxious to get a shot at a big ram, I tied my horse in the ravine and commenced scrambling up the steep ascent in their direction. I had proceeded about half way when I was brought to a standstill by the loud and not to be mistaken warning of the rattlesnake, observing almost at the same instant, and within a few inches of my nose, a large specimen coiled ready to spring. Two smaller specimens lay near him. It is needless to say that I "fell back," as McClellan used to word it in war times. In fact I was totally demoralized and disorganized, but managed to get to my pony and to camp without further incident. "Buffalo veal" Tom declared to be the most delicious of all game food, so we determined to capture a calf. We found this undertaking one of considerable labor. Starting out one morning we hunted several hours without sighting a calf of the required size. At last, however, Ned and myself observed that Tom had discovered a fine one. Putting our ponies we joined him in the chase. It was long and exciting. Finally Ned brought it down by a lucky aim, and it was after dark that night when we arrived in camp; but the veal was excellent.

One morning, during the first week in September, we awoke to find that a light snow had fallen during the night. Tom observed that this would be a good day for bears. This was a sufficient hint. I saw Ned's eyes sparkle as we rode away from camp, and he seemed to pay but little attention to Tom's warnings, "not to shoot at a grizzly, unless he was near a tree which he could climb." We proceeded to the carcass of an elk, which several days before we had observed. Bruin had visited. Sure enough he had been there the night previous, and his great tracks in the snow were visible some distance away. They led down the steep declivity of the canyon to a little stream bordered with willows. As we found it difficult to follow him on horseback, we tied our ponies and proceeded on foot down the canyon, Tom following the trail in the willows with Ned and myself on either side. We forgot all about danger and convenient trees in our eagerness to get a shot at grizzly. Tom even forgot to warn us of our danger. We followed along in this way perhaps three-quarters of a mile, when with a crash through the bushes he appeared before me, not over eight or ten yards away. He saw me and quickly turned back. As he did so, I made a snap-shot at his huge broad side. The next instant he disappeared in the willows again. A moment later, I heard the discharge of Ned's rifle on the opposite side. When the echoes repeated from the surrounding rocks, he had died away, all was once more still. Tom and myself were soon at Ned's side, but the bear was nowhere to be seen. Advancing cautiously, we soon found him lying dead beneath a projecting rock, over which he had evidently fallen. My shot had entered his stomach, Ned's had broken his neck. "Lucky shot that," said Tom, and we both appreciated the remark. We found that we had killed a large grizzly, which would weigh 800 or 1,000 pounds. We carefully took off his hide, preserving his ears, nose and claws with the skin. To kill a grizzly was our greatest ambition. We had now accomplished this, and were ready to go back to civilization.

On our journey back we came in view of quite a large herd of cow elk. Wishing to test the greatest skill of these animals—viz., their unbounded curiosity—I allowed my companions to keep down the valley, while I skirted around to their rear. I approached them very cautiously, and observing them all facing and intent on the pack train below. I gradually prepared myself to make a dash for them. I almost touched the nearest one with my gun. A stolid motionless sometime until my party was out of sight, when slowly one of the elk turned its head and looked at me. What pussed in that elk's mind I cannot positively assert, but it certainly seemed to me to look as if it were ashamed of itself. Soon all of the band were looking at me, appearing as foolish as they had been caught stealing chickens. After a short observation, the leader concluded it was time to get out of that silly predicament, and he made off, followed by the whole band.

Another incident, worthy of notice, happened in this unfrequented region. Our party had stopped to lunch near an old spring, when we observed a herd of antelope at some distance. Their curiosity prompted them to come within two or three hundred yards of us. Then they all stopped but one, a fawn about two-thirds grown, which continued to approach until it was within a few feet of us, being apparently unconscious of danger. This was the only case of unlimited confidence we were ever given. We were all well. H. L. STONY.

Chicago, 1883

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MUNCH. STANDWELL.

A "REMINISCENCE" OF THE WAR.

WHEN the war began I was a very gullible soldier; in fact, I could not think most anybody else the racket commenced in earnest. I even made a verbal contract with Bill Terry, the tanner in our settlement, to furnish him with five hundred of the enemies hides, of my own killing, to make saddle skirts for the cavalry.

Just before the serious fighting began I applied for the sutlership of the regiment and got it. During our first engagement (Seven Pines) we were busy laying out a stock of goods. After the battle of Cold Harbor I rode down to the field, partly from motives of curiosity and also to see how the "boys" fared. When I discovered my regiment lying on their arms on the battlefield one of the "boys" yelled out, "Bill, this is a good chance for you to get them five hundred hides for Bill Terry. He won't know who killed 'em." About the same time I heard a shell burst in the distance and, concluding that my visit was not properly appreciated by the "boys," I turned back toward the city, and traveled on the "spur of the moment" the whole way.

Shortly after this I was out on a private foraging expedition. Riding along the road I arrived at the summit of a hill overlooking a valley through which a small stream ran. Looking down the hill I saw, at the ford below, a man washing his hands. I thought, from his general appearance, that he was one of the enemy. With this reflection I exceedingly quaked and trembled, for I had heard very equivocal sounds in a cornfield behind me, and was making a dash away from that vicinity, not knowing but they might be enemies

also. I dismounted and concealed my horse imperfectly in the sparsely growing bushes on the roadside and laid myself as flat as a pancake in a fence corner. Pretty soon I heard the ominous sounds of the approaching enemy as his boots crunched through the gravel. I laid flatter and flatter, but, unfortunately, just as he got opposite to me my horse kicked at a fly and started. The enemy's attention was immediately directed toward my quarter and, as I had raised my head up a little way, he caught sight of me. In an instant I heard "click—click," and saw him cover me with his pistol. I was armed with a large Colt's revolver heavily loaded with—mud. I had previously brought this weapon into position but, at the critical moment, from long disuse and want of attention, it refused to "click." My extreme terror lent me a sort of fortuitous courage, and I yelled out, "You are my prisoner! Surrender!"

His reply was somewhat chilling to my nerves. He remarked, "Not by a darn sight. Come out of that. I see you've got a horse, and I want one; so bring him out or I'll put a bullet through you."

I managed to untie the horse and lead him out, although my eyes were altogether turned toward my adversary, whom I now perceived to be a Confederate officer. He asked, "What command do you belong to?" I told him, "The—Miss. Lee's—Reconnaissance Brigade." I had just brass con. He left after my secret to say, "Well, Colonel, you got the bulge on me that time—I thought you were a Yankee. What is your command?" He said, "I am Major Jones, of Gen. McGruder's staff." I saluted him. He said further, "I will ride your horse to camp. Go down into the swamp, there about a mile, and you will find my horse, badly lamed. He caught his right fore foot in a crack in the grape-vine bridge over the Chickahominy, and wrenched it badly. Lead him to headquarters." Which I accordingly did.

The next day I was taken very ill with rheumatism, and, after an examination of three weeks' duration, the surgeons gave me a certificate of discharge, as being unfit for active duty. That was in 1862.

I went home and spent the remaining years of the war in dodging the conscript officers and practicing the art of using a crutch and limping. I did this with such assiduity and perseverance that, though the local conscript officers suspected that I was lame, they could find no plausible ground to impune it. Until one night at a country frolic, where there were a few of the "boys" on a furlough, and a band full of music beauties (which were at a high premium), I so far forgot my usual prudence as to drink a little too much "pine-top" whisky, and, being very fond of dancing, which passion, from long restraint, came out strongly now, I threw aside my crutches and fairly surpassed the execution of "Tam O'Shanter's" which in Alloway Kirk. My crutches were left that night at the house of festivity, and I got in me some four miles away, without any very clear recollection of the *modus operandi*, except some glimmering impressions of a foot race which I ran against one of the "boys," who volunteered to wager "the best 'possum dog in four States against a durned p'cat" that he could beat any man in the party to Mr. Thompson's lane. We all started, and I won the "possum dog," but "Lumpy" Peery, the proposer of the race, forgot to send him over.

The next day I was waited upon by three very brilliantly uniformed conscript officers, who were too unwell to get up. I was not rheumatism, however, but headache from the previous night's debauch. The officers, seeing how I was affected, said they would call again when I was better. After their departure I sent my little brother on a mule over to the scene of the previous night's festivities to get my crutches, and the next day, when the officers called, I was stumping around as usual, very lame. One of them observed, however, that my dodge had become entirely too thin; that he had seen "Buggy" (my brother) bring home the crutches, and, moreover, had seen my little brother in a full chase around the yard after a chicken, to be killed for dinner.

After that disclosure I yielded to their pressing invitation and joined a squad bound for the conscript camp at Meridian. But I took my crutches with me, and there were several other pairs in my squad.

While in camp at Meridian, it was ludicrous to witness the clumsy attempts at deception by "greenies." I have seen three men walking abreast, all limping in different ways, and now and then one limping on the wrong foot in the most absurd efforts to deceive.

After remaining in this camp for five weeks we were disturbed by the approach of General Sherman and his army from Vicksburg. All conscripts, paroled soldiers and other troops were ordered to march to Demopolis, Alabama. I was decidedly opposed to marching on foot, and so was of course too lame to walk, so I was mounted on a spare mule. When a few miles out from Meridian I witnessed an incident which afforded me much amusement. Capt. Hoskins, of "Hoskins' Battery," was somehow leading the horse of one of his lieutenants, his battery being ordered. In passing a quartermaster's depot, where much confusion prevailed, on account of the hurried departure, he saw a number of small "valise" saddles, such as are used on "off" horses in artillery teams, being thrown away. He secured half a dozen of them and tied them on to the horse he was leading. When he came up with me it was at a place where a regiment of Texas soldiers were encamped on the roadside. One of them yelled out, "Mister, mister, mister!" Capt. Hoskins declined to recognize the title, but he was charged with just, though he was sure of a "sell," he answered, "What'll you have?" Texas replied: "The next time your saddle has young ones, I wish you would save me one!" Hoskins moved on as fast as he could, amid general applause.

But to return to my own patriotic adventures. That night I took occasion to make a moonlight march alone, and making a detour outward some twenty miles, the next day I marched westward, passing through the country in the character of a scout who had lost his horse. I soon got another one, which I actually lost, however, before reaching home. In crossing Pearl River on a ferry-boat the horse became frightened, and got overboard. His hind foot got caught in the bridle rein, and he was drowned.

I remained at home in comparative tranquillity until the "surrender." I afterward moved to another neighborhood where I was but little known, and by dint of a judicious application of "cheek" and "brass" I soon became a "prominent citizen." It is my chief delight to entertain a crowd of admiring friends, and to relate my exploits during the war, when I was "in command" of such a company, at "Kenesaw Mountain," or "ordered my regiment to deploy behind a rail fence on the turnpike near Nashville," etc. In this way I have acquired several titles, from "Captain" up to "Colonel."

I am now Clerk of the Court, Captain of the Militia Company, Double Extra Past Grand Chancellor of the Red Plume Division of the Knights of Hocus Pocus, and Superintendent of a Sunday School. Besides all of this, I was Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions when President Garfield was shot, and my arrivals and departures are duly announced in the local paper. Likewise, I am the oldest and the best of very antiquated style voted to me as the most popular gentleman (save the mark) at a country bazaar. Very truly your friend,

MUNCH. STANDWELL.

Natural History

ENEMIES OF GAME BIRDS.

FISHKILL (on the HUDSON),
Jan. 16, 1892.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Notwithstanding the many theories of your many able and interesting correspondents, whose articles I always enjoy reading, I cannot bring myself to believe that migration or the grouse fly are the causes for the decrease of game, but the more I observe during my rambles through the woods, the more firm am I in my belief that birds of prey and carnivorous animals are the cause. Any day I can go for a tramp in the woods and find in the remote corner of a fence or at the foot of a tree, the feathers of a grouse or quail that has made a repast for a hawk, owl, skunk or some other of the many enemies which the game birds have. The nests of the grouse and quail are also built in places which, at the period of incubation, afford every opportunity for the prowling fox, weasel or skunk, not only to pounce upon the old bird on the nest, but to destroy the eggs or young birds. The rusty-crowned falcon or sparrow hawk is the worst on any bird we have, but the red-tailed hawk and, in fact, all the birds belonging to the family *Falconidae*, have almost equalty on game and small birds. Not only do the hawks, which are mostly diurnal birds of prey, stick to a covey of quail or brood of grouse all day, but the owls, which are nocturnal, together with the small carnivorous animals that they hunt at night, pick up large numbers while roosting. Hawks are very abundant about here, but during the last year the sportsmen have shot a good many. I have made several trips to the mountains for no other purpose than to shoot hawks and owls. When I first began my shooting, I was twelve or fifteen years ago. I shot most of the time in Connecticut, where ruffed grouse and quail were very plenty. I have often, when tramping through those forests, found piles of feathers and bones of birds, and often, too, seen a hawk go skimming along only a few inches above the ground and suddenly dart into a bunch of quail that were huddled together in the high grass or low underbrush, but I thought nothing of it then—game was plenty. I was not after hawks and did not take the trouble to shoot them; and when I had at last a single-loading gun, I did not want to take so much trouble as to waste charge on a worthless bird and have to reload; and then if I were loaded with fine shot for woodcock and saw a hawk perched on some tree I could not kill him, so would not shoot. But now, I carry a few shells loaded for his special benefit, and I would again say, let every sportsman do this, and by watching the passengers and each doing all he can, we may yet have some sport with the ruffed grouse and quail.

GEO. F. ALDER.

McDONALD'S CORNER, N. B., Jan. 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to Mark West's query, concerning color of ruffed grouse, I give the result of my observations, which have been confined to this Province. Of course it is only necessary to give the prevailing tint, as the markings are the same, I believe, everywhere. In the females I have noticed no difference in color, they being uniformly of a tawny red on the back, with yellowish brown throat, and quite dark breast markings. The back feathers of what are usually termed the young cocks are of a deeper, duller red than those of the female; the breast markings clearly defined but pale; the throat of a pale yellow, and the tail feathers entirely free from red. The "old boomers," or gray-backs, are of an ashy gray hue, with the same markings. That they are old cocks I have not the remotest doubt, as they are larger, have larger ruffs, and are the only sort that I have found drumming out of season; and, furthermore, I have never heard of a "gray back" grouse clicking its wings in New Brunswick. Concerning the destruction of grouse by the wretched party of cussedness, the red squirrel, I believe Mr. Bishop is right, for I, like him, have noticed that grouse are always scarce where squirrels are plentiful, this year being a notable example. The cause never dawned on my mind, and I never was aware of Mr. Chicore's bird nesting proclivities till the summer of '76, when I visited my old friend Charlie Perkins at Woodstock. Having a bone in my right hand broken, I had little else to do but watch what was going on in the trees which surrounded the house, and I soon saw that the squirrels were climbing up the birds' nests. I loaded a six-pound Richards muzzle-loader, and allowing the forelock to rest on my right arm near the elbow, I placed the butt in my left shoulder and fired with my left hand. In this way I "ground slowly, but I ground exceedingly small." Last summer, after stealing everything available on the farm of our neighbor, Mr. J. McD. Bolyea, the little pirates proceeded to depopulate the pigeon-loft, and would have succeeded but for the family shotgun. As to the good they do, they are a good way from a small-bore rifle, and are excellent sliding target, at which the small boy can hurl any missile he listeth, thereby developing the muscles of his right arm, and preparing him for future operations against that disturber of midnight repose—the Thomas-cat. One squirrel will last longer as a target for stones than any other animal I know of.

L. I. FLOWER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13, 1892.—In a recent number I see you mention that the sparrows and sharpshin hawk are not injurious to game birds. I have repeatedly seen both of these hawks after quail, often hunting in couples. I have also known the sparrow hawk to kill the English snipe. I do not know anything about screech owls, excepting that one that I had in confinement in a barn managed to get out one night and ate his way through a piece of small-bore rifle, and then left for his own. I think if I were a quail I would give "Brer Screech Owl" a wide berth.—W. HORTON.

[It seems illogical in the highest degree to charge the diminution of our game birds solely to the attacks of predatory birds and mammals. We can see no reason why these

vermin should have so increased within the past few years as to exterminate in certain localities the resident game birds. There is no doubt that they do much damage, and should be destroyed at every opportunity; but that they are the main cause of the scarcity of grouse and quail we do not at all believe. Nevertheless, we think that a premium put upon their heads by sportsmen's clubs would be, to a certain extent, beneficial, and would have the effect of reducing their numbers. The sparrow hawk, sharpshin and mottled owl may occasionally pick up a young quail shortly after the hatching, but we have never seen anything to lead us to believe that this was the case. Moreover, in a course of bird collecting, extending over more years than we care to name, we have never found in the stomachs of the three species mentioned the remains of any bird larger than a robin. Of course, this is only negative testimony, and, as such, is of no value if opposed to facts, if facts can be adduced; if it is a matter of opinion only, each man will naturally hold to his own view.]

PARTIAL LIST OF MAMMALS FROM SOUTHERN LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

THE following list of mammals was formed from observations taken around the south end of Lake George, in Warren Co., N. Y. As this part of the lake is now a favorite summer resort, most of the large mammals, especially the wilder species, have moved entirely from the vicinity, or else have retired to the more wooded sections on the eastern and northern parts, where the rough mountain sides afford them a safe retreat. The arrangement of species followed is that given in Jordan's Manual of Vertebrates, 1880.

Felis concolor. Linnaeus. Cougar, American panther. The last record I can find of this formidable animal being taken in this locality, was one shot by Moses Dickinson, November, 1852.

Lynx rufus. (Gmelin). Raf. Wildcat. I can find no positive record of a wildcat being so near for a number of years, though there are reports of their having been seen.

Vulpes vulgaria. Fleming. Red fox, common fox. Very common. A number killed every winter.

Mustela americana. Turton. Sable, pine marten. Rare. More and more so each year.

Putorius vulgaris. Cuvier. Least weasel. This species is probably far less common than in the following and occurs regularly, but I have never seen it.

Putorius ermineus. Cuvier. Common weasel, ermine. Not uncommon. In this locality they all turn white in winter.

Putorius vison. Gapper. Mink. Common. Especially along the lake shores. They kill great numbers of muskrats.

Mephitis mephitis. (Shaw). Badger. Common skunk. Common. They do great good in destroying various insects, but at times they are quite destructive among poultry.

Lutra canadensis. Sabine. American otter. Seen every year, especially in winter.

Ursus americanus. Pallas. Black bear. Several were killed through the year 1880, and I know of at least two in 1881, one of which was seen swimming in the lake, and killed from one of the steamboats.

Procyon lotor. (L.) Storr. Raccoon. Very common.

Canis virginianus. (Say). Red deer. Rare. Still quite common in the northern part of the lake.

Vespertilio subulatus. Say. Little brown bat. Very common. Seen every summer evening.

Atalapha noveboracensis. (Erxleben). Coon. Red bat. Not uncommon.

Scalops aquaticus. (L.) Fischer. Common Mole. Not uncommon.

Condylura cristata. (L.) Desmarest. Star-nosed Mole. Specimens seen.

Blarina brevicauda. (Say). Baird. Mole shrew. Common. Often seen dead about the roadside.

Sciurus hudsonicus. (Pall.) Geoff. Flying squirrel. Common.

Sciurus niger. Linn., var. *hudsonianus*. Fox squirrel. I shot a fine specimen of this species in 1872 or 1873, the exact date I mislaid. M. W. Lockhart informs me he saw one about the same time. I do not think it was an escaped animal.

Sciurus carolinensis. (Auctora). Gray squirrel. Black squirrel. Common. The black form was unusually common this past year.

Sciurus hudsonius. Pallas. Red squirrel. Common.

Janus striatus. (L.) Baird. Chipmunk. Common everywhere.

Arctomys monax. (L.) Gmel. Woodchuck. Common. [Castor fiber. L. Beaver. Long since passed away, though some of their dams are still visible.]

Zapus hudsonius. (Zimmermann). C. G. C. Jumping mouse. Not uncommon, though hard to see resembling a frog when jumping through the long grass.

Mus decumanus. Pallas. Common rat. Common.

Mus musculus. L. Common mouse. Common.

Hesperomys leucopus. (Raf.) LeC. Deer mouse. Common. Good climbers, making their homes often in old bird-nests.

Eutamias striatus. Pallas. Var. *Gapperi*. (Vigou). Coon. Red-backed mouse. Dr. A. K. Fisher writes that he has taken this mouse at Lake George.

Arctomys riparius. Ord. Meadow mouse. Common.

Fiber zibethicus. (L.) Cuvier. Muskrat. Common.

Erethizon dorsatus. (L.) F. Cuvier. Porcupine. Common. They have a habit of cutting off branches of oak trees, then going to the ground and eating the acorns.

Lepus americanus. Erxleben. Northern Hare. Common.

Lepus sylvaticus. Bachman. Gray rabbit. Rare. A few were to be seen along the plank road leading to Glenn Falls. Mr. Casimer Shaw informs me he has seen them at Thendara.

W. B. LOCKHART.

Lake George, Warren county, N. Y.

AMERICAN QUAIL FOR EUROPE.—On Monday last, a FOREST AND STREAM reporter saw, at the store of Messrs. Chas. Reiche & Bro., in this city, a fine, strong lot of about one hundred and fifty quail (*Ortix virginianus*), which were intended to be shipped to Germany. This firm sends many of these birds abroad for public gardens of natural history, for private collections and to be turned out on the estates of noblemen and gentlemen. Large shipments are also made of wild turkeys, other game birds and song birds. A pair of common American deer were awaiting shipment, while among the arrivals were a pair of the German roe deer. The order for American quail to be sent to Europe are reported to be in excess of the supply, and Messrs. Reiche say that they are unable to fill domestic orders.

HABITS OF WOODPECKERS.

HERE in Arkansas Co., Ark., in the heavy timber of the river bottoms, we find the winter home of all our migrating woodpeckers and creepers. Here "mast" is always abundant; for if one thing or a dozen things fail, there are a dozen others that are a undant, giving food in plenty. Nearly everything in the woods and fields failed here this year, of a full crop, except the seeds of the great white or sweet gum, and the seeds of the so-called tupelo gum. But there are seeds enough on the white gum to feed all the woodpeckers, mice, squirrels, jays, robins and other beasts and birds—for nearly everything seems to eat them—that may wish to dine.

The red-headed woodpecker is here in full force, and busy from early morning until dark; storing up in the cracks in the bark of trees, and in holes in the dead trees, the little nuts of this winter food. And the jays and fox squirrels are having lots of fun and good " grub," stealing his hidden treasures.

This bird and the great lazy fox squirrels are at continual warfare, and I have tumbled many a one from a woodpecker's tree where he was stealing his dinner by having my attention attracted to him by the noisy war-fare which the redhead made in defending his property. The gray squirrel which is by far the most numerous squirrel here, does not appear to poach on the stored provender of this bird. If he does so, it has not come under my notice. But the fox squirrel, I think, warms the redhead, and as soon as he scrotes a nut and is away, darts up the tree in search of it. But if Mr. or Mrs. redhead discovers him in the act, they rush at him with sharp beak and great valor, and generally force him to lead a retreat empty handed, or without the coveted nut. The jaybird gathers and stores up "mast" for himself, but seems to take great delight in robbing the woodpecker.

The woodpecker, or *Picus* family, is a rather queer one, for in his life he supposes (*Spizella socialis*), as woodpeckers seem to express by their pecking into holes after worms, that we think never dies so at all, but pecks into them for and lives chiefly or entirely on the inner bark, or young sap wood, of the tree. Then we have this red-headed one that has still more curious habits, one of which, so far as I know, no naturalist or any of our correspondents have noticed, namely: in late summer and early fall he diligently plays the role of a fly-catcher. At that time of year he will perch on the tip of a dead branch of a tall and, often, a solitary tree, and sit at catch passing insects. "We boys have always a game that we "play" on them when at this work. We would take small pebbles and throw them up over the tree; the red-head would see them coming, dart out to catch them, and sometimes caught the stone on the side of his head, and tumbled to the ground.

The red-headed woodpecker does not store up food for his winter supplies alone, for I have seen them store up cherries in July, and I have of an observed them in the fall storing up food in Illinois, where they do not winter. This bird is a provident fellow, there is an excess of food to-day for the numerous stores up some for future use in time of scarcity. But this is all about, for birds and animals that have the instinct of storing up food, do it any time of year, if they find a surplus of such food as they are very fond of.

There is still another point about our red-head friend—does he or does he not peck into trees after worms and insects like most other woodpeckers? Naturalists have, I fear, accepted it as a fact that he does this, without proof. I will not say that he does not do so, but I will say that I do not believe he does. I think that, like the sapsucker, an abnormal thing—like the true woodpeckers in every way, but without their food habits.

This is a glorious region for the ornithologist to winter in. Here he can see every day great numbers of hundreds of species of interesting migratory birds that further north he only catches glimpses of when on their spring and autumn migrations, and can study their habits at leisure. All of them are now in their very best clothes, or rather in their wedding garments. Some, to be sure, will put on a few more extra plumage on their wedding day, and will be a little more gay in early spring, but their coats are now very fresh and perfect.

Crickett's Bluff, Arkansas Co., Ark., Jan. 10th, 1893.

HABITS OF WOODPECKERS—Indianapolis, Ind., 1892.—From personal observation I am sure that woodpeckers store away nuts for winter use. Many times in the hazy days of autumn, I have watched their busy motions as they flitted from the convenient dead tree to the small twigs of the beech tree, there obtaining a nut, and returning again to put it into some crevice or hole; and many a squirrel have I seen busy by their chattering and scoldings when he approached too near their storehouse. As to squirrels storing nuts I am in doubt. I have often, when a boy, gone out with the men on the farm when felling trees to obtain the nuts from the cracks and holes where they had been placed by birds; but I do not remember ever finding nuts stored where they would be found if placed by squirrels. Besides, who ever saw a squirrel with a nut in his mouth, that did not, upon arriving at the first convenient place, proceed to eat it at once?

S. H. M.

"ANIMAL MYTHS OF THE IROQUOIS"—Piney Falls, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While reading an article in your issue of Nov. 17th, under the title of "Animal Myths of the Iroquois," the supposition occurred to me that perhaps many foolish superstitions are saddled on to the Indians which poor Lothrop disapproved of. During the last 60 years I have industriously acquainted with the Seneca Nation of Indians, as also their manner of life, habits, and their (so-called) pagan rites and ceremonies, which a portion of them still adhere to. Now, in regard to that story as related to your correspondent on the Cattaraugus Reservation by a grandson of Cornplanter, I must say that I never was aware that any such traditional or imaginary superstitious notions were ever promulgated among them. I knew the Cornplanter (the name of course originated among the white people), and also knew his two sons, Ned and Charles O'Leary, and I saw which was adopted by the old man in honor of a white man of that name, an especial favorite whom he chanced to meet during Sullivan's raid at Brady's Bend. Those sons were men of better sense than to teach their sons any such simple nonsense. Perhaps such stories might have circulated among the small children, and gained about the same credence that we give to Mother Hubbard's or to Mother Goose's tales. Those tribes of the Senecas knew but very little concerning the animals of the North, and were very subject to the most ignorant allusions. They had no fabulous deities, nor did they worship any beathen Deities. They believed in

the one Great Spirit, the Na-wen-ne-u or Wa-con-dah, the creator of the universe. The average Indian is a close observer, he has keen perceptive faculties and pretty correct ideas of the workings of nature's laws, is slow to believe in any theories which he cannot fully comprehend. ANTLER.

BALTIMORE, JANUARY 17.—My friend, Mr. John Hartner, who is a crack shot, took a stroll yesterday with his dog and gun just in the rear of his own house, which is situated at the head of the marshes of Harris's Creek, when, upon his dog coming to a point, he was surprised to see a (Wilson's) jack snipe get up. He shot and killed his bird, and in a very short time killed five snipe, of which number he presented a pair to me, and I enjoyed them for my breakfast this morning. You would, too, be surprised to see how fat and plump they were at this unusually early time. This, I think, is the earliest I have known snipe to be killed. The idea of killing snipe yesterday, and on awakening this morning finding an old-fashioned snow-storm, makes me feel for the poor birds, for if they have many companions come with them and it should freeze up and get cold, it would be hard for them. J. P. V. H.

The above note was accompanied by the bill of a Wilson's snipe just taken from the bird. The date seems to us unusually early for Baltimore, but it must be remembered that until within a week we have had no cold weather at all to move the birds South.

WINTER BIRDS—Hornellsville, N. Y., January 19.—Saw a kingfisher yesterday; it may be the same one that was here all last winter. Saw also a few shrikes or butcher birds. On the 19 I noticed a meadow lark. He looked as large almost as a pigeon. J. OTIS FELLOWS.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Jan. 23, 1893.—A flock of about thirty wild pigeons made their appearance here on the 23, (Sunday). Several were killed and I found them to be very plump and in fine feather. This is a rare visitation at this season with us. BAY RIDGE.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE QUAIL SEASON IN VIRGINIA.

ALL things considered we have rarely ever known a poorer season for birds than the one that has just closed in this section. It has not been so much scarcity of game, either as it been due in the main to the abundance of rain that began to fall heavily as soon as all appeared to be over, but the one cry from all quarters has been scarcity of cover.

Owing to the terrible droughts of last year the weeds that generally clothe the stubble fields after harvest with a dense growth were to a great extent scorched up as soon as they appeared above the ground, while the demand for pasture was so great that when the slight showers of early autumn fell the half-finished stock kept short on area of ground three or four times as great as in ordinary years is the case.

In thinly settled and infertile countries the sport, I fear, has been fair, the amount of stock being insignificant and covert more abundant.

I never recollect to have been so utterly at a loss to locate coveys as at this season. In ordinary years, as every quail hunter or knower, the experienced sportsman or the experienced dog, even in an unfamiliar section, can guess pretty much at a glance where the coveys, if there are any, will probably be lying.

This year you might hunt the few patches of "rag weed," that in spite of everything clothed some unusually damp or fertile piece of ground, and seemed created as harbors of refuge for the birds that in the breeding season had seemed so motionless; but the chances were ten to one you would hunt in vain, and when as you were walking in disgust through some piece of woodland, with gun half cocked, and peering between the tree stems in search of some more inviting looking country beyond, you would spring a covey and give you, perhaps, an awkward "sight" at forty-five yards through an eye bush. This kind of thing, sometimes fortuitous in a more modified form, has been the history of the quail season of '81 in our section. The most untiring sportsmen have become disgusted. What birds there are, and there is no reason to suppose them scarcer than usual, have clung to the wood with a tenacity unprecedented, and vaguely hunting the woodlands of Virginia with the best of dogs, would only be to illustrate the familiar "saw" of the haystack and the needle. Most of us have had occasional bits of fun, an hour or two's good sport here and there, though thirty birds is the largest total in a day I have assisted in making, a very poor show even for the part of the country from which I write, which is distinctly second rate as a bird region.

The failure of the mast in the mountains has driven a good many "bats" into civilization, and the immense size of the tracks has been a wonderful topic of conversation to the negroes who, I notice, always confine their sporting ambition in that direction to "tracking," and having quite satisfied themselves that the footprints are "higher than a man's," prudently refrain from further pursuit of sagacious bratin. I see people inquiring through your columns whether it would be possible to procure birds in Virginia by netting. I don't know anything about the letter of the law in regard to that, but I should strongly recommend the gentlemen in question to turn their attention elsewhere. The consequences of such an attempt in this part of the country would be very disagreeable to the netters.

Wild turkeys are I hear, fairly abundant, though I have not heard of many being shot.

There are two good packs of foxhounds within 12 miles of where I write. One has killed over twenty foxes—many of them red—already this year.

The mountain streams got so terribly low last fall we began to get very nervous about the trout. I was glad to hear, however, from a friend a day or two ago that he had camped late in September on a stream well known to me. That was years ago, but he had been very successful, and had seen thousands of them in the pools. This winter so far has been most favorable for the young fry. A taste of the joys of West Virginia trout fishing experienced last summer has I am afraid, rather overshadowed in my estimation our inferior though beautiful streams. Nature is at present in her most defunct state. The pen is handier than the rod or gun. The red roads are deep in that tenacious mud which a great pen

G. O. A. SALL.

has made historic. The mountains are hid in rain clouds. The trees drip unceasingly. What little energy our dusky brethren possess is also in a moribund condition. Regardless that meal is a dollar and over per bushel, they choke the village streets with their lazy forms and cannot be hired for money so soon after their Christmas break. Are the women housewife and the Southern farmer for ever to stagger about under a load of keys and padlocks and to spend a third of their time in locking and unlocking bolts and bars? But enough of this. In sporting matters the Edipian is harmless or nearly so. The "phizz" of his half-loaded musket, it is true, is occasionally borne to one's ears upon the breeze; but Sambo is not much on the wing, for if he were his area would soon be circumscribed by a few grass-stalks around town. I would not curtail the rights of any man, black or white, but a laboring class with no land or money or education, and with nothing but their muscles to depend on, can't go to themselves or their country by looking about with an army market. In other countries and sections where honesty, thrift and morality exist in the corresponding class, constant work, outside a few legitimate holidays, is regarded as necessary to make an honest livelihood. Here amid idleness waiting to be killed and employers waiting to be served, these numbers of the earth and obstructors of improvement, at a moral depth which, poor wretches, they cannot help, give a burlesque the "gentleman at large." IRISWOOD.

WITH THE BIRDS IN TENNESSEE.

PORT ROYAL, TENN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Well, I will own up and admit that "12-B-re" of El Paso, Ill., beat me squirrel shooting. He says: "I do not think 'Bich' uses enough shot." I gave as my load $\frac{3}{4}$ of an ounce of shot, and he gave as his load $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce. He forgets that I was using a 13-gauge gun.

I give the score of part of two days' squirrel shooting. Dec. 24.—Load, 24 drams powder, one ounce No. 4 shot; 12-gauge gun—0110100000. Dec. 27.—Load, 24 drams powder, one ounce No. 7 shot; 13-gauge gun—1411. This is the poorest score I ever made. On the 24th I used a strange gun, "12-B-re's" score shows that he made eighteen kills in twenty-four shots. I have beaten that. I have killed sixteen out of eighteen shots; thirteen squirrels and one fox out of sixteen shots, and eleven squirrels without a miss. I know some of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* will laugh when they read the above score and say "Why did that fellow send that score to *FOREST AND STREAM*? I never would have said anything about it, possibly thirty or four consecutive misses. I would have been happy to be in these." In the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 15 I said: "Let me put it down in *FOREST AND STREAM* that heavy charges of powder and shot, and large shot for small game are a humbug." Let me repeat it here, particularly the large shot part of it. Look at my score with No. 7 shot.

On the 24th December I had good sport if I did make a poor score. After firing the third shot I heard a squirrel in the direction of the road, and I turned and went that way. Soon I heard the "hook" of a buggy, the driver stopped and gets out. His back is turned toward me and he does not see me. I recognize him. It is friend P. He is in a dense forest, where he thinks no human eyes see him. This is the 24th December. He is an inveterate drinker, and I suppose he is drinking. No; he does not stagger. There! he goes to the buggy and takes out something. It is a jug. He takes it off some distance, conceals it behind a log; he gets into the buggy and drives off. Curiosity prompts me to go and look. Yes, there is the jug, behind a log, and covered with leaves. It is half full of whiskey. I was tempted to pour out the vile stuff, but did not. I saw him late that evening, and he was intoxicated. There, what is that rustling in the leaves before me? It is a covey of quail. There, all they rush under a clump of briars and huddle together, can even distinguish the white heads of the cocks. I cocked my gun; not for a pot-shot, however. I advance and they run to a thick patch of briars. I follow, but do not get a shot when they rise. Late in the evening I walk them up near the same place, and get two more. Did not ruffle a feather. The many hours I have spent in that forest all alone in my glory, squirrel hunting.

I spent part of the Christmas holidays with friends in Robertson county at quail and grouse shooting. We had royal sport. Ruffed grouse used to be very numerous here, but for a long time they were supposed to be extinct. But on farms that have been protected they have again appeared. We heard of several coveys on a farm that has been protected for fifteen or twenty years. After a ride of several miles we rounded the tree-top, and when we shot out like a bullet. "Here's the place." In October I saw them all around here." Yes, it looks like a good place—a dense forest of 400 or 600 acres. He on Sport and Daisy. Our setters beat the woods as if they were used to that kind of hunting. This is their maiden effort after grouse. Ditto all four of the hunters except our guide. We beat the ground "in abreast" about twenty paces apart. Ed is on the left, then "Birds," then Tommy and George. All at once Ed's gun rings out keen and clear, and he breaks the stillness of the forest. "What is it?" is shouted all along the line. "A fox!" Ed shouted, and away went Reynard like lightning. "Pshaw take the luck," said Ed. "I had No 10 in my gun. Give me some larger shot, Bido." Hardly had he loaded when out burst a grouse with a roar and a whirl that completely upset our nerves and bewildered us. But George on the right was cool and worked it down. We beat toward it, but it got up wild as a hawk, and we did not get a shot. Then we beat in the direction it flew for some distance without making it. We then returned to where it rose, and I examined the "lay of the land." I then mentioned certain suggestions that a writer in *FOREST AND STREAM* made about the light and put shot of grouse, and told them that from the lay of the land, I had a double-barrel turned to the left. We advanced, and up it rose not twenty paces before me, and I let fly the left barrel, but scored a zero. "There, he dropped in that tree-top on the ground," they all exclaimed. We hurried on, and soon Daisy was on a staunch point. She had him fast, and surrounded the tree-top, and when he shot out like a bullet, I threw my gun in position to draw on him, but Ed was too quick for me, for with one of those marvelous snap-shots, for which he is famous, he cut the bird down with his little fourteen-gauge muzzle-loader. Ed is the crack shot of the county, and has killed more quail than any five men of his age in the county, but this is his first grouse, and he shook with a "back ache." We are all terribly excited and elated.

We then beat in an easterly direction and emerged near a large stubble field. We were now on what was, in ante-bellum days, the largest tobacco plantation in the world. It con-

toins 13,000 acres, and his owner was the largest tobacco grower in the business. He owned slaves by the hundred. "Look watch large barns for housing and curing tobacco," said our guide: "I made the boards to cover that house, and it required 14,000 to cover it." "Listen," said one of the party. "Some fellow has started that fox." And in the distance we could hear the musical notes of a pack of hounds in full cry after Reynard. It reminded me of a scene in "The Chase," in Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

"The deep-mouthed blood hounds heavy bay, Resounding up the rocky way." Then he heard the report of a gun, and was sure Reynard had felt a mething larger than Ed's No. 10's; but it turned out to be a turkey shooting at rabbits. We then turned and beat toward our horses. Near where we had before flushed the first one we now flushed several more. They go in every direction. We advance and soon Daisy is on a point. The grouse pulls up wild, and Ed shoots but misses. Then a large covey of quail burst from an old fallen tree-top, and then bang, bang, bang, on all sides, and two bite the dust. I advance and let fly both barrels, but get no start. Every few steps and we "turn loose" at quail or grouse. George has not fired his old musket yet. Up goes a grouse and Tommie "turns loose" both barrels, but Mr. Grouse falls on "alle sauce." We work him down on the hill beyond. Soon we are there, and old Sport has him hard and fast. In a fallen tree-top again. With a roar and whirr he bursts from his cover and cleaves the air, and when above the tops of the scrubby oaks that cover the hill-side, simultaneously three reports ring out and the bird falls as dead as Baccus. Then each man rushes up and kills him. Then a water hen with two large horns strapped to him (he was after Reynard) appeared upon the scene and said: "Yes, there was a covey of 8 of these birds, but I killed 3 of them." That terminated the hunt. Dear reader, if you are not already tired of this story I would say that if a certain stream flooded by the recent rains was fordable, I would be with those friends to-night to give the grouse a round to-morrow. George has not shot his musket yet.

BREDO.

A DAY'S SHOOTING IN CALIFORNIA.

WE are a long way off out here on the western edge of the continent with a great mountain range to the east and most of our most comfortable and plain separating us from the East, our former home. The dear old associations that are photographed so tenderly upon our memory crowd back into vivid remembrance as we write. How we treasure up the bright recollections of our happy home away over there in New England. What a joyous boyhood we lived out in it and how little did we anticipate the building of a new one for ourselves here on the Pacific Ocean, that always seemed so far away, when we were told about it at school and had the great intervening space pointed out to us on the map. Recollections are not all that comes to us, however, from the morning side of the "Rockies," for we are well within the reach of the FOREST AND STREAM, whose steady arrival is always looked for and never fails to bring with it much of pleasure.

Our State is a hunter's paradise! Within one hundred miles of her largest city can be had for the seeking game of every description—including bear. The tastes of any sportsman, whether he choose gun or rifle, can be gratified within four hours' ride from the centre of San Francisco. Waterfowl swim in the marshes and along the shores of the bay, and can always be found in season sunning themselves on the sloughs running inland and are easily reached in small boats. Large game frequents the foot hills that form the first line of elevations one must surmount in traveling from high water marks toward the Sierras.

Late in the afternoon I left town, with the popular manager of the O.idental Hotel, a brother of Mr. Welthebe, of the Windsor in New York, and rode out on the Central Pacific thirty-five miles to Salinas, a town of considerable importance and very conveniently near the tule, or marsh lands for wildfowl. Sam P. met us on our arrival and reported birds in large numbers. Next morning we were up a long two hours before the sun and on our way to the creek, where the boat was lying and our guide waiting for us. All our traps were carefully stowed away, and we pulled on to the main slough, a wide, deep creek, fringed with tule ten or twelve feet high on either side. A long, tedious pull of three miles was at last finished. The oars were taken in and the boatmen, the guide going to the tule with his snail in hand, V. stationing himself in the bow, and I just behind him. The boat's head was pointed up a narrow branch slough and we made ready, for the fun was shortly to begin. "No noise now. Look out," Sam called out. Slowly and stealthily we begin to penetrate toward an open basin that lies a short distance ahead. The muffled oar makes no sound as it moves back and forth through the water, under the stern, and propels us steadily forward. We hold our breath in eager expectation; our eyes, full-cocked, are in position for prompt use. Just the other side of this next bend lies the open sheet of water. It does not spread over more than an acre or two, and is almost sure to be covered with birds. Oh, the glorious eagerness of that minute! The delicious sensation of impatience to seat once the birds we almost know are there. The boat moves out from behind the tule that has hidden it and we take in at a glance the whole space. What a beating of wings and feet on the water. What a whistling and frantic endeavor to get out of harm's way. How those wings and feet beat the air. We give them four barrels of No. 6 and pick up seven widgeons, three mallards and two teal. Not so bad, even though there were so many to shoot at. We turn about now, get a duck or two as we scull back to the main slough, and then go on our way, till, reaching other branches or small creeks, we shoot them up and down with varying success.

The goose up toward the wheat-fields come down to the edge of the marsh all making a tremendous racket, for all the world like the shouting of a whole school full of boys let out at recess. We scull up toward them, run the boat's bow on to the bank that is here free from tule, jump quickly ashore, and as the geese rise, give them a double shot; but the distance is great and the shot small, and we get but two. Did you ever hear the horrible din that ten thousand frightened geese make? We do not exaggerate in the slightest degree when we insist that there rose from the ground before us at least this number. These flocks are famous for size; and the farmers who have wheat lands adjoining the marshes employ men to defend the crops against the terrific destructiveness of the geese birds.

Before finishing up the day we took a turn at the snipe.

The only birds we started were what are here known as English snipe. They are not quite so large as the Eastern bird so called, but very similar in appearance. They jump up one at a time, and fly but a short distance, and when the day is favorable, one need not hunt over more than five or six acres to a sure bag.

When we came to determine the result of our day's sport we found that we had seventy ducks including mallard, widgeon, teal, sprig, and canvas-backs, two geese and twenty-one snipe. The quantity seems large, but our success was not unusual. We have friends who average about this quantity for every day's shooting the season through.

Mallards can now be bought in San Francisco markets for \$2.50 per dozen; teal, \$1; sprig-tail, \$1.25; widgeon, \$1; canvas-backs, \$3.25; quail, 25 cents, etc. These figures certainly point to an over-supply of birds. If you are seeking for a hunting ground where game is never wanting, that is accessible and free from the discomforts of winter cold, and this is the place to select, but the same time, and it costs much time and money to get to us, but never will a lover of sport in the field regret having crossed the country to a pitch tent with us.

E. B. C.

FLORIDA SHOOTING.

SANFORD, Fla., Jan. 19.

Eight miles from here up the St. Johns the ducks, chiefly widgeon and coots, are found in large numbers. I have gone to the grounds several times, and always got a few birds; though, having no decoys, have made no large bags.

Toward dusk and in early morning the birds are constantly flying, and the possibilities of making large bags seem fair. The last time I went up the river I took blankets and camped in the large Speir grove on the bank of the river. This grove, with its large orange trees and clean, dry ground makes a fine spot to spend the night, and in the morning one can start out fresh and rested to try the ducks.

When I started out in the morning I came across a small flock of coots and tried the effects of a thread-wound net to one hundred yards. Result: Three coots—one minus his head, which I found several feet from his body. The next time I fired was at a flock of curlew sitting on the bank about ninety yards away. The distance was too long for an ordinary cartridge, so I again shot a thread-wound, but it mangled the bird dreadfully. Should think they could be used at deer with success. Has any one tried it? Three days ago I was after quail, when my pointer stopped near a bunch of grass, when, to my horror, I saw a large rattlesnake coiled and ready to strike the dog. I fired immediately and hit the snake about a couple of feet from his tail; the charge of shot passed so near the dog's head that he seemed stunned for a second and the snake's head vibrated as if to strike, so I shot again and blew off its head. I had just counted the rattles on the monster's tail—there were eleven rattles and a button—when I heard something crawling through the grass and saw another rattlesnake approaching, within a foot. This one was not so large, having six rattles and a button. In quail shooting here it behooves one to use one eye in looking for snakes; keep the other on the dog's movements and walk by faith.

I understand that all the game laws for Florida have been repealed, and that there is now no restriction on any kind of shooting. Am I correct? TRUMP.

[Yes.]

ARKANSAS TRAPPERS.

CAMP ON LITTLE RED RIVER,
Jan'y 10th, 1892.

Stimulated by an inordinate desire of experiencing woodcraft in its wider sense, Chas. E. Conrur, Joe McCluskey and J. Smith Stimmel, of Greene county, Ohio, left their homes early in November for a winter's campaign in White River swamp. Being unacquainted with the nature of the country, they required several weeks to gain any knowledge of the best localities, therefore their trapping operations have been somewhat limited, still both sport and catch have been entirely satisfactory. It was not until early in December that it was the writer's good fortune to join the "jolly trio."

From close observations, I must say that "coon and mink, the principal trapping here, are scarcer than the best trappers have known for several years, from the fact we suppose that the coon crop is almost a total failure. But what varmints are captured are very fat, making our supposition less probable. Skins also show they have emigrated eastward, but in next month we anticipate a fair catch.

Practical trapping has the same basis as any other business. One cannot make good success at it unless favorable opportunities are at hand, hence the amateur should not imagine too much in the catch, nor paint camp life in too bright colors. None but the genuine sportsman can find pleasure in camp life for an entire season. The Arkansas trappers are beyond a doubt natural woodsmen, for they apparently can extract every particle of pleasure in camping and its appendages. Lengthy tramps, perhaps carrying a venison, a pack of furs, or any load that it may fall to our lot to carry, serve only to give impetus to our weary steps, or relish to a dinner of boiled beans, roast "coon, hot coffee, "saw belly," etc. We enjoy life sport, deer hunting, when our "run" of traps do not require our entire attention, frequently seeing ten and fourteen each day. I do not mean that number is brought into camp, but we have venison sufficient to supply our larder and several pairs of antlers, of which any back would feel proud, ornament the ridge pole of our tent. Whether or not gun was increase in value from ten cents to one dollar, more similar ornaments shall occupy like position.

Our operations in the future will be confined to the vicinity of the mouth of this river, which is the best trapping section in this section, as it is in the wilderness. Perhaps our camp will not be as attractive to the near citizens. We shall have a chain of some thirteen lakes to trap, and a good locality for deer and the heavy cane brakes for bear. Then we shall expect to send extraordinary reports of trapping and hunting, and probably an account of an exciting bear hunt. J. Lee Smalley, a practical trapper and fur dealer, Dugdale, Pa., will join us shortly for hunting and trapping for several weeks. We come down solely for sport.

One of our party has killed a gray eagle measuring 7 feet 8 inches from tip to tip of wings spread. This was the largest bird any of us had ever seen, and in consequence each one has a part of the bird as a curiosity.

The weather this season has been very mild, which has a tendency to depreciate value of furs.

WALTER D. CHILDRESS.

GAME IN OREGON.

EUGENE CITY, Or., Jan. 6, 1892.

Editor Forest and Stream.

Owing to long-continued and heavy rains this fall our sportsmen have spent less time than usual among the fowls. On the prairies, in the stubbles and through the marshes there are countless thousands of mallards, teals, sprig-tails and widgeons. Decoys, sink boats and like contrivances for the slaughter of ducks are unknown, yet a great many are shot at fly-ways as the ducks pass to and fro from their feeding places. Canada geese and snow geese are not so plentiful as earlier in the fall, but still afford fair shooting. Feeding altogether on grain they become very fat. Snipe shooting is poor, as all the meadows are overgrown and probably will not be first-class till spring. Hundreds then may be shot in a day on the green flats a few miles from town.

Ruffed grouse are pretty well thinned out near by, but back in the sparsely settled districts they are plentiful and fifty a day to a single gun may be bagged. Not one out of a hundred of these birds killed are shot on the wing, but with the aid of a small dog of the plowdog pedigree they are treed and potted, sometimes several off the same tree or bush.

The past season was very favorable one for our only kind of quail—the mountain quail. As they are shy and generally found in thick cover, very few are shot, yet dozens of them are trapped and sold. Should any one wish to try the experiment of transplanting these beautiful birds to the East they would find no trouble in obtaining a good start of quails at a low price.

In the mountains, deer are being slaughtered by hundreds, in many cases solely for their hides. Already, where herds of the white-tail could once be seen, they are now exterminated, and unless the legislature passes suitable and strict laws, deer hunting in this State will be a sport of the past.

I was out shooting one day last week and got eleven ducks and geese. With a full choke Fox gun, one goose was perforated with 36 No. 4 shot while passing low over head.

J. S.

A DEER CHASE ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

CHATTAHOOGA, Tenn.

HAD you been sitting on the bluff at Rock City, on the brow of Lookout Mountain, while the "park" was a "park" now, last Wednesday, you would have heard some very pretty music made by nine hounds after a four-year old buck. The deer had been caught previously and allowed to recuperate his strength and energies, when it was published far and wide among lovers of such sport that he would be turned loose at Hawkins' Spring, and everybody and his dogs were invited. At the appointed time there assembled some twenty or twenty-five gentlemen, a few of whom brought the best dogs of their packs. Joe Dobbs brought for "dinner" of which could catch him "Frank Cutchfield, two; Ed Tally, one; Tom Bradley, one, and two other gentlemen one each.

When all was ready the buck was driven out of the "park" at the end of a lane, some seventy-five yards from where the dogs were held; and Mr. Hawkins shouted, "Let 'em loose." Dobbs' Lead got a sight of the deer and was off after him in a jiffy. Cutchfield held his dogs longer, saying, "I want to give Dobbs' dogs a good start." Lead seemed to understand that the buck was circling around the field, and endeavored to head him off. He thus gained about fifty yards the start of the rest of the pack. Cutchfield's dogs took the trail, not having had a sight, and were off—all being lost to sight but not to sound. We started to follow, but perceiving the circle that was being run, retraced our steps and waited at the other end of the lane. Here they came in full cry, Dobbs' Lead still ahead, closely pressed by Cutchfield's Fan. It was a glorious sight, and the snarl of every man present seemed to have entered the ears of the sport, for not a sound could be heard but the cry of the dogs and an occasional halloo from Dobbs or Cutchfield, who followed the hounds. Just as they crossed the road up came Tom Bacon with his pack, all tied, but with heads up and ears well forward. They showed their eagerness to "go in." Upon being questioned as to why he did not "put them in," Bacon quickly replied that "some folks say Dobbs' dogs kill sheep, and I won't run with him." After about two hours' run, during which the deer once scattered over several miles, some being faster than others, but still giving good music, the deer took the creek, which, from recent rains, had become flooded, and the dogs gave up, all except Cutchfield's Guess and Tally's Muse. Soon after crossing the creek Guess overtook him and caught hold of the ham, checking him so that Muse caught at the throat, but seized a piece of flannel instead of the hide. Guess let go his hold to the help of Muse, when her hold on the flannel broke loose and off went the buck into a lane, down the lane, over the fence into Martin's yard, where he was again caught by two curs in the yard. They were beaten off, as were also Guess and Muse, and it was found that the deer wasn't at all hurt, but only scratched; so he was taken back to the park; and when he gets over this one we will have another chase out of him.

The deer seem all to be leaving the mountains and flocking into the valleys, and in one or two instances they have taken up with the cattle in pastures in sight of the houses. About three weeks since I saw one quietly grazing in a field within a hundred feet of the fence. Another was killed with clubs by a party who were fishing about three miles above town while it was crossing the river; and on yesterday I received word from a friend across the river, within sight of town, that a fine buck had been seen for two or three days successively in his pasture, and that he wanted me to bring over my dogs. How do you account for their becoming tame? Is it not more than a year's mast, I reckon, for the winter has been very mild, and at this time the grass is as green as in spring, and many of the trees are budding.

Do foxes ever take water? Have heard divers and sundry opinions, but would like to hear some facts.

I. C. LONOR.

[It is not an unusual thing for a pursued fox to take to the water. We recall several such instances that have come under our own observation. We should like to hear from Col. Tucker on this point. Another favorite stratagem of the fox, when pursued in winter, is to lead his pursuers on to the thickest kind of ice, over which he can skim in safety, but while the water is under his feet he waits until his pursuers are weary and then he turns back. I have seen such a fox in the snow and many a ducking has been given the bounds in this way. We know of some instance in which valuable hounds have gone under the ice and been lost in this way.]

WING-SHOOTING VERSUS GROUND SHOOTING.

NEW YORK, January 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This controversy as to whether it is proper to shoot a sitting grouse or not will probably never be brought to an end. I am acquainted with a great many men who would scorn to shoot a quail or woodcock, if the bird was not upon the wing; but who would not hesitate to shoot a grouse upon the ground. On the other hand, I know sportsmen to whom a grouse so killed would be abominable about the neck.

A certain number of men will never consent to lose caste by shooting any game bird that is not flying, while others will allow their color-line to shade off into the dusky by making an exception of the ruffed grouse.

Then there are the boys to be considered. How well do I remember the happy days of childhood when most of my hours were spent in the woods, and when the birds and animals and fishes and plants seemed to be the only things in the whole world worthy of any thought.

I knew just where to find the old partridge's nest in early May on the warm sunny hillside among the sprouts and junipers. How often I have watched the mother bird in her nest; and when the skurried away I would stretch myself at full length by her treasures and with my head between my little hands would gaze eagerly at the eight or ten buff-colored eggs and ponder over their contents, and think of what they would bring forth. When my visits to the nest were frequent, I used to imagine that the old bird grew tamer and that she knew better than to be afraid.

After the little downy chicks were hatched I could always find the brood. If they were not down by the spring brook, where the fox-grapes and skunk-cabbages and hellebores grew, they were up along the old fence among the c-dars and cat-brriers, or they were in the pasture among the huckleberry bushes. At any rate they had favorite resorts and I always knew where those resorts were.

When the autumn days drew near and the birds had grown I used to lug out the old gun, and while hunting I never my heart would beat fast as I penetrated the haunts of the partridges. The old gun was long and heavy and I had to be careful of my aim, and I was too little and too anxious to be steady.

When after much patient watching I happened to see one of my partridges upon the ground before he flew, I nervously set the ponderous hammer back and poking the long barrel through the tangling branches, and trembling more than I ever have since in the presence of much larger game I would pull hurriedly on the trigger.

Why would that trigger hurry up? I could feel it pull and pull and pull and my stubby finger would take a good grip and draw with a vengeance, and through the smoke from the explosion I used to see the bird go whirling away without a feather touched.

The Oreads and Dryads only knew where those shot went to.

Later in the season I used to set twitch-ups for the rabbits, and the two or three ancient family steel traps for muskrats, and snarks for the partridges. How anxiously and how often I would visit those snares, and every time that I approached them, with bated breath I peered through the bushes to see if there was "one in." When from a distance part of the snare fence could be seen all knocked out of shape and the dried leaves scattered about in confusion, I would eagerly rush to the dead partridge that lay in their midst, and pulling from his neck the only mortal coil which he could not shuffle off, I would take the bird in my lap and stroke his feathers one by one, lift up his closed eyelids and look at the hazel eyes, bright even in death, spread his feet out in my hand and rub his good leg against my cheek. It seemed to me that there was life in the bird; his was overflowing with happiness. The robins and red squirrels and other staple game would fade into insignificance for the time being, and the partridge brought a pleasure keener than most mortals ever experience.

But years have rolled by, and the score and the old single-barrel are things of the past. I have owned many a true gun and hunted many a fine setter or pointer "in far distant States," and the days spent in the woods with dog and gun are enjoyed even now with nostalgic enthusiasm. It is many years since I have shot at a sitting grouse, and I do not care to do so again. I have shot at a sitting grouse, and I do not care to do so again. There is a grand feeling of pride in being able to kill the "hurling grouse" as he dashes forth from the brush in front of the well-trained setter; and a pleasure that would be marred by the presence of a murdered bird in the game pocket.

Some of your correspondents are skeptical about the existence of sportsmen who delight in having a ruffed grouse do his very worst when he bursts away through the thicket, but your humble servant is one of the number who do enjoy such shooting the best. A few of my friends will tell you that I am a dead shot, but the aforesaid friends are enthusiastic persons who only look at the bag of birds after a day's shooting and do not count the empty shells. There is an interesting story in many of these empty shells, and I would prefer that it remain untold.

In your last issue "Oeto" says that of fifty-four flying shots at grouse he has killed sixteen, and when I can beat that score—shooting dead, on day-out—I shall be sure to tell of it. I have no under the gun often enough to know what it means. There have been days when eight or ten empty shells represented half a dozen ruffed grouse in the bag; and there have been other days when the same number of shells would indicate only a bird still in the future. I can show you men, though, who can and do average one bird to every two shots, but they are market shooters, who pick out only the fairest chance, and thereby save an ammunition bill. "Oeto" probably shoots at all of the birds that rise within range, and so do I, and ten to one you do the same. "Oeto," I am sorry that you killed those two sitting birds. If you can keep up your average on wing shots come over to our side of the fence and your virtue will be its own reward.

MARK WEST.

MICHIGAN—Essexville, Bay Co., Jan. 1892.—Editor Forest and Stream: Though game is by no means abundant in this locality, yet it affords me pleasure to report to you that quail, and especially duck shooting, has been quite brisk the past season. As it is the case with the quail and ruffed grouse, sportsmen are turning their attention to rabbits and squirrels. The latter sport will be anything but agreeable, owing to the scarcity of any larger species of squirrel than the nimble little red squirrel and chickadee. The gray, fox, and black squirrel are seldom met with in this section. A few years ago these little inhabitants of the forest were numerous here, but scarcity of food and growth of civilization have driven them away.—LAWSON E. RICHARDSON.

MY FIRST WILD GOOSE.

IT was a bitter cold day in March, wind blowing a gale from the northwest, clipping the tops from the waves and dashing them in slaty showers over us, as we lay in the blind. All along the edges of the bog the ice was making fast; and we shivered as the ever-increasing blasts threatened to tear away our frail rampart of sedge grass. A spring autumn morning, as the tall sedge then standing will enable you to build quite a grass wall around to break the wind without making it too conspicuous, but after winter-storms when everything is beaten flat, you have to do with very little cover and keep close to avoid exciting the suspicions of the already wary fowl. We had fourteen live decoys out, each with a huddle on its feet, tethered with about six feet of stout cord to a peg firmly driven into the sand. Poor devils! thought I (as I watched them, standing in the shallow water, heads to the wind and unconsciously preening themselves), I can't imagine how you stand this weather. At that time I was not aware that *Anser canadensis* is one of our most hardy friends, and that the more blustering and colder the day the more they will fly. An occasional gabble at a passing bunch of fowl showed that our decoys were on hand for business, but most of the passing birds were travelers, not to be coaxed into delaying their flight, well knowing, I have no doubt, that delays are sometimes dangerous. An occasional black duck was brought to bag, having yielded to the attractions of a flock of about a dozen of their woodcock-like relatives that we had set out.

Shinnecock Lighthouse loomed up cold and gray, way down over the rough water of the bay, and as we were looking that way we spied two geese slowly forging up against the wind, low down, close to the surface. Their line of flight was such as to carry them by out of shot, unless our decoys could draw them up. Why the mischief don't the old boobies honk? Are they going to fail us at the critical moment, after fussing all the morning? No, by George! there goes the old gander! honk! honk! honk! followed by the whole gang, and such a chorus as they sent up made our blood tingle with eagerness. The wild birds were almost abreast of us, but on hearing this great clamor immediately swerved, and setting their wings, came scaling in toward us, honking with delightful energy as they rapidly approached. Was I excited? Well (as the boys say), "I should smile." I had never pulled a trigger at a wild goose up to that time, and there I was flat on my back not daring to move hand or foot for fear of spilling the little game, relying on Brunt, who was standing on that moment in a quiet voice, his low tones served to add to my already intense excitement until I fairly shook. "Are you ready, Billy?" says Brunt; "they've lit just outside the decoys and a little to the right." "I can't hold her straight to save my neck, Brunt." "You've got to; they look suspicious already," was his reply. "Go it, then," and we both sat up. Every decoy we had rose with the wild birds as they jumped, flopped to the end of their leathers and ignominiously subsided with a tremendous splash. With rapid sweeps of their broad wings our game was on the leave, rapidly falling off before the wind. Being to windward, I took the leader. As I felt the butt on my shoulder I braced for all I was worth, and covered that elegant bird (I can see him now) as well as I could under the circumstances. We both let go on the instant, and by jingo! I got him; downed him as dead as a stone, Brunt taking his mate. You who have been there can sympathize with me as I waded out and clutched him, knowing that mine was the first human hand that had ever grasped that glossy plumage. We made a nice bag that day, but that first goose was the very biggest kind of a thing. Memory has a bright spot which freshens up when I think of old Shinnecock, and the day I brought down my first wild goose.

BAY RIDGE.

SPORTING RIFLES.

MODERN breech-loading rifle systems have brought forward many improvements that during the period they have been in use competition and erroneous theories have compromised merit by misapplication.

The military and long-range systems and their theories have been adopted for sporting purpose without reference to appropriateness. The short twist and heavy projectiles, have produced marvelous results in range work over known distances, and the magazine guns have practically, for attack or defense, transformed a company into a regiment. In adopting a system for sports we make a nice bag that day, but that first goose was the very biggest kind of a thing. Memory has a bright spot which freshens up when I think of old Shinnecock, and the day I brought down my first wild goose.

The heavy projectile and short twist of the long-range reduces speed and sacrifices flat trajectory, the prominent quality for unknown distances. Again, the disabling qualities of the repeater that are as valuable in military use, as fatal effects, are objectionable elements in a sporting rifle, where wounding and partially disabling shots have nothing satisfactory or sportsmanlike to be recommended. For more than a quarter of a century I have carried the rifle, and have tested quite to my satisfaction the different prominent American breech-loaders, and recent years' experience have tended to confirm present convictions. I offer this much as an apology for occupying space for the following opinions, that have materially aided me in securing satisfactory results, and I am sure they are not derogatory to conservative practices.

The essential qualities of a perfect sporting rifle may be classified in the following order of prominence—safety, accuracy, simplicity and durability; and I would not compromise any of these qualities to secure rapidity, as any modern single breech-loader is sufficiently fast to meet all the requirements of legitimate sport. Five or three shots in a minute can be fired and give better results than can be obtained from twenty, as with one shot properly delivered the remainder will do more harm than good.

As a rule, rapidity compromises accuracy, and when carried to extremes of risk, simplicity will lose its uncertainty, and such a device, as to quite under the riflemen for creditable work when a single or limited number of shots are to be fired. Especially is it true in deer stalking that the careful shot makes a better score, secures chance and more wholesome meat, and is generally the man of the party to be better satisfied with the results of the day's sport than the one who relies on speed and his migration and blazes away as long as there is a shell left or a tail in sight.

The paramount quality first, and always is safety, and any system, however complete, that is not absolutely above

criticism in this respect, should be rejected at once. Next to safety, accuracy should be investigated, and this opens volumes of theories practical, valuable and otherwise. For sporting purposes the gauge sight, degrees of elevation, and all the valuable lore of the range are nearly useless, the rough and ready work of the field demanding a gun stripped of holiday trappings that shall send the leader missile killingly to the straight line over the necessarily unknown distance. It must be able to cut the head of a grouse as certainly at twenty yards as to penetrate the vitals of a deer at two hundred yards. It must be able to strike with sufficient violence to almost preclude the possibility of a noble animal's being able to crawl away and die unharmed or a dangerous animal attacking the pursuer.

There should be no doubt about the ability to accomplish these ends, or else the weapon fails to fulfill its mission and should be discarded. Simplicity and durability may or may not be synonymous terms when applied to a breech-loading system, as a moderate increase of parts may relieve those in use sufficiently to enhance durability, yet a multiplicity of parts must in a certain degree increase liability to disarrangement and irregularity in action, and consequently should be avoided.

Simplicity increases wonderfully in prominence as the distance from gun stores and repair shops increases, and the elements of uncertainty always hover about the remote camp of the sportsman. He suddenly awakens to a new sensation, he handles his rifle with increasing care and solicitude, notes any irregularities in the action, oils up the working parts, and sometimes not a little nervously ponders over the complicated mechanism that is so necessary a factor in his sport. He sees visions, and sometimes dreams of the loss of his rare anticipated opportunities should an insignificant spring or a single screw fail to perform its mission. For this reason alone there is not sufficient merit in the possibility of complicated construction to sacrifice the probability that can constitute the sole foundation of legitimate and satisfactory sports. The possibilities are attainable seldom or never in a life time; they live and have their existence in legends and dreams. A rifle that will safely and effectively meet the probabilities of sport is the most satisfactory companion, and rapidity is not among the prominent factors to secure this.

Again, it may be questioned whether the magazine system applied to sporting rifles is not pernicious in its tendency, and whether conservative sportsmen should encourage their use in the face of such earnest work as there is being done in the way of preservation and propagation of game. I have in mind a communication that appeared in these columns some time since from a prominent sportsman, wherein he recorded for us the crowning glory of his rifle in the following language: "I was enabled to kill several deer out of a band jumping up suddenly before me."

I know of but a single word in all the sportsman's nomenclature to apply to a man that sends a shower of balls from a magazine gun after a band of frightened deer, maiming and tearing many that cannot possibly be recovered. It matters not whether the echoes of destruction died away among the remote cliffs of the Sierras or the sand hills of Dakota, or whether the work was accomplished by a disciple of the cross, a defender of the flag or a scion of titled nobility, the perpetrator can be up but one place in the memory of conscientious sportsmen.

A recent correspondent has built for us the rifle of the future, and while I may not fully endorse his model, nor live to see the millennium, I have an abiding faith in the good judgment of American sportsmen, and that in the near future the coming rifle will be stripped of much that has made the rifle of the period temporarily popular. I don't believe it will be a weapon encumbered with the necessary appliances to "put numerous consecutive shots in the same ball hole at fifty yards," neither will it be necessary to have a "ramrod attachment for either the man or the gun."

I do believe it will be safe, simple and effective, and will carry a sporting range with reasonable accuracy and quickly effect, and that the sportsman who handle it will not need twenty shots a minute to satisfy their killing propensities.

MILLS.

BREECH AND MUZZLE.

FROSTBERG, Md., Jan. 16, 1892.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The discussion of the "muzzle-loader vs. the breech-loader," involving the question of superior accuracy, is an interesting one, and will doubtless bring out some very valuable hints, of one of which I will here speak. Mr. Arthur Baker, of this place, purchased about a year ago a breech-loading rifle .38 caliber, centre fire, and not being satisfied with its work, made a long ball according to his own notion. This ball has three rings near the front, leaving just room enough for a short-rounded end, and the rear or shell portion of the ball is smooth. By this process the ball is enabled to take hold of the grooves before the rifle is discharged, being pushed home gently by the pressure of the breech-block.

I think his gun is quite as accurate under his plan as any muzzle-loader ever made.

Is the difference in the various breech-loaders of the day adapted to loaded balls, loaded from the muzzle?

C. W. O.

WESTERLY, R. I., Jan. 20, 1892.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have watched your columns closely since October 1st: for an answer to "Iron Ramrod's" letter, contained in your issue of that date. The letter of V. D. Baker in *Forest and Stream* of January 12 is interesting and instructive, but it does not answer Iron Ramrod's query, that I can read, and I think it would create a false impression in the mind of a reader not familiar with the subject. As I understand him, he means to say that any breech-loader when tested as Iron Ramrod tested his is liable to produce similar results, allowing "no fault with the factory ammunition."

If this is true, would the breech-loading rifle be found in the market in 1892?

If the superiority of muzzle-loading is thus easily demonstrated, would any of our expert riflemen load their rifles at the breech to-day? Are they sacrificing accuracy for convenience?

After years of discussion and exhaustive experimenting the breech-loading rifle still holds its own. I think this fact alone proves that the breech-loader, as found in the hands of the best riflemen to-day, is either fully up to the standard of the best muzzle-loaders, in point of accuracy, or so near to it, that the difference is not clearly shown.

I confess I am not completely at sea to admit that the remarkable performance of "Iron Ramrod's" rifle. Out of

twenty shots (breach-loading) only thirteen were where they ought to be; one goes three in. to the left, three two in. high, and the other three not quite so bad.

I cannot think with Mr. Van Dyke that there was "no fault with the rifle, no fault with the factory ammunition." One or the other or both must have been wrong somewhere. If both were without fault, this wild shooting at such a short distance could not, in my opinion, be caused simply by the bullet being delivered with their axis at a slight angle to the axis of the barrel.

Too much grease on the bullets will frequently cause uneven shooting, particularly in cold weather. The standard fixed ammunition does not always fit all rifles alike. The No. 1 buckshot with patch might have fitted the bore just right, while some of the conical bullets might not have been large enough to receive any impress from the lands, thus going out without revolving. However it may have been in this particular case I am confident of this: I can take any one of five or six different makes of rifles, 32 cal., 30 in. barrel, and with standard fixed ammunition made by the W. R. A. Co., place 95 out of 100 shots inside of a ring, three-fourths of an inch in diameter, at 25 yards, loading at breach and firing from immovable rest. The other five shots will go within an inch of the centre of the other shots. N. E. M.

CAUSE OF A PREMATURE EXPLOSION.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., Jan. 2, 1892.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have a few words that I would like to say about gun accidents. Not about the idiots who "didn't know it was loaded," nor the ones who are careless with firearms. But there are instances where accidents are seemingly unavoidable, and I once came near being a victim of such a one. An old sportsman—and a good one, too—with whom I used to hunt once said to me, "Talk about gun accidents; I tell you it's all carelessness. A gun never goes off without some cause or other; and a man who gets hurt with one is a careless fellow, to say the least." This I always supposed to be true, and, as I have always made some pretensions to carefulness in handling firearms, have never had a premature discharge.

Due to the story. Early in September last a trusty companion, whom I shall call Jack, and your humble servant, started for New Hampshire for the purpose of gathering in a few birds and having a good time generally. We stopped with an old man who lived alone on a farm away from "town" about three miles. One morning Jack and I had been out to try the grouse. We had been out perhaps an hour or so when it began to rain and we went back. We had just reached the house when it commenced to rain in good earnest, and as we were wet Jack neglected to remove his charge before he entered the house. I was wiping out my right barrel and Jack had his gun laid across his knees and was wiping the outside of the barrels when there was a deafening report and the room was filled with smoke, glass rattled from the window and things seemed lively for an instant. "Jack, are you hurt?" I exclaimed. "No," he replied. "Then what on earth is the matter?" "I don't know," said he; "only the gun went off in my hands." Jack declared that it was the lock and, as I knew him to be a man of truth, I was at a loss to account for the accident. "Will the gun go at half-cock?" asked I. "Try it." Jack half-cocked it and could not pull it off. I tried, with the same result.

Here was a pretty mess of it: a hole through the door and beyond, in the next room, a window smashed, and, worst of all, a gun that would "go off" without a cause. I was not satisfied; I wanted to know the reason why that explosion occurred, and I went to work to find out, if possible, the reason. Upon examination I found that the rear or left-hand trigger was a little too long, and just touched the guard, so that when the hammer was raised the trigger could not get forward enough to let the "sear" catch properly and, consequently, down went the hammer and the explosion followed. We removed the guard and filed off the end of the trigger and it was all right. Now, this gun was not an old, worn out thing; it was not one of the pot-metal guns that are sold for two or three dollars. It was purchased just before we started and bran new; it was made by one of the best-known English gunmakers, and I am sure that it was no better than criminal carelessness on the part of the workman to let a gun go away from the factory in such a dangerous condition. So I would advise all men who own or handle guns to look and see if the triggers clear the guards all right, and this precaution may save some one a limb and possibly a life. If the gun had been made with rebounding locks such an accident would never happen. Too much cannot be said in favor of rebounding locks, as far as safety is concerned; and, if I could not have them rebounded, I never could have been so near from my gun as the full value of the arms, for I consider the rebounding lock safe, and safety is something that I aim at. The older I grow the more afraid I am of my gun.

The old gentleman that we stopped with was away from the house at the time of the accident, but the "good-natured old soul" took a common sense view of it, and we had no trouble in fixing the damage with him.

I would add, in conclusion, that I never saw ruffed grouse so scarce as they were then. We were up there a week and killed only two, and they were young ones and "poor as crows." This was at Hancock, N. H.

We had some fun with hedge hogs, and, as Jack had never seen one before, it was amusement for him to send a charge of No. 4 Newcastle shot at them and see the quills fly. We killed seven while we were there. IRON RAMROD.

THE CAYUGA COUNTY LAW.—Cortlandt, N. Y., Jan. 1892.—The restriction placed over sportsmen forbidding the shooting of ruffed grouse and quail in Cayuga county for the term of three years has been repealed. It proved too much of a luxury to hunters that disregarded all game laws, besides an aggravation to the founders. Can the supervisors pass a special act in regard to this matter when it is provided for in the State game laws?—"Mig." (Sec. 37 of the law provides: "It shall be lawful for the boards of supervisors of any county, at their annual meeting, to make any regulations or ordinances protecting other birds, fish, or game, than those mentioned in this act; and also for the further protection of such birds, fish, or game as are in this act mentioned, except wild deer, and to this end to prohibit hunting or fishing in particular localities or waters lying wholly within their respective counties for limited periods and during certain months of the year, and to prescribe penalties and penalties for the violation thereof, and adopt all necessary measures for the enforcement of such punishments and collection

of such penalties; and such regulations and ordinances shall be published in the papers of the county in which the session laws are published, and a certified copy thereof shall be filed in the office of the clerk of the county.")

THE HUNTERS' TRAIN.—Last Sunday morning's train on the South Pacific Coast Railroad consisted of four cars of hunters, all filled, including those who went up the evening previous, and all of whom returned on Sunday morning, amounting to nearly two hundred and fifty. Debarbarkit begins at Alvarado, and a few drop off at Newark and Mowry's, but a large majority leave the cars at the draw bridges, and none go beyond Alviso. Those who go up to spend the night have had shanties erected near the road wherein they can comfortably lodge and be ready for their sanguinary work by the crack of day. —*Alameda Argus.*

A gentleman connected with a leading Eastern sportsman's journal, and who is evidently familiar with the hunting grounds about San Francisco, sends us the above, in a letter, with the following comments:

"Only think of it! two hundred and fifty pot-hunters, each armed with an old musket, a tin can of powder, a bottle of shot (and doubtless two bottles of whisky) let loose every Sunday during the winter to blaze away at every living thing, be it sand-peep, cat, hen, or whatever else may show itself within range of their gunshots. This is not exaggeration, but a true sketch of the Sunday hunters seen in California. Remember, also, that this is only one of the dozen grounds near San Francisco that are thus overrun. Shooting should be stopped on Sunday. I do not put it on any other moral ground than that it is an easy and pretty effectual way to prevent the decrease of game birds."

Our friend is partly right and partly wrong. He is right, at least, in deprecating the better-skillet style of shooting that such an army of wild hunters are apt to indulge in when they find themselves let loose upon the fields and marshes. Of course they cannot all be gentlemen, nor most of them likely to have much consideration for the rights of the country people over whose heads they roam. But we doubt whether they kill so many ducks that the number will be noticeably depleted the following season. These birds are migratory, and each year's new broods seem to be quite as numerous as the preceding one. The Alameda marshes are convenient to the metropolis, and so long as "the army" confines its operations to that section, comparatively little harm can be done. But we can readily understand how disastrous might be the result if this "loving brigade," when it strays, should happen to alight on some poor frequenter by the native quail. In that case we might well contemplate the situation with alarm. As for the Sunday exodus, it is probably that that is the only day in the week on which these men, or most of them, can leave their business or labor to indulge in rural recreation. In such case their action can be regarded with a considerable degree of leniency. At all events, if no stones were cast at them until by some one who is himself without sin of that kind, the shower of rocks would not, we opine, be an alarmingly heavy one. —*Sacramento, Cal., B.*

BRASS AND PAPER SHELLS.—Philadelphia, Jan. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As it seems to be generally admitted that brass shells are superior to paper ones in the matter of penetration and pattern, it would be interesting to know precisely what the percentage of gain is, and as Mr. Greener has probably fired as many experimental shots as any man in the world, with the view of settling the figures, taking as an example a 9 to 10 gauge gun, using as a uniform charge 43 drams powder and 14 oz. No. 4 shot, with 32 inch barrels and choke bore. Also will he state what the highest possible pattern is at 40 yards, using the above charge and No. 4 shot, soft or chilled. Another thing: would he advise the use of brass shells unless the fore end of the barrels are especially heavy to withstand the strain consequent upon driving No. 8s through them and quite likely fly's best or hardest felt. In other words, is there not great danger of the barrels bulging at the choke if wads are used two sizes larger than the gauge of the gun, as would be the case in using brass shells. I would not be afraid of this using the Parker, Colt, or almost any American made gun, as they are left heavy at the muzzle with a view, I presume, to the danger suggested, but with most of the English guns I could, though they will no doubt stand any wad the paper shell would take without bulging. For field shooting I regard brass shells as a first-class nuisance, but for duck shooting, where any shooting in face where there is great exposure to dampness, they are par excellence and that they are superior to paper ones in penetration I have no doubt, but just how much is a question I will ask. —*PINK EDER.*

COLUMBIA COUNTY. West Winsted, Conn., Jan. 9. *Editor Forest and Stream:* Three weeks ago I had the pleasure of a trip into Columbia county, N. Y., partly for sport with the partridge. On the way stayed over-night at Great Barrington, and had the pleasure of a talk with Mr. C. H. Sage, a noted sportsman, and doubtless well-known to many of your readers. His dog "Zac" is a beauty to look at and doubtless a grand field dog. Mr. Sage is a genial, pleasant man to meet. Partridge, in the region of East Chatham (where Mr. Granville Hills' dog "Tillie" was unfortunately shot last fall), are not so plenty as in former years. Yet one, in a day's tramp, by hard work, can put up twenty or thirty birds. I am fully converted to the practice of using heavy shot, say 4's or 6's, in shooting grouse. Heretofore I have used 8's. These may kill in an open shot; and will, if you hold on the bird and shoot within a reasonable distance, but they won't now down a pine tree and then kill. I go on the principle of shooting at every bird that rises within gun-shot. It's a poor shot that is afraid of missing. The grouse is the noblest game-bird in these parts. He is a royal fellow! I love to see one boil out of a cover in front of a dog, and then I love to empty both barrels at him, and then, perhaps, watch him go right on like an arm with banners. You have the sport of hunting him up, seeing him boil and shoot again. I also had the pleasure of visiting Hudson and some of the sportsmen there. If appearances go for anything, Hudson may be proud of her sportsmen. They are gentlemen. Mr. Granville Hills is the owner of five fine pair of red Irish pups as one can find in a week's travel. Daisy and Snap, 5-mo's old, out of Tillie by Max Wenzel's Chief. It was a treat to see their intelligent and accurate performances. Quail in the region of Winsted, Conn., are not numerous, but the prospect for next fall is good. Very few have been killed. —*ROBERTUS.*

DODGING DEER.—Aaron Taylor, of the "Bog," was arrested by Officer King, of this village, on Wednesday of last week, upon a warrant issued by Justice Bugbee, charging

Taylor with pursuing deer with dogs in the South Woods. Mr. Taylor appeared, in common with a great many other persons, to be of the opinion, that dodging deer was not prohibited by law. At the trial, which took place on Thursday and Friday, the evidence was plain enough to justify a conviction, which Squire Bugbee did not hesitate in awarding, and Mr. Taylor was fined \$25 or the alternative of twenty-five days in jail. Mr. Taylor, having the money, as he had ought, for according to his own statement he had killed, with the aid of his dogs, \$75 worth of venison the previous week, forked over the fine and was allowed to depart. This conviction is a reasonable one, and it is expected that others will immediately follow, for the ice being once broken, evidence in other cases will be more easily obtained. This is the first conviction in the county, we believe, under the new law, but it is not likely to be the last prosecution. Enough should follow this to break up the unlawful practice of pursuing deer with dogs in St. Lawrence. It was mainly through the efforts of Assistant District Attorney Ellsworth that Taylor was arrested and brought to trial. —*Canton, N. Y. Advertiser.*

WISCONSIN SHOOTING GROUNDS.—Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, Jan. 17.—A mouse was killed by the "boys" at one of the lumbering camps to the north of us a week or two since. The animal is said to have been a large one, the antlers having a spread of over three feet. Moose were years ago plenty all over here, but to see one now is rare. Deer have been numerous the past season, and large numbers have been killed, mostly by professional hunters. This section offers a good field for sportsmen in search of such game, as well as having a liberal supply of the smaller varieties in the catalogue of game animals and birds. The section of country between the Wisconsin Central and Northern Wisconsin roads is mostly wilderness, and abounds in game and fish. A railroad is being built from here northwest to strike the Northern Wisconsin road, thereby making up, affording another means of transportation. —*BADGER.*

MICHIGAN'S FIRE-ARM LAW.—Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan. 21, 1892.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Jan. 12th inst. (vol. 17, page 470), under the caption, "A Whole-some Fire-arm Law," you give an abstract of the law of Mississippi to prevent the careless use of fire-arms. It gives me pleasure to know that one more State has fallen into line. In 1869 Michigan enacted a similar law, which may be found on Page 86 of the transactions (of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association) for 1881. It seems strange that the various societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should be so solicitous to keep sportsmen from killing pigeons for food, and yet have no care as to how much they shoot themselves or others by carelessness. Chippewa gun is not of as much value in their eyes as the low animals. I believe similar laws will be enacted and enforced everywhere. —*E. S. H.*

THE GEDDES CLUB.—Geddes, N. Y., Jan. 19.—The Geddes Shooting and Fishing Club held their third annual meeting Tuesday, January 17, 1892, at the office of E. M. Klock. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Edward Earl; Vice-President, Vincent Case; Secretary, George G. Cotton; Treasurer, Edward M. Klock; Executive Committee, Edward M. Klock, Horace Bronson, William H. Burrill. The treasurer reports the club in a prosperous condition, all debts paid and some \$50 in his hands. The club has forty-two active members. We have held monthly glass ball shoots for a gold medal (the property of the club) to belong to the member who wins it three times in succession, but so lively has been the competition that but two members have held it twice in succession in two years. We find this has done much to keep our club together and interested. We have your paper, and it is read with much interest, and sometimes provokes a good deal of discussion. —*GEDDES SHOOTING AND FISHING CLUB.*

A NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—East Saginaw, Mich., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the seventh annual meeting of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, held in this city Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, the Secretary was instructed to confer with the secretaries of other State associations, with regard to calling a meeting of representatives from as many States as possible to take action towards forming a National Sportsmen's Association. We therefore request the secretaries of the different State associations, as well as all other parties interested, to send their names and addresses to the undersigned as soon as possible, so that this excellent idea may take definite form at once.—*WM. B. MEADON, Secretary Michigan Sportsmen's Association.*

LAKE GEORGE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—Chicago, Jan. 18, 1892.—The annual meeting of the Lake George Sportsmen's Association of this city was held last Tuesday evening at 43 South Clark street, Vice-President Gillespie in the chair. The members present were Messrs. W. G. Payson, H. B. Foss, E. S. Douglas, E. T. Martin, F. Barnard, S. and W. Woods, E. Goodman, Perry, White, Burroughs, Kimbark, Jones, Worthington, Thomas, Peach, Huft, Darlington and Farmer. Professor R. A. Twitche was elected President for the ensuing year. Mr. Darlington Vice-President, E. T. Martin Secretary, Mr. White Treasurer, Mr. Hunter Assistant Secretary. Directors, Turtle, Martin, Woods and Foss.—*TEN BOK.*

TENNESSEE.—Port Royal, Jan. 14.—The quail season does not expire in our State until March 1, but there will not be much shooting done from now on. A few more grand final shoots will wind up the season. We will have a fine lot of birds left over for breeding. I went to a pond last Saturday duck shooting and en route flushed several fine coveys. I bagged four. I intend to give the ducks a round late this evening. If I had a boy I could make fine bags. I intend to go to boat, and anticipate fine sport. What a fine evening this is for squirrels! But never mind; I will give them a round soon. I do dearly love the sport.—*BIRDO.*

DESPOILING THE ADIRONDACKS.—The Ilion (N. Y.) *Citizen* remarks: "Some wealthy Boston tanners have purchased the hemlock bark on 25,000 acres of forest land in the Adirondack region, and purposed to strip the trees. We thought the legislature had contracted to preserve the great northern wilderness for the purpose of promoting the rain fall of the State, and of supplying the Erie Canal and Hudson River with water enough to float boats. We can't spare hemlock bark for tanning purposes any longer. Let some one invent a substitute."

LENGTH OF BARRELS.—Red Bank, N. J., January 23.—“Butter Ball” wants to know why a No 12, 28-inch barrel cannot be made to shoot equal to a 30-inch. I have used both lengths in a 12-gauge and find the 28-inch gives equal shooting in every respect, and is preferable, as you can get on a bird much quicker in the cover. The short barrels will take finer powder, and should they be bored the same as the 30-inch, no perceptible difference will be found in the targets.—WILD.

INDIANA.—Indianapolis, Jan. 14.—Shooting in this region this fall has not been good. Have never known quail so scarce. The long continued cold weather and deep snow of last winter destroyed both quail and rabbits. Woodcock shooting was unusually good during early part of the season. I obtained woodcock on each of my first three trips after quail, finding them in coveys and unexpected places. I and a friend obtained the finest pair of woodcock I have ever seen, during a day after quail in the latter part of October. We had them prepared and mounted by Jack Beasley, a noted taxidermist, of Lebanon, Ind. They are beauties.—S. H. M.

THE UNKNOWN GUN CLUB, of Brooklyn, held its annual meeting on Friday evening last. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Henry Knebel, President; John Schlemmer, Vice-President; Henry van Staden, Sr., Treasurer; Henry Baruth, Secretary. It was agreed to shoot for two prizes at every match on the classified plan, at Dexter’s, on the fourth Thursday of every month. The first shoot will be on Thursday, January 26, at pigeons and glass balls.

FOX HUNTING.—Hornellsville, N. Y.—A great many red foxes are being shot here this winter. Fox hunting here is all done on foot. The hunters all want slow dogs. They say that a fast dog will run a fox out of the country.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

DOUBLE WADS WANTED.—Indianapolis.—By the way, why don’t some of our enterprising ammunition manufacturers make a suitable prepared gun wad thick enough, so that one will do over powder, and save the trouble of always having to put two in? A box of wads might consist of one-half thick wads to go over powder and the other half, still thinner than those now in use to go over shot.—S. H. M.

EAST SAGINAW, MICH., GAME PROTECTION CLUB.—President, A. H. Mershon; Vice-President, William J. Cleveland; Secretary and Treasurer, William B. Mershon. Executive Committee:—A. H. Mershon, George L. Remington and H. B. Roney.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.—The following officers were elected last week for the ensuing year: President, George W. Fort; Vice-President, John M. Gill; Secretary, A. Elmdorf; Treasurer, Dr. Monroe. Executive Committee:—Messrs. Walter, Appel, Creed.

VIRGINIA.—Charlottesville, Va., Jan. 19.—Game is very scarce, and almost all the land for miles around is posted, so that there is a poor chance to break dogs or to keep them in practice.—J. T.

PORT JEFFERSON, L. I.—January 17th. We have plenty of ducks here this winter. I go after them every day that the weather will permit. I have just returned from a month’s shooting trip in South Carolina, where I found game very plenty.—W. H. R.

Sea and River Fishing

FISH IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

PRIME WATER.

Mackerel, *Scomber reticulatus*, Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*, Pike-perch (wall-eye), pike, *Stizostedion americanum*, *Stizostedion primum*, etc.

YELLOW PERCH, *Perca flavescens*, Warmouth, *Channorthys plumosa*, Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*, Bachelot, *Pomoxys annularis*.

SALT WATER.

Smelt, *Osmerus mordax*, Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Morone chalcidus*, White Perch, *Morone americana*, Pollock, *Pollachius americanus*.

ARMED CAPS-A-PIC with baskets, bags and rods, The angler early to the river plods; At night his looks a woeful truth announce, The luggage half a ton, the fish an ounce. (Putnam’s Yacht Manual for Trout Fishes, London, 1880.)

HALCYON DAYS.

AN EXPERIMENTAL MEETING INVITED.

MEMORIES of a lonely camp, a picture of a weather beaten tent beneath a giant pine, the midnight music of wavelets upon a pebbled beach, all these come floating up to-night on the bosom of the storm wind and with them the remembrance of a duty unperformed.

As the writer in August last mournfully unjoined his rod at the close of his tenth annual sojourn in the mountains amid the bass, it was the determination to forthwith share the pleasures of the tale of ten years with his brethren of the angler. Instead of so doing he has been content to fatten on the pabulum of “Nessmuk,” content to dwell with that gray-haired chief in abodes almost a counterpart to his own—either fit for the gods. True, Nessmuk has been a Nimrod, a veritable Ulysses, so far as wandering goes, while the writer has listened nightly to the whisperings of the same elves in the roof tree, yet the inmost currents of the soul have down in the same channel; the same kisses from breeze and shower have wafted to their bronzed faces; the same artist hand has flung before each the glories of the morning, the splendors of cloud and peak that stood “sunset flushed,” and the shadows that would have defied the genius of a Rembrandt even to recall.

“All life is not the same life,” yet there is that “touch of nature” which makes many lives one, those alone, born of the Great Mother. And, were Rabbi Ishmael to perform the task imposed upon him in song of finding one, who, for a single day, had been happy, had been happy with naught to mar the perfection, we believe that he would pass two names, at least, to the Recording Angel.

Of those ten sojourns with tent and rod—of a month in each year passed in the solitude of the mountains, with sport unrivalled with the bass—and that, too, not one hundred miles from New York—much might be said. It was only Nessmuk, the great hunter, far off whistling of a locomotive reminded one that a great civilization, with its throbbing beyond those mountains and far below, and recalled us from barbaric lapses. Indeed, we would have been content for the nonce to have known that the shadow on the dial had gone back to the time when the squat Laplander was master of Europe.

There is an “old, old story,” as dear to the angler camper as to women, and like that of the latter, to be told only to the chosen few. In the present instance, that story must be confined to some degree, for the veterans shall have finished their record of the summer, or perchance, Nessmuk shall have completed his loved confession.

So, to pass this by, and to bring forward the result—our experience—for the profit of the gentle craft, we are compelled to record that for some, to us unknown, cause, bass refuse to take the fly, and more especially the bait, with the avidity of the days when no ponds and lakes were first stocked. Especially is this the case in Orange county, N. Y. Time was when the angler with a fair assortment of bait—for instance, grasshopper, minnows, black crickets or with the spoon—was certain of the sport. This has changed, and the sport is growing poorer year by year. Not that our waters are depleted, for some of our ponds are literally alive with black bass, yet they refuse all bait. Now and then a pair of five-pounders will be the reward of a day’s fishing, which pleasing episode will not be repeated for, perhaps, a month of daily fishing. There may be exceptions to this state of things, but they are rare. Greenwood Lake seems to be falling into line with the rest, as regards black bass. We mention this resort that may be corrected, if in error, by some one of the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM who frequents its waters, and whose experience may differ from ours. Up to the season just passed, we believe there has been some fair sport had there, but the present season has not been so. Within a radius of ten miles, no less than that number of ponds, or, rather, small lakes, most of them with rocky shores, have been stocked with bass for twelve or fifteen years. During the first five years the sport was excellent. Then came a gradual falling off until now, in one of them, at least, it is almost useless to cast. Yet, in this pond, great numbers of bass can be seen at times ranging from three to five or six pounds; so the ready answer “fished out” has no application here.

The writer, during the ten years above mentioned, has devoted his leisure, almost exclusively, to black bass fishing; and has his favorite spots, which afford good sport, and are to him what a certain clump of alders in a run is to a vald correspondent of the Game Bag and Gun department of THE FOREST AND STREAM. Still, the general condition above outlined, remains to us a mystery. Can some brother of the angle explain it?

It may be presumptuous in a stranger, upon his first entrance into the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, to call an “experience meeting,” but the compulsion of many a night by the camp fire, read by flickering torch, bids us seek the truth. Whether it lies “in the bottom of a well,” peeped in the brain of the editor, or reposes in the experience of some good craftsman, let us leave to him.

And if an “experience meeting” may be opened, will not some “contemplative man” tell what he knows about “signs,” to what extent luck has been had in the teeth of all unfavorable ones; what, if any, he has found infallible. Let Nessmuk lead, and “be who left half told,” the memories of a pleasant week with bass at a Pennsylvania lake, with the two boys, “June in,” and let no one be “backward.” Let us hear from “Kingfisher.”

The breath of spring will soon be wafted to us on the gales; soon rods will again be joined and camp fires in the mountains, blaze and burn as of yore; again, reposing on her bosom, her children will commune with the Great Mother and, Anteus like, arise new born. Speed the day! and he, who can carry with him, as food for contemplation, new thoughts, be they but vagaries or living truths, superstitions, trusted in by gentle anglers—now dusk—in the long ago, or the new light which, day by day, comes to progressive man; he who has these ever with him—whether in the guise of “the Nimrod” in the “Bye-way” of the Northwest, or “the Forests of Yucatan”—paddles and tramps not in vain, though night finds him chilled and drenched on a lee shore, or without a string or with an empty creel.

SOUTHERN SEA-FISHES IN 1875.

THE extracts given below from the log-book of that rare old piratical buccannier, Captain Dampier, were handed us by Mr. Frank Endicott, the well known lithographer of this city, and the President of the Richmond County Game Association. They are valuable for many reasons, one of which is the showing of how the names of some fishes were spelled in those days, especially the vulgar name of *Megalops thalassoides*, which was tarpon, now changed to tarpm, and occasionally to tarpon. The latter spelling seems to have only a few followers.

What glimpses of freebooting pleasures “as he sailed, as he sailed,” the extracts call up! Rich galleons laden to the coopers with the gold of the helpless old Dons, silks and jewels and precious stones, and bejeweled and adorned breastplates and rapiers, with bits quaintly patterned and studded with precious stones, and other like aesthetic plunder which is not to be had in these degenerate days. It moves us to make the office boy walk the plank out of the third story window, and only considerations for the fat apple woman below, to whom his descent in that manner would be particularly disagreeable, prevent it.

The extracts show that the old captain was a keen and accurate observer, and a good describer of the tarpon and of the methods of its capture. This is probably the earliest mention of this fish and therefore should not be overlooked by future writers upon it. The book is entitled “A Collection of Voyages by Capt. William Dampier, Anno, 1675; London. Printed for James and John Knapton, at the Crown in St. Paul’s Churchyard, 1729.” Vol. 2, part 3; Chap. 1, pp. 12, 13, furnish the following, which we give, spelling, capitals, and all:

BAY OF MEXICO (Coast of Yucatan). “The Tarpm is a large scaly Fish shaped somewhat like a Salmon but somewhat flatter. ‘Tis of a dull Silver Colour with Scales as big as a Half Crown. A large Tarpm will weigh 25 or 30 Pounds. ‘Tis good sweet wholesome Meat and the Flesh solid and firm. In its Belly you shall find two

large Scallops of Fat weighing two or three Pound each; I never Knew any taken with Hook and Line; but are either with Nets or by striking them with Harpoons, at which the Mosquito Men are very expert. The Nets for this Purpose are made with strong double Twine the Meshes five or six Inches square. For if they are too small So that the Fish be not entangled therein, he presently draws himself a little backward, and then springs over the Net; Yet I have seen them taken in a Sain made with small Meshes in this manner. After we have inclosed a great Number, whilst the two ends of the Net were drawing ashore, ten or twelve naked Men have followed; when a Fish struck against the Net the next Man to it grasped both Net and Fish in his Arms and held all fast till others came to his Assistance. Besides the bait of three Men in a Canoe, in which they moved sideways after the Net, and many of the Fish in springing over the Net, would fall into the Canoe. And by these means we should take two or three at every draught. These Fish are found plentifully all along that shore from Cape Catoch to Trist, especially in clear Water, near sandy Bays; but no where in muddy or rocky Ground. They are also about Jamaica, and all the Coast of the Main; especially near Carthagena.”

Again, in speaking of the natural productions of the Bay of Carthagena, he says: “The Lagunes, Creeks and rivers are plentifully stored with great variety of Fish (viz.) Mullers, Spooks, Ten-pounders, Tarpm, Cavallies, Parricottos, Gar-Fish, Sting-rays, Spanish Blacklir, with many others.”

AN ADIRONDACK PRESERVE.

MESSRS. George W. Coterill and Joel B. Erhardt, members of the bar in this city, are the promoters of an important undertaking, designed to convert a large portion of the Adirondack region into a game preserve of a character in many respects superior to any other in that section of country. Mr. Coterill secured last week from the land board of the State, at Albany, a grant of thirteen thousand acres of land in Hamilton county, embracing Township 40, within which is situated almost the entire extent of Raquette Lake, the largest and most remarkable of the Adirondack lakes, it having a length of nearly twenty miles, sixty-six miles of coast, and an elevation of 1,731 feet. This large tract of land is heavily timbered, and it is the intention of the sportsmen into whose charge it has now passed to preserve the forests in all their primitive grandeur, furnishing cover for the large game now abundant on the property.

It is their desire to do all in their power to check the destruction of the natural timber supply, the protection of which is highly important, not only to meet future demand, but to insure the continued existence of large and valuable bodies of water, which now irrigate the lands through which their tributaries and outlets pass.

There is at present no intention of creating any club-house or public gathering place in connection with this preserve, the design being to furnish sites to those who may become members of the association on which to erect their own private camps, supply stores being located at convenient points from which everything necessary of camp supplies, provisions, ammunition, tackle, and even dogs and guns may be procured. It being to the interest of the guides to protect the property of the sportsmen and tourists from whom they earn their living, any furniture or other goods left at the camps from season to season, will be found undisturbed, upon the return of the owners. There are on the lake in the season from forty to fifty of these camps, already in the occupation of which those who have previously used them will remain undisturbed, so long as they use their privileges with the spirit of sportsmanship, and join with the new association in its efforts to preserve and perpetuate the resources of that grand game reserve. In addition to the land already secured from the State, large tracts now privately held will probably hereafter be joined to the property of this association, either by purchase or by the admission of the present owners to the new club.

Raquette Lake is one of the greatest of black bass waters in the Adirondacks; in fact the supply is so large that the minnows, upon which the bass feed, are becoming very much reduced in numbers, causing the bass to devour one another, the larger eating the smaller. In consequence of this, part of the bass will be allowed to pass into the lower lakes. The method of fishing for bass by anglers in this lake, differs greatly from that usually pursued. The usual plan is to either troll with a spoon, or to cast or sink a fly. Bass seldom rise to the fly, and when the fly is sunk, the bass caught are chiefly small fish near the shore. The proper way is to troll with live bait, a ten ounce rod, with twenty or thirty feet of line, and a nine-foot gut leader. The bait must be toughened by being placed in a perforated box in the lake, where it will be fed for two or three days, at the end of which, a large proportion of them will be found to have died; but those remaining will exhibit greater vigor than when first caught. The hook must be placed through the lips of the bait; there should be a light wind, enough to cause a ripple on the water; and then the angler, seated in his flat-bottomed row boat, which should be of green color, can, with the assistance of a man to propel the boat, capture many fish of three pounds, or nearly that, in weight, by skimming the bait on the surface of the water. There should be a well in the stern of the boat, divided into two compartments, one for the game fish and the other for the bait, and both should communicate, by perforations, with the water of the lake, so that the bait may be kept lively and the bass fresh until the angler’s return to shore. In this manner fishing can often be enjoyed throughout an entire day, so long as there is a ripple on the surface of some part of the lake, and the wind is not too strong.

The same also both lake and brook trout to be found here. The former are usually caught by still-fishing at a spot previously baited, and marked by a buoy; the privilege of fishing at that point being considered to belong only to the person who has pre-empted it in this manner. Lake trout are often caught weighing twenty pounds each.

Deer are very plentiful, one man having killed nineteen on the shores of Raquette Lake within two months. Ruffed grouse are also found in large numbers, and various kinds of ducks on the lake.

Raquette Lake is an important thoroughfare, all persons going by water to the upper lakes, Forked Lake, Long Lake, Little Tupper and Great Tupper Lakes, etc., having to pass through Raquette. There are now two hotels on Raquette Lake, one of which is on the land embraced in this tract.

ANGELUS should read the announcement of Thomas H. Chubb’s new patent reel-plate. See our advertising columns.

NIGHT BOBBING FOR BULLHEADS.

THE article of F. S. J. C. in the FOREST AND STREAM of January 13, on "Night Fishing," carried me back to a full half-century, when night was about the only time the boys could have for sport of any kind. Work, constant and hard, was far more the rule among farmer's sons then than now. Alas! how few of the participants in these nocturnal sports are yet on the hillside side of the dark river.

In a certain town in the county of Dutchess, there is, or was, a shallow pond of dark water—containing perhaps twenty acres—nearly covered with lily-pads, fringed all around with alders, bogs and muck, the latter of an unknown depth, as many of us found in unsuccessful attempts to reach the bottom with a bar from the bank.

What name the pond now bears, or whether it is called a pond or swamp, I am not certain, as a partial attempt to drain it was made many years ago, but I think not very successful. But in the times of which I am writing it was widely known as "Hyder's Pond," and was often resorted to by parties from a long distance but only at night, and mostly in the summer months. The sole and only fish I have any knowledge of ever having been taken from its dark waters were bullheads; but they were very numerous, and were often taken in large quantities.

The owner of the pond had an only but, flat-bottomed, clumsy and leaky. But when it wanted by the "Hyder boys," it was freely loaned to parties from abroad. Hence, it was an object to be early at the pond to get the first use of the boat. These coming later, usually slept in their wayans or in Mr. Hyder's hay barn till the first party were satisfied with their sport, say from ten o'clock till midnight, when the boat was returned to the next party in order.

If the first party were from a long distance and there was no moon, they would break themselves to the "hay-mow" and wait for daylight, but not always to sleep.

In taking bullheads on that particular pond, hooks were never used.

"What, never?"

Well, hardly ever!

"What, then?" does the reader ask. "Why, bobs." "And what is a bob?" some fly-caster may wonder. It is about two feet—more or less—of angle, worms strung on a line, three or four. Berge was a power in the days of "Long Syne." This string of worms was doubled and redoubled till about four inches in length, and fastened to a short hand line, no pole being required in using it. The bob was made in the afternoon before the night it was to be used, so that it should be fresh. Soon after lowering it into the water through the lily pads, a bite was usually felt, but there must be no jerk; a gentle pull till near the top of the water was all that must be done, and if the biting continued, a quick motion would raise the fish above and over the bank before the catch of feeling his hold on the bob. And when he let go, his fall was into the boat instead of the pond.

In other ponds where eels were numerous they were often taken in the same manner.

When the bobs gave, out the naked fingers were sometimes used instead, with equally good success, as to catching the bullheads, but it was no so pleasant for the bobbler the next day—by which time the bitten and scratched fingers would be flamed and painful.

The great advantage of the bob over the hook is, that with the former there is no handling of the fish, hence no wounds from their horns—a thing of no small account when fishing in the dark—as all can testify who ever attempted to dislodge a hook from the internal arrangements of a bullhead by the sense of feeling only.

I am aware that bobbing is not exactly the scientific way of taking fish, but I doubt if the most expert fly fisher gets more enjoyment or one-tenth the rollicking fun we had in these far-away days.

Now, a few words to the scientific and I will lay aside my pen for the present.

Thirty years and more ago bullheads were very numerous, and taken in large quantities at various points on the Hudson River; catfish were unknown. To-day catfish abound all along the river, but not a bullhead has been taken in years, to my knowledge.

The questions are: What has become of the bullheads? and where have the catfish come from? It is quite possible the Erie Canal may have been the artery that brought the latter from the Western States.

But we have come of the former?

Will some one be good enough to reply? J. H. D. Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 1892.

COOKING CARP.

I SEND you the following receipt, which has been given to me by the famous master of the German Fishculture Association, who has watched with interest the introduction of German's pet fish into American waters. My own opinion of the carp is that it needs "sugar and spice and everything nice" to make it as palatable, as some of even our commensurate varieties; but then my appetite may have a patriotic prejudice; and it certainly is a fish that seems to fill a gap that no other variety has yet adequately filled. I love the language of the receipt, just as it came, with its slightly foreign turn of phrase that gives a quaintness and novelty to the direct as found in the old English cookery books. By it we should judge that the carp is not a temperance fish, and the combination of ginger-brad and luck seems novel. The receipt reads: "Carpin Polness Manner.—Wash the carps, gut them carefully, and cut them to pieces. After having done this, you overspread the bottom of a stew-pan with little slices of some onions, with parsley roots, laurel leaves, cloves and slices of a lemon. Then you put the fish upon this, add a piece of ginger-bread, some butter and salt, and pour half a bottle of black and half a bottle of Bordeaux wine over the whole that the fish is perfectly covered by it. The fish, having sufficiently boiled, you take it out of the pan, sift the fish-soup, and appreciate it to your taste. For a fish of three pounds this receipt will do; for a bigger carp you must take more wine."

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

CHUB FISHING.—The chubfish—could some of our friends give some points concerning chub fishing? I am told that in the absence of trout it is fair sport.—L. A. B. The chub, *Lepomis gibbosus*, I then grows to a good size, and is a fish needed by anglers in America. Many of our brooks could do better. They are found all over the country.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 22, 1892.—The Essex Fishing Club have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Francis Wiener, President; Job Lork, Vice-President; John H. Howard, Rev. Secretary; Abraham H. Crane, Fin. Secretary; David Thompson, Treasurer.

A WORD TO ANGLERS.

KILL YOUR FISH WHEN CAUGHT.

I HAVE lately read in several papers accounts of vacation trips in pursuit of pleasure and of game, both fin and feather, and it has pained me to know that any would-be sportsman could land a fish and then write of his watching the same in its dying leaps and gasps with such delight as some seem to have possessed.

Every true angler will kill his fish at once—even before taking the hook from its gills, when practicable. This may be done easily in one of three ways, varying according to the size of the fish captured. 1st, by bending the head of the fish over the thumb nail of the left hand, thus breaking the vertebrae; 2d, by severing the vertebrae (in the same place) by a knife; or, 3d, by striking the head of the fish with a bludgeon.

For years I have practiced one of these methods, as the kind and size of the fish might require, and when the captive was consigned to the creel there was no annoying flopping to remind me of the death throes going on therein, had I not given the fish a gentle quietus before continuing my sport. To kill the fish when caught is not only merciful, but it also assures a better state of the flesh when upon the table, and once practiced will always be continued.

The flesh of a fish well conditioned for the table, however it may be cooked, should be firm and free from any indication of sliminess. If a fish be left to die a lingering death the flesh will be flabby, more or less tainted in flavor and, to the epicurean ear, repulsive for the palate or the stomach. Therefore, my honest advice, kill your fish at once and thank Heaven that you can enjoy such a dainty, toothsome dish as your skill and mercy rewards you with!

As appropos to the subject I am minded to copy some lines styled "Ad Lectorem," by the author and to be found pre-facing the comers of "The Art of Fishing on the Principle of Avoiding Cruelty," by the Rev. Oliver Raymond, LL.B.:

"Gentle reader, if this name

"Thy character, as I blame

"Will you cease on this endeavor—

"Fishing sports from pain to sever,

"Nor captured fish, e'en death denied,

"Gaspings by the water-side,

"Left in agony to lie,

"Shall disgrace you, and dishonor line."

"Verily, so our poet sings,

"Like dew on early things

"Falls from your eyes to the ground—

"Man below with her sweet grace,"

"I will then entreat her well

"While she deigns with me to dwell

"And for love will I eschore her

"In her search beneath the water.

"On a sudden will she cease to breathe,

"Sweet companions, side by side,

"Where, amidst their own beds,

"Lie with their own eyes their threads,

"And joyful issues in her see

"Their benevolent, Mercy."

My aim, then, do not lack absurd,

"But cease with us to make a third;

"For Mercy first, then you and I

"With ground bait, minnow, net and fly."

The author of the above work on fishing advocates the killing of his fish by using, as well as the killing of fish, immediately on being landed. In some contemplated papers on angling I may take occasion to quote from other works not always accessible to the casual reader, and doubly interesting now that the snow covers the earth, and from our beloved pastime we rest in reality, though, by the blessed aid of the mind and books, we can take an ideal fishing day in spite of the bitter blasts and "cager" air. O. W. R.

THE FISHERMEN'S AID TO SCIENCE.

COLLECTING SPECIMENS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WASHINGTON, January 16, 1892.

NO CLASS of men in the United States have shown more intelligent appreciation of the work being done by the U. S. Fish Commission, and the director of the same, Mr. F. Baird, than the fishermen of Gloucester, Mass. This has been amply demonstrated by the large collections which they have made for scientific purposes, during the past three years, presenting them as a free gift to Prof. Baird, who furnished the means for the proper preservation of the same. Thousands of specimens of fish and invertebrates have thus been added to the Smithsonian collections, among which are many new to science, besides others new to the fauna of North America. These have been put down on fishing lines, caught in seines and gill-nets, and taken from the coast of the East coast of America, all the way from the capes of Virginia to Greenland, and so expert have many of the fishermen become in collecting "curios," as they term them, that they readily notice any forms which they have not previously seen, and are thus enabled to procure such as are most valuable to naturalists.

It has happened, however, that among the collections made by the fishermen, and the still more extensive ones of the fish commission, so gravid slime eels (*Mizone glutinosa*) have been taken. Prof. Baird is, therefore, anxious to obtain some specimens of this species with eggs fully developed. Accordingly a letter was addressed to one of the Gloucester captains, by a member of the commission, asking if he would make some collections of slime eels, should he find any with eggs in a ripe condition. The following reply, which has been recently received, shows the interest still felt in this work, and graphically depicts the difficulties often encountered by the fishermen in making collections.

The name of the writer has been suppressed for obvious reasons:

"GLOUCESTER, January 10, 1892.

"FRIEND G:

"I write in answer to your letter of Dec. 27th, and the slime eel question. Shortly after I received your letter I went out on a haddock trip, and when the dories were ready to set the traps I gave orders to save all the slippery cusses they caught. But when the men were all on board again I found only one eel among all the dories, and, intending to keep him until I got some more, I laid it on the house for the time being.

"The night there came on a heavy gale from the north-east. It came without warning, commencing at 8 p. m. and lasting until about daylight. We were in a tight place, when it began, and had to scramble for dear life. I set out to run for Provincetown, but it came on so thick with snow that I soon gave that up; reefed our sails, and stood off shore, being at that time close on to Peaked Hill Bar.

"We came down from whole sail to two reefs; then to two reefed fore sail and jib; then to two reefed fore sail and 'bob' jib; and, at last, to two reefed fore sail. If it wasn't

howling about that time then my name is not C—. I would not have cared if I had had sea-room enough, but I was jammed against the backside of Cape Cod.

"When I looked for that slimy cuss after the breeze was over he was not there. But never mind, I will get some for you yet. Yours, etc., W. C."

It is to be hoped that the efforts of the gallant captain may meet with success, and that thereby the researches of scientists may be aided, and the time and habits of reproduction of the "slippery cuss" be better understood than they are at present.

J. W. C.

—On account of the thick glutinous slime that covers the body of the *Mizone* they are an object particularly disgusting to the fishermen.

A dangerous sand bar, which extends out a distance of half a mile or more from the east side—generally called the "jack wide"—of Cape Cod. There is no worse place on the coast of the United States for a vessel to be caught in during a heavy northeast gale, as is evidenced by the numerous wrecks that occur in the locality.

STRENGTH OF GUT AND HAIR.—I was a witness the other day as to the truth of an assertion that silk worm gut of upwards of thirty years old could be produced that would raise a weight of 15 lb. avoirdupois; and a single strand of hair, of a cinnamon color, that would lift a weight of 2 lb., and, it would appear, was equal to lift a far greater test; but, out of admiration for so admirable a bit of stuff, I cried "halt!" The latter was from a stallion of three years old. Both gut and hair had been preserved in an old parchment pocket case, dry and clean, and were as good as new. The gut, after the keeping of gut or hair free from the atmosphere, and not in too dry a place, is the whole secret of their lasting strength. The gut in question was not stained, and he attributes much of the weakness of the gut of the present day to the processes used to alter its color. I thought to say that in the formula of the preparation given by me for the preservation of gimp, I inadvertently omitted half a pint of boiled oil to be added to the quarter of a pint of gold size, and a tablespoonful of orange varnish. In the same way the tracing and fling, the hoop and riggle hooks ought to be left, until the last, and whipped the last thing, or the preparation used for the previous purpose would dissolve the wax and loosen the hold. By all means avoid bicarbonate of platinum, which is a most seductive but evanescent lure, ultimately destructive. The complaint of the weakness of the gut of the present day I take to be due to the process used to stain it. For, by steeping it in boiling ink and water, the combined fibres of the silk worm which compose the gut are separated, by melting the substance or gum which causes them more perfect adhesion.—GREVILLE F.—In *London Field*.

Fishculture.

REPORT OF THE CONNECTICUT COMMISSION.

"THE Sixteenth Annual Report of the Fish Commissioners and First Report of the Shellfish Commissioners of the State of Connecticut to the General Assembly, January Session, 1892," is before us. The two reports occupy 132 pages and two maps.

The Fish Commissioners, by act of the last General Assembly, were constituted a Board of Commissioners on Shell Fisheries, so that while the work of the two commissions is distinct the same individuals compose them. The Fish Commissioners report that the demand for the fry of brook trout was greater than the supply, and that the fry of brook trout were sold for 40 cents per dozen, but that only 350,000 were obtained. Of these 70,000 were accidentally lost. This loss fell upon the contractor, who had agreed to furnish them at a given sum per thousand; 277,000 were distributed, however.

The whole number of land-locked salmon eggs received from Grand Lake Stream, Me., for the year, was 496,500. Of these 350,000 were sent to the hatchery of Mr. H. J. Fenton, at Poquonock, and 146,500 to Mr. George Jelliffe, at Westport. There was no appropriation for Salmon culture, but Prof. Baird kindly presented the State with 250,000 salmon fry, which he suggested should all be planted in one place. In accordance with his suggestion they were all placed in the Farmington River, a branch of the Connecticut River, at the mouth of the river, near the town of Chas. G. (this is published, written Dec. 2, 1891, in which he describes the pens for keeping the salmon until the spawning time, and gives the estimated number of eggs which each of the States which contribute to the support of the two establishments should contribute.)

Shad hatching operations were entrusted to Messrs. Chalker and Kain, who were similarly employed last year. They turned out 2,128,000 fry into the Farmington River, and at the same time Prof. Baird, at the request of U. S. Senator Joseph H. Hawley, sent 1,000,000 more from the Delaware River, which were placed in the Connecticut. Attempts to hatch shad in sea water were again unsuccessful. We will quote the operations at length in a future article.

Statistics show that 81,760 shad were reported caught in 1891 (this is 35.0). The pound nets took more and the gill nets and seines less, but all of the latter did not report their catch. The interest in the German carp is increasing. An important list of fish commissioners, which leaves out Arkansas, Indiana, Nebraska, Texas and Wyoming closes the hatching portion.

The commissioners of shellfisheries cover a period of seven months, during which time, only, they have existed. Much preliminary work was necessary in surveying and mapping the grounds within the jurisdiction of the State. Mr. James P. Board, graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School, was appointed engineer of the board at the beginning of the work, and Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, clerk. The latter was succeeded, after one month, by Mr. Frederick Botsford. The board have regular sessions on Monday of each week, and usually on 23.75, 19 having already been collected and paid into the State treasury.

Much difference of opinion prevails among oystermen as to how the grounds shall be taxed, some advocating none at present, or at least a merely nominal one, because the State is now exporting instead of importing, and it would therefore be impolitic to tax the producers of oysters; others advocate a tax in form of a license to be paid by all who cultivate beds, while a third class advocate a tax on the annual product of the beds. Much valuable information concerning the oyster trade is embodied in the report and some remarks upon the structure of the oyster.

A fine colored "General Map of the Oyster Grounds of the State of Connecticut," and a sketch of the triangulation of the coast-points, together with a report of the engineer, form of application for grants, etc., and laws relating to the fisheries, close this exceedingly valuable report.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 7, 9 and 10, Pittsburgh, Pa. Bench Show. Chas. Lincoln Superintendent. Entries closed.

May 9, 10, 11 and 12, Boston, Mass. Third Bench Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Edward J. Foster, Secretary; Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

September, National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Prairie Chickens, Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn. Secretary.

October, National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

TRAINING VS. BREAKING.

IN TEN CHAPTERS—CHAP. IX.

IN the previous chapters we have carefully refrained from saying anything about the great benefit to be derived from having a trained dog to assist you in perfecting your pupil in his lessons. We have purposely pursued this course in order to show the new beginner that he can safely rely upon his own resources, and not be led by the hand at all right without any assistance. Nevertheless we have ever found that an old dog that is well trained and steady is of great importance in perfecting the pupil in the rudiments of well as the higher branches of his education; and we cannot forbear devoting a little space to the subject. In the first place our canine co-worker should be thoroughly trained and quick to obey; he must also be very intelligent and of a good disposition. You should let the two associate together from the first, and they will soon become attached to one another, unless the old dog is unusually stupid. We do not recommend that the pup should receive any guidance from the old dog until he is sufficiently grounded in his lessons to understand what is required of him. Thus, in teaching him *To ho*, after he will go through the performance fairly, we take the old dog into the pen with him, and after they have had a little time at play we take the pup in our arms, and making sure that he sees all that is going on, we place two pieces of meat on the ground about two feet apart, and calling up the old dog, make him, at the word *To ho*, point one of the pieces. We then walk around a little with the pup still in our arms, taking care that he can see the performance all the time. We then place the pup with his nose within a few inches of the second piece, and telling him *To ho*, make him wait a few seconds, and then cluck as a signal that they can each eat their piece. This has a wonderfully steady effect upon the pup, especially when you come to prolong the time a little, for he, seeing that the old dog is perfectly staunch and steady, will soon learn to emulate him. He will also acquire the very important habit of remaining steady when in the company of other dogs; this we consider of great importance, and under all circumstances we accustom the pup to doing his work in the presence of his companions, even if we have to impress the services of a cur and chain him in one corner of the pen. If this latter course has to be adopted, it is not necessary that it should be commenced until our pupil is somewhat advanced in his education, as the only object in view is to accustom him to perform his duties in the presence of other dogs, and to lay the ground rules for his steadiness among strangers that is so pleasing to see. So particular are we in this that we invariably train our pup to point a piece of meat and stand perfectly staunch, while his companion takes the bit and eats it. This he will readily learn to do if you immediately reward him with another piece. If he is well trained in this he will not annoy you by going to pieces should half a dozen dogs rush in upon the bird that he is pointing.

After our pup is well acquainted with the old dog and has become accustomed to the chain, they should be coupled together for a short time each day until his gets used to it. We shall find further on that this will be a great help to us. The coupling chain should be short with two good swivels. Men persons make a mistake in having the coupling chain too long. Four inches is plenty long enough when your dogs are anywhere near of a size, and you will generally find it long enough under any circumstances. Should the old dog be very high headed the chain can easily be lengthened an inch or two. After they go together, our pup will find that the men and his minds fairly go, and he will find that it will be of great benefit to him to practice him when coupled to the old dog, for the example of the latter will steady him, which is a matter of great importance, and once his mind is thoroughly impressed with the idea that he must hold his position, even when in fear that his companion will secure the tempting morsel, it will be comparatively easy to keep him up to his work. He will also learn to remain quiet at charge with much less trouble to you if coupled to the old dog. As he grows older and in this position, we should by all means recommend this course; indeed we have found that the services of a well trained, steady dog are invaluable all through until our pupil's education is complete. As we have before remarked the assistance of the old dog should never be called in requisition until our pupil has been taught his lesson and is somewhat proficient in its performance, then he can understandingly view the old dog as he performs the task, and if he is reasonably intelligent he will soon learn to imitate his steadiness, and if all else fails, if our pup is inclined to work too close to us when quartering his ground, that the example of the old dog will soon cause him to increase his range. We much prefer that our pup should range freely of his own accord, but should he not quite please us in this, we couple him to the old dog and practice them together until we obtain satisfactory results. Great caution must be observed in this and the lessons must not be too frequent nor too long continued, or our pup will lose his interest and for the very best of him of making the education cut out the work which will seriously detract from his usefulness in the field.

As it is very desirable that our dog should possess a fair amount of speed, we should so conduct his exercise that when we come to cut him loose in the field he will not pester and poke, but at once strike a slashing gait and with head well up, take to his work like a veteran. Many dogs can never become fast, but if you have followed the instructions in selecting your pup that we have given above, and have secured a well trained dog to work with plenty of life and spirit, there will be no trouble in bringing him out a fairly speedy animal; indeed, we have taken in hand old dogs that were decidedly slow, and in a few weeks, by judicious management, have succeeded in turning them out astonishingly fast. Of course, we cannot give instructions that will enable you

to infallibly produce a speedy animal, but if you will intelligently follow our plan, you can in most cases succeed in accomplishing your purpose. Do not forget, in your anxiety for speed, that a fast dog with a slow nose is nearly worthless; therefore, before you attempt to force the pace, you should thoroughly satisfy yourself that your pupil's olfactory organs are all right; you can form a nearly correct opinion upon this point by carefully watching him while he is at play, and taking note of each time that he "winds" anything that attracts him, and paying close attention to the distance he is from the object. This, though not an infallible test, will generally give you a very good idea of his powers. Should he appear to have a quick sensitive nose and you desire to quicken his gait, try the following plan, and our word for it, if you pursue the proper course, you will be astonished at the improvement he will show in a few lessons. When commencing these lessons you should select for exercise ground a large open field, and if the surface is undulating, it will be all the better, for when the old dog disappears over the knolls it will make the pup all the more eager to join him. When you arrive at the ground you should let the old dog go, and keep the pup close at heel, and when you are in the act of taking great care not to overdo the matter by keeping him under restraint too long, nor on the other hand should you let him go until he is in the proper frame of mind to put forth his best efforts when he hears the welcome signal. If you have acquired such knowledge of his disposition and temper as you should have done, you will be sure, by closely watching him, to hit upon just the right instant when his impatient feelings are at their greatest height to give him the word to go on. If this order is given in an eager tone, accompanied with a quick step or two forward, you will find that your pupil will at once start with an eager rush and put forth his best efforts to catch the old dog. You should carefully watch him, and as soon as he slackens his speed, call him in at once and keep him at heel until he is again impatient, when you can repeat the performance. If this course is understandingly pursued, your pupil will soon learn that in order to have his liberty he must not pester, and he will in a short time astonish you with his greatly improved gait. The speed of almost any dog can be improved in this way, but the best results are obtained when your dog is possessed of a high strong nervous temperament. With such a one properly handled marvelous improvement is sure to follow.

You will also find that the example of the old dog will be productive of much good, when you commence accustoming your pup to the sights and sounds of the street, you will be spared much trouble in way-wising him by coupling them together when taking a walk through the streets, especially if you are in a city where each sight and sound is new to your pupil. If this order is followed, his companion will be concerned and thereby acquire confidence, but he will soon learn that he cannot bolt should anything strange occur, and in a short time he will become steady and behave like a veteran.

Backing is an accomplishment that affords us much pleasure—in fact, one-half of our enjoyment, when shooting over a brace of dogs, is in witnessing the faultless performance of a well-trained animal, as he instantly honors the point of his companion. This accomplishment is inherent in many dogs, and is as natural to them as the instinct of pointing. Yet, there are many first-class animals who will not back a companion's point, but will work forward until they obtain the scent. This is always unpleasant, and often not only mars our enjoyment of the sport, but the practice is very apt to unsteady the other dog, especially when the dog that should back thrusts his nose a little ahead, which he is very prone to do. The dog that will remain perfectly steady and staunch while his companion repeatedly practices this, is, indeed, a treasure, and worthy fairer treatment. That your dog will not back is a matter that you should be sure to find out, and rest assured, if you have carefully followed our instructions in his early training and will intelligently handle him when he first goes into the field with a companion. As we have often remarked, first impressions play a very important part in the future behavior of your dog, therefore you should be very careful that nothing occurs that will give him any wrong ideas. The first time that you take him out with another dog, they should be well acquainted, if possible, or at least have time to play together until they become somewhat used to each other. You should be accompanied by a friend, who should have the care of the other dog, while you keep your pupil close to heel until the other dog finds and comes to a point. Be very careful now, and as soon as your dog catches sight of him, raise your hand and bid him *To ho*, and on no account must you stir so much as a finger, but remain perfectly quiet and staunch, as though you were also backing, until your companion has flushed the bird. Your example will have much to do in perfecting his steadiness, and you will find that after a few lessons of this kind—good even in the remotest parts of Scotland—his back will understand what is required, and instantly back of his own accord as soon as he catches sight of a companion's point.

FIELD TRIALS.

HEAT SYSTEM VS. SHIREBURY SYSTEM.

WE publish the following from *Land and Water* and would suggest that the committee having charge of the amendment of our own Field Trial Rules should carefully read and consider the changes advocated:

"Mr. George Brevie, who will be remembered, purchased Dash (the pup Mr. Brevie's), and won several trials with that dog at the Kennel Club, and then, as always, conducted on the heats plan of judging, has of late declared himself in favor of the Shirebury system. Moreover, he has been powerful enough to get a committee of the kennel club elected to look into the question."

Perhaps, before going into the subject, it will be best to show wherein the two systems of judging differ, for field trials have become of late years an institution of the greatest importance to sportsmen when engaged on the moors, and few are the landmen in the remotest parts of Scotland who have not gained something by it—may be only indirect—crossing with the blood of field trial winners. In both systems of judging the mode of bringing together the contesting dogs by what is called "the draw" is the same. The name of every dog in the stake is written on a separate slip of rolled paper placed in a hat. They are then drawn out by lot, and every two coming together run together in the stake, the judges being the same in each case. Here the likeness between the two systems ends. In the Shirebury system the dogs are drawn out by lot, and the judges, if free to award the prizes then and there, without having given any verdict between any two dogs which, according to the draw, have run together. Everything is optional with the judges. As a matter of fact it generally happens that the judges, as the time draws near, are so completely taken up with the excitement, and also see many of the dogs down a second time generally.

In the heats plan, as the contending braces are taken up, the judges are bound to deliver a verdict, and when the end has been

run through once, every unbeaten dog, that is half the number of the original stake, together with the bye or odd dog (should the number in the stake have been an uneven one) are paired in the order in which they have previously run, and the judges again go to work, if it had not been decided before, and again judge between every two contesting dogs, taking note of the work they have done in their former competition, but judging between the two dogs before them in circumstances of place, time, atmosphere and scent, which are alike for both. The whole of the trial is having the same dog in the stake, and the same thing is contested until only one dog is left in the stake, to whom, of course, first prize falls. In awarding the second and other prizes two systems have been adopted, neither less than the other a part of the heats plan, and the last dogs turned out of the stake at the second, third and fourth prize, according to the number of dogs in the stake when they were turned out, the last dog turned out, of course, taking second prize. The other way of awarding these prizes, which has also been used at the kennel club heat system trials, and which is to be more tempered with justice than the other, is this: When the first prize dog has been discovered, then the last dog turned out of the stake has to form a stake, and run it out, on the heats plan, against every dog previously met and beaten directly by the winner of first prize. The same thing happens to the third prize, except that it is every dog beaten by the second prize dog which comes out, and so on, if there are more than three prizes to be given, which in our opinion never ought to be.

The Kennel Club has adopted the heats plan as its own, and has put it up as superior to the Shirebury system, where it was argued, and very justly, that the best dog in the stake, by running on the worst ground and in the worst time of the day for scent, might do the worst work of any dog in the stake. Such a thing has happened more than once. The organs of the Kennel Club have been tired of hearing their officers, and the superior to that of Shirebury, and people were forcibly reminded that they there paid a big entry fee for the pleasure of running their dog before the judges, without the satisfaction of a contest with the result, and moreover, not knowing what the judges thought of his dog, and his performance, and that the dog running under favorable circumstances of time, place, atmosphere might be highly thought of, while other, better, were never asked for again. The Kennel Club made rather too much of this, and decided to award prizes on the Shirebury system, but not to anything like so great an extent as it has been sought to be made to appear; for although the best dog has not always won, certain it is that no bad one has ever done so.

We venture to say that, if the heats system been attacked by any one, Mr. George Brevie would have been the first to attack it, and the Kennel Club, the gentleman who gives it a dwelling and an estate on which to hold its trials, the Kennel Club would have defended every particle and offshoot of the system as a settled question, with more Brevie than Mr. John Bright himself at that time. We venture to raise the question, and with that protection, and for the same reason, because both are of a party that has settled a question, and the reputation of both depends upon the respective questions remaining settled. It is a happy occasion, when the dog that is so far from being a consideration of their way of conducting field trials by the heat system, for so it is called, and the heats system has everything of the Kennel Club Field Trials become, and so committed to it is the club, that otherwise no discussion would have been possible in any other club. Now, we repeat, we are sure, and with that view give the four objections against the heats system enumerated by Mr. George Brevie. They are as follows:

1. It is very unfair to the second best dog in the stake, if, as is often the case, it is drawn against the absolute winner. Under such circumstances the second best dog is sure to be beaten, while an inferior animal creeps into what should have been another's place.

2. As we witnessed last week, the waste of ground and time entailed in running together two inferior dogs, it may be for more than a month and a half, if you decide on the heat system, the best, but really and truly which is the worst of the brace.

3. The injustice done to a dog that has had an hour's trial and won it handily, being made to run against a comparatively fresh dog, and previous ground, is a waste of time and ground.

4. The luck of the bye, by which a dog practically wins a tie, however bad he may be, without being slipped.

The first of these objections is no argument against the heats system; it is simply an objection to the mode of giving second prize, and that is a matter that is not to be considered, and not at others. It is an objection (with which we perfectly agree) to giving second prize to the last dog beaten by the winner, instead of to the best dog beaten by the winner, discoverable by a further trial, as a separate stake, as described above, and which has been tried with good results at the Kennel Club, and the Kennel Club. The only exception taken to it has been founded on the time it takes to carry it out. This is not much and can be overcome. In a sixteen dog stake it takes fifteen contests to decide first prize, three to decide second, and from two to five to decide third.

Mr. Brevie's second objection deals with the question of waste of ground and time, and I will take this objection with reference to time alone, as the two, time and ground, can easily be shown to be inseparable, so far as the heats system is concerned. The great length of time the heat system has always been made to occupy that has been its one fault; and this year, with singularly protracted trials, resulted in Mr. Brevie's protest. All other points being far in advance of the Shirebury system, either regarded from the view of a sportsman, or from the view of a sportsman, to a certain extent how the game is going; or from the view of an exhibitor, who knows his dog will have an exactly equal chance of doing himself credit, toward winning, as every other dog in the stake, and he would be sure to get a fair trial, and a fair trial whether he has had ground or good, so long as it is the same for both, as it is, of course, always, and as it is not, and cannot be, under the Shirebury plan. Now, it appears to us that without in the least breaking away from the heats system, as a system, and while retaining every advantage of that system, especially the greatest of all, which is that no dog is turned out of the stake only because he has done bad work (it may be without a possibility of doing better), but only because he is beaten by another dog, and that dog is better work than he, and he is the same chance, it appears to us that a great saving of time and ground, and saving the judges more power in two directions. First, give them power to judge more competitors in the stake, instead of as under the Shirebury system of turning both out. Second, give them power to judge more competitors in the stake, instead of as under the Shirebury system, which is to give the dogs a fair trial, and a fair trial in the order, and in any pairing they choose for the trial, and running in that stake, always retaining the power of keeping both competitors in the stake to run against different dogs of the judges' choosing in the next course of heats. The advantages of these extended powers would be as follows: First, the sportsman would run through the list of dogs as drawn and on the field card, noting not only the work of each dog as compared with its antagonist, but they would keep an eye on the general form of the dogs as they run, and watching them, and the result of the heats for the obtaining of speedy results. The judges would thus be able to "give-and-take trial," which, under the present rules, have been known to occupy the best part of a morning, stop them so soon as they saw no speedy decision could be arrived at whether the dogs had beaten one another or twenty, to go down to the next round, and in the next course of heats, either better or worse (according to opinion), as they had seemed above or below the average of the dogs in the stake.

Mr. Brevie's third objection seems to me to require less attention. He says that a great evil will be for one dog to run a second or longer than another, I think old sportsmen will agree with me that it would be a still greater evil to attempt to judge between dogs run at different times of the day, in good scent and cover and on ground, and on ground, in good scent and cover and on ground. Those who have seen the best dogs run at different times of the day, and they know also that some bits of the moor and some fields also never hold scent. Why, the

accidental flight of a falcon, or even a hawk, over a bit of ground, will make the greatest difference to the birds and the ability of the dogs to find them. Clearly, every account should happen to be as accurate as much as possible the same. However, with the modifications of the hea's system which I have suggested, these long runs need only occur when the two last dogs left in to fight it out for a prize as nearly equal as possible. The objection (No. 3), raised by Mr. Brown, although not entirely removed by my suggestions, is reduced to a minimum, and, as much as possible, in fair competition of pointers and setters at work.

The fourth objection, "the lack of the bye," would, I think, entirely disappear. The only use of the bye was—first, to keep a dog fresh; and second, to give the dog the last four in the stake. With short trials instead of long ones, and with second and third prize run off, as they should be, there would be no advantage gained by a bye.

Those who do not remember the causes of so much loss of time at the late trials will discover, on reference to the reports of the meeting, that it was lost by protracted trials between dogs which never got into the end of the stake, many of which might have been disposed of in five minutes, had they been properly matched by the judges with some dogs which were good enough to get near the end. If the time had been saved in this way, there would have been lots of time to have run off the minor prizes, and we should have come to the end of the stake very much quicker into the bargain. A change of the rules in this direction would be an accompanying change in the time given for bringing up dogs when called; for, as there would be many more trials, so would there be more time lost in bringing up fresh dogs; unless this was looked to, a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, as it is now, is absurdly long.

FALCON.

ON IMPORTING DOGS.

WE present, below, a statement of the charges of the various steamship lines to this port on dogs carried by them; also important information as to Custom House regulations regarding imported live stock.

Allen line, Love & Alden, agents, 207 Broadway, New York, carries from either Londonderry, Galway or Queenstown, Ireland; Glasgow, Scotland, or Liverpool, England; to Portland, Boston or Baltimore in winter, or to Quebec in summer, at a uniform charge of \$5 for each dog, including feeding and attendance.

Dogs are placed in charge of the steward during the passage.

Anchor line, Henderson Brothers, agents, 7 Bowling Green, New York, carries from Glasgow, Londonderry, Dublin, London or Liverpool in England; New York, at a charge of from two to three guineas on each dog, for passage only. The animal is usually placed in charge of the cook, with whom private arrangements must be made in regard to feeding and attendance, there being no settled scale of prices for this service.

Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, Le Debiat, agent, 6 Bowling Green, New York, carries from Havre, France, to New York. On each dog shipped as freight the charge is 125 francs, or if with a passenger, 50 francs. This includes food in either case, and in the former attendance also.

North German Lloyd Line, Oelrichs & Co., agents, 2 Bowling Green, carries from Bremen and Southampton at a charge of twenty dollars on each dog, which includes food; but a private arrangement must be made with the cook, the steward or some other employee on the vessel regarding exercising and tending the animal.

National line, F. W. J. Hurst, manager, 69, 71 and 73 Broadway, New York, carries from Liverpool, Queenstown and London to New York, charging from three to five guineas on each dog, which is put in charge of the butcher, and to him an additional fee, not stated, must be paid for feeding and attendance.

State line, Austin, Baldwin & Co., general agents, 58 Broadway, New York, carries from Glasgow, Belfast and Liverpool to New York. The charge on each dog, part of which is paid by the State, is put in charge of the butcher, and to him an additional fee, not stated, must be paid for feeding and attendance.

White Star line, B. J. Cortis, agent, 37 Broadway, New York, carries from Liverpool to New York at a charge of 45 on each dog, which sum includes feeding and attendance, no extra fee being demanded. The butcher takes care of dogs on the ship.

Imman line, John G. Dale, agent, 31 and 33 Broadway, New York, carries from Liverpool to New York for three guineas on each dog. The details in all other particulars are the same as those regarding the State line, printed above.

Wilson line, Sanderson & Son, agents, 39 South William street, New York, carries from Hull to New York, for £1.10, each dog, which is placed in charge of the steward. Meat is furnished by him, but it is requested that two paws, for food and water, and a supply of dog biscuit be sent with the dog.

The American, Red Star, Guand, Monarch and Guion lines will not carry dogs.

In case a steamship company liable for the death or injury of a dog during a voyage, except when actual intent, negligence or carelessness, on the part of the company or its servants, can be proven. All of the rates given above must be paid before shipment, and are not, for examination only, must be paid, but those are comparatively nominal. Matters may be very much expedited by having the importation consigned to some really reputable custom house broker, who will attend to all necessary details upon its arrival, and then send it on to the purchaser.

In case where the dog is killed, etc., it is well to have an understanding that the payment will be made upon the arrival of the dog; and even where no payment, other than the freight charge, is demanded by the carrier or its servants, it will be to the advantage of the purchaser to have the shipper him to the broker must expect a gift here, if the dog arrives in good condition. This will probably prevent neglect, at least; but imported dogs as often suffer from over-feeding, on board ship, as anything else.

BROCK AND COUNTERS.—Mr. Geo. T. Leach, of this city, who imported and owns this fine pair of setters, requests us to say that Brock is not out of Countess as some of the sporting papers have published, but that they are both from the same litter, and as was stated by us in our issue of Nov. 11, 1912, Brock is the son of Mr. W. J. Duncanson. Brock will be remembered as the winner of the Members' Cup and also the FOREST AND STREAM Cup for the best dog owned and handled by an amateur at the late Field Trials on Robbins' Island. The importance of recording correct pedigrees of all dogs, and of breeders should see that mistakes when they occur are at once corrected.

FERIDA-POLLUX MATCH.—Mr. E. I. Martin writes that owing to the constant demand upon his time in caring for the valuable puppies just arrived, it will be impossible for him to bring the above match to a successful conclusion. This note was inadvertently omitted from our last issue.

At a meeting of the Westminster Kennel Club Nov. 10, the following named gentlemen were elected members: Mr. A. Wright Smith, Mr. Henry Nichols, Mr. D. T. Worden and Mr. John G. Heckscher.

PITTSBURG DOG SHOW.

WE have received the premium list of the bench show to be held at Pittsburgh, Pa., commencing March 7. Judging from the number and value of the special prizes offered, the sportsmen of that vicinity are determined that the show shall be a success.

The show will be held under the rules and regulations of the National American Kennel Club. Dogs will not be received before 7 A.M. Monday, March 6, nor after 8 A.M. Tuesday, March 7. Premium lists and entry blanks can be had at this office and at the office of Mr. J. Palmer O'Neil, or by addressing the Superintendent, Mr. C. H. Lincoln, P. O. Box 303, Pittsburgh, Pa. The B. & O. Adams and Union Express Companies will carry and return dogs for fare one way.

PREMIUM LIST.

- 1 Champion English setter dogs, \$20.
- 2 Same for bitches.
- 3 English setter dogs (except pure Laveracks), \$20, \$15, silver medal.
- 4 Same for bitches.
- 5 English setters (pure Laverack pedigree), \$20, \$10.
- 6 Same for bitches.
- 7 English setters puppies, under 12 mos., dogs, \$7, \$3.
- 8 Same for bitches.
- 9 Champion Irish setter dogs, \$20.
- 10 Same for bitches.
- 11 Irish setter dogs, \$20, \$10.
- 12 Same for bitches.
- 13 Irish setter puppies, dogs or bitch, \$7, \$3.
- 14 Irish setter puppies, under 6 mos., dogs or bitch, \$7, \$3.
- 15 Same for bitches.
- 16 Gordon setter dogs, \$20, \$10.
- 17 Same for bitches.
- 18 Gordon setter puppies, dogs or bitch, \$7, \$3.
- 19 Champion pointer dogs, over 45 lbs., \$20.
- 20 Same for bitches, under 50 lbs.
- 21 Champion pointer dogs, over 45 lbs., \$20.
- 22 Pointer dogs, under 50 lbs.
- 23 Pointer dogs, over 50 lbs., \$20, \$10.
- 24 Same for bitches, under 50 lbs.
- 25 Pointer dogs, over 50 lbs., \$20, \$10.
- 26 Same for bitches, under 50 lbs.
- 27 Pointer puppies, either sex, \$5.
- 28 Irish water spaniels, dogs or bitch, \$10, \$5.
- 29 Black spaniels (large size) either sex, over 25 lbs., \$1, \$5.
- 30 Same small size, under 25 lbs.
- 31 Fox terrier puppies either sex, \$10, cup valued at \$5.
- 32 Fox terrier puppies, either sex, \$5.
- 33 Fox terrier puppies, either sex, \$5.
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- 100 Fox terrier puppies, either sex, \$5.

NON-SPORTING.

41 Mastiffs, \$10, cup valued at \$5.

42 St. Bernards (rough coated), silver cup valued at \$10.

43 Same for St. Bernards (smooth coated).

44 Newfoundland, silver cup valued at \$10.

45 Champion collies, champion medal.

46 Collie dogs, \$10, \$5.

47 Same for bitches.

48 Collie puppies, silver medal.

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SPECIAL PRIZES.

Silver medals will be given for A. best kennel of five English setters.

B. Best kennel of five Irish setters.

C. Best kennel of five Gordon setters.

D. Best kennel of five pointer dogs.

E. Best kennel of five Irish water spaniels.

F. Best kennel of five cocker or field spaniels.

G. For best English setter, dog or bitch, Messrs. Parker Brothers offer through agents Messrs. J. Palmer O'Neil & Co., of Pittsburgh, a double-barreled breech-loading shotgun, value, \$125.

H. For best three English setters, dogs or bitches, bred and owned by exhibitor, J. L. Henricks, offer an automatic musical cabinet, value, \$100.

I. For best Laverack setter dog, open class, Edward Gregg, President of the Association, offers handsome gold medal, value, \$20.

J. For setter or pointer (dog or bitch) that has the best field trial record, the record only to be considered, a prize given by Society of \$20 cash.

K. For brace of English setter dogs with best field trial record, J. J. Snellensburgh, of New Brighton, Pa., offers pair of silver dog collars, value, \$15.

L. For best matched pair of English setters (regardless of sex) color and quality to be considered, J. R. Henricks donates handsome gold whistle, value, \$10.

M. For best English setter, dog, under two years old, J. J. Snellensburgh offers English cutdown or fustian hunting suit, value, \$40.

N. For best native English setter dog, without Laverack, Llewellyn or field trial blood, J. J. Snellensburgh offers canvas suit, value, \$12.50.

O. For best spring dog or bitch that is exhibited in the best show condition, J. J. Snellensburgh offers one ordinary professional trainer's jacket, value, \$15.

P. For best dog or bitch puppy, sired by the Laverack dog "Champion," owned by J. J. Snellensburgh, of Pittsburgh, Pa., donate five dog collars, white and whip.

Q. For best English setter, stud dog, to be shown with two of his get, a silver cup given by Grogan & Merz, Pittsburgh.

R. For best English setter, brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, Dr. J. H. Hoopes, Esq., New Brighton.

S. For best English setter, brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, Dr. J. H. Hoopes, Esq., New Brighton.

T. For best English setter, brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, Dr. J. H. Hoopes, Esq., New Brighton.

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BC. For best English setter, brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, Dr. J. H. Hoopes, Esq., New Brighton.

BD. For best English setter, brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, Dr. J. H. Hoopes, Esq., New Brighton.

BE. For best English setter, brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, Dr. J. H. Hoopes, Esq., New Brighton.

BF. For best English setter, brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, Dr. J. H. Hoopes, Esq., New Brighton.

BG. For best English setter, brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, Dr. J. H. Hoopes, Esq., New Brighton.

BH. For best English setter, brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, Dr. J. H. Hoopes, Esq., New Brighton.

BI. For best English setter, brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, Dr. J. H. Hoopes, Esq., New Brighton.

BJ. For best English setter, brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, Dr. J. H. Hoopes, Esq., New Brighton.

BK. For best English setter, brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, Dr. J. H. Hoopes, Esq., New Brighton.

BL. For best English setter, brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, Dr. J. H. Hoopes, Esq., New Brighton.

BB. For best pointer puppy Gao. H. Peri, artist, New Brighton, Pa., offers a small oil painting (house subject).

CC. For best pointer dog puppy under six months old silver cup, value, \$5.

DD. For best pointer stud dog, to be shown with two of his get, silver-plated vase, Plate Co., Pittsburgh; value, \$10.

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1882. FOR FIELD, CAMP AND HOME! 1882.



THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SPORTSMEN, AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A WHOLESOME INTEREST IN

OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

The conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM point with much pride and satisfaction to the past and the present of the paper, and pledge their readers that the same high standard of excellence will be maintained in the future. The FOREST AND STREAM will preserve the reputation it has earned for being:

I.—ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The "Sportsman Tourist," "Game Bag and Gun," and "Sea and River Fishing" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc., etc.

"Natural History" will be so conducted as to stimulate habits of observation and study. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and fishculture; Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarrow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"Fishculture," edited by a practical and well-known fishcultivist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "Kennel" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "Rifle and Trap Shooting" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "Yachting and Canoeing" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

II.—HIGH IN TONE.

The tone of the FOREST AND STREAM is exceptionally high. It is edited for men of healthy minds in healthy bodies. Its reading and advertising columns will be clean. Its pages will sparkle like the mountain stream in the sunlight, and its contents will be redolent of the exhilarating fragrance of the forest. Primarily intended for gentlemen, it is also a paper for the family centre-table, and one which the entire family, old and young, read with pleasure and profit. The best guarantee of its thoroughly high character is afforded by a reference to a list of those who write for it.

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Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

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TIME TABLE IN EFFECT DECEMBER 18, 1881.

Richmond and Danville Line.

Train 51. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives
Lynchburg 5:35 p.m. Danville 7:12 p.m. Charlotte
7:45 p.m. Atlanta 7:45 p.m. There makes some
connections at No. 50 below. Pullman Cars Dan-
ville to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans.
Train 52. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Richmond
7:45 p.m. Danville 7:40 a.m. There connects with
No. 50 below. Pullman Cars from Richmond to
Danville. This train connects Mondays, Wednesdays
and Fridays from Baltimore at 4:00 p.m. in direct
connection with the Atlantic Coast Line and Richmond
and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 53. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Richmond
7:45 p.m. Danville 7:40 a.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Mon-
terey 7:35 a.m. New Orleans 7:30 a.m. 51
hours from New York. Pullman Cars New York
to Washington, Washington to Charlotte and
Charlotte to Jacksonville. Arrives at Jacksonville 7:45 a.m. and
Augusta 10:20 p.m. Savannah 7:45 p.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 a.m.

Train 50. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at
Lynchburg 7:50 p.m. Richmond 11:30 a.m. Dan-
ville 7:45 p.m. Charlotte 7:45 a.m. Atlanta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Monterey 7:35 p.m.
New Orleans 7:30 a.m. Pullman Cars New York
to Washington, Washington to Charlotte and
Charlotte to Jacksonville. Arrives at Jacksonville 7:45 a.m. and
Augusta 10:20 p.m. Savannah 7:45 p.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 a.m.

Train 48. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 10:50 p.m. Char-
leston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 7:45 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 7:45 a.m. Augusta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Augusta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m.

Train 45. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 10:50 p.m. Char-
leston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 7:45 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 7:45 a.m. Augusta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m.

Train 42. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 10:50 p.m. Char-
leston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 7:45 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 7:45 a.m. Augusta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m.

Train 39. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 10:50 p.m. Char-
leston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 7:45 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 7:45 a.m. Augusta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m.

Train 36. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 10:50 p.m. Char-
leston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 7:45 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 7:45 a.m. Augusta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m.

Train 33. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 10:50 p.m. Char-
leston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 7:45 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 7:45 a.m. Augusta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m.

Train 30. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 10:50 p.m. Char-
leston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 7:45 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 7:45 a.m. Augusta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m.

Train 27. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 10:50 p.m. Char-
leston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 7:45 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 7:45 a.m. Augusta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m.

Train 24. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 10:50 p.m. Char-
leston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 7:45 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 7:45 a.m. Augusta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m.

Train 21. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 10:50 p.m. Char-
leston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 7:45 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 7:45 a.m. Augusta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m.

Train 18. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 10:50 p.m. Char-
leston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 7:45 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 7:45 a.m. Augusta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m.

Train 15. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 10:50 p.m. Char-
leston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 7:45 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 7:45 a.m. Augusta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m.

Train 12. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 10:50 p.m. Char-
leston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 7:45 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 7:45 a.m. Augusta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m.

Train 9. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 10:50 p.m. Char-
leston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 7:45 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 7:45 a.m. Augusta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m.

Train 6. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
delphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at
Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 10:50 p.m. Char-
leston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 7:45 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 7:45 a.m. Augusta
7:45 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Savannah 7:30 a.m. Jack-
sonville 7:40 p.m.

Train 3. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Phila-
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leston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 7:45 a.m. Jack-
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afforded by their lines for reaching most of the
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FROM ALL IMPORTANT POINTS, avoid the dan-
gers and dangers of reshipment, while the ex-
cellent cars which run over the smooth steel track
enable SPORTS to be TRANSPORTED without
failure or injury.

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Gunning and Fishing
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FORD, CRESSON, HESTON, MINNEQUA, and
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Trout Fishing, Wing Shooting and Still
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SQUAN, and points on the NEW JERSEY COAST
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